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POEMS FOR ALL CLASSES

BY

JOHN FRANKLIN BAIR



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But the little brook still flows along
And sings the same sweet happy song.

Page 125

POEMS FOR ALL CLASSES

BY
JOHN FRANKLIN BAIR

AUTHOR OF

"The Andrews Raid"
"Lines To The Boys Of The Spanish
American War"
"Poetical Works"
"A Double Discovery" (Prose)
"Complete Poetical Works"

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

CLEVELAND, OHIO
1922

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JOHN FRANKLIN BAIR

TO VIKU
AIBROTUAD

DEDICATION

To my three beloved children,
Mildred Irene, Russell Franklin, Laura LaVern,
and to the memory of my departed son,
John Raymond,
this volume is affectionately dedicated.

iii
M191824

P R E F A C E

THE poems contained in this volume have been written under various, and in many instances difficult conditions. I ask my friends, who have been inquiring for years as to when my next book was going to appear, to remember that for the last twenty-four years I have been a busy Pastor, and could give only a very limited amount of time to literary work. Remember, also, that I and my wife have been bringing up a family of three children. Often have I settled down in my study to write a poem, only to be interrupted by a gentle knock at my door, followed by a child's question, "Papa are you busy?" Or, sometimes it would be my wife's voice, calling from the foot of the stairway, informing me that she must have certain articles from the store. Or, perhaps, it was one of my members who called to inform me that Mr. B—— had died. Then I must drop everything and prepare a funeral sermon. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a physician as well as a poet, said, "A man who writes poetry should not write prescriptions." Perhaps I might also say that, a man who writes poetry should not write sermons. However, I believe I can truly say that my sermons have not suffered on account of my poems. On the contrary, I believe they have added spice to them. I have appreciated the many letters which I have received from readers of my former works, telling me of the enjoyment which they derived from reading them.

It is with the hope that all will derive even more enjoyment from this work, that the author now presents "Poems For All Classes" to the public.

Mineral City, Ohio, July 4, 1921.

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Sentiment and Thought

THE FATE OF THE POET.

There once was a poet, a man of great fame,
 Who for many years was treated with shame;
 Men said he was crazy because he wrote verse,
 They hooted and jeered him, and what was still worse,
 The books that he published they never would buy
 But jeered him and mocked him whene'er he came nigh;
 But though they derided, he still bravely stayed
 Right by his vocation though little he made.

Although many treated that good man with shame,
 He kept writing verses for years just the same;
 His dear wife and children were all plainly clad,
 His neighbors beheld them and said, "'Tis too bad
 That Nathan keeps writing and growing so poor,
 If he'd take up some other vocation I'm sure
 His wife would go much better clad and instead
 Of being half starved they would all be well fed."

But Nathan kept striving, and said, "'Tis no crime
 For me to write verses, I'll yet win in time";
 And his gentle sweet wife encouraged him too,
 And said, "My dear Nathan, you'll yet get your due";
 'Twas a struggle indeed, but at last came the day
 When his books brought to him an abundance of pay,
 And neighbors no longer would jeer him and guy,
 But greeted him kindly whene'er he passed by.

He lived to be old and after he died
 The school children stood by his casket and cried,
 And men who had jeered him before came that day
 And brought wreathes of flowers to tenderly lay
 On the lid of his casket, and said, "Blessed be
 That dear good old man, the sweet memory
 Of him and his works shall e'er with us stay,
 And while time shall last shall ne'er pass away."

Dear friends, there are poets still living today,
 Who, like that dear man, are getting poor pay
 For the efforts they make in order to give
 Rich food for the brain, some scarcely can live
 On the meagre returns, I pray you give heed
 To the poets when young, for your help then they need;
 Don't wait till they die and then gently lay
 Sweet flowers upon them, but give them today.

How often we see sums lavishly spent
 In erecting a ponderous, tall monument
 In memory of a poet who when
 He labored on earth was a jest among men;
 But after he died they all freely gave
 Toward erecting a monument over his grave;
 But such is the fate of the poet, so there,
 Young poets keep striving and do not despair.

ENJOYIN THE FRUITS OF ONE'S LABORS.

When the taters have been gethered from the rows out in
the patch,
And the bins down in the cellar are a swellin with the
batch
That we've gethered in fer winter, and the golden apples
too,
In the boxes look invitin, where we've piled up quite a
few,
And the wheat that's in the garner and the corn and oats
and all
That we've stored to feed the hosses and the cattle in the
stall;
When our crops have all been gethered we can just sit
down and read,
Knowin we have been provided with all food that we will
need.

After one has toiled all summer at hard work upon his
farm,
He can sit and read his paper, by his hearthstone bright
and warm,
With a lot of satisfaction, fer he knows that he has
earned
Ev'ry solitary dollar that into his coffers turned;
And he knows that he's entitled fer to rest in winter time,
Fer he's worked and slaved all summer plowin fields and
scatterin lime,
And although the cold December winds may blow and rip
and tare,
He well knows that he's provided with all things and
need not care.

There's, of course, some lazy farmers who won't never
dig nor scratch,
Who allow the weeds and briars to grow up in ev'ry
patch.
Who, when winter's frosts come freezin, sit and grumble
at their lot,
And will envy their good nayburs of the stores that they
have got ;
But they're not the least deservin of a person's sympathy,
He, who does not toil in summer, let him sit in poverty,
And go hungry durin winter, let him shiver, let him
prance,
Fer he wouldn't earn a livin at the time he had a chance.



THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

What Sunday School boy or girl, who, when told
That story of cruel King Herod of old,
How the poor little innocent babies he killed,
Is not with contempt and bitterness filled
For that heartless tyrant, and sympathy, too,
For all the poor mothers who had to pass through
That trying ordeal? Curse that tyrant! we say,
But are there not many such tyrants today?

Take the man who corners the market for grain
Or other foodstuffs, and thereby will drain
All the resources of the poor of the land,
In the sight of his God, he also will stand
A tyrant as cruel as Herod who slew
The innocent children, for he, daily, too,
Is slaying the innocent who cannot buy
The food which is sold at prices so high.

But the God who looked down on Bethlehem then
And let fall his wrath on such cruel men,
Is looking down on our tyrants today,
And sooner or later they also will pay
The penalty for their tyrannical deed
Of depriving the poor of the things that they need ;
When the trumpet shall sound upon that great day,
Such tyrants in terror will all flee away,

Away to the mountains, and to them will cry,
O mountains fall on us, hide us from the eye
Of the Judge of all nations and kindred and land,
'Tis the day of his wrath, who'll be able to stand?
But 'twill be too late to cry to him then,
Now's the time to repent, O oppressor of men,
Go feed the poor innocents whom you've oppressed,
And the God of all mercy will give your soul rest!



WHICH WAS THE RICH MAN?

Give me your hand old comrade, and is it really Jack?
Well, haint I glad to see you, say, when did you come
back
From Colerado, is it? the place where you have been
For twenty-five long years now, and you've been diggin
in
Them tough ole Rocky Mountains, a huntin after gold,
You must have found a heap, too, leastwise I have been
told
You're worth two hundred thousand, while I am well
nigh dead
From toilin as a miller and hain't ten cents ahead.

How many children have you? what, never married, now,
 I haint heaped up the thousands, but I feel that somehow
 I'm richer far than you are, I have six children, one
 Has been away to college where he grand work has done;
 He's goin to be a preacher, it fills me with delight
 That he chose that profession, and he is worth a site
 More than the gold you've gethered in all the years you've
 been

Out in them Rocky Mountains a knockin your pick in.

There's Jenny, she's just lovely, she's now almost nine-
 teen,

And you nowhere can find them better than her, I ween;
 For two years she's been teachin the public school, and she
 Is liked by all her scholars and gits on splendidly;

There's John and George out yonder, they're treed a
 coon, I vow,

The youngest were twin sisters, they're jist five years
 old now;

You have your hundred thousands, but you'll admit 'tis
 true,

When I declare that I, sir, am richer far than you.

I'd rather work my nails off to make a livin for

A fam'ly big as mine, sir, than be a bachelor;

You've worked for that ere gold, sir, till you are old and
 gray,

Soon you will be a dyin, and then your friends will lay

You in a handsome casket and plant you in the ground,

And then it will be published these words, It has been
 found

Jack left two hundred thousand, but died without an heir,

Strangers will git your money, and none for you they'll
 care.

MIDNIGHT IN JUNE.

I rose from my bed at midnight,
On a calm, still night in June;
I saw, shining in through the window,
The lovely rays of the moon.

Then I leaned out of the window
And beheld the glories of night,
The trees, with their spreading branches,
Reflecting the bright moonlight.

I noted the gloomy shadows
Beneath the large maple trees,
And heard a soft low murmur,
Caused by the gentle breeze.

I gazed for a moment, enchanted,
Viewing the beautiful scene,
So quiet, so still, I murmured,
How blissful, how serene!

Then down in the shining meadows,
I saw the cows and the sheep,
Upon the soft, dewy grasses,
All lying fast asleep.

And far away in the distance,
Upon a high steep hill,
So gloomy, dark and solemn,
The forest tall and still.

I saw the old mill below it,
I heard the gurgling sound
Of the rushing mountain brooklet
That made the wheel go round.

I saw the waving wheatfields,
With many a well filled head
Which grew to make the flour
Which gives us daily bread.

I laid me down and pondered
O'er all those things I saw,
And said, with deep devotion,
How wondrous is God's law!



DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Say not within your heart, I see
No chance in this broad world for me,
And sit not down to fret and whine
Because you think you ne'er shall shine
Before the world as others do;
Fret not, for there's a place for you.
The little star, that shines on high,
Does not make bright the entire sky,
But should each little star complain
Because all heaven's great domain
Is not made bright by its small ray,
And for that cause should fret and say,
Because these brilliant rays of mine
Do not reach all, I'll cease to shine,
The heavens all o'ercast would be
With gloom and darkness, none could
The beautiful and radiant light
Which gladdens many hearts at night.
I, in this world am but a star,
My light may not extend as far
Into the dark world's gloom as some,

Who through the world may go and come,
But God has given me some work
To do, my task I will not shirk;
I'm one small star in his great plan,
Therefore, I'll do the best I can.



WANDERING IN THE WILDERNESS.

Like the Israelites of yore,
We have wanderers at our door;
Here they wander to and fro,
In the wilderness of woe.

Round and round and round they go
In the same old route so slow,
Grumbling, growling all the day,
Wasting, wasting time away.

In their sad and weary plight,
They are murmuring day and night,
Managing to blame some one
For what they themselves have done.

Men will offer them to lead,
But to such they give no heed,
Though they weep and mourn and cry,
They in ignorance will die.

When at last they see the day,
They from earth must pass away,
Then they'll say, with much chagrin
Different it might have been.

Ah, alas, how many see
 Their folly, when too late it be!
 But 'twill do no good to fret
 For that which they did not get.

Let the young a warning take
 From their folly, and awake
 To the opportunities
 Which within their pathway lies.



THOTS FROM AN OLD POEM.

Alone inside my study wall,
 I sat and mused, the fam'ly all
 Had gone to make a friendly call
 On good old Mother Brown;
 I took a text on which to base
 My Sunday theme, noted the place,
 Then rose and from an old book-case,
 Took a large volume down.

A book of poems, one which she,
 My precious wife, had given me,
 I opened it, hoping to see
 Some lines appropriate
 Unto my text, I might infuse
 Into my talk, we preachers use
 Quotations which we often choose,
 Our themes to illustrate.

I chanced upon a poem old,
 The author's name was Hannah Gould,
 In which she reverently told
 How she wrote in the sand,

Upon the ocean shore, her name,
And how soon afterwards there came
A wave and soon destroyed the same
Which she wrote with her hand.

The poem was a short one, yet,
I ne'er shall throughout life forget
The deep impression made, it set
My mind to thinking how
We mortal creatures often stand
Upon life's ocean's barren strand,
And place our hopes in sinking sand
Through which sin's waves oft plow.

I pondered o'er what I had read,
Then clasped my hands and bowed my head,
And from my heart this prayer I said,
"Dear Savior, Lord and King;
From thy bright fold, ne'er let me stray,
Guide me within the narrow way,
And grant that I through life each day
To thee may ever cling."



A WET JUNE

If James Russell Lowell were living today,
And would write about June, he doubtless would say,
As he wrote to the daily rain falling tune,
O what is so rare as sunshine in June?
Wherever we look and whenever we listen,
We hear the rainfall and see the drops glisten;
Ev'ry clod in the road is turned to fine mud,
Pedestrians plod by with a splash and a thud;
The sweet little bird's shining coat is all wet

As he seeks for stray worms he may happen to get,
While his mate sits upon her nest up so high
And endeavors to keep her eggs warm and dry.
There has been very little dry weather this June,
And it sets us to wondering whether we soon
Shall have such a bright and beautiful day
As that Brother Lowell speaks of in his lay;
But we will not murmur although the rains fall,
For God, who is love, still reigns over all;
So we will let no dark clouds overspread
Our faces, but let us make sunshine instead
With sweetest of smiles let us shed brilliant light,
And make ev'ry home all cheerful and bright.

June 1, 1916.



THINK I'LL VOTE FER MISTER BOOSTER.

Mr. Booster's out fer Congress, he's been runnin round
all fall,
Lectioneerin mong the voters, he's been callin on us all;
He's a very slick tongued feller and he sez he'll do a heap
That will benefit us farmers who engage in raisin sheep;
I know nothin wrong about him, know'd him since he
was a lad,
And to tell the truth I never heerd him say a word that's
bad;
He has had a hard time of it, fer his father he was poor,
And he never gave him money fer to squander I am sure.
Yes, Mister Booster's honest as fur as I can tell,
And if he should be elected, he might sarve us very well;
But the trouble with them fellers that we think are just
all right,

When they get down there to Congress, never will put up
a fight
Fer us ole clodhopper farmers, but will often sell their
votes
To them great big corporations and them beer and whisky
bloats ;
But while they're a lectioneerin, they big promises will
make,
Then we foolishly vote fer them, and find out they are a
fake.

But I ruther like young Booster, knowed his father very
well,
And there's sunthin kind o tells me that he's not the kind
to sell
Out to any corporation but will stand up fer the right,
And fer poor as well as wealthy will put up a rousing
fight ;
So I kinder think I'll likely vote fer him on lection day,
And if he does win the office, I believe he'll make it pay
Fer the farmer in this deestrect, course he may turn out
untrue,
But I'll risk my vote upon him, then we'll see what he
will do.



THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH.

When David forth from his palace was driven
By Absalom, his disobedient son,
He wept as he crossed o'er the Valley of Kedron,
Because of the act that rash youth had done.

On Olivet's slopes he stood, while beholding
The city from which he in terror had fled,
He thought of the place in which he had worshipped
While tears from his eyes in torrents were shed.

In agony of his soul he there murmured,
"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for thee,
The courts of the Lord," but his own son was standing
A rock of offence, from whom he must flee.

By business I had from my own home been driven,
From scenes of my boyhood, the valley so fair,
From the little white church in the village of Mill Grove,
To take up a life of trials and care.

As I worked in a bank and over books worried,
And wore a deep look of concern on my face,
The shadows would often depart when the thots of
My dear boyhood home, in my heart found a place.

I would think of the house, of the barn and the pigpen,
Of the brook of clear water that gurgled close by,
The stile and the snake fence, the springhouse and corn-
crib
And swallows which through the old red barn would
fly.

I fancied again that I tasted the apples
Which in the old orchard abundantly grew ;
And dined on the fish which from the clear water,
I with my stout line in large quantities drew.

A vision I saw of myself again climbing
The old chestnut tree which stood high on the hill,
To shake down the nuts to my happy companions
Who with the brown fruit ev'ry pocket would fill.

And then my thots turned to the white church at Mill
Grove,

Where mother first took me when I was quite small ;
All scenes of my boyhood were dear, but that building
Brings mem'ries to me that are dearer than all.

As thots of those days spent there in my childhood,
So vividly came back again unto me ;
I cried in the words of David, the Psalmist,
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for thee!

And thus as I onward pursue my life's journey,
And mem'ries of those happy days come to me,
And visions appear, there is none that is dearer
Than that little white church, and never shall be.



MY BIRTHPLACE.

To me Westmoreland County
Is the dearest spot on earth,
For it was in her bosom
That I was given birth ;
Not in a costly mansion,
But in a house of logs,
Close by a little brooklet,
Where croaked the green bull-frogs.

That old house still is standing,
Though covered now with boards ;
To me fond recollections,
It evermore affords ;
Quite often I pass by it,
And ev'ry time I do,
My heart is thrilled within me
With pleasure through and through.

Old Greensburg then was little,
 But now she's large and grand,
 Made rich by her surrounding
 The large tracts of coal land;
 Her large and costly mansions
 Are counted by the score,
 To me that makes no diff'rence,
 I love that old house more.

Some people may despise it
 And think it a disgrace,
 But I am proud that I was
 Born in that humble place;
 And I will ever cherish,
 No matter where I roam,
 The fondest recollections
 Of that, my childhood home.



A BEAM OF SUNSHINE IN FEBRUARY

When the sun beats down upon us on a bright day in July,
 Then we hunt the shady places, wipe our faces, then we
 sigh,
 O this hot and sultry weather, yet it does to us no harm,
 But brings to us many blessings, for the fruits upon the
 farm
 Would not ripen if the sun's rays were withdrawn, and
 we should die,
 For we'd never see a raincloud float above us in the sky;
 Nor would corn nor wheat nor flowers, nor would fruits
 be seen to grow,
 And this world would be a dreary, barren desert here be-
 low.

Tho we sigh in summer season on account of scorching
heat,
In the month of February, 'tis a rich delightful treat,
When the wind is blowing fiercely and the snowflakes
whirl about,
To behold the dark clouds parting and the sun's rays
peeping out ;
Then the children are made happy when they see a sun-
beam fall,
And its bright reflection lighting on the carpet or the wall ;
Do not grumble, little children, at the sun's fierce scorch-
ing heat,
For if it should cease its shining we would have no food
to eat.



A SCENE MOST SWEET

In the room adjoining my study,
On a neat little bed there lies
A beautiful sweet little baby
With eyes like the blue summer skies.

The hands of the clock point eleven,
'Tis late in the morning, 'tis true,
But that darling baby's just waking,
And a lovely scene comes to my view.

She does not wake up with crying,
But laughing and cooing with glee ;
When I come to her how she stretches
Her sweet little hands out to me.

I take her up in my arms gently
And say, "My sweet love, how are you ?
And the sweet darling's face brightly glistens
As she answers me softly, "Agoo!"

And I think, what a gift God has given
To us, and the words Jesus said,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven,"
When he placed his hands on a child's head.

And I silently breathe this petition,
"Dear Jesus, our little ones take
In Thine arms and give them Thy blessing
That Thy Word they may never forsake."

"In the path which leads up to heaven,
Dear Lord ever guide their small feet,
And bring them to heavenly mansions,
Their Lord and Redeemer to greet."



WE'LL STORE THE OLD HIGH CHAIR AWAY.

There stands the old high-chair, Laura,
Our baby's now past four,
He's now so large he will not need
His high-chair any more ;
When Mildred was a babe, Laura,
We purchased it for her,
And once she tumbled out of it,
Did not that cause a stir ?

Then by and by a second babe,
A bouncing bright boy came
And brot more sunshine to our home,
To whom we gave the name

Of Russell, and that high-chair soon
To him was given o'er,
Now it appears that he, henceforth,
Will need the chair no more.

If our third child, dear Raymond, had
But lived, we would today
Have no need to take up that chair
And store it thus away;
But God willed that our darling should
Early retire to rest,
So we will bow to His decree,
For He knows what is best.

To store the chair away, Laura,
Is sad indeed to me,
The tears will come and yet I feel
How thankful we should be
That both our darlings have been spared
To us, and that today,
Because they are too large, we can
Thus store the chair away.

We'll store the chair away, Laura,
We'll do it rev'rently,
Not out of sight, but in a place
Where we may often see
That relic of those early days,
When we, with tender care,
Took up our darling babes and placed
Them in that old high chair.

BRING OUT THE OLD HIGH CHAIR.

Bring out the old high-chair again,
We need it now you see,
For our La Vern is five months old,
A darling babe is she ;
She's strong enough to sit alone,
Bring out the old high chair,
'Twill bring great joy to all our hearts,
To seat our darling there.

O how it fills one's heart with joy
To see her seated there,
And that we have occasion thus
To bring out that old chair ;
God bless our darling little babe,
May she grow up to be
A woman filled with wisdom and
Pure Christian charity.



THE SCOLD.

She scolds in early morning
As soon as she gets up,
She scolds while she is pouring
The coffee in her cup ;
She scolds while she is spreading
Her butter on her bread,
She scolds while she is sewing
With needle and with thread ;
She scolds while she is making
Her pudding or beef broth,
She scolds while she is cutting
A garment out of cloth ;

She scolds if her small children
But walk across the floor,
She scolds whene'er a neighbor
Comes knocking at her door ;
She scolds whene'er the company,
Expected, did not come,
She scolds whene'er the street-car
Goes by with buzz and hum ;
She scolds whene'er her husband
Brings some one home to tea,
And when alone, she scolds because
She has no company ;
She scolds whene'er she washes
And hangs out clothes to dry,
She scolds because 'tis gloomy
And clouds o'erspread the sky ;
She scolds when she goes calling,
About the sun's fierce heat,
And when it rains, she always scolds
Because she gets wet feet ;
She scolds whene'er her preacher
Makes sermons rather long,
And when the choir sweetly sings,
She scolds about their song ;
She scolds when morning's dawning,
Because it is daylight,
And when the day has ended,
She scolds because 'tis night ;
She scolds when she is sleeping,
While lying in her bed,
Now some one has predicted
She'll scold when she is dead.

MATRIMONY, A PARABLE.

Two trav'lers, one bright summer day,
Together sauntered on their way ;
Neither of them had traveled o'er
That road at any time before.

They traveled on, about midday
A rapid stream lay in their way ;
A bridge of rough hewn logs of wood,
On piers of crumbling sandstone stood.

"This bridge unsafe," a placard said,
"You must cross o'er the bridge instead
Up by the flour mill at Brisbane,
If you cross here, 'tis at your risk."

This warning both the trav'lers read,
One, grumbling, to the other said,
"I will not walk so far around,
I've traveled o'er enough of ground!"

"That bridge is strong enough, I vow,
For me, I'll risk it anyhow ;
"You can go round, I'll brave it through,
And I'll cross o'er before you do!"

The other said, "You'd better take
The warning, for no doubt you'll stake
Your life, the supervisor knew
His business better than you do!"

But to entreaties he said, "No,
Across that bridge I'm bound to go!"
And so the trav'lers parted there,
Now you shall hear how each did fare.

He who would not heed good advice,
Walked on the bridge, and in a trice,
Its rotten beams and planks gave way,
And he, pinned fast, all helpless lay.

Meanwhile, the other trav'ler sped
On toward the solid bridge ahead.
He reached it and crossed safely o'er.
Then walked along the other shore.

Soon he beheld his comrade's plight,
The sun had set, 'twas almost night;
His comrade gave a piteous shout,
"Have mercy, pard, come help me out."

The man secured some help near by,
Who, with small boats and rope and pry,
Released him long about midnight,
From his unpleasant awful plight.

This story is a parable,
Its meaning now to you I'll tell.
So young men and young ladies, too,
Give heed, the lesson is for you.

The river, which so swiftly flowed,
Is matrimony, and the road
Which leads to it may be a route
That's short and straight, or round about.

It matters not which road you take,
But one thing sure, unless you make
Your bridge across, both firm and strong,
You'll sink beneath the wreck ere long.

And there you'll lie and scream and shout
 For relatives to help you out;
 Then heed the sign, don't try to go
 Across that bridge that wobbles so.



O THEY ARE ALL GOOD FELLOWS.

I took a stroll out on the pike
 One bright September day;
 I saw upon the posts and trees
 And rocks along the way,
 Portraits of many handsome men,
 O 'twas a sight to see!
 I read some lines and found they all
 Were anxious to see me.

Some of them did call at my home
 To see me, others said
 They had not time to call, so they
 Just wrote to me instead,
 And sent me cardlike souvenirs,
 Each had a name on it,
 And underneath, "Your influence
 And vote we solicit."

How kind of them to call on me,
 A common fellow, why,
 I never knew, before they called,
 That such a man as I
 Had such great influence as they
 Declared that I possessed;
 To hear them talk, you'd think my vote
 Would win for them the rest.

There's quite an army of them out,
And all good fellows, too;
Give them the offices they seek,
And they'll prove good and true;
Not one of them, by graft or fraud,
Will his own pockets fill,
They all will serve their country well,
At least they say they will.



THE HOME OF MY GRANDPARENTS.

'Twas not a mansion with bright walls,
With parlors grand and stately halls;
No force of servants went about
Doing the work inside and out;
They did not drive a fancy pair
Of horses to the County Fair;
No fancy drive-ways circled round
And no retaining walls were found,
Nor concrete walks or graveled lane,
Ah no, all things were very plain!
A log house by a country road,
Was where my grandparents abode,
The old porch, with its shattered roof,
Was not considered waterproof.
But O, the pleasure and the joy
That I experienced when a boy,
In that old house, the memory
Of those good days is dear to me!
Well I remember how we oft
Would climb the stairs into the loft,
And crack and eat a goodly share

Of hick'ry-nuts which we found there,
And how with shouts of joy and glee,
We climbed the large mulberry-tree,
And in its branches stayed until
Of berries we all had our fill.
I watched grandfather, with his hoe,
Down in the corn-field just below ;
His form with age and toil was bent,
Slowly from hill to hill he went ;
A very nervous man was he,
His hands both shook exceedingly,
But still he slowly toiled away
In that cornfield day after day,
While dear grandmother went about
Within her garden, setting out
Her flower plants, which she with care
Would nurture in her garden there.
They both have crossed the River o'er,
There humble home stands there no more ;
We who were boys then, now have grown
To manhood and now have our own
Sweet children, and some silver threads
Are here and there seen on our heads ;
But time itself cannot erase
From memory that lovely place
Where I, when but a little boy,
Was filled with happiness and joy ;
Till time shall end, sweet memory
Of that dear home shall dwell with me.

WILL THE WORLD HAVE BEEN MADE
BETTER BECAUSE I LIVED IN IT?

As I travel on life's journey,
Wearily I wend my way,
Striving to do my plain duty
As I journey day by day;
As I jourey I am thinking
How small my work does appear,
Will the world have been the better,
Just because I journeyed here?

I am but a dot upon it,
And a very small one too;
I am very weak and humble,
'Tis but tittle I can do;
After I take my departure,
And on earth no more appear,
Will the world have been made better
Just because I labored here?

Though I may have but one talent,
I will use it day and night,
And with God's rich blessing on it,
I will give the world some light;
Having thus done my full duty,
I shall die and have no fear
That the world was not made better
Just because I journeyed here.

TO THE BOYS OF THE CLASS OF '97.

Recited at the twentieth anniversary banquet of the class of 1897
of the Eastern Theological Seminary given at Lancaster, Pa., May 1917

Is this the old class of jolly bright boys,
Who made the halls ring with laughter and noise ;
Who, three years together, chewed Hebrew and Greek,
Who studied and fretted for many a week ?

Are these the same fellows who plagued Dr. Gast,
Because they read Hebrew at sight very fast,
And swallowed Dogmatics and Ethics wholesale,
And never felt sick or even turned pale ?

Speak out then, I say, if you're not the same
Jolly class that twenty-three years ago came
And mingled together for three solid years,
Who tortured each other with good natured jeers.

I see you are silent, well, that gives consent,
Yes, we are the same young fellows who spent
Those three happy years, and now, once again,
We gather together, a class of young men.

I say we are young, who says we are old ?
Go, seize him and cast him out into the cold ;
Let no one be heard to speak of gray hair,
Or heads that are bald, no sir, don't you dare.

Though twenty long years have passed by and flown,
It seems that not one of us has older grown ;
I gaze on your faces, the same smiles are there,
And all seem as young and tender and fair

As you all appeared that memorable night
When we, twenty-seven, all filled with delight,
Received our diplomas, our school days were o'er,
None knew what the world for him held in store.

To our dear Alma Mater, we sang our farewell,
Then each went his way, some few went to dwell
Far out in the West, some kept nearer home,
And two restless fellows were destined to roam
About, o'er the country, serving church boards, from
And one has departed to mansions above. [love,

I greet you, dear classmates, pray, do not be hard
On these humble verses of your humble bard;
Like Holmes, who oft wrote of his class, "Twenty Nine,"
I dedicate this to you classmates of mine;
Wherever you journey, believe me, 'tis true,
My very best wishes go always with you.



MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

August 20, 1917.

As the twenty-ninth of August
Dawned upon us, bright and clear,
With the soft winds gently blowing
Swaying cornstalks far and near, —
I awoke all filled with rapture,
Gentle voices seemed to say,
Happy greetings we are bringing
On your fiftieth birthday.

"Fifty years, indeed," I murmured,
"Can it be 'tis truly so?"
Then I took a backward journey
To the days of long ago;
Saw the years pass by before me,
From my boyhood until now,
Then my hair was brown as chestnut,
Snow of age now on my brow.

First I saw myself a youngster,
A plain stripling, four years old,
Sitting by the kitchen fire
When outside was bleak and cold;
Saw the dawn of pleasant Springtime
And myself a barefoot boy
Playing by the dusty roadside,
Ragged, dirty, full of joy.

Then again, the scene was altered,
To my view a school-room came
Old box desks defaced by jack-knives,
Yet, it was the very same
That I years ago attended,
Half a dozen rods I saw,
Which the old time teacher wielded
Ev'ry time we broke the law.

Soon I saw myself no longer
In the school-room, sad to say,
But at work in dismal coal-mines,
Sadly yearning ev'ry day
To obtain an education,
But, alas, small hope had I!
But I made firm resolutions
That to get one I would try.

Then I saw myself at night-time
Struggling with my books alone,
Wrestling with some stiff old problem
That seemed hard as any stone ;
But I saw myself determined
Never to give up the ship,
To improve each shining moment,
And to let no spare-time slip.

Years of struggle I saw passing,
Saw myself oft called a fool,
And at last, in Hempfield Township,
Saw me teaching public school ;
Saw myself prepare for college,
In a school we called "The Sem.,"
And one glad day saw me enter
College, dear old F. and M.

Then, inside the Seminary,
Saw my course with others run,
Saw me through unto the finish,
Saw at last my school days done ;
Saw myself preaching the Gospel,
At a salary quite small,
That would scarcely pay my board-bill,
Clothes and interest and all.

Later on I saw me taking
A sweet lady by the hand,
Saw us make the sacred promise
That we'd by each other stand ;
Saw us struggling on together,
Meeting many trials sore,
Hoping, praying that we some day
Might have better things in store.

Saw the coming of four children
 To cheer up our humble home,
 Saw us sadly bear one baby
 Gently to the silent tomb.
 Thus the vision passed before me,
 Which I here to you portray,
 And I said, 'tis true, I'm fifty
 Years of age this very day!"

Then I prayed, "Dear Heavenly Father,
 For the past, I give to Thee
 Hearty thanks, and pray that future
 Blessings may be sent to me;
 May the days, allotted to me,
 Bring more blessings than the past,
 And when I my course have finished,
 May I rest in peace at last.



AN "IF" FOR BOYS.

If you can rise up ev'ry morning early,
 E'en tho you're called before it is daylight;
 If you can laugh instead of acting surly,
 Your face and eyes all beaming with delight;

If you can go, without your mother saying,
 And wash completely both your hands and face;
 If you can carefully assist her laying
 The knives, the forks and dishes in their place;

If you can find your coat and cap each morning
 Both hung up trim and neat upon the rack;
 If you can cross the floor without a warning
 To clean your feet and not to make a track;

If you can gracefully respect your mother's wishes,
When you come home, to gently close the door;

If you can kindly wash for her the dishes,
And neatly sweep and mop the kitchen floor;

If you can treat your sister just as kindly
As other girls with whom you come in touch,
And do small duties, others often, blindly,
Are heard to say do not amount to much;

If you can overcome all evil inclinations,
Refuse tobacco and foul cigarettes;
Always reject alluring invitations,
E'en when beneath companions' jeers and threats;

If you can, when you borrow things from father,
Return them always promptly to their place;
If you can save him extra steps and bother,
And cause broad smiles to ornament his face;

If you can, when at any task you're working,
Keep diligently at it till you're free;
If you can do each duty without shirking,
You'll be about a model man for me.

March 19, 1921.

Farm Life.

PAT AND THE MELON.

An Irishman came to Mill Grove one day
And hired himself to a farmer near by;
Said he, "Indade now I've struck a foine job,
No Irishman iver was lucky as I."
I'll soon have a hape o money and thin
I'll send a big roll across the dape sea,
To Kate my swateheart and tell her to come
And live with me in the blist land of the free."

"And now, Mr. Beaver," said Pat, with a grin,
"I am at your sarvice, now plaze tell me what
You'll have me to do today, and at once
I'll go at it with all the strength I have got."
Then Beaver replied, "The first thing today,
I'll have you to do, Pat, go out in that patch
And gather those melons, we'll haul them all off
To market tomorrow, there'll be quite a batch."

"And what is a milon, pray tell me?" said Pat,
Said Beaver, "You see those balls in that field,
We grow them by hundreds, a field of that size,
When the season is good, a large crop will yield."
"And what do you do with the milons?" said Pat,
Said Beaver, "Just wait," and seizing a knife,
Cut a melon in two, "Taste that now and see
If ever you ate better grub in your life."

Pat tasted the pulp, his face brightly shone,
Said he, "Shure it bates all the praties e'er raised
In ould Ireland's soil, how I wish Kate was here,
I know with delight she'd shurely be crazed ;
Bliss the day when I set my feet on the sod
Of Roaring Creek Valley, 'tis here I will stay,
And if I don't die of joy, I am shure
I'll be havin a patch of me own some swate day."

Now it happened that Kim, Mr. Beaver's third son,
Then sixteen, was noted for playing shrewd tricks ;
'Twas not very long till he played a sly prank
Which put the poor Irishman in a bad fix.
A large hornet's nest hung on an oak tree
Just back of the barn, Kim climbed up one day
And stuffed the hole shut, with the hornets all in,
He took down the nest and bore it away.

Then beaming with mischief, he hunted up Pat,
Said he, "Pat, I've brought you a melon to eat ;
This kind grows on trees, its flavor is rich,
To get such a one is sure a rare treat."

Pat grinned a broad grin, then took up the nest,
Said he, "And I'm much obliged to you, Kim,"
Then broke it in two, and out quick as flash,
The hornets all flew with fury at him.

Pat let out a yell, and struck right and left,
"Shure I niver thought that the seeds would fly out
With such force as that, just see the quare things,
That little black haythen's still flying about ;
They shot out so hard, some stuck on me lips,
And some on me nose, and some in me hair,
A wonderful milon was that one indade,
Jist look, some seeds still are a flyin up thare."

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

There was booming in the city,
There the cannon crackers roared,
Buildings decked with flags and bunting,
While balloons above them soared;
Trolley-cars and autos humming,
Girls and women gaily dressed,
Botchkicks, porters, and loud newsboys,
In the moving throng were pressed.

But out in the rural districts,
All was quiet, more or less,
Here and there a few proud youngsters,
Packs of crackers did possess.
At the dawning of the morning,
A few booming shots were heard,
Making hens and roosters cackle,
Startling forth the mother bird.

But the grand old flag was waving
From the farmhouse, for the true
Genuine, pure patriotism
Lurks among the farmers too,
For, from off the farm, the soldiers
Came by thousands when our land,
By our gallant boys was rescued
From the cruel tyrant's hand.

There is joy out in the country
On the Fourth day of July,
In the groves the people gather
And picnic on cake and pie,

Lemonade and other good things
Which the people bring to eat,
Doubtful if a city banquet
Could afford so rich a treat.

There the children skip and scamper,
Chasing round in wild delight,
And the people keep on dining
All day long, into the night.
Talk about your city picnics,
On old Independence Day,
But take me into the country
For to hip, hip and hoora!

July 4, 1914.



THE OLD HICKORY SWING

Oh the old hickry swing! of a hickry saplin made,
That hung upon a limb neath the spreadin chestnut's
shade
At the dense forest's edge whare the grass was green and
soft,

There in glad childhood days, we barefooted children oft
Would, in bright summertime swing ourselves to and fro ;
From the top of the hill to the dell down below,
Could the echo be heard when we children would sing,
As we swung to and fro on the old hickry swing.

Ah, how vivid the scene of the old hickry swing
Comes back to me now, how fond mem'rys still cling,
Of the boys and the girls who sped through the wood
To the soft grassy knoll whare the old chestnut stood ;

How we oftimes would race to see who would beat
And be first one to mount on the old hickry seat,
How the children's sweet voices of yore seem to ring,
As my thoughts wander back to the old hickry swing.
Thare the forest so dense, with its trees looming tall,
In the breeze gently swaying enraptured us all,
Thare the gray squirrel would whisk from his hole in the
tree,
His life seemed so happy, so blissful and free,
And the chipmunk would glide in his hole in the ground
As soon as he espied we children comin round,
When we came with a yell, and the foremost would
spring,
With a triumphant laff, on the old hickry swing.
When the ev'nin would come, the biggest girls and boys
Would come a strollin forth with their lafter and noise;
They would come to that place frum a dozen nayburs
round
And would have the grandest time on that little play-
ground;
The girls would mount the seat and the boys would swing
them so
As they'd touch the branch above when they swing to and
fro,
You could tell by the way they would laff and shout and
sing,
They was havin lots of fun at the old hickry swing.
Oh the old hickry swing! it has gone to decay,
And we boys now are men, some have wandered far
away;
The girls now are wimmin, some have married, some
still wait,



William Rarig's Team of Grays.
Figure 39.

Hoping they may see the day when they'll yet get a mate;
The forest is cut down, and the old chestnut tree,
Whare I wunst used to swing, I ne'er again shall see,
Ah, the bitter tears will roll while my little song I sing
Of the pleasant memories of the old hickry swing.



A NEWLIN HUCKLEBERRY PARTY.

Oh huckleberry time had come,
And we wuz glad indeed,
Fer huckleberries, don't yer know?
They make sich splendid feed;
Some years the crop's immensely big
And folks kin fill their pails
In little time and thin agin,
Some years the crop it fails.
My wife and I, as you may know,
Fer many years hed bin
A livin in the city, but
We now hed moved agin
Into the country, we hed both
Bin brought up on the farm,
We moved in middle of July
When weather it wuz warm.
Some one hed told us that the crop
Of huckleberries would
Thet season be a failure sure,
Thet 'twasn't any good;
In no place on the mountains near,
Was any seen to grow,
But folks kin miss their guess, I vow,
Thet sometimes think they know.

A friend of our'n whispered to us,
There wuz a place he know'd,
Up on the little mountain top,
Where lots of berries grow'd ;
Bill Rarig, who is big and stout
And kind to ev'ry one,
He volunteered to take us out
To hev a little fun.

So Monday mornin, round he cum
With his great market rig,
He hed two hosses, both wuz gray
And they wuz strong and big ;
He loaded up a crowd of us,
We made a heavy load,
But Bill's two grays, they easy tuk
Us up the mountain road.

When we got on the mountain top,
Bill tied his hosses to
A saplin, then we tuk our pails
And soon wuz runnin through
The bushes and one time I fell
Headlong across a stump,
And cum kerflop down on the ground,
And gave my hed a bump.

Well, very soon we found a place
Where huckleberries, whew !
Wuz hangin thick as swarms of bees,
Around us all wuz blue ;
One of the girls let out a scream,
Look out Bob, there's a snake !
Bob looked and laffed and sed, No Sue,
Thet time it wuz a fake !

She'd seen a stick as black as coal,
And thought it wuz a snake,
And she wuz really frightened pale,
Sam said, Next time you take
A look before you yell and scare
A feller into fits;
But in the woods you'll find that's how
A young Gurl often gits.

Well, we all fell to pickin thin,
We gethered quite a heap,
We tuk about two bushels home
And canned them so's they'd keep
You know, all through the winter time,
We made jam out of some,
I et some fer my supper and,
I tell you it wuz um-m-m!

I didn't kill no snakes at all,
But nasty nats they bit
My hans and face, but I jist kep
But little count of it;
I tell you I would not hev missed
Thet trip fer a gold pin,
And if next season I am here,
I sure will go agin.



THE MOSQUITO BAND.

There is a band, a concert band,
No doubt the largest in the land,
Which comes around at close of day,
There's only one tune they can play.

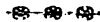
They are determined I shall hear,
Because they come close to my ear,
I've heard their tune so oft before
That it has now become a bore.

Yet I would not object if they
Would be content to only play,
But they have got so little sense,
They always dine at my expense.

And always, too, before they're done,
They hurt the feelings of some one;
'Tis usually a little child,
So innocent and meek and mild.

I'm sorry, but most ev'ry night,
Before they go, we have a fight,
But I would not be thus inclined
If their own business they would mind

But if they brutally will wage
Their cruel war, then I, in rage,
Like Uncle Sam, will rise and crush
Their bloody carcasses to mush.



THE WHEAT.

Behold the fields of golden wheat,
Which grow to make us bread so sweet;
How beautiful, how rich, how grand
The golden stalks by millions stand
Upon the fields for miles and miles,
Each waves its head, looks up and smiles
Upon the man who tilled the land,

They are the children of his hand.
They smile on him and seem to say,
"We stand well ripened here to day,
We're ready for the reapers now,
Then for the shock, and then the mow ;
So hasten, lest it come about
We grow dead ripe, and grains drop out
Our heads and fall down to the ground
And nevermore by man be found.

O precious wheat, oh golden wheat !
Each day it brings to us a treat ;
The staff of life, our daily bread
So rich and bountifully spread
Upon our tables, O rich food,
So sweet, so precious, and so good ;
Now let us on our Father call
And thank Him, for He gave it all.



IN THE HAY FIELD.

The summer sun is very hot, but there's a pleasant
breeze
A playing with the branches of the verdant apple-trees ;
I hear the mower singing in the meadow down below
The old red barn, now Farmer Brown says, "Come boys,
we will go
And hitch up Maud and Bell and we will go out for a
load
Of hay, for that ere grass is dry that Joe this morning
mowed,
If it don't rain this afternoon, we'll give that field a
sweep,
If we can haul till supper time, we'll get in quite a heap."

The wagon, with the ladders on, is backed out of the
shed,
And Maud and Bell are soon hitched up by me and
brother Ned;
Then on the wagon ladders all leap with agility,
Our faces brown as chestnut shells, but happy hearts
have we;
Down on the road we see some folks, in autos, speeding
by,
They're dressed up in their Sunday best, but happier
am I
In overalls and broad brimmed hat, with sweat drops
trickling down
My forehead over cheek and chin so sunburnt and so
brown.
Down through the lane into the field, we take a joyful
ride,
All seated on the board, our feet hang dangling o'er the
side;
We have no cushioned seats nor has our wagon any
springs,
But sweetest rapture to our souls that jolting wagon
brings;
Don't brag to me about your bands with drums and clar-
inets,
'Twill not compare with music which the farm hand dai-
ly gets;
The creaking wagon with its load, the robin in the tree,
And Bob, the driver on the load, a singing merrily.
And then, beside the music sweet, it is such splendid fun
To see a rabbit, from the grass, leap forth and swiftly
run;

And we have much excitement, too, for now and then we
see
A copperhead or blacksnake glide out from the hay so
free;
I often wonder why folks say, "I'd rather live in town
Where I can go to picture shows and see things of re-
nown;
Why, we who live out on the farm, most any day can see
Nice moving pictures, and what's more, our picture show
is free.



THE FARMER'S COMPANIONS.

It is springtime, and the blossoms
Now bedeck the apple trees,
While the sunshines bright and pleasant,
And the gentle murm'ring breeze
Sways the slender spreading branches
To and fro so gracefully,
While the robin in the treetop
Sings a song of joy and glee.

In the ground a narrow burrow
Has been dug out by a mole,
In an old dead tree, a flicker
Has discovered a round hole;
There she'll bring her soft material
And erect a cozy nest
Where, ere long, some little nestlings
Will be lying snug at rest.

In the barn there is a rustle
Of a dozen pairs of wings,
There the swallows now are busy,
Each one to the building brings
Little bits of mud, each morsel,
To the rafters way up high,
Is by them securely fastened
And there left alone to dry.
Soon a nest will be completed,
In which tiny eggs they'll lay,
And where young birds soon will chatter,
By and by they'll fly away,
Then about the barn they'll circle,
Diving through the balmy air,
Swarms of merry little swallows
Can be happy anywhere.

Round the shed I hear a buzzing,
There the wasp is busy, too,
Making course and heavy paper,
What does he intend to do?
Make a nest, of course, some people
Do not like to hear him bizz ;
But if you will mind your business,
He will strictly 'tend to his.

In a hollow log a rumbling
Sound I hear, look in and see,
No, not I! I know the music
Played by Mr. Bumblebee.
Out he comes, just see him circle
Round about, he says, "Boo, boo!"
Go along, old cheating hummer,
I will not make friends with you.

Yonder runs a little chipmunk,
What a pretty little thing!
Now he sits upon his haunches,
Chip's the song that he can sing;
There's a hole beneath the fencerail,
Into which he soon will glide,
'Tis his home, I wish he'd let me
Take a little peep inside.

Hark, I hear so loud a chatter!
'Tis the sassy little wren;
To the bird-house, in the orchard;
He has come back once again;
Welcome, little sassy fellow,
I'm your friend, as you well know,
Glad indeed am I to see you,
Even though you jaw me so!

Yonder goes a toad a hopping,
Now he sits and winks his eyes;
See his curly tongue protruding,
He's the one to catch the flies,
Hear that music from the meadow,
From the stagnant, marshy bogs,
"Kerplunk, kerplink!" 'tis the singing
Of the merry little frogs.

Happy is the honest farmer,
He has music all the day;
While he works out in his garden
While he hauls the new mown hay,
There are singers all about him
Singing birds and buzzing bees,
Ev'rywhere he hears sweet music
Floating on the gentle breeze.

When he rises in the morning,
He can hear the robin's song,
Then the others join the chorus,
He has music all day long;
When the sun has set, and darkness
Comes, and songs of birds all cease,
Forth there comes the merry cricket
Singing songs that all will please.

Farming is indeed a pleasure,
Though the work is hard, 'tis true,
There are many friends to cheer you
As you toil the whole day through;
'Tis a life indeed worth living,
Though the days be very warm,
And in heat I all day swelter,
I prefer it on the farm.



A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY'S SONG OF JUNE.

Old June is here, with balmy air,
The sun is bright, the day is fair,
I snatch my rod and line, and go
Down to the mill-race just below,
Where I cast in my earthworm bait,
Then on the bank I sit and wait
For some sly sucker, chub or trout
To bite, and then I'll pull him out
That balmy breeze, how good it feels,
As softly through my hair it steals,
I sit and watch the stalks of wheat
All waving forth so tall and sweet;

I feel a jerk upon my line,
"Ha, ha, old fellow, you are mine!"
I swing my rod, my line pulls out
And I now land a speckled trout.

I place him on a stout cord string,
Then in again my hook I fling,
And then I sit and watch a thrush
Gracefully hopping on a brush,
And now I feel another jerk,
Then I again resume my work.
I give my rod a sudden swish
And land a monstrous big cat-fish.

'Tis thus I pass a pleasant day,
Such work to me is only play;
I love to sit there all day long
And listen to the merry song
The water sings as it flows by,
And watch the white clouds in the sky;
When I can sit all day and fish,
I gratify my fondest wish.



THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

When we were boys, in early May,
We dropped the corn in rows;
Our fathers followed after us,
With steady strokes of hoes.
They covered it, it took some time
To plant ten acres then;
Sometimes in one field could be seen
A half a dozen men.

And when the wheatfields ripened stood
Ready for harvest, we
Went forth with cradles and hand rakes,
We usually had three
Stout men, who with their cradles lay
In swaths the yellow wheat,
While six, with hand rakes, bound it up.
In sheaves both trim and neat.
When threshing day came round, we'd hear
A clattering, rumbling sound,
And in the barnyard we beheld
Eight horses walking round ;
A man, upon a small platform,
From morn till eve would stand,
Who lashed the horses with a whip
Which he held in his hand.
'Tis diff'rent now, the farmer plants
His corn with a machine,
And in the field, large crowds of men
No longer can be seen ;
For one man now will plant more corn
In one day than we then,
With half a dozen men and boys,
Could plant in eight or ten.
And in the wheatfields we now see
The binder going round ;
It cuts, it binds, it gathers sheaves
In neat piles on the ground ;
And in large tracts of land out West,
It threshes out the grain,
And after it has made its rounds,
The well filled bags remain.

Yes, truly things have greatly changed
Throughout this great broad land,
Machines now do the work which once
Was chiefly done by hand ;
But who would stay the cunning hand
That makes machines, no one,
No, rather with one voice commend
The work so nobly done.



THE SLY GRAY SQUIRREL.

October had come, the hunters were out
With dogs and guns, the squirrels to rout,
O'er hill and dale the guns were heard pop,
And many a frisky squirrel would drop.

A cunning gray squirrel, the hunters have spied,
He hies himself into the tall oak to hide,
And from his peep hole, with shining sharp eye,
He watches the hunters and dogs passing by.

And when he feels all is safe once again,
He ventures forth from his snug little den,
Now down the bare trunk he goes with a bound,
Then with a long leap lands safe on the ground.

Now on his haunches he squats, with his tail
Standing erect like a boat's hoisted sail
In a few seconds he has looked on all sides,
Then, like a flash, o'er the loose leaves he glides.

Now a small thicket appears in his way,
But to glide through it, to him is but play ;
Soon at the opposite side he appears,
Watching on all sides, with wide open ears.

Now he has come to a low marshy bog,
O'er which he crosses upon an old log;
From where he now is he plainly can see
The tall weather beaten old butternut tree.

Only a few leaps more brings him there,
Now for a butternut, which he will bear
Back to his snug little nest in the tree
Where his good wife sits and waits anxiously.

He has seized one, now see how he goes,
The way to his den he very well knows;
Over the marshes, up the steep hill,
At a full gallop he speeds with a will.

Hark, there's a hunter, bang, goes his gun!
But Mr. Squirrel continues to run;
Over his head the load of shot hissed,
Lucky for you Mr. Squirrel, that he missed.

But slack not your pace, the danger's not past,
A dog's on your track, O run very fast,
Your tree is not more than ten yards away,
So keep up your pace, you'll yet win the day.

On sped the squirrel and on came the dog,
Leaping o'er bushes, stone-pile and log;
It was a tight race, but the squirrel has won
And the dog has been cheated out of his fun.

Now seated once more in his snug little den
He vows he will not venture out soon again;
He has a large store of nuts which will last
Until the cold winter months will have past.

And so he sat there, through a hole he looked out
And watched the snow-birds all hopping about,
And tho other squirrels the hunter's bags filled,
That cunning gray squirrel has never been killed.



AN OLD SCHOOL TEACHER AND STUDENT MEET AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

The Thomas School is located one mile west of Greensburg, West moreland County, Pennsylvania. The teacher referred to in this poem is Edward J. Small, Pittsburg, Pa., an attorney by profession, who taught the Thomas School in winter of 1877-8. The author was a ten year old pupil at that time, in the same school.

(TEACHER)

“Full thirty years have passed and gone
Since we once met together, John,
When I taught you at Thomas School
Which stood beside a rushy pool
Of water, clear, serene and calm,
Where tadpoles by the hundreds swam;
'Twas close beside a shady grove,
Where with the bat and ball we strove;
Where pretty girls with laughter sang
Until the woods with rapture rang;
Oft do I sit and ponder o'er
Those happy times in days of yore;
You say you still are living there
Then tell me how the people fare;
How is old Mr. Wise and wife,
That fat old man so full of life,
And Mr. Smeltzer, Poole and all?
I'm coming out some day to call
On all of them, you'll go with me

And once again old friends I'll see;
I'll be the happiest of men,
To greet those good old friends again."

(STUDENT)

"Alas, the tears come to my eyes!
Those many friends, which tender ties
Bound to us, all from earth have fled,
Old Mr. Wise and wife are dead;
Of all the old folks, none remain,
It fills my heart with grief and pain
To tell you this, but if you go
To visit them, you'll find it so;
Some of the homes remain the same,
But people of a different name
Will greet you at each cottage door,
Your good old friends are there no more."

(TEACHER)

"Sad news, indeed, is this to me,
O, is it true, it cannot be
That all now in the graveyard sleep?
It breaks my heart, I mourn and weep:
But if I go back, I can still
Behold the school-house on the hill,
The old box desks and benches see,
That will bring joy and cheer to me."

(STUDENT)

"Ah no, dear friend, the old house too
Has been torn down, and now a new
One with two rooms stands on the site
And other young lads, with delight,

Are playing where we once did play,
When we were happy all the day ;
If you should now behold the place
Of that old house you'll find no trace."

(TEACHER)

"The old house then I shall not see,
But still there'll be one joy to me,
I'll see the beautiful oak grove,
And neath its boughs again I'll rove,
And kneeling on the brook's green brink,
Of its sweet waters I shall drink,
And that alone I know will be
Sweet happiness and bliss to me."

(STUDENT)

"O how I wish it might be so,
And that I too again might go
And drink of that cool brook and rove
Once more in that refreshing grove ;
The woodman's cruel ax has cleft
Those stately trees, not one is left,
There once the green grove stood, but now
The farmer works it with the plow,
When coal was taken out below,
The cool brook, too, then had to go.
The grove, the brook have passed away,
You will not find them there today."

(TEACHER)

"Gone, all gone, are those scenes, away,
But still to that place I will go some day,
A basket of flowers with me I'll take
To the old graveyard, and for the sake

Of the memory of those friends I knew,
Upon the grave of each I'll strew
The flowers, for I'm sure I'll find
The graves of those who were so kind
To me when I a youth first came
Among them, blesed be the name
Of ev'ry one, some day I'll greet
Them all around the mercy seat."

War Poems.

O DOVE OF PEACE, WHERE HAST THOU FLOWN?

For centuries the war clouds hung
O'er nations in the whole wide world;
Defiant battle songs were sung,
And implements of war were hurled
At one another, friend turned foe,
The sword and shield flashed in the sun,
Each conflict brought forth grief and woe,
As gallant men fell one by one.

But by and by there came a day
When wise men said, "Let us have peace!
We'll lay our swords and guns away,
And war-ship building we will cease;
We will not tax the people more,
Our mighty armies, we'll disband
And days of bloodshed will be o'er,
And peace shall reign in ev'ry land.

Thus great men spake, the gentle dove
Of peace was hov'ring ev'rywhere,
While to the Prince of Peace and Love,
Ascended many an earnest prayer
That nations ne'er again might war,
That bloody conflicts all might cease;
In ev'ry land, both near and far,
Men prayed, "Descend O dove of peace."

It was a dream, men soon awoke
To find the dove of peace had flown,
And nations had with fury broke
Forth into war, the world was thrown
Into excitement, cannons boomed,
The earth shook with a quake again,
And many families were doomed
To sacrifice their gallant men.

O dove of peace, where hast thou flown?
O come and visit us again;
May ev'ry sigh and cry and moan
Ring in the hearts of those vile men
Who, all for selfishness, made war,
And may they crush their hearts of stone,
And all their peace and pleasure mar
Until they for their wrongs atone.

Fiends, autocrats, do you not hear
The widow's moan, the orphan's cry?
Are your hearts stone, do you not fear
The wrath of God who dwells on high?
O hear the cry of Uncle Sam
Who pleads with you, O heed his voice,
Dispel the storm, the war waves calm,
And let the world again rejoice!

Aug. 19, 1914.

A PARTING BLESSING TO OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

Brave soldier boys, you're starting out
Upon a mission grand,
You leave your homes, your firesides,
And your own native land;
For love of liberty you go,
To hurl the tyrant down,
Who sits upon his lofty throne
And wears a despot's crown.

You soon, on board our transports, will
Cross o'er the sea's expanse,
And will, ere long, join with the boys
Of brave and fearless France.
Then o'er the vineclad hills you'll march
To meet the despot foe,
To conquer him and for all time
His power overthrow.

The Stars and Stripes will o'er you wave,
Proud emblem of the free,
And underneath its folds you'll march
To bring sweet liberty
To poor oppressed humanity
The Kaiser has held down
For many years and made them swear
Allegiance to the crown.

William, the Tyrant, on his throne,
Is King of Babylon,
In one short hour, all his wealth
And glory will be gone;

E'en now the mighty angel drops
The stone into the sea,
Thus shall the world soon see fulfilled
That ancient prophecy.

Thus, with a great and mighty fall,
Shall Germany go down,
Thus, with one blow, the Kaiser shall
Forever lose his crown;
You are that stone, brave boys, ne'er fear,
God's angel e'er will guide
You through the fiercest battle's din,
Fod God is on our side.

The battle may be long and fierce,
Your blood may freely flow,
But children, of a land like ours,
Defeat must never know;
Our glorious banner, floating high,
Proud emblem of the free,
Is foreordained to bring to all
Sweet peace and liberty.

Go forth then, boys, courageously,
March onward to the fray,
Fight as your sires fought before,
And you will win the day;
Store in your hearts brave Warren's words,
"The God of battles trust,"
He will be in the midst of you,
He knows our cause is just.

Farewell, then boys, we'll daily pray
The strife may not be long,
And that you soon may homeward sail,
Singing the victor's song;
May heaven's blessing go with you,
God's angel hosts attend
You all the way, and gently guide
You safely to the end.

June 23, 1917.



CHRISTMAS DAY, 1917.

'Tis Christmas Day, that day of days,
When we our songs of grateful praise
Sing to our Savior, who was born
In Bethlehem, that Christmas morn
When angels came down to the earth
To tell the shepherds of His birth;
That angel choir from the sky
Sang, "Glory be to God most high!"

But Christmas, nineteen seventeen,
Brings not to us that joyful scene,
But scenes of carnage, death and blood,
In France there flows the crimson flood,
On Belgium's once peaceful shore,
The ground is dyed with human gore,
In Italy, men grapple fierce,
And strive each other's hearts to pierce.

The heartless Kaiser, on his throne,
Appears as if he'd never known
The story of the Prince of peace,
He vows the war shall never cease

'Till he can have all things his way,
Ah, 'tis indeed a solemn day,
This Christmas, nineteen seventeen,
For sorrow ev'rywhere is seen.

How can we sing with joy this day,
When our dear boys are far away
From home and friends and native land,
No mother's kind and loving hand
To clasp their own, no joy or bliss
Occasioned by the mother's kiss?
Bereft of home's parental care,
Are our brave boys encamped o'er there.

We sit down to our Christmas meal,
Sad feelings over us must steal;
Each one in his accustomed chair,
But ah, one place is vacant there!
The father takes the carving knife,
'Tis his most trying time in life,
While carving, he lets fall a tear,
And sighs, "O that our James were here!"

The food is passed in silence round,
In ev'ry heart is grief profound,
Ah, 'tis a sad sad Christmas day!
How can we sing, what can we say?
The whole world is o'ercast with gloom
It trembles with the cannon's boom,
Dark clouds of smoke the sun obscure,
How long must we this grief endure?

O heart, now faint, do not despond,
There shines a radiant light beyond
The cloud that now appears so dark;

Now see, 'tis cleft in twain, and hark!
Again the angels, from the sky,
Sing, "Glory be to God most high!"
Ere long this cruel war wil cease,
For Christ still reigns, the Prince of peace.

Then, have we still not cause to sing
Our praises to our Lord and King?
Yes, we can praise Him for His care
And guidance to our boys o'er there
Praise Him becasue His blessed Word
In ev'ry army post is heard,
Praise Him who soon will come again
To bring sweet peace and joy to men.

Dec. 25, 1917.



THE KAISER'S SENTENCE

Stand up, Kaiser William,
Your power is past,
You've murdered and tortured,
But justice at last
Has laid its firm fingers
Securely on you,
So list to your sentence
That's justly your due.

The people have cursed you,
And many have said,
Don't waste time in trial,
Just off with his head;
But justice decided
That such punishment

Would be too mild for you,
So you will be sent
Not forth to the scaffold,
But into exile,
Far, far from your kindred,
Where time you can wile
Away very slowly,
Alone you will grieve
O'er crimes you've committed,
There'll be no reprieve;
For death you'll be longing,
Pale visions will rise
Of poor murdered children,
Their pitiful cries
Will torment you daily,
Hell's flames will flare up
And scorch your vile being,
You'll drink from the cup
That's filled to o'erflowing,
More bitter than gall,
You'll wake ev'ry morning,
Not rested at all;
For years you'll be tortured
With fear and regret
But your cup of sorrow
Will not be full yet;
You'll grow thin and wretched,
And as you thus wane,
You'll give a fierce struggle,
Then raving, insane.
Death's strong hand will grasp you,
Unhonored, unmourned,
You'll die, but your casket

Will not be adorned
With sweet scented flowers,
The world will rejoice,
The song will be echoed
With one heart and voice,
"Praise God in the highest,
Whose kind hand today
Has swept the last barrier
Of freedom away.

March 21, 1918.



A YOUNG SOLDIER'S WIFE'S SONG TO
HER BABE.

As the early dews were falling,
Sweet and clear arose the sound
Of the sparkling meadow brooklet,
As it sped with leap and bound
Over rocks and sandy places,
Onward, with unceasing flow,
Soon to join the silent river
Which meandered just below.

While the bat was gayly flitting
In the twilight, all about,
While the bright stars in the heavens,
Each in turn were coming out,
While the cricket chirped serenely,
While the vesper songs were heard,
In the forest, dense and gloomy,
Of the happy singing bird,

Lucy sat on the veranda,
With her baby fondly pressed
To her bosom, softly singing,
As in words her thoughts expressed,
"Father's gone across the ocean,
Gone to be a soldier true,
Gone to do his sacred duty.
God will care for me and you."

"A great gulf is fixed between us,
He is many miles away,
Though he's absent, yet, in spirit,
He is with us ev'ry day ;
We are lonely here without him,
He no doubt is lonely, too,
But our own dear country needs him,
God will care for me and you!"

"Father never yet has seen you,
Darling child, for on the day
You arrived, our home to brighten,
He was many miles away ;
Now the ocean rolls between us,
Father's standing, brave and true,
At his post, we will not murmur,
God will care for me and you!"

So she pressed her babe more closely
To her bosom, while a tear
Fell upon her darling's forehead,
Yet, with faith allaying fear,
Gazing on her babe so fondly,
With a mother's love so true,
Sang so softly, as he slumbered,
"God will care for me and you!"

Softly, on the balmy breezes,
Came sweet music to her ear,
From the angel hosts of heaven,
Bringing to her soul sweet cheer ;
Guardian angels gently whispered,
"You're a Christian, brave and true.
God will care for you and baby,
And will care for father, too!"

March 28, 1918.



YANKEE DOODLE WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Our Yankee Boys have gone to France,
Across the briny ocean,
Already they have chased the Hun,
And caused a great commotion.

(CHORUS)

Then "Yankee Doodle," shout the song,
And make the declaration,
Our Yankee Boys, sweet liberty,
Will bring to ev'ry nation.

Already they have crossed the line,
And Germany invaded,
And with true Yankee bravery,
Into the Huns have waded.

They soon will turn the tide of war,
And set the Huns a running,
For none can stand before the Yanks,
They are so shrewd and cunning.

And Kaiser Bill and all his hosts,
Will soon with fear be quaking,
For soon our Yankee Boys will give
Old Germany a shaking.

On to Berlin they'll make their way,
And bring to desolation,
The palace of old Kaiser Bill,
And cause great consternation.

They'll hurl that despot from his throne,
With him no words they'll bandy,
They'll march him to the lively tune
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Then all the world will shout for joy,
And will our boys be greeting,
Then home they'll come triumphantly,
There'll be a happy meeting.

June 21, 1918.



THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF EDITH CAVELL.

She had no trial, for the fiends
Assembled had decreed her fate;
She was from England, 'twas enough,
Those German beasts, impelled by hate
For England, laid aside all law
And justice, they, like fiercest swine,
Which rend their helpless victim's flesh,
Or cunning spiders which entwine

The helpless insects with their webs,
Those German beasts refused to try
Her lawfully, her only crime
Was, "She is English, and must die."

The so-called courts were guided by
No principle at all, they gave
Themselves up to their lust for blood ;
'Twas mockery, none cared to save
That one who had so tenderly
Nursed back to life the wounded men ;
No rights had she before that bar,
They knew no right nor justice when
The one accused, from England came.
Before them to be tried, their cry
Was everlastingly the same,
"She's English, and therefore must die!"

And so they hastened to conclude
Their hellish work, in dead of night
Their cruel bullets pierced her heart,
The Kaiser's beasts put out that light
Which shown upon the suffering ones
Who lay, each one upon his cot ;
While time shall last, this crime of crimes,
Apologies can never blot
Out from the memory of all
Who stand for justice, law and right,
From heaven above, the countless stars
Shown pitifully down that night.

Soon as the cruel act was known,
The world, in protest, raised its cry,
A wrathful God above looked down,
And there was judgement in His eye.

Time will pass by, this war will end
 Those German beasts will be brought low,
 And Sauberzweig, the merciless,
 Will suffer great remorse and woe,
 But Edith Cavell will live on,
 Her monument, in course of time,
 Should have inscribed thereon these words,
 "She was English, her only crime."

Oct. 16, 1918.



THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

One son has crossed the sea,
 Is on the firing line,
 Another is in camp,
 They both are faring fine;
 So says the last account
 That anxious mother heard,
 But three weeks have passed by
 Since she received that word.

Since then fierce battles raged
 Beyond the broad deep sea,
 And ev'ry time, our men
 Have won the victory;
 But many of our boys,
 Who helped the foe to stem,
 Fell dead upon the field,
 Was her boy one of them?

That is the question which
 Weighs heavy on the soul
 Of that fond mother while
 The battle takes its toll

Of soldiers from our ranks,
Ah, truly, mothers bear
Far more than do their boys
In trenches over there!

Oct. 18, 1918.



HOW TOM BROWN VIEWS THE WAR.

Tom Brown, one bright September morn,
Gazed on his field of standing corn;
His sons had both gone off to war,
Throughout the land, both near and far,
It was the same thing ev'rywhere,
Each home was called upon to spare
Their best to send across the sea
To fight for world wide liberty.

Tom gazed around, and heaved a sigh,
Then wiped a fresh tear from his eye;
"My boys both from their parents torn,
They planted that big field of corn
Last Spring, but they're not here today
To help me store the crop away;
Frank is at Newport, and, dear me,
James has already crossed the sea!"

"That corn crop should be gathered now,
I can't get help, but yet, somehow,
I feel that I'll accomplish it,
If Ma and Ruth can help a bit;
At anyrate, I'll make a start,
I'm willing, yes, to do my part
To put that murderous Kaiser down,
Sure, they can count on old Tom Brown!"

“Both of my sons I freely give,
But O, I hope they both will live
And come back home to Ma and me,
We’ll hope and pray, perhaps ’twill be
Our happy lot, but some must die
On battle fields, and left to lie
In graves unmarked, not all the men
Who’ve gone, will come back home again!”

“Yes,” ‘War is hell,’ as Sherman said,
I wish, sometimes, that I were dead;
But Ma, she smiles and says, ‘O no,
That would be cowardly! we’ll go
On through the fray, we’ll work and buy
More bonds and stamps, both you and I
Must keep up courage, and provide
The food that’s needed on our side.”

“And then I laugh myself, and say
To her, ‘You’re right, it will not pay
For us at home e’er to retreat,
For if we do, we’re surely beat!’
And so, with vigor, I sail in
And say, ‘Get up there, Doll and Jin,
For we must get this big job done,
And help to lick the murderous Hun!”

Oct. 18, 1918.

WE'LL PAY OUR DEBT TO LAFAYETTE.

Recited at the celebration of Lafayette's Birthday at Bremen, Ohio,
September 7th, 1918.

When Paul Revere at midnight rode
On his swift steed to Lexington,
And shouted, as he rode along,
"To arms, the struggle has begun!"
Our patriotic fathers rose,
And with great valor, forces hurled
Against the foe, their shots that day
Were heard around the entire world.

Then hurried forth the minute men
From ev'ry fair New England farm,
One aim had they, to rout the foe
Who came to do their country harm;
Beneath the Cambridge elm tree's shade,
George Washington, on steed of white,
Assumed command of those brave men,
To battle for their homes and right.

That army, but few thousand men,
For years held back their cruel foe,
From lack of food, from winter's cold,
They suffered misery and woe;
Those were the days which tried men's souls,
For many quaked with dread and fear,
But still, in hope, they struggled on,
They knew not that strong help was near.

Two years passed by, the month of June,
Bedecked with scented roses came,
And with it, from the shores of France,
A brave and gallant youth, whose name

Today is ev'rywhere revered
In this free land, 'twas then there met,
And joined their hearts for freedom's cause,
George Washington and Lafayette.

Brave Lafayette, a friend in need,
Gave us himself, his wealth, his all,
More than a century passed by,
And then there came an urgent call
From France for help, and recently,
Brave Pershing, whom we all revere,
Placed flowers on his tomb, and said,
"Friend Lafayette, behold we're here!"

"We've come to pay the debt we owe,
Not many thousand were we when
You came to help defeat our foe,
We bring you now a million men
To down the Kaiser and his host,
A million, we'll not stop with one,
But ten, if need be, we will bring,
In gratitude for what you've done."

"So, rest in peace, brave Lafayette,
We'll thrash your foe, and thrash him well,
Already, on the horde of Huns,
The Yankee's work begins to tell;
We'll put the accursed Prussian down,
All that is due him he will get,
And when he's conquered, we can say,
We've paid our debt to Lafayette!"

Sept. 7, 1918.

THE KAISER'S DOOM.

The Kaiser thot
He'd laid a plot
Whereby he'd got
A firm hold on the world;
He'll change his mind,
Only to find
That he was blind,
And soon now will be hurled
From off his throne,
That he alone
Must soon atone
For his enormous crime;
He must come down,
And lose his crown
And past renown,
Both now and for all time.

Oct. 18, 1918.



LITTLE MAN'S COMPLAINT.

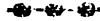
My father had to go from home,
Across the broad and stormy sea,
To help the struggling people there
To gain their precious liberty;
He had to leave me and mamma,
He went with other soldier men,
'Tis three months since he went away,
And he may ne'er come home again.

Why did my father have to go
Away from home, and leave us all?
He went because he felt he ought,

He answered to our country's call;
Why did our country need to call
Him from his home and little Nan?
My mother tells me that it was
The fault of one bad cruel man.

And he who sinned that dreadful sin,
Was that vile beast in old Berlin.

Oct. 18, 1918.



PRAYER FOR OUR SICK SOLDIERS.

O Father, look down from Thy throne,
Send forth Thy glory from above
Into our soldier camps below,
Upon our boys whom Thou dost love;
For thousands now are lying sick,
Come now, Lord Jesus, lay Thy hand
Upon the sick and dying there,
Bring joy throughout our native land.

O Jesus, see the broken hearts
Of fathers, mothers, hear their cry;
O heal their sons, far, far away,
O do not suffer them to die;
Lord Jesus, hear the earnest prayers
That daily are poured out to Thee,
Send forth Thine angel to our camps,
Remove this dreadful malady.

Oct. 18, 1918.

HOW CAN WE PRAY FOR THE KAISER?

O Lord, Thou didst command that we
Should bless, not curse our enemy ;
How can we call on Thee to bless
One steeped in such vile wickedness
As he who planned this cruel war,
And spread destruction near and far?
Vengeance, dear Lord, belongs to Thee,
Open his eyes that he may see
The error of his foolish way ;
Lord, this is all that we can pray,
We want to do just what is right,
May we find favor in Thy sight.

Oct. 18, 1918.



HOW ABOUT DAD?

The poets of today all sing,
And make the very welkin ring
With songs about our Kakhi Boys,
Of their misfortunes and their joys,
About their sweethearts left behind,
About their mothers good and kind ;
To me indeed it seems too bad
That no one lauds the soldier's dad.
While mother knits and worries, too,
What does the dear old daddy do ?
He does a heap, and does it well,
Give heed, and I his deeds will tell ;
Throughout the long and anxious days,
The grocer and meat man he pays,
He sees to buying garden seeds,

Comes home in time to pull the weeds;
He stays at home when mother goes
To Red Cross work, and well she knows
That Dad hands out the cash to pay
The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A.,
The S. A. and the K. of C.,
And all the calls for charity;
I would that all, in this free land,
Might also fully understand
That he's the father of two sons
The mother sent to lick the Huns,
And cherishes fond memory
Of those two boys beyond the sea,
Amid the daylight and the glim,
Fond mem'ries often come to him
Of childish freaks when they were small,
And oftentimes he will recall
Proud mem'ries of their young manhood,
And sighs and says, "Ah, if I could
Press to my bosom once again
Those boys, now brave and gallant men!"
Ah yes, kind friends, Dad has a heart,
'Twas painful, too, for him to part
With Frank and James, upon that day
The ship, which bore them, sailed away.
Give to the mother all that's due,
But have some thought for daddy, too!

THE THRILLING MESSAGE.

Written November 11th, 1918, upon hearing the news that the Germans had signed the armistice. On the afternoon of the same day, the author recited these lines to a monstrous crowd assembled to celebrate the occasion.

On the eleventh of November,
While the people lay asleep,
To our shores was brought the message,
O'er the broad and briny deep,
That the foe, who had against us
Been so bitterly maligned,
Had the Allies' terms accepted,
And the armistice had signed.

Then the people were awakened
By the clanging of the bell
And the thrilling blast of whistle,
Pealing forth to gladly tell
Ev'rywhere the news, so thrilling,
Of the glorious victory,
How the cause of right had triumphed,
And had set the captives free.

Multitudes of people listened,
Under cover of the night,
To the reading of the message,
Hearts o'erflowing with delight.
Then gave vent to demonstrations
Of that joy which no one knows
But he who for justice battles,
And then triumphs o'er his foes.

The long weary war is over,
And "Old Glory," once again,
Still unstained, is floating over
Millions of heroic men ;
We have kept our sacred promise,
That our banner was unfurled,
Not for selfishness, but only
To bring freedom to the world.

On the battle-fields have fallen,
Thousands of our gallant men,
Many boys, who crossed the ocean,
Never will come home again ;
Underneath French sod they're sleeping,
Many miles across the main,
But we thank the Allwise Father
That they have not died in vain.

Nov. 11, 1918.

Nature's Beauties.

SONG OF THE SNOWFLAKES.

From clouds o'erhead we gently fall,
To bring to earth a cover,
On meadows, hills and trees and roofs,
We spread white blankets over.

At ev'ning, first a few upon
Our downward journey started,
But ere midnight, ten million more
Had from the clouds departed.

Throughout the night, till morning dawn,
Upon the air we floated,
And when the dawn of day appeared,
O'er ev'rything we gloated.

Then up arose the fierce north wind,
And with a cruel laughter,
It blew us from our resting place,
And many miles chased after.

O'er hills and fields it carried us,
Then tossed us in a hollow,
Where we held fast and many more
Upon our track did follow.

Along there came a rumbling train
And swiftly plunged into us,
It whistled, puffed, but soon found out
It never could plow through us.

Next morning dawned quite warm and clear,
We saw Old Sol look cunning,
As if he meant to say to us,
I soon will set you running.

He then began to shed his heat,
Then we all took to crying,
He melted us to tears so fast,
Like lard in caldrons frying.

Before the day was done each flake
Had melted and departed,
To our surprise we found that we
Were back to where we started.



A STREET SCENE IN WINTER.

Out in the broad and snow covered street,
I hear the noise of swift little feet,
There they are moving swiftly about,
The atmosphere is rent with a shout
Of the merry, happy little schoolboys,
For the greatest of all the Winter's joys
For them is the pleasure that can be found
When the beautiful snow lies thick on the ground.

Laughing, shouting, and chatting with glee,
Sleds of different kinds we can see;
Little James lying flat on his chest,
Seems to go faster than all of the rest;

There goes a heavily loaded bobsled,
Guided by jolly and reckless young Ned,
Down, down the long and steep hill they go,
Over the fleecy and well trodden snow.

Hip, hip, hurrah Ned! here come the girls
With radiant faces and flying curls;
Now they have mingled with the schoolboys,
Did ever you hear such a chattering noise?
Now the bobsled goes over a knoll,
O it turns over, see the boys roll!
No one is injured, just see them lay
There in the snow all laughing away.

Now they have reached the foot of the hill,
Now they see, coming up from the mill,
Old Farmer Thompson in his two horse sled,
Here's luck for us, boys! shouted young Ned;
On Farmer Thompson's sled they all pile,
The old man's face lights up with a smile,
He kindly allows the whole mob to ride
Upon his large sled up the steep hillside.

The summit now reached, they merrily jump
From off the sled to the ground with a thump,
And, swiftly as ever, over the snow,
Down, down again the steep hill they go;
So they continue throughout the whole day,
Laughing and screaming, all happy and gay;
God bless them all, may their lives happy be
And from earth's misfortunes be happy and free.

THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

The bright Alleghenies, so lofty and grand,
Reflecting the sunlight, in glory doth stand,
The great rocks o'erhanging the gorges below
Where bright sparkling streams of pure water flow.

The forests so dense and looming so tall,
Of all the grand sights, is grandest of all,
There blossoms in springtime bring to our glad eyes
A scene like a vision of sweet Paradise.

The Connamaugh River flows swiftly along
And sings such a sweet melodious song;
Its graceful sharp curves bring joy to the eye
Of many gay tourists who daily ride by.

The Blue Juniata meanders through wilds,
So clear and so peaceful, a whole hundred miles,
Its waters 'gainst rocks and steep banks are tossed
Until in the broad Susquehanna they're lost.

Upon the west side, within a ravine,
The city of Johnstown in glory is seen,
Which in eighty-nine, one dark summer day,
Was suddenly swept by fierce torrents away.

In winter, the snowbanks, which glisten so bright,
Present to the trav'ler a beautiful sight,
And icicle ornaments on the green trees,
Create a rich scene, never failing to please.

It is a rare pleasure, when laden with care,
To take a vacation, and seek refuge there,
And breathe the pure air, be happy and gay,
At least for a season, your cares flee away.

WHEN THE BLUEBIRDS NORTHWARD FLY.

When the blizzard's hum is past,
And the tempest's cruel blast,
Thru the night, is heard no more,
When the zero days are o'er,
When the buds begin to swell
On the trees o'er hill and dell,
When the bluebirds northward fly,
'Tis a sign that Spring is nigh.

How it pleases girls and boys
When they hear the twitt'ring noise
Of those harbingers of spring,
What a joy to hear them sing.
On the air the music floats,
Thru the window come their notes,
From the clear and balmy sky,
When the bluebirds northward fly.

After many cloudy days,
We behold the sun's bright rays
Beaming on us once again,
Bringing sweetest cheer, and then
We are filled with joy and glee
By the thrilling song, "Chee, chee!"
Which assures us Spring is nigh,
When the bluebirds northward fly.

TO THE MARCH WIND.

Blow March Wind, with your whistle and roar,
Your blustering days will soon be o'er ;
Blow your loud blasts throughout the long night,
Cover the ground with blankets of white.

Rattle the windows and slam the door,
Soon we will hear you whistle no more ;
For Old Sol now is mounting the sky,
Spring birds are coming and April is nigh.

Pile the white snowdrifts high if you will,
Over each doorstep and on window sill ;
Bite the tips of our fingers to day,
Doubtless, tomorrow you'll vanish away.

When the South Wind blows gently, you'll hie
Away to the North, we'll bid you goodbye,
And for eight months, or probably more,
We'll not feel your breath or hear your loud roar.

We do not hate you, old March Wind, O no !
We like you in Winter, but now you should go,
Farewell, and when the warm season is o'er,
We'll welcome again your whistle and roar.

A FREE MOVING PICTURE SHOW.

People go o'er roughest roads,
Thru the deepest muck and mud,
In their autos, loads and loads,
All the way it's bump and thud ;
Ten or twelve miles they will go
To some distant bust'ling town,
Just to see a little show,
Tho the rain comes pouring down.

Tho the night be dark as pitch,
Tho the wind blow cold and strong,
Tho they skid from ditch to ditch,
As their autos jog along ;
They will go at anyrate,
Just to see some comic show,
Getting home so very late,
As we parents all well know.

Foolish people, I can hear,
While I'm lounging in my seat,
Music, which comes to my ear,
Both melodious and sweet ;
'Tis the wind, which sings to me
Songs that Spring is coming sure,
While from mud and cold I'm free,
Which the others must endure.

And when out in open air,
I look upward to the sky,
I behold a picture there,
Fleecy clouds go flitting by

O'er the golden moon so bright,
 Ah, that moving picture show
 That I see there after night,
 None can equal it I know!

I can stand and gaze and gaze
 At the universe so vast,
 All the grandest op'ra plays,
 Or the scenes on canvass cast,
 Cannot in the least compare
 With the grandure I behold,
 And the glories pictured there
 In rich colors of pure gold.



EVENING.

Behind the distant hill, the sun
 Is nestling for the night,
 Another day is almost done,
 He sheds his brilliant light
 Against the hov'ring clouds above,
 How beautiful to see;
 Emblems of God's unending love
 Shed o'er the earth so free.

I feel the cool refreshing breeze,
 The zephyrs gently sway
 The verdant branches of the trees,
 The sun now sinks away
 Behind the hill, completely hid,
 The gentle twilight comes,
 I hear the clicking katydid,
 The bee now softly hums.

Up from the frog-pond comes a croak,
The old owl cries, "Who, who?"
From his headquarters in the oak,
The cow responds, "Moo-oo!"
While from the hedge, just o'er the way,
The cry comes, "Whip-poor-will!"
While tiny bull-frogs seem to say,
You noisy freaks, be still.

The brilliant stars, like spots of gold,
Are coming out on high,
At first but few, then manifold,
They're dotted o'er the sky.
How wonderful was that great plan
God's wisdom did employ
To make these glorious things that man
Might all their fruits enjoy.



THE LOVELY SUNRISE.

When night has vanished quite away,
And gloomy spectres all have fled,
Aurora ushers in the day,
And Old Sol lifts his shining head.

Wherever you may chance to be,
The heart is filled with fond delight
Whene'er the sun's bright rays you see,
At morning's dawn, so pure and bright.

If on the ocean, lost from view
Of home and friends and native land,
There comes at dawn of day to you,
A picture beautiful and grand.

The sun appears to come from out
The water, like a ball of gold,
He spreads his glory all about,
And causes pleasures manifold.

Or if on mountain's craggy peaks,
You chance to stand at break of day,
And see the sun's bright golden streaks
Upon the mountains fondly play,

Reflecting on the sparkling spring
Of crystal water, clear and pure,
That glorious scene to you will seem
Like the celestial world, I'm sure.

And if soft fleecy clouds should chance,
At sunrise, to be floating o'er
The sun's bright face, it does enhance
The grandure of the scene much more.

Unto the fleecy clouds it gives
A halo which brings to the mind
Thoughts of that home beyond, where lives
The loving Savior of mankind.

FLOWERS OF SPRING.

Many bards have sung of Spring,
Of grasses green and shady bowers;
But to my mind, the loveliest thing
Of this glad season is the flowers.

The golden dandelions peep
Out early, ere the grass be growing,
And crocuses so slyly creep,
Resembling faces brightly glowing.

The buttercups and daisies, too,
Up through the grass come springing,
And violets, of lovely blue,
Joy to our hearts,—come bringing.

Spring season brings us many things
Which tend our hearts to lighten;
'Tis sweet to hear the bird that sings,
But how the flowers brighten!

They clothe the lawn, bedeck the room,
They make our pleasures double;
They drive away despair and gloom,
And we forget our trouble.

The patient lying sick in bed,
The Doctor's verdict fearing,
Beholds the flowers, lifts her head,
And smiles so sweet and cheering.

Ah, wonderful indeed are these,
The beautiful spring flowers,
Which, day by day, ne'er cease to please,
Thank God, such pleasure's ours.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

Spring has come, and with it, too,
Blackbirds, beautiful and grand,
With their coats of shiny hue,
Have returned to grace our land.

Proudly perched upon a rail,
A sleek fellow, whom we see,
Lifts his wings and bobs his tail,
And sings merrily, "Bo hee!"

Flocks and flocks of them appear
Scattered o'er the meadows green;
To our hearts they bring glad cheer,
And present a graceful scene.

Welcome birds, we freely give
Our green fields and trees to you;
Take possession, happy live,
We give only what is due.

You are guardians of our trees,
For, without you, none would bear
Precious fruit our hearts to please,
Therefore, freely take your share.

Go, sweet birds, and build your nests,
Choose locations anywhere,
And with your fond nestlings rest,
We will promise you our care.

Build your nest, you need not fear,
For to you will come no harm
While you make your dwelling here
On our quiet peaceful farm.

WHEN THE FLOWERS SHOW THEIR FACES.

Mr. Riley, the great poet, may just write his lines and talk
'Bout the frost upon the punpkin or the fodder in the
shock ;

He may talk about the guineas or the cacklin of the hens,
Or the goblin of the turkey, or some other odds and ends ;
Other men may sit and shiver when the frosty autumn
comes,

And may say the weather's bracin when the equinoctial
hums,

But there isn't any season half so lovely as the spring,
When the flowers show their faces and the birds begin
to sing.

It is very great enjoyment when the little tots are seen
Romping o'er the great wide meadows, on the grass so
fresh and green,

While they pluck the early flowers which they find among
the grass,

How their faces beam with pleasure as those lovely days
they pass ;

Then just see the little lamkins as they race and skip and
play,

Seems as if they, too, were happy ev'ry hour of the day ;
See the plowman turn the furrows, there is no time sweet
as spring,

When the flowers show their faces and the birds begin to
sing.

Then the plantin of the taters and the corn and oats and
all,

Talk about your frost and pumpkin and your shiv'ring in
the fall,

See the beautiful sweet scented blossoms on the cherry-trees,
On the apple and the peach-tree, you would not compare
with these,
The yellow leaves of autumn or the golden ears of corn,
Or the frost upon the pumpkin on a cold October morn;
Let them sing about their pumpkins, I will choose for
mine the Spring,
When the flowers show their faces and the birds begin to
sing.

Humorous Poems.

WHY HE CAME TO THE PARSON.

I came ter see yer, Parson, I'm sorry I hed ter cum,
I'm sorry ter hev ter tell yer, but things haint right ter
hum;

Sarah an me's been fightin now fer more than a week;
Fer two days she's been sulky an nary a word will speak.
I haint ter blame, I'm sartin, she kicked up the hull muss,
If she hed been like me sir, there wouldn't hev been no
fuss;

I giv her no occashun fer kickin up a row,
But she has gone an done it, an thet's why I'm here now.

I thought I'd better tell yer, I thought mebbe you might
Cum down to nite and see her and clear things up all
right;

What's that? Yes, I've pervided all things we need to eat,
An furnished lots uv clothing to dress her well and neat.
Where do I spend my ev'nins? Well, I stay at the store
Most ev'ry nite a talkin till ten o'clock an more;
No, she has no one with her, she stays alone all day,
Uv course, I haint ter blame sir, my work keeps me away.

Oh yes, uv course I could sir stay hum ter nights, but still
I like ter meet my naybors who live up on the hill,
Who ev'ry nite all gether together at the store,
It does a feller good sir, to talk his old times o'er.

My wife is busy ev'rywhere,
She scrubs each floor and sill and chair;
And she keeps me quite busy, too,
Ah, these are days when men feel blue!

For many days she calls on me
For help and I respond you see,
Not in the best of spirits though,
No use to kick, it must be so.

Take out those carpets there, says she,
And beat each one most thoroughly;
And so I place them on the line
And then I seize that club of mine.

Then, with a sigh and heavy thrust,
I pound their sides, and oh the dust,
It flies at me like bitter foes
And fills my ears and eyes and nose!

And after many a furious stroke
I've wielded and my back feels broke,
I think I now some rest will get,
My wife, she smiles and says, Not yet!

Go now and tack those carpets down,
And I obey, although a frown
No doubt you'll see upon my face,
As I drive each tack into place.

And thus it goes a week or more,
Oh, this house cleaning is a bore;
I envy Indians, who, in tents,
Are never bored by such events

THE FOOLER FOOLED.

You ask me, what's the matter, what makes me worry so?
Well, just sit down a moment and hear my tale of woe;
I've lost my faithful lover, just through a little joke
I cracked the first of April, and now my heart is broke.

Fred Smith has been my fellow for four years now, you
see,
I know 'twas his intention to some day marry me;
Well, on the first of April, we went out for a ride,
Fred whispered to me softly, Dear Annie, be my bride?

Well, being full of mischief, I answered shortly, No!
Because 'twas first of April, I meant to fool, you know;
But Fred was fairly flustered, he turned his horse about
And drove him swiftly homeward, then told me to step
out.

Said I, are you offended? 'tis April first, you know,
I only meant to fool you, I did not mean it so;
Indeed, I'm more than willing to marry you, so then,
I'll answer yes directly if you'll ask me again.

But Fred in anger answered, It was no time to fool,
I ne'er again will ask you, for I have made a rule,
Never to ask a woman but once to marry me,
Your chance is gone for ever, from henceforth I am free.

Oh Fred, I shrieked, I love you more than all else beside,
I cannot live without you, oh let me be your bride!
It cannot be, he answered, for I vowed long ago,
I'd ne'er twice ask a woman who once would tell me no.

He drove away and left me, this is my tale of woe,
Now, do you greatly wonder why I am worried so?
I'd give a world, if need be, to have my chance again.
How very strange, you never know how to catch some
men.

Young girl, whene'er your fellow asks you to be his own,
Don't go to April fooling, let good enough alone,
When your beau pops the question, say yes, don't hesitate,
Or you may see your blunder like I did when too late.



MY NEIGHBOR'S PLIGHT.

O Mr. neighbor, hear my tale
Of misery and woe!
I am so well nigh crazy, sir,
I don't know where to go;
I b'lieve I am a nervous wreck,
I'm weary, sir, of life,
'Tis all because I'm living with
A crabbed, scolding wife.

She works from morning until night,
She keeps things neat and clean,
But her glib tongue, it never stops,
She's always cross and mean;
And such a nasty temper, whew!
If I but say a word,
She flies off and such rude abuse
I'm sure I never heard.

Say neighbor, did you ever, when
 Out working on your farm,
Stir up a hornet's nest? you did?
 You know things get quite warm
About that time, and you feel then
 Like taking to your heels;
Well, that is just the way a man
 In my position feels.

One day I told my wife, said I,
 If I had let my tongue
And temper loose like you have done,
 I'd long ago been hung;
And did I stir a hornet's nest?
 Well, I should say I did,
And in hot haste I took myself
 Out to the barn and hid.

What's that you say, get a divorce?
 Oh no, indeed, not I.
We're married forty years, I'll stay
 With her until I die,
Or till she dies, one of the two,
 For better or for worse
I married her, and I'll remain
 Till I ride in a hearse.

I might reform her, did you say?
 Of that I have my doubt,
The Devil's in her heart so big,
 There's none can drive him out;
I ne'er expect to find sweet peace
 Until I go away
From this dark world of gloom and woe,
 I'm longing for that day.

A DUTCHMAN'S EULOGY OF WASHINGTON.

Sheorge Vashington vas a goot poy,
He told yust vat vas so ;
He vas not like some poys totay,
Vat say, Vell I tont know !

Ven Sheorge shopped town dat sherry tree
Und his dad got a stick,
Und Sheorge vas so afraid dat him
His dad vas gone to lick,

Sheorge yust sot town to tink avile,
Said he, Vat will I do?
De truth vill me von licken cotch,
A lie vill cotch me two.

Und ven his dad asked who it vas
Dat shopped town his nice tree,
Sheorge said, mit big tears in his eyes,
Boo-hoo dad, dat vas me !

Ya, Sheorge vas very goot to tell
His dad vat yust vas right,
He vas much petter as my Hans,
He vas, by a great site.

Ven my Hans does a trick like dat,
No matter if I see
Him do it, he vill always say,
Oh no, dat vas not me !

I pounds him hard as never vas,
He yells and runs away,
But still he tells me great big lies,
A dozen ev'ry tay.

Vell, ven Sheorge Vashington growd up,
 Dem Shonny Pulls comed o'er
 And kicked up yust an awful fuss
 Upon our peaceful shore.

Den Sheorge comed out mit his hatchet
 A hangin py his side,
 And slashed dem fellows right and left,
 Und soon made dem go died.

Und den dem Shonny Pulls dey stay
 Away de sea across,
 Und all de peoples here dey said,
 Now, Sheorge, you be our boss.

Und den dey built a great big town
 Und called it Vashington,
 In honor of dat man who for
 Our country vict'ry won.

Den built for him a great big house,
 Dey called it Capitol,
 Den von tay Sheorge he vas go died,
 Now den, I've tolt you all.

Und on de twenty-second tay
 Of February, ve
 Should always make great speeches like
 Dis von yust made by me.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S DILEMMA.

'Tis funny, deed it is, to hear
An Englishman, he talks so queer ;
He drops his H where there is one
And puts one on where there is none.

A Yankee heats his soup then eats,
The Johnny Bull eats his then heats,
When I spell life I start with L,
While he begins the same with Hell.

Ah, that reminds me of a joke
I heard about my friend Tom Koke,
An Englishman I often meet
When I go strolling down Main Street.

The joke was this, he one day tried
To use the phone, he rang, then cried,
Please central, give me five, two, hell!
Of course he wanted five, two, L.

But central did not understand
The gentleman from British Land,
So she replied, What letter sir?
And Tommy sharply answered her,

The figures are, five, two, and, well,
The letter that I want is Hell!
Back came the answer clear and fine,
That place, sir, isn't on our line.

THREE DUTCHMAN WHO COULD EACH
SPEAK ONE SENTENCE IN ENGLISH.

Three dutchmen, fresh from the old fatherland,
Along a railroad once wended their way,
Searching for work, and the legend relates,
Each but one sentence in English could say.

The first one, named Strauss, could only repeat,
"Us three dutchmen"; the second, named Wesser,
Could say, "Fifteen cents," while the third named Max,
Could say distinctly, "Sooner de besser."

As they journeyed along, they chanced to find
A dead man, who by a train had been killed,
Those three dutchmen stopped and gazed upon him,
While the heart of each one with pity was filled.

A trav'ler drew near, who beholding the corpse,
Addressed the dutchmen in English. Said he,
Who murdered this man? Then Strauss made reply,
Us three dutchmen, then grinned waggishly.

And what was it for? the man said again.
Fifteen cents, at once answered Wesser.
Well, you'll all be hung, the man made reply.
Then Max, with a grin said, Sooner de besser.

SAM STEELE'S DURHAM BULL.

Sam Steele had a bull of the durham kind,
As sleek and as round as any you'd find,
And he weighed the greater part of a ton,
He was greatly admired by most ev'ry one.

The Steele farm was near to old Hannastown,
A quaint little village of great renown,
Because the bloodthirsty Indians one day
Had set it on fire and burned it away.

This monstrous big bull had for his abode,
A meadow which bordered upon the high-road ;
Where he ate and drank and murmured, Moo-oo !
While the little black terrier would answer, Boo-woo !

This bull was quite gentle, and, until full grown,
Was easily approached, he never was known
To attack either man, little boy or fair maid,
So no one who knew him was ever afraid.

It happened one day, in the year eighty-two,
That the people turned out, patriotic and true,
To attend a centennial at old Hannastown
Which a century before the Indians burned down.

As if fate decreed it, a large city band,
Inside that bull's meadow had taken its stand,
For several hours those players stood there,
And sweet strains of music rang out through the air.

Then all of a sudden there came a loud roar,
As if the war cannons were turned loose once more ;
The drummer turned round to see what had come,
When the big durham bull ran his head through his drum.

Then, raging and snorting, away that bull sped
 Right through the large crowd, with the drum on his
 Across the green meadows, up the hill-top, [head,
 Still snorting and mooing, to frightened to stop.

At iast, after struggling, he threw off the drum,
 Then facing the crowd, who, to view him, had come,
 He seemed wont to say, I'm a beast of renown,
 For didn't I celebrate old Hannastown?



THERE'D BE NO USE FER LAWYERS IF ALL
 FOLKS LIVED LIKE US.

Good mornin, Lawyer Jackson, I've jes bin readin about
 A tale found in "Farm Ballads," called "Betsy and I are
 out,"

'Twas written by Will Carl'ton, a smart man he must be
 To write about em scrappers that couldn't never agree;
 I low thar war hair pullin twixt at ere man an wife,
 But with us, sir, 'tis diff'rent, we don't live sich a life;
 My wife an me agree, sir, we don't ne'er fight nor fuss,
 There'd be no use fer lawyers if all folks lived like us.

The trouble with that couple, they both bad tempers had,
 You see it took but leetle to make both of em mad;
 When she had her opinion, she firmly to it stuck,
 He did the same with his'n an so they had bad luck;
 Had it bin me an Minnie that had lost at ere cow,
 I wouldn't have kicked a quarrel about the question how,
 I wouldn't have, like some fellers, stirred up a ugly muss,
 There'd be no use fer lawyers if folks behaved like us.

We have our fam'ly worship afore we go to bed,
 An then we kiss the same as the nite that we wuz wed
 An ev'ry day her kisses seem to grow e'en more sweet,
 Her slender form an features seem jist as fair an neat
 As on that nite the preacher pronounced we two as one,
 The days of our embracin I'm sure will ne'er be done,
 Fer I still call her pet names an o'er her make a fuss,
 You lawyers would soon starve, sir, if all folks lived
 like us.



THE TWO CONGRESSMEN.

Two congressmen, some years ago,
 Were seated in the throng
 At Washington, one came from town,
 The other did belong
 To that ere class of people who
 Work hard at pullin weeds,
 Whom city sports, contemptuously,
 Sometimes call ole hayseeds ;
 I've alers bin a farmer, sir,
 An alers will be one,
 I'll stick to my ole rural home
 Until my days are done ;
 As long as I have strength, I'll work,
 An when my strength is gone,
 An I'm too ole to plow or hoe,
 I'll live with my son John.

But 'tis about em congressmen.
 I have a tale to tell ;
 One day a bill was introduced
 By Mr. Henry Bell,

The city congressman, he said,
That his bill would relieve
The lab'rin man, but Farmer Hay
Said, he did not believe
It would, that his opinion was
The bill was just a plan
To help the rich, an jist a scheme
To rob the lab'rin man.
Then Mr. Bell said, with a sneer,
While someone muttered, Hi-i-ss!
Now what does that ole hayseed know
About a thing like this?

Then Farmer Hay riz up an said,
Please, Mr. Speaker, I
Will to that city chuckle-head,
Jist make a short reply;
One day, last year, that man come out
To spend a day with me
Upon my farm, he run about
All o'er the place to see
The wheat an corn a growin up,
The taters in the ground,
He spent the day all out of doors,
He went a toddlin round
Frum place to place, he viewed the cows,
The hosses an the sheep,
An said his visit to my farm,
He did enjoy a heap.

When I went out that afternoon
To let my hosses loose,
I seed that man a followin up
A big ole mother goose

That had ten goslings waddlin by,
 He kep on all that day
 A foll'win them, then said to me,
 'Tis funny, Mr. Hay,
 I've watched that goose all afternoon,
 While she the grass blades plucked,
 To see if I could find out how
 Them little goslings sucked.

A roar of laughter sounded forth,
 Bell's face to crimson turned.
 The speaker, with a smile, then said,
 This meeting stands adjourned.



BARBARY FRIGERATOR.

It vas down in dem cornfields by de vay,
 On von bright varm September tay,
 Dere stood de valls of Fredericktown,
 Close by dem mountains vinding down.

Und near py dem dose apple trees
 Und peach trees dot de eyes vould please,
 It made dem rebels stummicks thump,
 As dey came by mit hop and shump.

For 'twas on dot September tay,
 Dat Stonywall Shack did march dot vay,
 Mit horse and mule he come to town,
 Over de mountains tumbling down.

Und in der vinds dere flapped dat tay,
Yust forty flags de people say,
But ven py noon de tay vas done
De people den could see not von.

But old Barbary Frigerator den,
Who vas old py fourscore years und ten,
Und braver than dot rebel wag,
She yust snatched up dot good old flag,
Und in de vindow it did set
To show she wouldn't give up yet.

Den up de street come Stonywall Shack,
A riding on his old mule's back,
Mit his old slouch hat on his head,
He glanced und dis is vat he said,

Halt, dere hangs a yankee flag!
Now fire and shoot de dirty rig!
Out plazed dem guns so awful shrill,
But Barbary Frigerator vas dere still.

Und den she yust peeped out und said,
Shoot if you must dis old bald head,
But you yust let dat old flag be
Or you vill haf to deal mit me!

Den Stonywall Shack he yust looked down
Und o'er his face vas spread a frown,
But pooty soon looked up und said,
Who pulls a hair from dat bald head
Vas dead already, skip right along,
Und avay den vent dat rebel throng.

All day long dat flag did vave,
 Emblem of de true und de brave,
 Ven evening come de sun's big light
 Looked down und laughed und said, Good night!

Barbary Frigerator she vas now dead,
 Und Stonywall Shack, dot rebel, has led
 His men to war for de very last time,
 Dey both now live in dat beautiful clime
 Away up dere in dat bright blue sky,
 Vere no guns boom, und no bullets fly,
 Now softly over both their graves,
 The good old Stars and Stripes still vaves.



BACKWOODS JIM'S LECTURE TO THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS.

"I aint no scientist, not me ;
 I don't know much philosophy,
 I never went to college nor
 To even High School, little more
 'N readin, riten's all I got,
 Cause, as you know, it was my lot
 To be uv common backwoods kind,
 No chance to elevate my mind."

"But there's occashuns, now an then,
 You'll find thare is some backwoods men
 That hev as much good sense an brain
 As enny, an if they could train

Their intellect, they'd stand in line
With Lincoln an great men who shine
Before the world, an I might, too,
If I hed chances you boys do."

"Some men hev minds so weak an glum,
They are too dum to know they're dum;
But that aint me, I don't know much,
But I aint classed along with such;
I ne'er went much to school, I'm slow,
But still I'm glad I learned to know
That others knowd much more than me,
That's one thing I could plainly see."

"I knowd a feller wunst that walked
Down street one day an stopped an talked
With diff'rent friends, an all ud say,
'Why, what's the matter, Brown, today,
You must be sick, you're pale as death?'
An all ud stop and hold their breath;
But Brown jist answered, 'No sir ee,
I'm jist as well as I kin be!"

"But ev'rywhare he went that day,
Some one ud stop him an ud say,
Persumably in great surprise,
'Why, Brown, you're sick, indeed your eyes
Hev really got a death like stare!'
'Twas jist made up, so they could scare
Brown into b'lieving he was sick,
An they succeeded in they're trick."

“Fer by the time six men hed said
That he was sick, he went to bed,
An sent off fer the Doctor, too;
An Doc he come, but he seen through
The joke, an said, ‘You’re very ill,
Fer one whole week you must lay still!’
An fer a week there laid ole Brown,
As well as enny man in town.”

“Imagination, that was it!
Ole Brown, he wasn’t sick one bit;
But we are made uv common clay,
An some get fooled most ev’ry day
Because some uv us are too slow
To ketch on to what others know;
An let me say that such you’ll find
Aint alays uv the backwoods kind.”

Poems For Children.

THE GOBLINS ROUND MY BED.

One nite my sister read to me
That poem Riley rote about
Them ugly goblins that he said
"Will git you if you don't watch out,"
An nen she took me up to bed
An tucked me in an said, Good nite!
Nen waited till I went to sleep,
An nen she took away the lite.

Nen after while I waked an saw
A hundred goblins round my bed;
One was all mouth, an one all eyes,
An one was ist a gra big head;
Nen one jumped up on top my bed
An winked his big green eyes at me,
An one gapped his big jaws, I thought
That he was gone to swallow me.

Nen I ist cried with all my mite,
An in come runnin my mamma
An said, "What is the matter, dear?"
Nen I told her that I ist saw
A hundred goblins runnin round,
An jumpin on my little bed,
Nen she ist laffed with all her mite,
"You ist think so, my dear," she said.

"There are no goblins child," said she,
 "O yes, there is, Mamma," I said ;
 "I saw a hundred runnin round,
 One had big green eyes in his head."
 But she ist laffed an said, "You dreamed
 You saw them," but I ist don't care
 What people say, I saw them an
 I'm sure there was a hundred there.



THE POLYWOG.

Wunst I went down to a big pond,
 It was that one ist beyond
 My Uncle Henry's barn, you know
 That place where such big cattails grow,
 An calamus, an stuff like that ;
 Well, I went down an I ist sat
 Down on a gra big stone beside
 The pond, I tell you it was wide.

Then purty soon I seed a frog
 A sittin on a gra big log,
 His back was green as grass an he
 Sat there an ist looked right at me ;
 Nen I ist laffed an said, Ho, ho !
 I guess he thought I said, Go, go !
 Fer he ist gave a jump an nen
 I did not see that frog again.

Nen I looked in the water where
 It wasn't deep, an I seed there
 A funny thing, it was all head
 An tail, I laffed an nen I said,

Ho, ho! what is this thing I see?
It's ist as funny as kin be;
Nen I caught it an held it tight,
An I runned home with all my might.

When I got home I showed my ma
The funny thing, she laffed, Ha, ha!
Nen said, That is a tadpole, dear,
That is the way they first appear
When they are hatched out of the eggs,
By an by it will have legs
And soon 'twill turn into a frog,
Sometimes 'tis called a polywog.

Nen after that I had good fun
Fer ev'ry afternoon I'd run
Down to the pond and watch the wogs
As they grow'd up into big frogs;
But now the pond is frozen o'er,
An I can't see the wogs no more,
But summer days will come an nen
I'll see my little wogs again.



THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW.

The boys at school, most ev'ry day,
Jist laugh and talk the silliest way
About the prettiest girls they know,
From morn till eve, 'tis Floss and Flo
And Bessie Brown and Sally Gray,
I hear the same old song each day,
It makes a sober scholar feel
Like throwing up his noonday meal.

Sometimes they go to teasing me,
 They laugh and say, Hi, hi, Jimmee!
 Come tell us now what girl you think
 Is prettiest, and then they wink
 At one another, but I play
 My little game just then, and say,
 The prettiest girl I ever saw,
 Is my own darling sweet mamma!



THE BOYS' THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day, Thanksgiving Day!
 We boys are happy, free and gay;
 No school today, and Oh, the sun
 Is shining bright, now for some fun;
 The air's just cool enough today
 For boys to romp and race and play,
 We'll roam the meadows, climb the hill,
 With laughter we the air will fill.

Kind mother will prepare a roast,
 A turkey gobbler, none can boast
 Of better grub than our's today,
 When we come rushing in from play,
 And see old gobbler done so brown,
 Upon the table, we'll sit down
 And smack our lips and go um, um,
 And say, Please mother, give me some.

Then, while we eat, mother will say,
 Boys, we must not forget today,
 That there are poor who cannot eat
 Such meals as ours, that we must treat

All such with kindness, try to make
Them happy, then we say, We'll take
Some good things to old Aunty Moore,
For she is sick and very poor.

Then, after we have ate our fill,
With basket filled, across the hill
We go and soon we reach the door
Of the small house of Aunty Moore.
It is a treat to see her face
Light up with joy when we boys place
The good things all before her there,
And hear her say, "Well, I declare!"

Then out again to run about,
With merry laughter, cheer and shout;
O we just have such splendid sport,
The day for us is much too short;
But ev'ning comes at last, and so,
All hungry, we to supper go,
Then soon all sound asleep are we,
The day is now but memory.



FARMER RINGER'S GANDER.

There is a gander in the pen
Down at old farmer Ringer's;
Of all the poultry in his flock,
He is the chief of singers.

When I go down to play with Ed,
I very soon can hear him,
For he just screams with all his might,
The moment I come near him.

When I come near he drops his head,
 And comes at me a hissing,
 And makes a dive as if he'd like
 To give my feet a kissing.

One time I poked my foot at him,
 It brought me awful woe, sir,
 For quick as flash he made a dash
 And caught me by the toe, sir.

And he hung on for quite awhile,
 I pulled, while loudly crying,
 Till Mrs. Ringer came and said,
 I thought you were a dying.

She took a club and drove him off,
 Thanks for her prompt assistance,
 But since that day, from that old pen,
 I keep at a safe distance.



TWO GIRLS I KNOW.

I know two girls 'bout big as me,
 An they're ist diff'rent as can be;
 The name of one is Mary Ann,
 An she's the bestest girl, she can
 Ist run an play all day with me,
 An laff so sweet, you never see
 Her pout nor hear her scold or bawl,
 She never does bad things at all.

If I fall down or stub my toe,
 She don't make fun, but says, O-oh!
 Poor little boy at was too bad,
 Nen purty soon she makes me glad;

Nen off again, upon a run,
We go an have the bestest fun,
Yes, I like her an she likes me,
An ev'ry day we can agree.

The other girl is Sarah Rigg,
An she ist thinks at she is big ;
But I ist hate to see the day
When she comes round, if she'd ist stay
At home I'm sure I'd like it well,
Fer when she comes she takes a spell
Of madness an ist jaws about,
Till I get mad an we fall out.

She never pities me at all
When I get hurt, but says, Now bawl,
Big baby, quick, run tell your ma
I throwd you down, he he, ha ha !
Nen I get awful mad an say,
I will not play another day
With you, an you shant play with me,
Nen I run off an leave her be.



POND LILIES

Pretty lilies in the pond,
How you smile on me ;
Though my reach you're far beyond,
Yet I joy to see
Your bright faces smiling sweet,
Bringing such good cheer
To your many friends you greet,
Who come strolling here.

In the morning you appear
 Very wide awake,
 But when ev'ning's shades draw near,
 You prepare to take
 Your night's rest, and gently fold
 Your bright petals tight,
 Shelt'ring you from damp and cold
 Through the livelong night.



MY BLACK PLAYMATE.

I know a negro boy, an he
 Is ist as black as he can be;
 But he can make the mostest fun,
 Fer he can hop an jump an run
 An dance an turn a somerset
 An nen stand on his head an get
 Up on the fence an walk along,
 An he ist sings the funniest song.

I play with him most ev'ry day,
 Sometimes some stuck up folks will say
 To ma, Why do you let your Ben
 Play with at nigger boy, an nen
 My ma she up an says, Take care
 Ist what you say, at boy out ere,
 If he is black, is ist as good
 As any in this neighborhood!

If he is black, he's never mean,
 An his young heart is ist as clean
 As any heart at ever beat;
 She tells em 'tis a shame to treat

A boy so mean because his skin
Is black, an if they'd ist look in
To their own hearts, they'd find, no doubt,
They's black inside as he is out.

Nen after they have et her pill,
They curl their lips but ist keep still.



WHAT I SAW ON THE BIG ROAD.

Wunst I went down the big long road,
An I ist seed the biggest toad
At ever hopped about, I guess,
Nen I went, Booh! an nen he jes
Hopped off into the grass an nen
I never seed at toad again.

An nex a tumble-bug I found
A rollin a big ball around,
Right in the middle of the road,
An nen the first thing at I knowd,
Anuther bug flied there, nen they
Both rolled at ball around fer play.

When I got home I told my ma
About the bugs an toad I saw,
Nen she ist laffed an said, My son,
I spose you had a lot of fun.

MY MA'S GRIDDLE CAKES.

My ma she ist so often makes
The nicest, sweetest griddle cakes,
She mixes up a lot of stuff,
Nen laffs an says, "Guess ats enough
To make a meal fer Pa and me
An James an Tom an Margery ;
An nen she bakes fer quite awhile
Till she has made a gra big pile.

An nen she rings our dinner bell,
Nen Carlo he sets up a yell,
An our old gobbler gobbles so,
An bossy moos so soft an low ;
Nen Pa unhitches Nell an Jin
An feeds em an nen he comes in,
Nen we all eat our cakes an nen
Pa soon goes out to plow again.

Wunst when my ma baked cakes I et
Too many an I wont ferget
How my poor stummick ached, yi, yi,
I thought at night at I would die!
Nen Ma she said, My boy you've got
The colic, but I said, I've not,
Fer I knowd well fer at at she
Would give some castor oil to me.

But she went out an very soon
Come back with a big tablespoon
Chuck full of castor oil an poured
It down my throat, nen I ist roared,

Ugh, ugh, I cried, at ugly stuff,
Next time, said she, ist eat enough,
An not too much rich griddle cake,
Nen you will have no oil to take.



IN BOYHOOD DAYS.*

When we were boys, out on the farm,
In springtime, when the days were warm,
In meadows green we'd romp and play
And wade the brook not far away,

There stood near by a willow tree,
So beautiful and shady, we,
Beneath its shade, day after day,
With wild delight, would romp and play.

But many years have passed since then ;
We, who were boys, have grown to men ;
We've faced life's cares, and silver threads
Can now be seen upon our heads.

But the little brook still flows along
And sings the same sweet happy song
As in our youthful days it sung
When we were happy, gay and young.

And, as once more, I walk along
Upon its banks and hear its song,
I call to mind the days of yore,
Then I feel like a boy once more.

* The frontispiece cut illustrates this poem.

CAW, CAW! YAW, YAW!

Upon an oak sat a big black crow,
Caw, caw! caw, caw!
On the ground sat a jolly young Sambo,
Yaw, yaw! yaw, yaw!
Said the old black crow, I'll fly away,
Caw, caw! caw, caw!
Young Sambo said, All right, I'll stay,
Yaw, yaw! yaw, yaw!

**LITTLE THINGS.**

Dear little children, never think
That you, because you're small,
Have no important place to fill,
There's work for one and all.

A little star, up in the sky,
Alone makes little light,
But millions of such little stars
Can make the whole world bright.

So too, you little children can,
If each will do his part,
Shed light around the world and bring
Joy to the broken heart.

Then let your little lights e'er shine,
Strive some kind act to do
Each day, and Jesus Christ will send
His blessing down to you.

WHEN ME AND LUCY RUN'D AWAY.

Me an Lucy run'd off one day,
Way, way down the big long road;
We run'd till we wuz far away
Frum all the houses that we know'd.

We had big fun I ist tell you,
We seed so many, many things,
An wunst I chased a butterfly
At had sich pwitty yellow wings.

An nen we cum'd to a big tree
Wiv a big roun black hole in it,
Nen I said, Lucy, let's sit down
Right here an rest a yittle bit.

I foun a big long hollow stick
An blowed in it, it went, Toot, toot!
An nen I heard up in at tree,
Somefin hollerin out, Hoot, hoot!

Me an Lucy we bofe jumped up
So quick, an looked up in at tree
An nen we bofe was awful skeered,
Fer what you think we there did see?

A gra big ugly fing wiv eyes
As big around as dollars, yes,
An bigger, too, they wuz as big
As mamma's dinner plates, I guess.

Well, we run'd up the road again
As fast as we could go, nen I
Looked back an seed the ugly fing
Flap two big wings an at us fly.

Nen Lucy cried so awful loud,
An I got skeerd an I cried, too,
It's a big goblin after us,
O papa, papa, mamma, oo-oo!

An nen I heerd my papa laff,
An say, Tut, tut, what's all this fuss?
I tell you we wuz glad, jist then,
He happened to be huntin us.

Said papa, What you's cryin fer?
Said I, that ugly goblin, see
If you had not cum'd when you did,
He would o gobbled sis an me.

An nen he ist let out a roar
An said, That is an owl, my dear,
He makes an ugly noise, 'tis true,
But he'll not hurt you, have no fear.

An nen we all ist laffed, the owl
Said hoot, an flied back to his den,
Nen papa took'd us bofe back home,
We never run'd away again.

TOO BAD.

A big piece o' cake
 An a big piece o' pie,
 Mamma ist laid em by
 Fer the boy at don't lie;
 Little Tommy he came nigh
 An give a gra big sigh
 An he pert near did cry,
 But he ist said, O my!
 At ere boy isn't I,
 Cause I ist tole a lie.



IF IT WEREN'T FER WASHIN THE DISHES.

I'd jist like to be a gurl,
 If it weren't fer washin the dishes;
 Just see my sister May whirl
 Her long hair until it swishes;
 She stands before the big glass,
 And still she will crimp and curl
 Two hours or more there she'll pass,
 How nice 'tis to be a gurl,
 If it weren't fer washin the dishes.

A gurl has a splendid time,
 Except when she's washin the dishes;
 See her strut by, how sublime,
 As gay as the speckled trout fishes;
 She giggles when passin the boys,
 Oh how many must be her joys
 Jist see her go by with a whirl,
 Yes, I'd like to be a gurl,
 If it weren't fer washin the dishes.

HOW MY SIN FOUND ME OUT.

One day my mamma went away
To neighbor Brown's, but not to stay ;
She just went over there to see
If she could get some catnip tea,
So she could give our baby some,
I know'd that very soon she'd come
Back home again, and so I hiked
Away to sneak something I liked.

I always did like cinnamon,
I know'd there was a box up on
The cupboard shelf, I got a chair,
I thot that I would climb up there
And get a big spoonfull to eat,
I laffed and said, I'll have a treat,
And she will never know that I
Could clime up to a place so high.

So I climed up and took a spoon—
Full in my mouth, but very soon
My mouth began to burn, yi, yi!
As if it wuz on fire, then I
Run to the bucket on the sink,
And swallowed down a gra big drink ;
But water made it worse, then I,
With all my might, begun to cry.

Just then my mamma stepped inside,
And asked the reason why I cried ;
"O-oo, O-oo," I cried, "O-oo,
My mouth, my mouth is burning so !"

Then she looked in my mouth to see,
Then she begun to question me,
"You've gotten into mischief, son,
Come tell me now, what you have done."

At last I told her all, then she
Looked on the cupboard shelf to see,
She soon begun to laff, and said,
"You took red pepper, son, instead
Of cinnamon, and now, don't you
See what wrong doing leads you to?
In your case, there's no room for doubt,
Your sin did surely find you out."

"And now, my child, this lesson learn,
And all your pain to good will turn ;
No good e'er comes of doing wrong,
And he who does it joins the throng
Who, on their journey, strike the trail
Which leads to ruin and the jail,
Remember dear, then what I say,
And you will never go astray."

Her words made my heart burn within,
I saw the greatness of my sin,
I earnestly resolved to do
What my dear mamma wished me to,
And many times since then, I've said,
"I'm glad 'twas red pepper instead
Of cinnamon, I chanced to take,
For much good came of that mistake.

THE YALLER-JACKETS' NEST.

Bert Poole and brother Will and me
And Jack McCall and short Tommie,
His brother, all went out one day
Into the gra big woods to play ;
And purty soon I looked around
And seed a round hole in the ground,
With yaller-jackets comin out,
J jumped and run and gave a shout.

“O boys, I yelled, see what I found!”
The boys all come a runnin round
To see the thing, I said, “Look there,
And you’d better ev’ry one take care!”
“A yaller-jackets’ nest!” said Will,
“Come on now boys, and let us fill
Our pockets full of stones and throw
Them at the nest, hurrah, ho, ho!
O wont we have a lot of fun?
Now, I’ll throw first, then you all run
As fast as ever you can go,
Fer they’ll be after us I know!”

Will throw’d a stone, and out they come
A circlin round with angry hum,
All just as mad as they could be,
A lookin fer their enemy ;
Then I sneaked up on my tiptoes,
When spat, there come against my nose,
A small sharp point stung me, then I
Run back and then begun to cry.

Then Tom McCall stood by a tree
And laffed with all his might at me,
Just then a yaller-jacket flew
And stung the point of his nose, too ;
Then he begun to bawl, and I
Fergot my hurt, I couldn't cry
Fer laffin at young Tom, cause he
Was stung on the same place as me.

We come up there, most ev'ry day,
Into the woods, to run and play ;
Of all our fun, that was the best
To stone that yaller-jackets' nest ;
When one got stung, the others all
Would laff and shout to hear him bawl ;
Those happy days I'll ne'er forget,
I laff to think of them e'en yet.



THE HORNET'S NEST.

O, I remember well, when young,
A great big hornet's nest that hung
Upon an apple limb quite low,
And how we used to often throw
Stones at the nest, then run and hide,
While swarms of hornets circled wide
Beneath the spreading apple tree,
Seeking to find their enemy.

Once Tip, my little terrier, stood
Beneath the nest, I thot I would
Now have some fun at his expense,
I should have had much better sense :

So, picking up a stone, I threw,
Then out a swarm of hornets flew,
And as no one but Tip was near,
They stung him on both nose and ear.

I luffed, but soon I saw that he
Was running fast, right toward me,
With hornets circling round him thick,
Ah, dearly I paid for my trick ;
I ran as if my feet had wings,
But soon I felt the hornets' stings,
For Tip o'ertook me, and his foes
Stung me on ears and eyes and nose.

Poor Tip ran yelping, so did I,
My mother heard both of us cry,
She luffed at me and said, "Ha Ben,
Been stoning hornets' nests again?
I hope you now are satisfied
With sport like that," and I replied,
"Yes mother, with that kind of fun,
I'll promise you that I am done!"



HOW I KETCHED A BUMBLEBEE.

Wun time my brother Will an me
Wuz watchin a big bumblebee
A buzzin roun the hollyhocks
That growd along our front yard walks ;
He bummed so lazily about,
Into a hollyhock, nen out,
Nen in a nuther wun he'd go,
An all the time kep buzzin so.

Will said to me, "Now watch me how
I'm gone to ketch that feller now!"
When he flied into wun again,
Will squeezed it shut right quick an nen
Pulled off the hollyhock an soon
We heerd that bee hummin a tune;
We bofe laffed loud, it wuz sich fun,
Ist nen I seed a nuther wun.

I'm gone to ketch that wun, I said,
Ist nen I seed him stick his head
Into a hollyhock, nen I
Pressed it together, but, yi, yi!
That bumblebee stuck his point froo
That hollyhock, I cried, "Boo hoo!"
Ma heerd me cry, nen she called out,
"Boys, what is all that noise about?"

An nen I cried again, "Boo hoo!"
Will said, "Don't cry, you baby you!"
An nen he laffed an told ma how
I had got stung, nen ma said, "Now
Will, you are older an you ought
To have known better!" nen she got
A stick an whipped him hard till he
Ist bawled much louder yet than me.



THE BULLFROG.

The bullfrog is a funny fellow,
His head is green, his breast is yellow,
His eyes are always bulging out,
He looks just like a lazy lout.

But he's not lazy, he's quite smart,
If you come near him he will start
As quick as flash, with one big leap,
He plunges in the mud so deep.

All summer long he hops about,
Into the pond he goes, then out
Again he comes, when all is still,
He sings his little song so thrill.

When winter comes, he'll disappear,
For months his song we will not hear;
All winter long, both day and night,
He's buried deep, all out of sight.

But when warm days of Spring appear,
His merry song again we'll hear,
And soon we'll see him on the shore,
As fat and plump as e'er before.

We're always glad to hear him sing,
His song assures us that bright Spring
Has come again, yes, we all long,
Each year, to hear the frogs' sweet song.



A GREAT DAY IS COMING.

A day is coming, children,
But none of us knows when,
The day the good Lord Jesus
Will come to earth again;
He'll gather us together,
The good ones all will stay
And live with Him forever,
The bad he'll drive away.

The good he'll take to heaven,
In mansions bright to dwell,
The bad ones, the old Devil
Will take right down to hell;
O try and be good children,
Whene'er you work or play,
Be kind to ev'rybody,
And don't forget to pray.

Don't spend the Sabbath fishing
Or swimming in the pool,
Be always found attending
The Church and Sunday-school;
And read your Bible often,
Be always good and true,
And when the good Lord Jesus
Shall come, he'll say to you,

"Come now, my faithful servant,
You have been good and true,
Come see the nice bright mansion
I have prepared for you."
Will you not then be happy,
And don't you think 'twill pay,
For such a golden mansion,
To serve Him ev'ry day?



WHEN I DISOBEYED MY PA.

Wun day my pa he said to me:
"Ben, leave the big hay cutter be,
An do not try to make it go";
Because, he said, I didn't know

Ist where to take a hold of it,
An it might hurt me quite a bit ;
Nen he went off to stay all day,
An I went to our barn to play.

When I come in, right near the door,
I seed the cutter on the floor ;
"O ho," I said, "It would be fun
To make that big old cutter run!
I don't see why pa says I shant,
If I ist turn the cränk, I can't
See how 'twould matter much, I'll see
If ist one turn will bother me."

Nen I ist caught hold of the crank
An give it wun big orfel yank ;
But my pore hand caught in the weel,
You orter heerd me give a squeel ;
My ma she come a runnin quick,
Nen said, "You'll pay, boy, fer that trick,
See you have mashed two fingers, Ben."
I cried, "I won't do it again!"

It took two months till they got well
And ever since that day, I tell
The boys I'll do what pa says do,
I think he knows what's best, don't you?

THE SARVES-BERRY TREE.

On old Josiah Baker's farm,
Down in the meadows green,
There flowed a creek, and in springtime,
The farmer's men were seen
Making a dam, the water rose
Until 'twas four feet deep,
And in that place, in May, they'd wash
The farmer's flock of sheep.

A sarves-berry tree stood near
That dam the men had made,
We boys, who lived upon the farm,
Oft played beneath its shade;
One year the tree was laden with
Red berries, and you know
What such a thing would mean to boys,
It made their faces glow.

A half a dozen of us climbed
The tree and picked a share;
Before two hours many boughs
On that tree looked quite bare;
One branch extended o'er the stream,
With fruit 'twas bending low,
O how we longed for it, but who
Out on that branch would go?

Then Jack McCall, a neighbor boy,
Said, "I am not afraid!"
And tho we urged him not to go,
The reckless move was made;

Out, out he went, right o'er the stream,
Whack went the branch, a crash,
And Jack, headfirst, plunged in the flood,
With a tremendous splash.

We brot him safely to the shore,
Drenched to the skin he stood,
We laughed and taunted him and said,
"Jack, were the berries good?"
He scampered quickly to his home,
Which was not far away,
His mother met him at the door,
And we boys heard her say,

"Yes, here you come again, did not
I put clean clothes on you
This very morning, and you've gone
And wet them through and through?"
Then she broke off a rod and said,
"I'll larn you to get wet!"
The tanning which she gave to Jack,
He's not forgotten yet.



WHAT THE TOOLS SAID.

A lot of tools spread on a bench,
A hammer and a monkey-wrench,
A saw, a chisel and a square,
A plane and auger lying there;
The auger said, "I'm feeling sore,
My life is nothing but a bore!"
"And I," the hammer said, "must pound
And always be just knocked around!"

To which the saw then made reply,
"Tis always on the go am I!"
"And I must always turn about,"
The wrench replied, "now in, now out!"
Then said the plane, "Just bear in mind,
I always leave smooth paths behind!"
The square replied, "I do declare,
You'd be content if you were square!"
Just then the chisel gave a shout,
"We've heard enough, now cut it out!"



WHEN I FIRST SAW MY SISTER IN A
WHITE DRESS.

Sister Lucy, flowers are growing
On her grave, have been for years;
I have passed my fiftieth milestone,
Yet my eyes will dim with tears
When I think of her so lovely,
How the dear girl, in distress,
Said to mother, oh so often,
"Mother, I want a white dress."

Times were hard, there were so many
Children of us, most were small,
And it kept our father toiling
To provide food for us all;
We boys, on our knees wore patches,
And our girls dressed very plain,
Many things indeed we wanted,
But we longed for them in vain.

Lucy was but ten that summer,
I was twelve, together we
Roamed about o'er clover meadows
Where the busy honey bee
Flew from flower to flower, gath'ring
Clover honey, rich and sweet,
Which we knew, upon our table,
Would be placed for us to eat.

Ev'ry Sunday, bright and early,
To the church, two miles away,
We, both happy and light hearted,
Went, and oft Lucy would say,
As she glanced at her plain gingham,
While our onward way we'd press,
"All this summer I've been wishing
That I had a neat white dress."

It was one bright day in Autumn,
I heard Lucy gently say,
"Mother, now the summer's over,
And I dress the same old way;
O, I do hope that next summer,
I will have my white dress sure!"
Mother smiled and said, "I hope so,
But you know we're very poor."

It was late in cold December,
She was taken very ill,
Doctor said, 'twas scarlet fever,
Four days later, cold and still,

I beheld my darling sister,
While I wept in deep distress,
In her coffin, oh so lovely,
She was clad in a white dress.

Darling sister, flowers are growing
On her grave, have been for years,
Soon, quite soon, I'll take my journey
To that home where all my tears
Will be wiped away, where Lucy
To my bosom I will press,
There more beautiful than ever,
She will wear a pure white dress.



THE MOONLIGHT SHADOWS ROUND MY BED.

When I go to bed, an the moonlight
Shines in froo the winder, I see,
At the foot of my bed, a orful big head
A lookin so ugly at me ;
Nen over the cover comes creepin,
A ugly big snake wiv green eyes,
An ist overhead, above my warm bed,
A orful big ugly bird flies.

An when I look up at the ceilin,
I see a big owl turnin roun,
Nen I ist shiver so, fer the next thing I know,
He'll hoot an nen come kerflop down,
An what if he'd dig his claws into
My skin an pull me out of bed?
Nen I grab my quilt quick an cover it thick
All over my face an my head.

But soon I peep out from in under
 The cover to see if they're gone ;
 An there, by my bed, I see a nice head
 Of the nicest an sweetest young fawn,
 An behind it I see a green parrot
 Wiv a pwitty top-knot on his head,
 An nen I ist say, "Come beauties we'll play,"
 An nen they come up to my bed.

Of course they is nothin but shadows ;
 I only play they is such fings ;
 It's fun fer to play, ev'ry nite while I lay
 On my bed, I see goblins wiv wings,
 An nen sich nice fawns an sweet birdies
 Aroun me in sich a nice heap,
 It's ist like a show, but the next fing I know,
 I'm snorin an ist sound asleep.



THE WONDERFUL THINGS I SAW.

I knew a boy who had a gun,
 Now what did that boy do ?
 He gave a cough and then went off,
 And his gun went off too.

I knew a man, and he was dumb,
 One morning he awoke,
 And, strange to tell, he tripped and fell
 Upon a wheel and spoke.

I knew a girl, and she was deaf,
 On that I'll pledge my word ;
 One day, when warm, out on a farm,
 She saw a dog and herd.

I knew a poor blind carpenter,
He was my son-in-law ;
Down by the brook, one day he took
Hold of his square and saw.

I saw a bird that had no wings,
That may seem strange to you ;
But, strange to tell, one day it fell
Into a chimney and flue.

Now what I've said may seem to you
Quite wonderful, but I
Can truly say, one summer day,
I saw a big horse-fly.



WHAT THE WIND CAN DO.

The wind can roar and he can whistle,
Can bend the tree and shake the thistle,
Can toss the waves and wreck the vessel,
Can break the limbs where sweet birds nestle,
Can slam the door, and windows rattle,
Can chill the pigs, the sheep and cattle,
Benumb the boy who outdoors lingers,
Can nip the nose and bite the fingers ;
We sometimes wish that we could rout him,
But still we cannot do without him.

Memoriam.

IN MEMORY OF COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Thou, too, O precious friend, from earth hast fled ;
With sorrowing hearts, we lay thee in the tomb,
Our hearts bowed low, while tears are freely shed,
And fair Columbia's land is filled with gloom.

Like fruit, unripened, by the wind is loosed
From spreading branches, and falls to the ground,
So thou, who value to our land produced,
Wast early taken to thy rest profound.

We mourn thee brother, bosoms swell with grief ;
Too soon, we feel, thy spirit from us fled ;
But, mid our sorrow, comes forth sweet relief,
And we rejoice because thou art not dead.

Death cannot touch, nor can it bear away
A brave and noble spirit such as thine ;
It can but steal thy precious mortal clay,
And thy sweet presence force us to resign.

Yet, fain would loving hearts have kept thee here ;
But no, the loving Lord of Paradise,
Who from our eyes shall wipe each bitter tear,
On joyful wings, commanded thee to rise.

Now, with thy precious son, in battle slain,
O joy unspeakable, thou now wilt dwell,
And, with united hearts, forever reign
With Jesus, Lord and King, Emmanuel.

Beneath the stately fir, upon the mound,
Beneath which lies thy sacred mortal clay,
Kind friends, in after years, will gather round
To strew fresh flowers, and sweet tributes pay.

And say, "Let us a monument here rear
For him whose power all the world has felt;
And on it, only let one word appear,
That name the world adores, just Roosevelt."
Jan. 10, 1919.



TO REV. W. J. MILLER, D. D.,

Pastor of Zion's Lutheran Church Greensburg, Pa., for eleven years.
Died December 24, 1912.

A precious and beloved friend,
A tender brother, tried and true,
Has left us, and with wounded hearts,
And tearful eyes we bid adieu
To him who served so faithfully,
As shepherd of his flock, and led
Them in the straight and narrow path,
And broke for them the living bread.

On Monday morn I clasped his hand,
I gazed into his smiling face;
That friendly look I'll ne'er forget,
The genuine pure Christian grace,
Which dwelt within his soul, shone forth
Upon his face, like that which shone
On Mose's face, and that which crowns
The saints around God's holy throne.

But ere the day had closed, the stroke
 Of that grim reaper on him fell ;
 Ah! who knows what the day may bring?
 None but Omniscient God can tell.
 The reaper came and took our friend,
 Our hearts are broken, filled with grief,
 A cloud of gloom enshrouds us all,
 But out of it comes sweet relief.

We find relief when we recall
 The many virtues of our friend,
 And that with Jesus, whom he served,
 A blest eternity, he'll spend ;
 Farewell, dear brother, soon, we too,
 The sea of life will have passed o'er,
 And then again we'll clasp thy hand
 On Canaan's bright and happy shore.



TO CLARA BARTON.

Founder of the American Red Cross Society

Thy long and useful life has closed,
 Thy pilgrimage is o'er,
 Earth claims thy dust, now we behold
 Thy saintly face no more.

Though earth may hide thy face from us,
 The memory of thee
 And of thy sympathetic works
 Will ever with us be.

The many soldiers of our wars
Will e'er revere thy name,
For they all well remember who
To them in mercy came.

Who ministered to them when they
Lay wounded, stiff and sore,
Who watched by them and nursed and brought
Them back to health once more.

Blest saint of God, rest thou in peace,
In heaven thou shalt shine
Forth as the sun and evermore
Great glory shall be thine.



MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A singer sweet, with talent rare,
Has laid aside her pen;
Her voice is hushed, her saintly face
We ne'er shall see again;
Her hands lie still, her soul has fled
To heavenly realms above,
To tread the sacred golden streets,
To meet the God of love.

Gone forth, yes gone forevermore;
Her pen lies silent, still,
Never again will it e'er write
Inspiring verse to fill
Our hearts with joy, her last sweet line
Has by her hand been penned,
But 'tis God's way, His law decrees
All things must have an end.

Dead? no, she only sleeps, she lives
Still in the memory
Of millions who still read her lines
Filled with sweet melody;
Farewell, sweet singer! rest in peace!
A useful life was thine;
A bright light here, but brighter still,
In heaven thou shalt shine.



TO WILL CARLETON.

Thou hast departed, brother!
Thy tuneful voice is hushed,
We now are bowed in mourning,
Our hearts with grief are crushed;
For, O it was so sudden
The reaper came for thee,
And bore thee gently upward
Into eternity.

Death seemed to be impatient,
Seemed that it could not wait
Until the age allotted
Was reached by thee, the gate
Of Paradise was opened,
A still small voice said, Come,
And to it thou didst hearken,
And entered that blest home.

Yet, though thou hast departed,
Our sorrow shall be turned
Oftimes to joy, recalling
Thy verses which we learned;

For thou hast left behind thee
A priceless legacy
Of songs which thou hast written
With sweetest melody.

Dead? no, thou still art living
In hearts of millions, who
Acquainted with thy writings,
Have read them through and through ;
To dust thy form may crumble
And leave no sign nor trace
Of hands which once were active,
Or of thy friendly face.

Yet, thou wilt still be with us,
In spirit thou wilt dwell
Among us and thy stanzas
Year after year shall tell
The story to the nations
Of talent which was thine,
Though many be forgotten,
With glory thou shalt shine.

Farewell then, brother poet,
O may thy mantle fall
On me, that I may answer
As bravely to my call,
That when I shall be summoned
To cross the narrow sea,
I, too, may dwell in glory
And happiness with thee.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

O lovely bard, O singer sweet!
With joy I sing of thee;
Thy face no more on earth is seen,
Yet thou dost speak to me
Through thy sweet songs which I peruse,
In them thy voice I hear,
Thy precious lines inspire my soul,
They're music to my ear.

How oft I take thy book and read
Those sweet lines o'er and o'er,
"The Huskers," brings sweet memories
Of happy days of yore;
"The Barefoot Boy," O how it thrills
One's very soul with joy,
It carries me to days when I
Was but a barefoot boy.

And "Snowbound," how I love to read
That poem through and through;
And dismal "Skipper Ireson's Ride,"
And "Barbara Freitchie" too;
Thanks be to God above, who gave
Such power of mind to thee
To pen those lines which helped to set
The poor black bondman free.

Oft when I take my pen to write,
And pen line after line,
I think of thee and of the gift
And power that was thine;

Then earnestly I pray that thy
Mantle might fall on me,
And I write lines which shall free us
From whisky slavery.



TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Many have sung the praises of
The bards beyond the broad deep sea,
I now will sing of him who seems
The greatest of all bards to me;
He who in Portland, Maine was born,
Who afterwards in Cambridge taught,
And put in verse for old and young,
His lovely sentiment and thought.

Oft when I'm vexed with trials which
My church-work daily lays on me,
Thy precious book I take, its lines
Bring to my soul felicity;
And peaceful rest, indeed, I find,
Thy precious poems long and brief,
As I peruse them line by line,
Bring to my soul such sweet relief.

The "Psalm of life," its words how sweet,
O how they soothe the troubled mind;
For many years those precious lines
Have brought sweet comfort to mankind.
"The village blacksmith," how it cheers
The heart bowed down with grief and care,
It brings to mind those bygone days
When we were happy, young and fair.

And o'er and o'er, many a time,
I read "Tales from a way-side inn,"
Those splendid tales, ah how they thrill
My very soul with joy within ;
And loveliest of all thy works
Is that sad tale, "Evangeline,"
I read that tale and oft exclaim,
What wondrous gifts indeed were thine !
I would that it had been my lot
To gaze but once upon thy face,
And that I might have heard thy voice
So full of tenderness and grace ;
From earthly scenes thou hast gone forth
To join the bright angelic choir,
But thou hast left thy words behind,
Sweet lines our young hearts to inspire.
Whene'er I gaze upon the lines
Which thy inspired soul hath wrought,
I from my heart can truly say,
Like a brave soldier thou hast fought,
Not with the sword but with the pen,
In many a battle fierce and long,
And through the din of battle came
Triumphant with melodious song.
Though now thou liest in the tomb,
And we no more thy face behold,
Thou art not hid, we see thee still
Within thy stanzas of pure gold ;
Though years and ages pass away
And generations come and go,
Until time ends will live the name
Of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

For the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Holmes.

Aug. 29, 1909.

Were Doctor Holmes alive today,
He'd be an even hundred
Years or age, but death's strong hand,
The ties which bound us, sundered.
And yet, not wholly so, for we
To him are yet most tightly
Bound, and today, we tribute pay
His memory most rightly.

When we were boys, in common school,
How our young hearts delighted,
On Friday afternoons when his
Sweet poems were recited ;
"The one hoss shay," "The old man's dreams,"
The one I best remember,
Was that about the stormy gale
Which blew so in September.

It thrilled my soul with joy to read
About the clothes a flying,
And how the lad, he wrote about,
For many days was crying
Because the wind came through the lines
And hooked his Sunday breeches,
And with a demonish delight,
Rent them both seam and stitches.

He said he'd ever mourn the loss
That storm to him occasioned,
But if he could have realized
How young minds were emblazoned

With the account he wrote of it,
And how each boy's eyes glistened
With pleasure, and had he but heard
Their laughter as he listened,

I'm sure he would have ceased to mourn,
And would, I do not doubt it,
Have been so glad the storm occurred,
So he could write about it,
And give amusement to the boys
And girls in all creation,
For it is poetry like that
Which edifies a nation.

O Doctor Holmes, O gifted bard,
O great and lovely poet!
When thou didst pen those lovely lines,
"The last leaf," didst thou know it,
That thou, of all thy line of bards,
And there was a large number,
Wouldst be the last to close thine eyes,
And take thy endless slumber?

Thine eyes have closed, thou art not here,
Thy soul in rest reposes,
Thy pen lies still, thy brilliant mind
No more sweet songs composes;
But in the hearts of many men
Today thou still art living,
And millions to thy memory,
Are precious tributes giving.

Days will pass by, yea, centuries,
And thousands, now begotten,
Will pass away and very soon
Their deeds will be forgotten;
But until time itself shall end,
And words no more be muttered,
The lines which thou hast left behind,
By mankind will be uttered.



TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This poem was written Feb. 12, 1909, and recited by the author the evening of the same day, to a large audience in Greensburg, Pa., which had assembled to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

One hundred years ago today,
Within a humble home there lay
A baby boy, but none could see
In him a man of destiny.

But has it not been ever thus?
Did those babes over whom much fuss
Was made, ever achieve that fame
Which gives man an immortal name?

Ah no! our history relates,
The men who made the United States,
Were once the boys whose brawny arms
And sunburnt faces graced the farms.

Elisha held the plow when he
Was called by God and sent to be
A comforter to Israel,
He did his work, and did it well.

And who will doubt but on that day
When Lincoln, a small baby, lay
Upon his mother's breast in bed,
That God looked down from heaven and said,

And thou, child, art ordained to be
He who shall set the slaves all free,
And thou shalt save, though with much pain,
These states from being rent in twain.

I have no need here to relate
His almost countless deeds so great;
No need that I the tale should tell,
Each school-boy knows it very well.

Today we pay, most fittingly,
This tribute to the memory
Of him who gave his life to save
Our nation, and to free the slave.

One hundred years have passed away
Since he first saw the light of day,
And forty-four since he laid down
His life, to wear a martyr's crown.

The shot of the accursed foe,
In death, laid Abraham Lincoln low,
But his good works they could not kill,
Though dead he lives among us still.

From us he never will depart,
He lives in ev'ry loyal heart;
The future years will pass away,
But Lincoln's name will with us stay.

Poems Dedicated To
James Whitcomb Riley.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Birthday greetings, October 7, 1912.

Hey, Mr. Riley, glad you are here!
You've been quite ill, we had grave fear,
One year ago, that you would be gone
Ere your birthday again would dawn.

The hearts of young and old are glad,
The charming lass, the roguish lad,
Both join in shouts of joy and glee
Whene'er your smiling face they see.

And have they not great cause for joy?
The merry girl, the laughing boy
Well know who wrote those childhood rhymes
Which made them laugh so many times.

God grant you health, and may you live
Three score more years, and to us give
Still sweeter songs which shall be sung
To cheer the hearts of old and young.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE WINDER.

When the frost is on the winder and the snow lies very
 deep,
When the stock is kept in shelter and the little snowbirds
 creep
In the strawstack in the barnyard and the purty quails in
 flocks,
Are a seekin cozy shelter in amongst the fodder shocks,
When the trees are ornamented and their branches bend-
 ing low
With the weight of icy crystals and the fluffy flakes of
 snow,
"Oh its then's the time a feller" in his cozy bed can sleep,
When the frost is on the winder and the snow lies very
 deep.

There's my friend, James Whitcomb Riley, out in In-
 dianapolis,
Wrote a charmin little poem, and the first line runs like
 this,
"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in
 the shock,"
Then about the farmyard bipeds he proceeds to give a
 talk ;
There's no doubt the weather's bracin bout that season
 of the year,
When the red and yeller apples and the cornshocks both
 appear,
But come now, just go with me, while we take a little
 peep
When the frost is on the winder and the snow lies very
 deep.

See the fire burnin brightly in the cozy sittin-room,
 While outside the wind's a roarin with a whistle and a
 boom,
 See the children playin checkers and a readin story books,
 Oh, one gets such inspiration from the sweetness of their
 looks ;
 See old Grandpa with his paper as he sits and reads the
 news,
 See the baby with his rattle as he laughs and crows and
 goos,
 Oh 'tis on such stormy evenins that the children learn a
 heap,
 When the frost is on the winder and the snow lies very
 deep.

When the water's frozen over and we hear the merry
 sound
 Of the sleighbells on the hosses as they dash with leap
 and bound,
 And the merry shouts of laughter of the happy boys and
 girls
 As one sleighload, then another up and down the high-
 way whirls ;
 True, the Autumn season's pleasant on a bracin frosty
 morn,
 When the farmers, filled with vigor, are a huskin at their
 corn,
 But I see a movin pictur that is grander, yes a heap,
 When the frost is on the winder and the snow lies very
 deep.

APPLE PICKING.

When the Summer season's ended and bright Autumn
has come round,
And the schools again have opened, and upon the old
playground,
We behold the children rompin ere the master rings the
bell
Fer to call them into study and to learn their lessons well ;
Then we older folks is huslin with our taters and our
corn,
Then it makes us git up early on a bright September
morn,
Fer so many things engage us when this season comes
around,
Fer 'tis then we reap our harvest from the produce of the
ground.

'Tis indeed an inspiration when a huslin farmer sees
Red and yeller lucious apples ornamenting all his trees,
And this season the Almighty has abundantly bestowed
A large crop of apples on us, trees are bending with their
load ;
I have Baldwin in abundance, and my red cheeked North-
ern Spies,
Decoration spreadin branches, seem as plentiful as flies ;
Oh my heart was filled with raptur as I climbed into a
tree
To begin the crop to gether which the Lord had sent to
me.

All day long I kept a pickin and a pourin them around,
 Till I made it ornamental with the boxes on the ground,
 Which I filled with luscious Baldwin, Northern Spies and
 other kind,

All the time I was a pickin there kept comin to my mind
 Words from Riley's charmin poem which I many times
 had read,

Bout the frost upon the punkin and the lines in which he
 said,

"Then your apples all is gethered and the ones a feller
 keeps,

Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yeller heaps."

Many things, indeed, delight us that we work at in the
 fall,

But I find that apple pickin is the pleasantest of all,
 Fer 'tis when a feller's pickin that he thinks about the
 treat

He will have on winter ev'nins, when his fambly all can
 eat

These same red and yeller apples which he picked and
 stored away,

Of the happy glad thangsgivin and the joyful Christmas
 Day;

Do you wonder that the farmer feels so happy and so
 free,

When he picks his crop of apples by the bushels from the
 tree?

IN MEMORY OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

1853-1916

Oh my sweet singer friend! can it be that thou art dead?
Who sang such sweet songs during years that have sped;
Sweet songs that brought cheer to the old and the young
In the millions of homes where'er they were sung.
Oh the laughter of children and smiles of the old
Were so very apparent when thy sweet rhymes were told;
But now all are mourning for my sweet singer friend,
For his days here on earth have been brought to an end.

Oh my sweet singer friend! at this moment my eyes
Rest upon a small volume which before me now lies,
Filled with sweet songs of thine, a present from thee,
Which will be, all my days, very precious to me;
As I gaze on the pages I've read o'er and o'er,
And I think that thy voice I shall hear nevermore,
Floods of tears from my eyes o'er my cheeks downward
roll,
Ah, deep is the grief that now o'erwhelms my soul!

Oh my sweet singer friend! can it truly be said,
That thou art not alive, that thou art really dead?
Oh no, 'tis not true! though thy voice now is hushed,
And we weep and are sad, for with grief we are crushed,
Yet still thou dost speak, the sweet melody
Of thy many sweet songs, now is speaking to me;
The years will roll on but thy dear name will not,
In the ages to come, by mankind be forgot.

Oh my sweet singer friend! we lay thee to rest,
May thy spirit take flight to the home of the blest,
May thy mantle on me fall that I yet may sing
Many songs that sweet cheer to the sad heart may bring,
As thy songs oft to me brought sweet cheer and relief,
When my heart was sore tried and deep was my grief;
Soon my call will come, too, and my days here will end,
Oh then may I meet thee my sweet singer friend!

Patriotic Poems.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

Liberty was in the very air
In Philadelphia and ev'rywhere,
Throughout each western colony,
Rang the one phrase, We must be free!

Then came the Fourth day of July,
The people met and raised the cry
In that old quaker town, Shall we
Today proclaim our liberty?

Shall we proclaim, or shall we still
Bow to the English tyrant's will?
Shall he his hold on us relax,
Or will we meekly pay the tax?

Shall we, like oxen, mutely stand
And let that tyrant's bloody hand
Plunge in our hearts his murderous dirk,
Shall we our bounden duty shirk?

What say you men, what is your will?
One moment the whole crowd was still,
No voice was heard, deep silence reigned,
But men could not long be restrained.

John Adams from his seat arose
And in strong terms denounced his foes,
As his immortal words were spoke,
A fresh zeal in each heart awoke.

“When I look back to sixty one,
And past events in mind I run,
I am surprised that at this date,
This revolution is so great!”

“Britain has been with folly filled,
And by that folly she has killed
Our love for her, sad to relate,
It now is turned to bitter hate!”

“With wisdom has our land been filled,
The God of heaven has so willed,
The countries shall forever be
Sundered and our land be free!”

“And it may also be the will
Of heaven that our nation still,
Distresses be obliged to bear
And of success may oft despair!”

“But I submit my hopes and fears
To God, it may take many years
Of strife before contentions cease
And we be left to dwell in peace!”

The voice of Adams moved the crowd,
The people shouted long and loud,
Then did the Congress thus proclaim,
“In the authority and name
Of the good people here, that we
Are and of right ought e'er to be
Now free and independent states!”
(The sacred document relates.)

Great shouts of joy then rent the air,
 Throughout the city, ev'rywhere ;
 Up in the tower, the old bell
 Rang out, the joyful news to tell.

Ah yes, how joyful was the cry
 On that grand Fourth day of July!
 And after many years it still
 Rings through our land, o'er vale and hill.

As that glad day comes round each year,
 Our patriotic souls to cheer,
 Let us remember what it cost
 Those patriots, and what they lost
 In property and lives that we,
 Their children might ever be free.

July 4, 1908.



AN INSANE FOURTH, HOW LONG?

Another year has rolled around,
 Again we hear the deafening sound
 Like thunder in the distant sky,
 It is the Fourth day of July,
 And firecrackers ev'rywhere
 Throughout the land now rend the air ;
 Halt ye, and gaze upon the scene,
 Ask what these reckless acts must mean!

They mean that ere the day be o'er,
 Some bright young boy will breathe no more ;
 Deep grief will many bright homes fill,
 In which a child lies cold and still

In a small casket, his soul hurled
Instantly to the spirit world,
Who was it placed in that child's hand
The cause, do we not guilty stand?

How long, good citizens, shall we
Permit this state of things to be?
When our forefathers bled and died
And on the field lay side by side
To bring to us sweet liberty,
'Twas not their wish that yearly we
Should celebrate this glorious day
In such a wild and insane way.

Stop, read the list for but three years
And you will find in it appears
Thirty-four thousand killed and maimed!
Oh horrible! I feel ashamed
That I live in a city where
Authorities will not declare
Themselves against such insane work,
How long will we our duty shirk?

Arise, ye sons of liberty,
Throw off the yoke, again be free!
For children's lives have due regard,
And dangerous methods now discard;
Throughout the land, in ev'ry state
The glorious Fourth let's celebrate,
From lake to gulf, from sea to sea,
Let all rejoice that we are free.

But let us be discreet and wise,
Good judgement let us exercise,
That proper methods may be used
And no one's rights e'er be abused ;
Let bands play airs, let people sing
And then the close of day will bring
Each to his bed in peace to sleep,
And none bow o'er the dead to weep.

July 4, 1910.



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

For years the cruel war had raged,
Large companies had been engaged
In battle and on either side,
Many had suffered, bled and died ;
The stubborn British still fought on,
Although all hope to them seemed gone ;
The patriots fought long and well,
They stormed the foe with shot and shell.

Yorktown had been well fortified,
Cornwallis, though, was sorely tried ;
He hoped, behind his strong redoubt,
That he could keep our army out ;
But little did that general know
That Washington and Rochambeau
Would plant their armies round about
His stronghold and would starve him out.

The seige began, continued on,
Cornwallis saw all hope was gone ;
With ammunition 'bout all used,
He knew that if he still refused

To yield, his army soon would be
All slaughtered, so, in agony,
He yielded to George Washington,
America at last had won.

Thus, after many years, the war,
Which spread destruction near and far,
Was brot to a successful close,
America had won, our foes
Embarked and sailed across the sea,
America, our home, was free ;
And now above the patriot's graves,
The flag of freedom proudly waves.



OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Mayflower, the Mayflower !
Oh how we love the name !
Across Atlantic's broad expanse,
Long years ago she came,
Bringing her precious human freight
To bleak New England's shore.
It was that noted ship that brot
Our Pilgrim Fathers o'er.

The Mayflower, the Mayflower !
The name to all is dear ;
For was it not that ship which brot
The men who planted here
Religious liberty as firm
As Plymouth Rock, where they,
Weary and worn, first set their feet
On that cold winter day ?

The Mayflower, the Mayflower !
The ship was very small
Compared with ocean liners now,
Which loom so long and tall ;
But never since has any ship,
Which crossed the briny main,
Brot to our fair Columbia's shore
So large amount of gain.

The Mayflower, the Mayflower !
The pilgrims, which she brot,
On bended knees, gave heaven thanks,
And we, their children, ought
Never to cease to thank our God,
Who brot across the sea,
Those pious pilgrims to proclaim
Religious liberty.

Religious Poems.

MY LAST JOURNEY.

When my mission here has ended
And I lay my burden down,
And go forth to meet my Master,
To receive the golden crown
Which is promised to the faithful
Who endure unto the end ;
I shall see my blessed Savior
Who through life has been my friend.

(CHORUS.)

I shall lay my burden down,
And receive the golden crown,
I shall meet my blessed Savior
Who through life has been my friend.

O the joy and blissful pleasurè
That will then be mine fore'er !
I shall dwell with saints and angels
And their blessings I will share ;
In that bright and golden city
On bright Canaan's blissful shore,
At the right hand of my Savior
There are pleasures evermore.—CHORUS.

O that happy day is coming !
It cannot be far away,
When I'll take my upward journey
To that land of endless day ;

When I hear my Savior calling,
I will answer, Here am I,
And on joyful wing I'll journey
To that happy home on high.—CHORUS.



THE BLESSINGS OF AFFLICTION.

Afflictions come, but not by chance,
Nor do they from the ground arise,
They may be heavy, but each one
Is but a blessing in disguise.

By faith I see the hand of God
In all afflictions sent to me;
Therefore I will rejoice because
My future blessings they will be.



SWEET COMMUNION.

Break thou for me the bread of life,
Dear Lord, and let me feed
Upon that bread from heaven sent,
That which is meat indeed.

And let me drink of that blest cup
Which represents thy blood
Shed for my sins on Calvary,
Where flowed that crimson flood.

Wash thou my soul with thy shed blood,
Take all my sins away,
That I may at thy altar stand,
Pure, undefiled this day.

And let me ever live in hope,
And ever watchful be,
That I may hold communion sweet
Forevermore with thee.



CONTENTMENT.

My life is in the hands of God,
I'm here to do his will,
To be a blessing to mankind,
My calling to fulfill.

Whate'er he bids me I will do,
I'm willing to be sent
On any mission, and where'er
I am to be content.

E'en though the path, he bids me tread,
Be rough and full of care;
I'll journey on, for He, my guide,
Is with me ev'rywhere.

JOHN THE BAPTIST COMPARED WITH THE
TRAVELING EVANGELISTS OF TODAY.

From out the wilderness he came,
He sought for neither wealth nor fame;
One thing alone his soul desired,
That ev'ry human soul be fired
With zeal to do the Father's will,
His sacred precepts to fulfill;
Thus he came forth the Word to preach,
And hearts of sinful men to reach.

He preached there in that desert land,
That heaven's kingdom was at hand;
To win the hearts of men he sought,
The Bible truths he plainly taught;
In politics he took no part,
His object was to reach the heart
Of ev'ry man and make it pure,
For ev'ry ill, that was his cure.

He wore no costly broadcloth suit,
No pattered leather shoe nor boot,
Nor did he of rich food partake,
He did not dine on chops nor steak.
His garb was camel's hair, his food
Was locusts gathered in the wood,
And honey found upon the trees,
Could we now live on things like these?

Now, where's the man who ever heard
That he e'er said, I'll preach the Word
In cities, if for me you'll build
A tabernacle, which, when filled,
Will seat about five thousand men,
This I demand of you, and then
Demand I that you guarantee
Five thousand dollars raised for me.

Our trav'ling preachers, verily,
Do not do things the same as he;
No, they are seeking for renown,
They want the pastors of the town
To hustle round and do the work,
The part they readily will shirk,
And when their loud campaign is done,
They make their boast of converts won.

Ah, Christian friends! we do, indeed,
More men like John the Baptist need;
Men who will settle down and teach
In humble districts and will preach
The Gospel in its purity,
A John the Baptist I would be;
Rise, Christian friends, and put to rout
These rattle-brains who run about.



THAT HOME OF ENDLESS DAY.

This life's a wilderness of woe,
Sorrow I find where'er I go;
I long to dwell beyond the skies
Where tears shall ne'er bedim my eyes;
I look upward unto my Lord
Who tells me in His precious Word,
That God shall wipe my tears away,
In that bright land of endless day.

I would not wish to make my home
In this sad world, and e'er to roam
Where pain and sorrow, grief and woe
Opress my soul, I long to go
To yonder shore, my Lord to see,
O how I long with Him to be,
For God shall wipe my tears away,
In that bright land of endless day.

Here, wearily, I tread this road,
And groan beneath this heavy load
Of sin and sorrow, pain and woe,
But as I on my journey go,

My heart is cheered, for God tells me,
From toil and care I'll soon be free,
For all my tears He'll wipe away,
In that blest land of endless day.

Though I should live a hundred years,
And ev'ry one be filled with tears,
Should grief and pain my whole life fill,
I'll bow submissive to His will;
E'en though my tears in torrents flow,
I'll not despair, for well I know
That God shall wipe them all away,
In that bright home of endless day.

Lord Jesus, be my constant guide,
Daily with me through life abide,
And through all griefs and woes which come
Lead thou me safely to that home,
To those blest mansions pure and bright,
Where all is joy, where all is light,
Where God shall wipe my tears away,
In that bright home of endless day.

GOOD BYE.

And now, dear patient reader, I bid you a kind farewell. My desire has been not only to entertain but also to instruct. Remember that, after all, the poet is only a mortal man and is subject to all the frailties of the human race.

I have made an honest effort to please and I believe I have, to some extent, succeeded. Criticise me if you will; it will do me good. But before you lay this volume aside, will you not fold your hands and offer this simple prayer? Heavenly Father, bless the author of this work. Endow him with wisdom from heaven, that in all his works he may be guided by thy spirit. May his writings bring happiness and cheer to millions of people. and glory to thy name. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

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