The Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary

With a Memoir of Their Lives

By Mary Clemmer

Mary Clemmer

With a Memorial of Their Lives

By Mary Clemmer
The Poetical Works
of Alice and Phoebe Cary

With a Memorial of Their Lives

By Mary Clemmer

Houghton, Osgood & Co.
Seew.
From Jim.
Christmas, 1879
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY
WITH A MEMORIAL OF THEIR LIVES
BY MARY CЛMMER

BOSTON
HOUСHOE, HINDLI AND COMPANY
CAMBRIDGE
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY
WITH A MEMORIAL OF THEIR LIVES
BY
MARY CLEMMER

BOSTON
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1880
The poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary were published in a joint volume during the life-time of the sisters; the first venture was made in this way in 1849, and the large public interested in their songs has ever since instinctively connected writers, who, bound together by peculiar ties, were as akin and as divergent in their poetry as they were in their natures. Subsequently to the first venture, they issued their volumes of poetry separately, but after their death, the editor of their writings, Mrs. Mary Clemmer, again associated them. Her Memorial contained their later poems; this volume was followed by the "Last Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," and finally by "Ballads for Little Folk," again a joint collection.

The poems, scattered thus through several volumes, are now brought together into a single volume, each writer having her own portion. To facilitate comparison and reference, it has been thought desirable to classify the poems upon a common plan which agrees substantially with that adopted by Mrs. Clemmer. The Memorial prepared by Mrs. Clemmer introduces the volume, and we add here the preface to the original edition.

When at the request of the brothers of Alice and Phoebe Cary, I sat down to write a Memorial of their lives, and looking through the entire mass of their papers, found not a single word of their own referring in any personal way to themselves, every impulse of my heart impelled me to relinquish the task. To tell the story of any human life, even in its outward incidents, wisely and justly, is not an easy thing to do. But to attempt a fit memorial of two women whose lives must be chiefly interpreted by inward rather than outward events, and solely from personal knowledge and remembrance, was a responsibility that I was unwilling to assume. With the utter absence of any data of their own, it seemed to me that the lives of the Cary sisters could only be produced from the combined reminiscences of all their more intimate personal friends. Months were consumed in writing to, and in waiting for replies from, long-time friends of the sisters. All were willing; but alas! they "had destroyed all letters," had forgotten "lots and lots of things that would have been interesting;" they were preoccupied, or sick; and, after months of waiting, I sat where I began, with the mass of Alice's and Phoebe's unedited papers before me, and not an added line for their lives, with a new request from their legatees and executors that I should go on with the Memorial.
Here it is.  
It has cost me more than labor.  Every day I have buried my friends anew.  Every line wrung from memory has deepened the wound of irreparable loss.  

From beginning to end my one purpose has been, not to write a eulogy, but to write justly.  In depicting their birthplace and early life in Ohio, I have quoted copiously from Throe's sketch of Alice, and Ada Carnahan's sketch of her Aunt Phoebe, both published in the (Boston) "Ladies' Repository," believing that that which pertained exclusively to their early family life could be more faithfully told by members of the family than by any one born outside of it.  Save where full credit is given to others, I, alone, am responsible for the statements of this Memorial.  Not a line in it has been recorded from "hearsay."  Not a fact is given that I do not know to be true, nor was any word of Alice that I did not perfectly understand.  I have never uttered a word to me that I did not perfectly understand.  The poems following the Memorial have, with but three or four exceptions, never before been gathered within the covers of a book.  The exceptions are Alice's "The Sure Witness," "One Dust," and "My Creed," all published before in the volume of her poems brought out by Hurd and published in 1865, and reproduced here as special illustrations of her character, faith, and death.

In parting with a portion of the treasures and "pictures of memory," it has been difficult sometimes to decide which to give and which to retain.  The poems, however, have been gathered within the covers of a book.  The exceptions are Alice's "The Sure Witness," "One Dust," and "My Creed," all published before in the volume of her poems brought out by Hurd and published in 1865, and reproduced here as special illustrations of her character, faith, and death.  It has been difficult sometimes to decide which to give and which to retain.  The exceptions are Alice's "The Sure Witness," "One Dust," and "My Creed," all published before in the volume of her poems brought out by Hurd and published in 1865, and reproduced here as special illustrations of her character, faith, and death.

The poems following the Memorial have, with but three or four exceptions, never before been gathered within the covers of a book.  The exceptions are Alice's "The Sure Witness," "One Dust," and "My Creed," all published before in the volume of her poems brought out by Hurd and published in 1865, and reproduced here as special illustrations of her character, faith, and death.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Table of Contents</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Shoemaker</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Wind</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Cyrus</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifteen and Fifty</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenny Duncle</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tricksey's Ring</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crazy Christopher</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Peace of Ballarat</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revolutionary Story</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Daughter</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Might of Love</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Grace of Wife of Keith&quot;</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnny Right</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Settler's Christmas Eve</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Story</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balder's Wife</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At Rehearsal</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fisherman's Wife</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maid and Man</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Double Skin</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selfish Sorrow</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Edge of Doom</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Chopper's Child</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dead House</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Moment</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Flax Reaper</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottage and Hall</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mines of Avondale</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Victory of Perry</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Window just over the street</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Fable of Cloud-land</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara at the Window</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara in the Meadow</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballad of Uncle Joe</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Farmer's Daughter</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems of Thought and Feeling.</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On seeing a Drowning Moth</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good and Evil</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stroller's Song</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lesson</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The special house and throws his &quot;</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;pains away&quot;</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On seeing a Wild Bird</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rich, rough Poor</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Still from the unsatisfying quest&quot;</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The glance that doth thy neighbor &quot;</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Law of Liberty</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Creed</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Open Secrets</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Saddest Sight</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bridal Hour</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idle</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is Love</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life's Mysteries</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;We are the mariners, and God the sea&quot;</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The best man should never pass&quot;</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pledges</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proverbs in Rhyme</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fame</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The West Country</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Homestead</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contradiction</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Dream of Dreams</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Dark</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Invisible Plea</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems of Love</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bridal Veil</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lover's Interlude</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snowed Under</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Emblem</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen of Roses</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now and Then</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lady to the Lover</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love's Secret Spells</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At Sea</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Confession</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easter Bridal Song</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prodigal's Plea</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Seal Fisher's Wife</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carmina</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epithalamium</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennie</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miriam</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;O winds ye are too rough, too high&quot;</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poems of Grief and Consolation.</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mourn not</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consolation</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under the Shadow</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lost Lilies</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Wonder</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most Refused</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Darlings</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Despair</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wait</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Other Side</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Wintry Waste</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Peace came</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be still</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vanished</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Safe</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiting</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intimations</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Great Question</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What comfort, when with clouds of woe&quot;</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religious Poems and Hymns.</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thanksgiving</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Hope in our hearts doth only stay&quot;</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Dust</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Signs of Grace</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alone</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counsel</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supplication</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forgiveness</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Golden Mean</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fire by the Sea</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sure Witness</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Penitent's Plea</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love is Life</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Thy works, O Lord, interpret Thee&quot;</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Our God is love, and which we miscall&quot;</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supplication</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiter</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sure Anchor</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remember</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adelied</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday Morning</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Dark</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting Song</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Heaven that's here</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Among the pitfalls on our way&quot;</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Stream of Life</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dead and Alive</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life of Life</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercies</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasure and Pain</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mysteries</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyric</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toast</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All in All</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Paro in Heart</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unsatisfied</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More Life</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light and Darkness</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Substance</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life's Mystery</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Self-help</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dying Hymn</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extremities</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here and There</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dawn of Peace</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occasion</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Why should our spirits be oppressed?&quot;</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>POEMS FOR CHILDREN.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Little Blacksmith</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Children</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Christmas Story</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make-believe</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Nut hard to crack</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hide and Seek</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Bugs</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiting for something to turn up</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppose</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Good Rule</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mother Fair</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara Blue</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take care</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Grateful Swan</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Short Sermon</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Story of a Blackbird</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairy-folk</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barred Gold</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recipe for an Appetite</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Pig and the Hen</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spider and Fly</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lesson from Strawberry</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Flower Spider</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dan and Dimple and how they quarreled</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Honey-bee</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the Tavern</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What a Bird taught</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Maids</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Grey</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sermon for Young Folks</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telling Fortunes</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wise Fairy</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Child's Wisdom</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PHOEBE CARY'S POEMS.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dovocoh Mill</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Homestead</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gardener's Home</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mill</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar-making</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Playmates</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The School</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Youth and Maiden</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Country Grave-yard</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wooling</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plighted</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wedded</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Baby</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TABLE OF CONTENTS.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Father</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wife</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Ballad of Lauderdale</td>
<td>295</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Wrens</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy's Dower</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black Randolf</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Leak in the Dike</td>
<td>303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Landlord of the Blue Hen</td>
<td>305</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King's Jewel</td>
<td>306</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edgar's Wife</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fickle Day</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Maid of Kilconnell</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint Macarius of the Desert</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir Eleanor</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breaking the Roads</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Christmas Sheaf</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Gottlieb</td>
<td>313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Monkish Legend</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur's Wife</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gracie</td>
<td>316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Margaret</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady Marjory</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Man's Darling</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tent Scene</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lady Jaqueline</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wife's Christmas</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coming round</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lamp on the Prairie</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>POEMS OF THOUGHT AND FEELING.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Weary Heart</td>
<td>326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loving Spring</td>
<td>326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hidden Sorrow</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Woman's Conclusions</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Answered</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disenchanted</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Alas!&quot;</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother and Son</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last Act</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up and Down</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beyond</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favor ed</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The only Ornament</td>
<td>332</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equality</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ebb Tide</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy Women</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loss and Gain</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memorial</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Harrowing Luxury</td>
<td>335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tried and True</td>
<td>335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace</td>
<td>336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunset</td>
<td>336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apology</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>POEMS OF NATURE AND HOME.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An April Welcome</td>
<td>342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Neighbor's House</td>
<td>342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fortune in the Daisy</td>
<td>343</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Picture</td>
<td>343</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faith</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To an Elf on a Buttercup</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providence</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Pictures</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Playmates</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Barefoot Boy&quot;</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter Flowers</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March Crocuses</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hemlock</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Field Preaching&quot;</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gathering Blackberries</td>
<td>349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Homestead</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring after the War</td>
<td>351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Book of Nature</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar-making</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amy's Love Letter</td>
<td>354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do you blame her?</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Somebody's Lover</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the River</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inconstancy</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love cannot die</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helpless</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Helper</td>
<td>358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faithful</td>
<td>358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last Act</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True Love</td>
<td>360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complaint</td>
<td>360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doves' Eyes</td>
<td>361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hunter's Wife</td>
<td>361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovers and Sweethearts</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rose</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Archie</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Day Dream</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Prize</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Woman's Answer</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Absence</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TABLE OF CONTENTS.

RELIGIOUS POEMS AND HYMNS.

PAGE

Enchantment .............................................364
Wooded and Won ........................................364
Love's Recompense .....................................365
Jealousy ....................................................365
Song ..........................................................366
I cannot tell .............................................366
Dead Love ...................................................366
My Friend ....................................................367
Dreams and Realities ....................................371
Nearer Home ..............................................372
Many Mansions ..........................................372
The Spiritual Body .....................................374
A Good Day ...............................................375
Hymn .........................................................375
Drawing Water ..........................................375
Too Late .....................................................375
Retrospect ..................................................376
Human and Divine .....................................376
Over-payment .............................................377
Vain Repentance ......................................377
In Extremity ..............................................378
Peccavi .....................................................378
Christmas .................................................379
Compensation .............................................379
Reconciled ..................................................380
Thou knowest ..........................................381
Christina ....................................................382
Prodigals ..................................................382
St. Bernard of Clairvaux ...............................383
The Widow's Thanksgiving .............................384
Vix Crusis, Vix Lucia ..................................385
Hymn ........................................................385
Of one Flesh ..............................................386
Teach us to wait ...........................................386
In His Army ...............................................387
"The heart is not satisfied " ...........................387
Unbelief .....................................................387
The Vision on the Mount ...............................388
A Canticle ...................................................388
The Cry of the Heart and Flesh .....................389
Our Pattern ................................................389
The Earthly House .....................................389
Ve did it unto Me .......................................390
The Sinner at the Cross ...............................391
The Heir .....................................................392
Realities .....................................................392
Hymn ........................................................392
Wounded .....................................................392

A MEMORIAL

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.
A MEMORIAL
OF
ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF THEIR BIRTH. — THEIR FATHER AND MOTHER. — ANCESTRY, CHILDHOOD, AND EARLY YOUTH.

In a brown house, "low and small," on a farm in the Miami Valley, eight miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio, Alice Cary was born on the 20th day of April, 1820. In the same house, September 4, 1824, was born her sister and life-long companion, Phoebe.

This house appeared and reappeared in the verse of both sisters, till their last lines were written. Their affection for it was a deep and life-long emotion. Each sister, within the blinds of a city house, used to shut her eyes and listen till she thought she heard the rustle of the cherry-tree on the old roof, and smelled again the sweet-brier under the window. You will realize how perfectly it was daguerreotyped on Phoebe's heart when you follow two of the many pictures which she has left of it. Phoebe says: "The house was small, unpainted, without the slightest pretensions to architectural beauty. It was one story and a half in height, the front looking toward the west and separated from the high-road by a narrow strip of door-yard grass. A low porch ran across the north of the house, and from the steps of this a path of blue flag-stones led to a cool, unfailing well of water a few yards distant. Close to the walls, on two sides, and almost pushing their strong, thrifty boughs through the little attic window, flourished several fruitful apple and cherry trees; and a luxuriant sweet-brier, the only thing near that seemed designed solely for ornament, almost covered the other side of the house. Beyond the door-yard, and sloping toward the south, lay a small garden, with two straight rows of currant bushes dividing its entire length, and beds of vegetables laid out on either side. Close against the fence nearest the yard grew several varieties of roses, and a few hardy and common flowers bordered the walks. In one corner a thriving peach-tree threw in summer its shade over a row of beehives, and in another its withered mate was supported and quite hidden by a fragrant bower of hop vines. A little in the rear of the dwelling stood the ample, weather-beaten barn, the busy haunt of the restless swallows and quiet, comfortable doves, and in all seasons the never-failing resort of the children. A stately and symmetrical oak, which had been kindly spared from the forest when the clearing for the house was made, grew near it, and in the summer threw its thick, cool shadow over the road, making a grateful shade for the tired traveler, and a pleasant playground for the children, whose voices, now so many of them stilled, once made life and music there through all the live long day."
OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old brown homestead reared its

From the wayside dust aloof,

Where the apple-boughs could almost

And the cherry-tree so near it grew

That, when awake I've lain

In the lonesome nights, I've heard the

The sweet-brier under the window-sill,

And the damask rose by the garden

In their tops by the summer breeze.

That to other eyes were lovelier,

For those roses bright! oh, those roses

That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well — a deep, old well,

And the cool drops down from the

And that deep, old well! oh, that deep,

Drawn up to the curb by the rude, old

There my mother's voice was always

With my childish hand in his raven

That broad hearth's light! oh, that

Of a cloud, when the summer sun is
down.

Away, away, night and morn,

Woods upon woods, with fields of corn

Lying between them, not quite sere,

As they creaked against the pane;

I've seen my little brothers rocked

Exotics rich and rare,

But not to me so fair;

Where the spring was never dry,

Were falling constantly:

I remember now the plashing sound

And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,

Biting shorter the short, green grass,

Under their tassels, — cattle near,

And her smile was always sweet;

And watched his thoughtful brow,

These, and the house where I was

breathing-room

of childlike amazement was irresist-

able. Tears rose to his eyes,

was handsome. He was six feet in

emotional tenderness of his tem-

ordered life. In my memory she stands

broad hearth's light!

er's smile,

light

down.

from the Western farm to the New

The picture must not be over-

Yet all in the golden and gracious

broad hearth's light!

er's smile,

light

down.

from the Western farm to the New

The picture must not be over-

Yet all in the golden and gracious

broad hearth's light!

er's smile,
MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHCEBE CARY.

She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Phoebe said of her: "She was the wonder of me. She is no less a wonder to me as I recall her now. How she did so much work, and yet how she so carelessly read carelessly, and governed wisely, so large a family of children, and yet found time to develop by thought and reading a mind of unusual strength and clearness, is still a mystery to me. She was fond of history, politics, moral essays, biography, and works of religious controversy. Poetry she read, but cared little for fictitious literature. An exemplary housewife, a wise and kind mother, she left no duty unfulfilled, yet we remember that the woman who kept herself informed of all the issues of the day, political, social, and religious." When we remember that the woman who kept herself informed of all the issues of the day, political, social, and religious, was the mother of nine children, a housewife, who performed the labor of her large household with her own hands; that she lived in a rural neighborhood, wherein personal and family topics were the supreme subjects of discussion, abode from the larger interests and busy thoroughfares of men, we can form a juster estimate of the breadth of her mind and heart.

Such were the father and mother of Alice and Phoebe Cary. From their father they inherited the poetical temperament, the love of nature, and of dumb creatures, their loving and pitying hearts, which were so large that they suffered the miseries and unutterable things. From their mother they inherited their interest in public affairs, their passion for justice, their faith, their truth to duty and as they saw it, their clear perceptions, and sturdy common sense.

Second Generation

Joseph, the ninth child of John, born in Plymouth, in 1665; emigrated to Connecticut, and was one of the original proprietors of the town of Windham. At the organization of the first church, in 1732, he was chosen deacon. He was a useful and very prominent man. He died in 1733.

Third Generation

John, the fourth child of Joseph, born in Windham, Connecticut, June 23, 1695, married Hannah Thurston, removed to Windham, was a man of wealth and influence in the church and in public affairs. He died in 1776, aged 81 years.

Fourth Generation

Samuel, the ninth child of John, born June 13, 1734, graduated at Yale College in the class of 1755, was a physician, eminent in his profession; married Deliverance Grant, in Bolton, Connecticut, and emigrated to Lyme, New Hampshire, among the first colonists, where he died in 1784.

Fifth Generation

Christopher, the eldest child of Samuel, born February 25, 1765, joined the army at an early age, under Colonel Walte of New Hampshire; was taken prisoner by the British, and suffered great hardships. He married Elise Terrel, at Lyme, New Hampshire, in 1784, removed with his family to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1802, died at College Hill, Ohio, in 1837.

Sixth Generation

Robert, the second child of Christopher, born March 24, 1787, emigrated with his father to the Northwest Territory in 1802, settled upon a farm near Mount Healthy, Hamilton County, Ohio, married Elizabeth Jessup in 1814, was a soldier in the war of 1812, and lived to 1865, aged 80 years. He died in 1866. Their children were —

1. Rowena, born 1814, married Car-

2. Susan, born 1816, married Alex- Swift, died 1852.


4. Alice, born 1820, died 1871.

5. Ada, born 1822, living at Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

6. Phoebe, born 1824, died 1871.

7. Warren, born 1826, living near Harrison, Ohio.

8. Lucy, born 1829, died 1853.

9. Elmina, born 1831, married Alex- Swift, died 1862.

In the beginning of the reign of Henry V., a certain knight-errant of Aragon, having passed through divers countries and through the midst of armed bands, to his high commendation, arrived here in England, where he chal- lenged any man of his rank and quality to make trial of his valor and skill in arms. This challenge Sir Robert Cary accepted, between whom a cruel en- counter and a long and doubtful con- front was waged in Smithfield, London. But at length this noble champion van- quished the presumptuous Aragono, for which King Henry V. restored him a good part of his father's lands, on which, for his loyalty to Richard II. he had been deprived by Henry IV., and authorized him to bear the arms of the Knight of Aragon, which the noble posterity continue to wear unto this day; for according to the laws of heraldry, whoever fairly in the field conquers his adversary, may jus- tify the wearing of his arms.

Phoebe had the Cary coat of arms engraved on a seal ring, which was taken from her finger after death. You see that it happened to the Cary family, as to many another of long descent, that it emerged from the vicissitudes of time and toil, poor, poss- essing no finer weapon to vanquish hostile fate than the intrinsic temper of his inheritance, the precious metal of honesty, industry, integrity, bravery, honor — in fine, true manhood. The great-grandfather of Alice and Phoebe, Samuel Cary, was graduated from Yale. A physician by profession, in Lyme, New Hampshire, he seems to have been the last of the manifold Cary boys who possessed the advantages of a liberal education. S. W. Christopher, entered the army of the Revolution at the age of eighteen. When peace was won, the young man received not money, but a land grant.
I

I

I

or warrant, in Hamilton County, Ohio, that she might escape the necessity of poverty probably compelled Christopher to the lot of a tiller of the soil.

The necessity of life, the necessity of a home for himself and his children, was always acknowledged that this was the work of many laborious years to clear it from the incumbrance of debt — years which could not but make their impression upon their rising family, and inculcate those lessons of perseverance, industry, and economy, which are the very foundations of success.

As is almost always the case in large families, the Cary children divested themselves into groups and couples, as age and disposition dictated. In this grouping, Alice and Phoebe, afterwards to be brought into such close relationship of my sister Rhoda, and the Vienna of Alice Cary's stories.

The school-house in which they gained the rudiments of an English education was dismantled a mile and a half from their home. The plain, one story brick building is still used for school purposes.

and their surrounding clearings were scattered all over the region, while here and there might be seen a more pretentious frame dwelling. One of these, built by Robert Cary, reared for his soil. The flat-boat, which Philo standing beside the younger of these, whom she made her constant playfellow. The children were much together in the open air, and were intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of their father's farm. They gathered wild flowers in Maytime, and nuts in October, and learned from school, one day, Alice found lying in the ground a freshly cut switch, and picked it up, saying, "Let us stick it in the ground and see if it will grow;" and immediately acting on her own suggestion, she stuck it in the ground; and there it after more than thirty-five years, it stood, a graceful and fitting monument to the gracious and tender nature which bade it live.

In the autumn of 1832, by persevering industry and frugal living, the farm was at last paid for, and a new and more commodious dwelling erected for the reception of the family, grown too large to be longer sheltered by the little cabins now dwelling in which is still standing, is no more than the plainest of farm-houses, built at a time when the family were obliged to board the builders, and the bricks were burned on the spot; yet it represents a degree of comfort only attained after a long struggle. It cost many years of toil and privation in life and death to the sister next separated. Alice's passionate devotion in life and death to the sister next older than herself is well known, while Phoebe, standing beside the younger of these, whom she made her constant playfellow. The children were much together in the open air, and were intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of their father's farm. They gathered wild flowers in Maytime, and nuts in October, and learned to love the company of trees and blossoms, birds and insects, and became deeply imbued with the love of nature. They were sensitive and imaginative, and it may well be thought, at least, that they, saw more beauty, and heard more melody in nature than every eye open to perceive. When they grew older, this kind of holiday life was interrupted by occasional attendance upon the district school, and of instruction in such household employments as were deemed indispensable — in knitting, sewing, cooking, chicken raising, and all those. Phoebe only became proficient in the first two. In both these she took pleasure up to the last illness, and in both she was unusually dextrous and neat, as well as in penmanship, showing in these respects a marked contrast to Alice. The school-house in which they gained the rudiments of an English education was dismantled a mile and a half from their home. The plain, one story brick building is still used for school purposes.

days. When we saw the house in sight, we would often sit down under a tree, and the days of the happy childhood of all our family. The stories that she used to tell me on our way home from school had in them the tragic fate of her heroes and heroines. Rhoda was golden-haired and blue-eyed, the only one who looked like our mother. I was not fourteen when she died — I am almost fifty, now. It may seem strange when I tell you that I don't believe that there has been an hour of any day since her death in which I have not thought of her and mourned for her. Strange, isn't it, that the life and death of a little child not three years old could take such a hold on another life? I have never lost the consciousness of the presence of that child.

That makes me think of our ghost story. Almost every family has a ghost story, you know? Ours has more than one, but the one foreshadowed the others."

"Do tell it to me," said the friend sitting by her bed.

"Well, the new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. It was about four in the afternoon, when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and this sun was to fall upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house, and the door was to have it continued. At another time it would take her days together to tell me one story. Rhoda was very impatient to begin, and veryNa
gazing and talking and calling. Rhoda herself came down-stairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with her feet in the cold, in the full blaze of the sun, the woman with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink, and intellectually she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we felt that there was a warning of sorrow — of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy a month later, December 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track, could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in, saying that he had seen 'a little girl, Rhoda, in a red dress.' He is dead now, and such a bright boy. Since the apparition in the other family of nine children the whole family must have been free from the shadow of death. Ever since, some one of us has been dying.

"I don't like to think how much we are robbed of in this world by just the conditions of our life. How much better work I should have done, how much more success I might have won, if I had had a better opportunity in my youth. But for the first fourteen years of my life, it seemed as if there was actually nothing in existence but work. The right to live free from the curse of debt. My father worked early and late, and I was never done. The mother of nine children, with no other help than that of their little hands, I shall always feel that she was taxed far beyond her strength, and died before her time. I have never felt myself to be the same that I was before Rhoda's death. Rhoda and I pinched for beauty; but there was no beauty about our homely house, but that of the work. We hunged and thirsted for knowledge; but there were not a dozen books on our family shelf, not a library within our reach. There was little time to study, and had there been more, there was no chance to learn but in the district school, which we walked to and from. How could I afford to gather a few beautiful things about me, it is too late. My leisure I must spend here" (turning toward her pillow), "Do you know" (with a pathetic smile) "I seem to myself like a worn-out old ship, laid up from further use, may be repaired a little; but I'll never be seaworthy again."
The friend, looking into her face, saw the dark eyes drowned in tears.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY STRUGGLES AND SUCCESS.

The deaths of Rhoda and Lucy Cary were events in our family, and passing away of their mother, who died July 30, 1835. In 1837 Robert Cary married again. His second wife was a widow, suitable in age and childless. Had her temperament been different, her heart must have gone out in tenderness to the family of young, motherless girls toward whom she was now called to fill a mother's place. The limitations of her nature made this impossible. Such a mental and spiritual organism as theirs she could not comprehend. Her heart was not poetical, nor capable of any humorous appreciation of what of life is termed the ridiculous, the incongruous, or the unprovoking.

Phoebe, speaking of the Cary sisters as if merely acquaintances, says: "They saw but few books or newspapers. On a small shelf of the cottage lay all the literary treasures of the family. They were as if a whole Bible, a Hymn Book, the 'History of the Jews,' 'Lewis and Clarke's Travels,' 'Pope's Essays,' and 'Charlotte Temple,' a romance founded on fact. There might have been one or two more, now forgotten, and there was, I know, a mutilated novel by an unknown hand, called the 'Black Penitents,' the mystery of whose fate (for the closing pages of the work were never seen) was always regret to me."

Phoebe, often spoke of the new keen sensation of delight which she felt when, for the first time, she saw her own verses' in print. "Oh, if they only could look like that now," she said to me within a year of her death; if they only could look like that now, it would be better than money." She was but fourteen when, without consulting even Alice, she sent a poem in secret to a Boston newspaper, and feared acceptance till, to her astonishment, she saw it copied in a home (Cincinnati) paper. She laughed and cried over it. "I did not care any more if I were poor, or my clothes plain. Somebody cared enough for me to write verses that I had seen in a newspaper, and made one care for me."

Meanwhile Robert Cary built a new stern, practical part of life, these children began very early to see visions and to dream. At the age of fifteen Alice was left motherless, and in one sense, companionless, her yet living sisters being too old or too young to fill the place which differed from her. The only sins of writing of which she seemed to have been guilty up to this time was her frequent occasions of improving the poetry in her school reader, and a few pages of original rhymes which broke the monotony of her copy-books. All ambition, and all love of the pursuits of life, seemed for a time to have died with her beloved sister. Her walks, which were now solitary, generally terminated at the little family burial-place, on a green hill that rose in sight of home."

All these conditions and influences in her life must be considered in measuring her success, in estimating the quality of her work. One of the severest criticisms passed on her early poems was that they were fall of grave and sternness, remembering the barrenness and lonely girl whose daily walk ended in the grave-yard on the hill-side, where her mother and all her sisters were gone. Another early song escape the shadow of death and the vibration of sorrow? With her, it was the utterance of actual loss, not the morbid sentimentalism of poet youth. In after years, Phoebe often spoke of the new keen sensation of delight which she felt when, for the first time, she saw her own verses in print. "Oh, if they only could look like that now," she said to me within a year of her death; if they only could look like that now, it would be better than money." She was but fourteen when, without consulting even Alice, she sent a poem in secret to a Boston newspaper, and feared acceptance till, to her astonishment, she saw it copied in a home (Cincinnati) paper. She laughed and cried over it. "I did not care any more if I were poor, or my clothes plain. Somebody cared enough for me to write verses that I had seen in a newspaper, and made one care for me."

Meanwhile Robert Cary built a new
...and revising all our published poems, to send to New York. Rev. R. W. Griswold, quite a noted author, is going to publish them for us this summer, and we are to receive for them a hundred dollars. I don't know as I feel better or worse, as I don't think it will do us much good, or any one else. This little volume, entitled "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," published by Messrs. Whittier and Brother of Philadelphia, was the first condensed result of their twelve years of study, privation, aspiration, labor, sorrow, and youth.

To the year 1850, Alice and Phoebe had never met any of their Eastern friends save Mr. Greeley. But after the publication of their little book, they went forth to the land of promise, and beheld face to face, for the first time, the sympathetic souls who had sent them so many words of encouragement and praise. They went first to New York, from thence to Boston, and from Boston these women ministers took their way to Amherst, and all unknown, save by name, knocked at the door of the poet Whittier. Mr. Whittier related that visit by his touching poem of "The Singer," published after the death of Alice.

Years since (but names to me before),
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West;

Talid and young, the elder had
Even then a smile too sweetly sad;
The crown of pain that all must wear
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet, ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were floating with song,
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing-birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
The intellectual life of neither man
Nor woman can be justly judged with
It shape and substance. Alice Cary
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Could I a singing-bird forbid?

From the valley of the West, heard
Timid and young, the elder had
Souls never waned while human life
Her lips were sweet with song,
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Forbade to song the voice seemed to me
I queried not with destiny:
I know the trial and the need,
Yet all the more, I said, God speed!

What could I other than I did?
Could I a singing-bird forbid?

The intellectual life of neither man
Nor woman can be justly judged with
It shape and substance. Alice Cary
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Forbade to song the voice seemed to me
I queried not with destiny:
I know the trial and the need,
Yet all the more, I said, God speed!

What could I other than I did?
Could I a singing-bird forbid?
derness, capable of an unselfish, life-long devotion to one. Whatever her motives, no mere gift or bida tion could ever have borne such a woman out into the world to seek and to win a man. Had Alice Cary married the man whom she then loved, she would never have come to New York at all, to coin the rare gifts of her brain into money to buy for shelter and bread. Business interests had brought into her western neighborhood a man at that time much her superior in years, culture, and fortune. Naturally she sought the society of a young, lovely woman so superior to her surroundings and associations. To Alice he was the man of men. It is doubtful if the most richly endowed man of the world whom she met afterwards in her larger sphere, ever to her the splendor of manhood which invested this king of her youth. Alice Cary loved this man, and in the profoundest sense she never loved another. A proud and prosperous family brought all their pride and power to bear to prevent his marrying a girl to them uneducated, rustic, and poor. "I waited for one who never came back," she said. Yet I believed he would come, till I read in a paper his marriage to another. Can you think what the world was—loving one, waiting for one who would never come!"

He did come at last. His wife had died. Alice was dying. The gray-haired man sat down beside the gray-haired woman. Life had dealt prosperously with him, as is its wont with many, and had brought all from her save the lustre of her womanhood. He always cherished for these sisters, or artists, who occasioned the true women who have their being within the circle of his life. In their pursuits, mutual friends, and long association strengthened and cemented the fraternal bond to the last. Mr. Greeley himself thus refers to their early associations.

"Being already an acquaintance, I called on the sisters soon after they had set up their household gods among us, and met them at their home or at the houses of mutual friends. Their parlor was not so large as some others, but its furniture was neat and cheerful enough to make a home: also in the fact that they possessed every attribute of character and habit necessary to the making of one. They had money but no debts, and no "boarding." Any friend of theirs ever compelled to stay in a boarding-house was surely an unwelcome guest. They had no commiseration and sympathy. A home they must have, albeit it was up two flights of stairs. The furnishings of this home they brought industry, frugality, and a hatred of debt. If they had money they spent it, but to put a crust must suffice. With their inflexible integrity they believed that they had no right to more, till they had money to pay for that more. Thus from the beginning to the end they always lived within their income. They never wore or had anything better than they could afford. With true feminine instinct, they made their little "flat" take on at once the cosiest look of home. A genius seeking the city, as they did, of course would have taken refuge in a boarding-house, artistic, and "enjoyed himself" in writing poems and leaders amid dirt and forlornity. Not so these women-poets, who showed how she painted the door, framed the pictures, and "brightened up" things generally. Thus from the first they had a home, and by the very magnanimity of a man who in choicest, in truth a home, they drew around them friends who were their friends no less till they breathed their last. One of these was Mr. Greeley. He always cherished for these sisters three the respect and affection which every true man instinctively feels for the true women who have their being within the circle of his life. In their pursuits, mutual friends, and long association strengthened and cemented the fraternal bond to the last. Mr. Greeley himself thus refers to their early associations.

"Being already an acquaintance, I called on the sisters soon after they set up their household gods among us, and met them at their home or at the houses of mutual friends. Their parlor was not so large as some others, but its furniture was neat and cheerful enough to make a home: also in the fact that they possessed every attribute of character and habit necessary to the making of one. They had money but no debts, and no "boarding." Any friend of theirs ever compelled to stay in a boarding-house was surely an unwelcome guest. They had no commiseration and sympathy. A home they must have, albeit it was up two flights of stairs. The furnishings of this home they brought industry, frugality, and a hatred of debt. If they had money they spent it, but to put a crust must suffice. With their inflexible integrity they believed that they had no right to more, till they had money to pay for that more. Thus from the beginning to the end they always lived within their income. They never wore or had anything better than they could afford. With true feminine instinct, they made their little "flat" take on at once the cosiest look of home. A genius seeking the city, as they did, of course would have taken refuge in a boarding-house, artistic, and "enjoyed himself" in writing poems and leaders amid dirt and forlornity. Not so these women-poets, who showed how she painted the door, framed the pictures, and "brightened up" things generally. Thus from the first they had a home, and by the very magnanimity of a man who in choicest, in truth a home, they drew around them friends who were their friends no less till they breathed their last. One of these was Mr. Greeley. He always cherished for these sisters three the respect and affection which every true man instinctively feels for the true women who have their being within the circle of his life. In their pursuits, mutual friends, and long association strengthened and cemented the fraternal bond to the last. Mr. Greeley himself thus refers to their early associations.

"Being already an acquaintance, I called on the sisters soon after they set up their household gods among us, and met them at their home or at the houses of mutual friends. Their parlor was not so large as some others, but its furniture was neat and cheerful enough to make a home: also in the fact that they possessed every attribute of character and habit necessary to the making of one. They had money but no debts, and no "boarding." Any friend of theirs ever compelled to stay in a boarding-house was surely an unwelcome guest. They had no commiseration and sympathy. A home they must have, albeit it was up two flights of stairs. The furnishings of this home they brought industry, frugality, and a hatred of debt. If they had money they spent it, but to put a crust must suffice. With their inflexible integrity they believed that they had no right to more, till they had money to pay for that more. Thus from the beginning to the end they always lived within their income. They never wore or had anything better than they could afford. With true feminine instinct, they made their little "flat" take on at once the cosiest look of home. A genius seeking the city, as they did, of course would have taken refuge in a boarding-house, artistic, and "enjoyed himself" in writing poems and leaders amid dirt and forlornity. Not so these women-poets, who showed how she painted the door, framed the pictures, and "brightened up" things generally. Thus from the first they had a home, and by the very magnanimity of a man who in choicest, in truth a home, they drew around them friends who were their friends no less till they breathed their last. One of these was Mr. Greeley. He always cherished for these sisters three the respect and affection which every true man instinctively feels for the true women who have their being within the circle of his life. In their pursuits, mutual friends, and long association strengthened and cemented the fraternal bond to the last. Mr. Greeley himself thus refers to their early associations.
ally met at their informal invitation, to
discuss the newest books, poems, and events,
which caused much pa­
tative. New­
It was a successful book, and
was brought out a second time com­
plete, with the addition of "The
Nights of Tlascala," a narrative poem
of seventy-two pages, by Ticknor
and Fields, in 1855. Alice's first novel,
"Hagar, a Wonder of To-Day," was
written for and appeared in the "Cin­
cinnati Commercial," and re­
wards brought out by Redfield in 1852.
"Married, Not Mated," appeared in
1856. "Pictures of Country Life,
by Alice Cary," were published by
Dorsey and Jackson in 1859. This book re­
produced much of the freshness, the
exquisite grace and naturalness, of her
"Clovernook Papers." She was free
on her native heath, when she painted
the rural scenery and rural life. These
Papers were translated into French in
Paris, and "The Literary Gazette
(London), which is not accustomed to
American authors, said: "Every
tale in this book might be selected as
evidence of a poet's, not a woman's,
honest, believing gaze. Intensely in­
to the intellectual product of the two sisters,
the most important of which was
"Hymns for All Christians," pub­
lished by Hurd and Houghton in 1859,
"Poems and Parodies," published by
Ticknor and Fields, 1834, and
"Poems of Faith, Hope, and
Love," issued by Hurd and Houghton
in 1868. Beside, Alice and Phoebe
left, at their death, poems enough un­
collected to give each name two added
volumes. One book of Child­
Poems. The disparity in the actual
mental product of the two sisters,
the same number of years, is very
striking. It is the result, not so much
of mental inequality, as of the compel­
lings with, energy, industry, and the
patience of labor of the older sister.

CHAPTER III.

THEIR HOME. — HABITS OF LIFE AND
OF LABOR. — THE SUMMER OF 1869.

Before 1826, Alice and Phoebe had
removed to the pretty house in Twen­
tieth Street, which was destined to be
their last earthly home. Within a
short time Alice bought this house,
and it was sole owner at the time of
her death. An English writer has
said: "Single women can do little to
form a circle; they can but adore one
when found." This certainly was
never true of the two single women
whose earthly days we are tracing.
For within the house in Twen­
tieth Street became the centre
of one of the choicest and most cos­
opolitan circles in New York. The
two sisters drew about them only
the best, but the most genial minds.
True men and women equally found
in each one of them a true friend.
They met every true woman
that came to them with sympathy and
friendship, for Alice and Phoebe
had with her all the mutual toils and
sorrows of womanhood. They met every
true man, as brother, as friend, as
honest, believing gaze. Intensely in­
terested in all great public questions,
loving their country, devoted to it,
devoted to everything good and true;
alive to everything of interest in poli­
tics, religion, literature, and society;
the one pensive and tender, the other
witty and gay, men of refinement,
culture, and heart bound in them the
most delightful companions. Beside
(which was much), no man welcome,
was afraid to go to their house.
Independent in their industry and resources:
they asked few favors. They had
no "designs," even the most harmless,
on any living or dead, married or
 unmarried, or unmarriageable, could
visit the Carys without fear or ques­
tion. The atmosphere of the house
was transparent as the sunshine.
They loved women, they delighted in
the society of agreeable men, and fear­
lessly said so. The weekly refresh­
ment of the house was hospitality, its
daily habit, labor. I have never known
any other woman so systematically and
persistently industrious as Alice Cary.
Her was truly the genius of patience.
No obstacle daunted her, no pain
ever stifled it, no weariness ever
overcame it, till the last weariness of death.
As Phoebe, she was "silent from
her hand at last," and only then,
because in the valley of the shadow of
death, which she had entered, she
could no longer see to trace the
triumbling, uncertain lines. But few
men or women could behold, back of
this elegant, this love of labor.
I doubt if she ever kept a diary, or
drew down a rule for her life. She
did not need to do so; her life itself
was the rule. There was a beautiful,
yet touching uniformity in her days.
Her pleasures were in recreation, amusement, as other women

LITERARY HABITS.

MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

TRAVELING LIFE. — THE SUMMER OF 1859.
MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

sought these, she knew almost nothing.
Her rest and recreation were the in-
tervals from pain, in which she could
work. As she leaned back among the
pillows, the dark eyes were lifted and
fixed upon this picture. In the winter,
cold, rain, or snow, would go direct to
labor, for it was making a cap, or trimming a bonnet, or
ruminating to the depths of femin-
ity, no less it was work of
some sort, never play. The only hour
rest of any day brought, was the hour
after the dinner hour, when
one sister always came to the other's
room, and with folded hands and low
voices they talked over, almost always,
the past, the friends loved, scattered,
or gone before.

The morning might be for mirth, but
the evening belonged to memory. All
Alice's personal surroundings were
dainty and womanly. It was no dreary
den, in which she thought and wrought.
It was a sunny room over the library,
the depth of the house, with
windows at both ends. A carpet of
woody tints, relieved with scarlet flow-
ered the floor. Over the mantel-piece
hung a copy of Miss How's "Early
Sorrow," the picture of a poor, wind-
beaten young girl, her yellow hair
blown about her face, and the rain of
sorrow in her eyes, painted by a strug-
gling, unfortunate artist, whom Alice
had done more to help and encourage,
than all others in the world.

Autumn leaves and sea-mosses im-
pregnated in frames, and in their Bohe-
ma vases, adorned the black marble mantel.
Beside the back window, within the al-
cove for which it had been expressly
made, stood the bed, her couch of suf-
ferring and musing, and on which she
died. The bedside was of rosewood,
treated with a band of cornel, and set
with arabesques of gilt; its white cov-
erlet and pillow-cases edged with deli-
cate lace. Above it hung an exquisite
engraving of Cupid, the gift of Mrs.
Greeley, brought by her from Paris. At
the foot of the bed hung a copy of the
engraving of Rosa Bonheur's "Oxen," 
a farmer ploughing down the furrows
of growing " wrought up " over wrong
justice everywhere, sharing the
cost of the nation, morning journals and the mail.

Phoebe's desk, of the same form and
wood, though of a smaller size than that of Alice. In its appointments it
was a perfect model of neatness. It
always and in order; while, beside books, its shelves were ornamented with vases and other pretty
trinkets. On the opposite side of the
room stood a table, the receptacle of the
latest newspapers, magazines, and nov-
els, that, like the desk, was ever in or-
der, and in addition to its freight of
literature always made room for a work-basket well stocked with spools, sewing machines, and implements of an
accomplished needlewoman.

Both sisters always retained their
country habit of retiring and rising
early; they were rarely out of bed at
after ten at night, and more rarely in it
after six of the morning. Till the summer
of 1869, Alice always rose and
went to market, Phoebe getting up as early and going to her sewing. From
that time till her death, Phoebe did the
marketing, and the purchases of the
day were all made before breakfast.
From this time, the evening, which was not equal to
the exertion of dressing and going out,
Aliece arose no less early.

Shiny, the corner of the hall was a
room which corresponded exactly
with that of Alice, the room which
she made with the assumed so-
but, Phoebe's, the new house, a room
which she made with the assumed so-

A. M., rarely later than six.
Not a week that she did not more than
on her white robe and breakfast shawl,
and with this Phoebe Carya of the
earth, Phoebe Cary that ever made delightful an
evening drawing-room was tame, com-
pared with this Phoebe Cary. Phoebe
Phoebe to go directly to Alice as soon
just home from market, " had seen a
sight," and had something funny to
tell. More, she had any amount of
funny things to tell. The wittiest Phoe-
be Cary to go directly to Alice as soon
just home from market, " had seen a
sight," and had something funny to
tell. More, she had any amount of
funny things to tell. The wittiest Phoe-
be Cary to go directly to Alice as soon
just home from market, " had seen a
sight," and had something funny to
tell. More, she had any amount of
funny things to tell. The wittiest Phoe-
be Cary to go directly to Alice as soon
just home from market, " had seen a
sight," and had something funny to
tell. More, she had any amount of
funny things to tell. The wittiest Phoe-
be Cary to go directly to Alice as soon
just home from market, " had seen a
sight," and had something funny to
tell. More, she had any amount of
funny things to tell. The wittiest Phoe-
be Cary to go directly to Alice as soon
just home from market, " had seen a
sight," and had something funny to
tell. More, she had any amount of
funny things to tell.
MR. GREELEY’S READING.

19

To Alice and Phoebe Cary.

Who from the same field singing came,
The song whose echo now is fame,
And to the great false city took
The honest hearts of Claverneck.
And made their home beside the sea.
The trysting-place of Liberty.

From their old friend,

Christmas, 1869.

Another was a dainty book in green
and gold, entitled "The Golden Wedding,
presented "To Phoebe Cary, with the kind regards of Joseph and
Rebecca W. Taylor," the parents of
Bayard Taylor.

Across the hall, opposite the parlor,
was the library, which so many
will so wont to gather for converse
and choice communion. These words
were so wont to gather for converse
and choice communion. These words
are dis- solved,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

Alice settled far back in her easy-chair, listening with eloquent eyes.
A large window faced the street, the opposite side being nearly taken up by a large window of stained glass in which gold and sapphire lights commingled. Opposite the hall door was a black marble mantel surmounted by a mirror set in ebony and gold. On either side, covering the entire length of the room, were open oaken book-shelves, filled with over a thousand volumes, the larger proportion handsome literary editions of the standard books of the world. The Windows were hung with satin curtains of an oaken tinge edged with maroon.

Alice Cary managed her house with quiet system and without ado. Her home was beautifully kept, the kitchen was as good as the parlor. She was no slave to Miss Lyon, nor was she ever to be out of her reach. She was an indulgent mistress, respecting the rights of every person in her household as much as her own. In the parlor, they were always, under the sweetest disposition of the most considerate for each other, and love each other dearly, and were always correct in the minutest particular they rendered each other, and love each other dearly, and were always correct in the minutest particular they rendered each other.

Phoebe was the housekeeper of this home. Until the summer of 1869, this was in no sense true. Before the house could be settled, Phoebe did not "take to housework," but was a very queen of the needle. She was an expositor of the principles of the most correct manners; she never in any way crossed each other, nor was it based on their devoted affection and perfect faith in each other.

"Miss Lyon's Weeks."
were always in the absolute privacy of their lives. Each obeyed one inflexibly. If they were to feel or to endure, because of it she was not to infect any suffering upon her sister; no, not even if that sister had inadvertently been the cause of it. If she was "out of sorts," she went into her own room, shut her door and "had it out" by herself. This was the only sign of the foe routed. The bright sally, the quiet smile, the perfection of gentle breeding were all there, undimmed and indestructible.

The first of July, Phoebe went to Waldenmere, Bridgeport, Conn., to visit the family of Mr. P. T. Barlow, and then to Cambridge, to see Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Houghton; from thence to visit the family of Rev. Dr. B. F. Toff in Bangor, Maine. Early in June, Alice had been persuaded to visit a beloved niece in the mountain region of Pennsylvania. She remained a week, and on her return told how the sweet country air and the smell of the woods had brought back her girlhood.

"But I could not stay," she said; "I had so much to do." Nor would she be induced to go again, though loving friends urged, indeed entreated her to leave her desk, and the heat and turmoil of the city.

Physically and mentally she needed change and respite from the overstrain of too long continued toil. A summer in a country at this crisis in her health, could not have failed to restore, if not to restore. But she changed her own room and surroundings, and to her work, and reluctantly Phoebe went forth to the kind friends surrounding her. That was a mystical month that followed, that month of July. The very walls of the houses seemed changed into burning brass. The sun, uncooled by showers, rose and set, tracking all his course and molding the formation of her shape her Apollo might take, she sought with him, and slew him, alone. When she appeared beside, it might strike one that a new line of pain had for the moment lit upon her face; that was the only sign of the foe routed. The bright sally, the quiet smile, the perfection of gentle breeding were all there, undimmed and indestructible.

In August, Alice wrote to me at Newport: "Phoebe is still away, and I alone in the house; but busy as a bee from morning till night. I often hear it said that people, as they grow older, lose their interest in things around them; but this is not true of me. I take more interest in life, in all that concerns it, and in human beings, every year I live. If I fail of bringing something worthy to pass, I don't mean that it shall be for lack of energy or industry. I'm putting the house in order, and have such new and splendid plans to carry it on. But it makes me cry to think that I am as far away from you in health, as if I were already in eternity."

In the early dawn of a wintry morn, I went in to her bedside to say good-by. The burning hands outstretched, the tearful, beseeching eyes, the low voice burdened with loving farewell, are among the most precious and pathetic of all the treasures which faithful memory bears on to her in the land where she now is.

"Since I wrote you," she said, "My only sister, save Phoebe, has died; and look at me!" She moved, and I saw that the graceful movement, so especially hers, was gone — that she was hopelessly lame.

Thus the first of September began. The burning hands outstretched, the tearful, beseeching eyes, the low voice burdened with loving farewell, are among the most precious and pathetic of all the treasures which faithful memory bears on to her in the land where she now is.

CHAPTER IV.

THEIR SUNDAY EVENING RECEPTIONS.

The most resplendent social assemblage of the age. Were there to be a nobleman and a stilted, queer literary woman of a dubious age. Yet the first blue-stocking, Elizabeth Montague, was a woman who could lie to her face, as if she was at ease with it all; that in one sense I was as far away from you in health, as if I were already in eternity."

But it makes me cry to think that I am as far away from you in health, as if I were already in eternity."

In the early dawn of a wintry morn, I went in to her bedside to say good-by. The burning hands outstretched, the tearful, beseeching eyes, the low voice burdened with loving farewell, are among the most precious and pathetic of all the treasures which faithful memory bears on to her in the land where she now is.

SUNDAY EVENING RECEPTIONS.

The nearest approach to the first ideal blue-stocking reception ever reached in this country was the Sunday evening receptions of Alice and Phoebe Cary. Here, for over fifteen years, in an unpretending home, gathered not only the pretentious, as to make it the rallying point, the outwearing centre of the artistic and literary life of the metropolis. Its central magnet lost, its once broken and scattered in all its
parts, cannot be easily regathered and bound. Society must wait till another season. The wist, sweet, unfastidious, sympathetic, and centripetal, shall draw together once more its scattered forces and seats of influence. For the relief of Puritan friends who are troubled, those receptions occurred on Sabbath evenings. I must say they never hindered anybody from going to church. Horace Greeley, who never missed a Sabbath evening in this house when in the city, used to drink his two cups of sweetened milk and water, say his say, and then suddenly vanish, to go and speak at a temperance meeting, to listen to Dr. Chapin, or to write his Monday morning leader for the "Tribune." Sabbath evening was their reception evening because it was the only one which the sisters had invariably free from labor; and, as a rule, this was equally true of their guests. While her health permitted, Alice attended church regularly every Sunday morning, and till her last sickness Phoebe was a faithful church-goer; but Sabbath evening was their own and their friends'. In their receptions there was no formality, no rule of dress. You could come as simply or as finely arrayed as you chose. Your closest costume would not increase your welcome, nor your shabbiest attire place you at a discount. Indeed, if anything about you ever so remotely suggested poverty or loneliness, it would, at the earliest possible moment, bring Alice to you. She would be sure not to leave you yourself altogether, in a quiet, impersonal, friendly flow of talk which would make you feel at home at once. You would forget your clothes and would make you feel at home at once. You would forget your clothes and

"I have no desire to go to the Carys," said a supercilious literary dame, "for they admit such people." "Why, they are like you," was the astonished reply. "For all I know; but they are so odd, and they have no position — absolutely none." Then the more they must need friends, and Phoebe, I think, contradicted Goldsmith's assertion: "If you want friends, be sure not to need them." Phoebe's attention was called one day to a young man, poor, little known, ungraceful in bearing, and stiff in manner, who had artistic tastes and a desire to know artistic people, and who sometimes came quietly into the little library, on Sunday evening, without any special invitation, but who no less was cordially received. "She says she is astonished that you receive him," said a friend. "He is so pushy and presumptuous, and his family is very poor." "You tell —" said Phoebe, with a flash in her black eyes, "that we like him very much; that he is just as well-bred in his manners as another man; and, by the way, do you receive him?" said a friend. "He is not a bad young man, but —" "If they could all be gathered into one common bond. For the relief or of patronage; where, in plain opposition to his family is very common."

"Dodge, Mrs. Croly, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Rayl, Mrs. Mary Stevens Robinson. I have not space for one tenth of the names I might recall — actors, artists, poets, clergymen, titled people from abroad, women of home, of the unknown. In each type and class they found friends; and what better proof could be given of the widening circle of their humanity, that, without being narrowed by any, their hearts were large enough for all? Perhaps neither sister could have attracted into one common circle so many minds, various, if not conflicting, in their separate sphere of thought and action. Each sister was the counter-part of the other. To the sympathy, appreciation, tact, gentleness, and tenerness of Alice were added the wit and bonhomie and sparkling cheer of Phoebe. The combination was perfect for social effect and success."

Rev. Charles F. Deems, Phoebe's pastor at the time of her death, and the cherished and trusted friend of both sisters, at the request of "Phoebe's Monthly," February, 1870, an article entitled "Alice and Phoebe Cary: Their Home and Friends," which contains so vivid a sketch of some of their Sunday evening visitors that I quote from it: —"If they could all be gathered into one room, it would really be a sight to see all the people who have been attracted by these charming women during the years they have occupied this cozy home. Let us fancy that there are so collected: "There are, facile principes of their friends, Horace Greeley — not so very handsome, perhaps, but oh, such a heart! He is sitting in a listening or abstracted attitude, with his great, full head bent, or smiling over his great baby face as he hears or tells something good; perhaps especially enjoying the famous Quaker sermon which Oliver Johnson, of the 'Independent,' is telling with such friendly accentuation, and with such command over his strong features, while all the company are at the point of explosion. That round-headed Professor of Rhetoric in the corner, who reads Shakespeare in a style that would make the
immortal William thril if he could only hear him, is Professor Raymond. This man, with his beard and mustachio, is Lord Adare, son of a Scotch earl; and the bonny, bright-eyed boy who is his wife's host, is Phoebe's father. The man is Lord Adare, son of a Scotch earl; and the bonny, bright-eyed boy who is his wife's host, is Phoebe's father. The man is Lord Adare, son of a Scotch earl; and the bonny, bright-eyed boy who is his wife's host, is Phoebe's father. The man is Lord Adare, son of a Scotch earl; and the bonny, bright-eyed boy who is his wife's host, is Phoebe's father.
appointments that evening, as one by one names famous in literature and art were pronounced, and their owners for the first time took on the semblance of the flesh, and blood before her. Freely came into the room, and sat down beside her, a lady whose eyes, in their first glance, and whose voice, in its first low tone, won her heart. Soft, sad, tender eyes they were, and the face from which they shone was lovely. Its features were fine, its complexion a low tone, won her heart. Soft, sad, first glance, and whose voice, in its first time took on the semblance of the lowest and most adverse conditions a pure, sweet, and noble life, placed herself, amidst the sun, all the chance of its little life. That this so seldom could be, in this distorted world, was the abiding grief of her life. Early she ceased to suffer chiefly for herself; but to her latest breath she suffered for the sorrows of others. Phoebe truly said: 'Constituted as she was, it was not possible for her to help taking upon herself, not only all the sorrows of her friends, but in some sense the tribulation and anguish that cometh upon every son and daughter of Adam. She was not wont to roam, nor to do, in a narrower sphere, to emulate the traits which brought the best success to her in her wider life.

Many personally impress us with the fact that they have wrought into the forms of life the very best in themselves. Whatever they may have embodied in form, color, or thought, we are sure that it is the best that they have to give, and in giving that, they are by so much themselves impoverished. In their own souls they hold nothing rarer in reserve. The opposite was true of Alice Cary. You could not know her without learning to love her, and in loving her, to give of your life, without losing more than that, one who knew her in the sanctuary of her life should, at least, partly lift the veil which ever hung between the lovely soul and the world; that the women of this land may see more clearly the sister whom they have lost, who, in what she was herself, was so much more than in what she was in mortal weakness with her, I say, once an example and glory to American womanhood. It must ever remain a grief to those who knew her and loved her best, that such a soul as hers should have missed its highest earthly reward; but, if she can still live on as an incentive and a friend to those who recognize the need of it, at least is comforted now for all she suffered and all she missed here.

The life of one woman who has conquered her own spirit, who, alone and unsatisfied, through the mastery of her will, was wrought out from the hardest and most adverse conditions a pure, sweet, and noble life, placed herself, amidst the sun, all the chance of its little life. That this so seldom could be, in this distorted world, was the abiding grief of her life. Early she ceased to suffer chiefly for herself; but to her latest breath she suffered for the sorrows of others. Phoebe truly said: 'Constituted as she was, it was not possible for her to help taking upon herself, not only all the sorrows of her friends, but in some sense the tribulation and anguish that cometh upon every son and daughter of Adam. She was not wont to roam, nor to do, in a narrower sphere, to emulate the traits which brought the best success to her in her wider life.

It was this measureless capacity to know the capacity of everything that concerns human nature, this pity for all, this longing for justice and mercy to the lowest and the meanest thing that could breathe and suffer - this largeness lifting her above all littleness — this universality of soul, which made her in herself great as she was tended planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with hands less than could be helpful and doubly to good near her ; and when it seemed impossible that one suffering herself such manifold afflictions could think even of the needs of others.' It was this measureless capacity to know the capacity of everything that concerns human nature, this pity for all, this longing for justice and mercy to the lowest and the meanest thing that could breathe and suffer — this largeness lifting her above all littleness — this universality of soul, which made her in herself great as she was tended planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with hands less than could be helpful and doubly to good near her; and when it seemed impossible that one suffering herself such manifold afflictions could think even of the needs of others.'

It was this measureless capacity to know the capacity of everything that concerns human nature, this pity for all, this longing for justice and mercy to the lowest and the meanest thing that could breathe and suffer - this largeness lifting her above all littleness — this universality of soul, which made her in herself great as she was tended planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with hands less than could be helpful and doubly to good near her; and when it seemed impossible that one suffering herself such manifold afflictions could think even of the needs of others.'

It was this measureless capacity to know the capacity of everything that concerns human nature, this pity for all, this longing for justice and mercy to the lowest and the meanest thing that could breathe and suffer - this largeness lifting her above all littleness — this universality of soul, which made her in herself great as she was tended planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with hands less than could be helpful and doubly to good near her; and when it seemed impossible that one suffering herself such manifold afflictions could think even of the needs of others.'

It was this measureless capacity to know the capacity of everything that concerns human nature, this pity for all, this longing for justice and mercy to the lowest and the meanest thing that could breathe and suffer - this largeness lifting her above all littleness — this universality of soul, which made her in herself great as she was tended planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with hands less than could be helpful and doubly to good near her; and when it seemed impossible that one suffering herself such manifold afflictions could think even of the needs of others.'

It was this measureless capacity to know the capacity of everything that concerns human nature, this pity for all, this longing for justice and mercy to the lowest and the meanest thing that could breathe and suffer - this largeness lifting her above all littleness — this universality of soul, which made her in herself great as she was tended planning great projects for the benefit of suffering humanity, and working with hands less than could be helpful and doubly to good near her; and when it seemed impossible that one suffering herself such manifold afflictions could think even of the needs of others.'
and tried to interest herself in general schemes and plans for the advancement of women. But it was all of no use. She could not live after Alice was gone. "I do not know what is the matter with me," she said to me on one occasion; "I have lain down, and it seems, because Alice is not there, there is no reason why I should get up." For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"

"In addition to the love I felt for them, I am proud of these two women, as women whose isolated lives were so simple and so pure, who gave back tenderness and devotion and loving charity, for the slights which society deals even to gifted, if lonely womenhood. Some mistaken impressions have been obtained in regard to Alice Cary, in consequence of the sudden termination of her alliance with "Sorosis." For her connection with the society at all, I done am responsible. Honesty was not her characteristic. She never had any inclination towards a position. Therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Paxton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so. For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"

Alice took her seat as President of the Woman's Club (Sorosis), in its original in¬ception. She had sympathized, when the society was actually formed, but always refused to take any active part in the management. She had no sympathy with "Sorosis." For her connection with the society at all, I done am responsible. Honesty was not her characteristic. She never had any inclination towards a position. Therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Paxton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so. For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"

"In addition to the love I felt for them, I am proud of these two women, as women whose isolated lives were so simple and so pure, who gave back tenderness and devotion and loving charity, for the slights which society deals even to gifted, if lonely womenhood. Some mistaken impressions have been obtained in regard to Alice Cary, in consequence of the sudden termination of her alliance with "Sorosis." For her connection with the society at all, I done am responsible. Honesty was not her characteristic. She never had any inclination towards a position. Therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Paxton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so. For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"

Alice Cary, think what faith, reverence, and affection thousands of women have given to you, and you will not even give them your name." I left the house hastily, and went back to the office. I wept hot tears of grief and disappointment behind my veil. A moment after I arrived there, to my astonishment she carne in, sank down at her feet, and kissed her hand over and over again. Dear Alice Cary! only the argument that she was withholding something she could give had any weight with her.

Alice took her seat as President of the Woman's Club (Sorosis), in its original in¬ception. She had sympathized, when the society was actually formed, but always refused to take any active part in the management. She had no sympathy with "Sorosis." For her connection with the society at all, I done am responsible. Honesty was not her characteristic. She never had any inclination towards a position. Therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Paxton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so. For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"

"In addition to the love I felt for them, I am proud of these two women, as women whose isolated lives were so simple and so pure, who gave back tenderness and devotion and loving charity, for the slights which society deals even to gifted, if lonely womenhood. Some mistaken impressions have been obtained in regard to Alice Cary, in consequence of the sudden termination of her alliance with "Sorosis." For her connection with the society at all, I done am responsible. Honesty was not her characteristic. She never had any inclination towards a position. Therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Paxton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so. For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"

"In addition to the love I felt for them, I am proud of these two women, as women whose isolated lives were so simple and so pure, who gave back tenderness and devotion and loving charity, for the slights which society deals even to gifted, if lonely womenhood. Some mistaken impressions have been obtained in regard to Alice Cary, in consequence of the sudden termination of her alliance with "Sorosis." For her connection with the society at all, I done am responsible. Honesty was not her characteristic. She never had any inclination towards a position. Therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Paxton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so. For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"

"In addition to the love I felt for them, I am proud of these two women, as women whose isolated lives were so simple and so pure, who gave back tenderness and devotion and loving charity, for the slights which society deals even to gifted, if lonely womenhood. Some mistaken impressions have been obtained in regard to Alice Cary, in consequence of the sudden termination of her alliance with "Sorosis." For her connection with the society at all, I done am responsible. Honesty was not her characteristic. She never had any inclination towards a position. Therefore, I applied first to Mrs. Paxton to become its President, a post which she at first accepted, and afterwards refused for a personal reason. Desirous of having a literary club, with the name of a distinguished literary woman, I begged Alice Cary to accept the position. She found it difficult to refuse my urgent entreaties, but did so. For three years I have gone straight to her bedside as soon as I arose in the morning, and whenever she said "I feel weak," or "Could one think of these words without tears?"
MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHEBE CARY.

ALICE'S LOVE OF CHILDREN.

schools, colleges, and the exclusive knowledge and management of affairs; we do feel, gentlemen, that in spite of them, an honest, earnest, and unostentatious effort toward broader culture and higher life is entitled to a heartier and more sympathetic recognition than we have as yet received from you anywhere: even from our representatives here at home, the leaders of the New York press, have failed in that magnanimity which has been so accustomed to attribute to them.

If we could have foreseen the sneers and sarcasms with which we have been met, they of themselves would have constituted all-sufficient reasons for the establishment of this Woman's Club; as it is, they have established a strong establishment of this Woman's Club; and sarcasms with which we have been blunder lives, and better and more endur-

lengthening behind us and gathering results, for our feet are already on the road. On my list, I, for my part, cannot be- enterprise, ultimately, a great power

ous organization; and concert and bar-

ent effort toward thorough and harmoni-

us to braver assertion, to more persist­

press, have failed in that magnanimity

do feel, gentlemen, that in spite of

knowledge and management of affairs!

put at her ease, and felt perfectly at home. She took the individuality of those near to her, the members of her own family, and all who had been

er-waning love for her own little sister Lucy. Though but three years old when she passed away, the impress of Alice Cary's heart in private to her friend. As wayward as the lawless mist

That wanders where it will, 

Sllle comes — my little one.

I cannot have a dream so wrought

Of nothing, nor so wild

With fantasies, but she is there, 

My heavenly-human child — 

My glad, gay little one.

she lavished with concentrated power

into a laugh. "They are all Alice Cary's; take your choice. The only trouble they make me is, I can't possibly get time to write to them all, though I do try to, to the babies' mothers." All had been sent by

fathers and mothers, photographs of the children named "Alice Cary." It is this real love for children, at children, which has given to both Alice and Phoebe Cary's books for little folks, such genuine and abiding popular-

No more touching proof could be given of Alice Cary's passionate sympa-

thy with child nature, than her nev-

r-waning love for her own little sister Lucy. Though but three years old when she passed away, the impress of her child-soul was as vivid and powerful in her sister's heart after the lapse of thirty changeful years, as on the first day of her life; it was more than sister mourning for sister, it was the woman yearning for the child whose vacant place life to life to love, to the end of her life, impelled her to shrink from all personal publicity, and to avoid everything which could be hurtful to her.

sister mourning for sister, it was the

honest, earnest, and unostentatious little one.

I say I loved, but that is wrong ;

For I alone could know —

My deathless little one.

My little one.

That I loved, but that is wrong; 

As wayward as the lawless mist

That wanders where it will,

Sllle comes — my little one.

I cannot have a dream so wrought

Of nothing, nor so wild

With fantasies, but she is there,

My heavenly-human child —

My glad, gay little one.

she lavished with concentrated power

into a laugh. "They are all Alice Cary's; take your choice. The only trouble they make me is, I can't possibly get time to write to them all, though I do try to, to the babies' mothers." All had been sent by

fathers and mothers, photographs of the children named "Alice Cary." It is this real love for children, at children, which has given to both Alice and Phoebe Cary's books for little folks, such genuine and abiding popular-

No more touching proof could be given of Alice Cary's passionate sympa-

thy with child nature, than her nev-

r-waning love for her own little sister Lucy. Though but three years old when she passed away, the impress of her child-soul was as vivid and powerful in her sister's heart after the lapse of thirty changeful years, as on the first day of her life; it was more than sister mourning for sister, it was the woman yearning for the child whose vacant place life to life to love, to the end of her life, impelled her to shrink from all personal publicity, and to avoid everything which could be hurtful to her.

sister mourning for sister, it was the

honest, earnest, and unostentatious little one.

I say I loved, but that is wrong ;

For I alone could know —

My deathless little one.

She only sighed that all with all

her striving she could not reach them.

No better proof could be given of the lack of self-consciousness in both sisters, than the absence of all personal diaries, letters, and allusions to them-

selves among their effects. Amid the mass of their papers which remain, not a written line has either sister left a memo-

rizing personally to herself. They held the humblest opinion of their own epistolary powers, probably never wrote a letter in their lives for the mere sake of writing it, while they periodically sent requests to their friends to burn all letters from them in their possess-

ion. Thus, amid their large circle of friends, very few letters remain, and nearly all of these are of too personal a character to admit of extracts. Alice never wrote a letter save on business, or to a person whom she loved. These letters were written in snatches of time between her tasks at early morning, or in the evening. She had no leisure to discuss art, or new books, seldom cur-

rent events. The letter was always a direct message from her heart to her friend. In nothing, save in her self-

denial for their sakes, did she manifest her brooding tenderness and care for her children, or for those she loved, more than in her per-

sonal letters.

The following extracts from private letters to one person, give an example of the letter-writing style which she held in such low esteem, and show what were the direct utterances of Alice Cary's heart in private to a friend.

3

If this ever occurred in her own parlor, though it rarely did, she would refer to it with a raised regret for what is past and unobtainable. This fine sensitiveness of temper-

ament was manifested in her extre-

me personal modesty, and in her

end of her life, impelled her to shrink from all personal publicity, and to avoid everything which could be hurtful to her.

sister mourning for sister, it was the

honest, earnest, and unostentatious little one.

I say I loved, but that is wrong ;

For I alone could know —

My deathless little one.

She only sighed that all with all

her striving she could not reach them.

No better proof could be given of the lack of self-consciousness in both sisters, than the absence of all personal diaries, letters, and allusions to them-

selves among their effects. Amid the mass of their papers which remain, not a written line has either sister left a memo-

rizing personally to herself. They held the humblest opinion of their own epistolary powers, probably never wrote a letter in their lives for the mere sake of writing it, while they periodically sent requests to their friends to burn all letters from them in their possess-

ion. Thus, amid their large circle of friends, very few letters remain, and nearly all of these are of too personal a character to admit of extracts. Alice never wrote a letter save on business, or to a person whom she loved. These letters were written in snatches of time between her tasks at early morning, or in the evening. She had no leisure to discuss art, or new books, seldom cur-

rent events. The letter was always a direct message from her heart to her friend. In nothing, save in her self-

denial for their sakes, did she manifest her brooding tenderness and care for her children, or for those she loved, more than in her per-

sonal letters.

The following extracts from private letters to one person, give an example of the letter-writing style which she held in such low esteem, and show what were the direct utterances of Alice Cary's heart in private to a friend.

3
I like frights. So things go, nothing quite fall, but not in a shape to please me; ing stories and verses — I can't say us hope we are nearing a better coun-
ners are dreadfully done; they look but how can I write them?

she has found one more satisfactory.

The next letter bears the date of September 17, 1866: —

"My dear, I've taken time by the forelock, as they say. I am up before the sun;"

"We had an interesting company last evening, among them Mr. Greeley, Mr. Beecher, and Robert Dale Owen. I thought I needn't write to you here. I am glad you are at work again; you must work, you have every encourage-

"I have not forgotten you, though we all need something which so little remains, they are full of interest.

"'Little Alice' is

"The following bears a still later date: —

34 MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

ALICE'S LETTERS.

35
here now. I have had transient visitors all the time, — two calls for charity since I began this letter. So, my dear, you can see how some of my time, and much of my heart goes. You can imagine I have written very little, as for reading, my mind is as blank as an idiot's.

"I hope to come to — this winter, and that there we may see one another. You can't you somehow come to me, — so that we might steal an hour now and then? I think it would do you good, I am sure it would me. I think of you oftener than you would believe. I have not so many friends that I cannot keep them all in my heart all the time. Have you made your new dress? What are you doing? and hoping to do? Do write and tell me, if you can afford to get in return for good letters such chaff as I send.

"It seems to me, if I only had your years, I would hope everything; but think where I am! So near the night, whom no man can work, nor woman either.

"Lastly, my dear, let me admonish you to stand more strongly by your own nature. God gave it to you. For that reason alone you should think well of it, and make the most of it. I say this because I think that your tender conscience is a little morbid, as well as tender. You hardly think that you have a right to God's best gifts, to the enjoyment of the free air and sunshine. Your little innocent delights you do not fairly buy at a great cost. When you have given the loaf, you hardly think you have a right to the cake. If your nature is all the time set against the other, and you take the self-sacrificing side. I know through what straits you are dragged. If you have run into her individual conception of God, and all the feelings with the human race. Grieving over the fact that ten thousand of her fellow creatures are cursed in their very birth, born into the world with the physical and spiritual stain of depraved generations entangled upon them. You must feel that the power nor opportunity, from the cradle to the grave, to break the chains of poverty and to rise to purity: she believed not that the opportunity would come to every human being, that everything that God had made would have its chance: if not in this existence, then in another.

"Nay, but 't is not the end! God were not God, if such a thing could be.

"If not in time, then in eternity, There must be room for penitence to mend.

Life's broken chance, else noise of wars Would unmake heaven."

Phoebe, in settling the question of her religious faith, said:

"Though singularly liberal and unsectarian in her views, she always preserved a strong attachment to the church of her parents, and, in the main, accepted its doctrines. Caring little for creeds and minor points, she most firmly believed in human brotherhood as taught by Jesus; and in a God whose loving kindness is so deep and so unchangeable, that there can never come a time to even the vilest sinner, in all the ages of eternity, the need to be and go to Him, His Father will not see him afar off, and have compassion upon him. In this faith, which she has so often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life."

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life."

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life."

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life."

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life.

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life.

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life.

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life.

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life.

The friends who shared so long the hospitality of her home, as they turn their eyes toward the closed doors of that home, finally bethel, as well as they knew her and truly as they loved her, often sung, she lived and wrought and hoped; and in this faith, which grew stronger, deeper, and more enduring, with years of sorrow and trial and sickness, she passed from death unto life.
to "poor old Mrs. Brown's last cap," which she persisted in wearing when so feeble that she could scarcely draw her nose from her pillow. Yet this interest in human affairs did not shut from her gaze the things "unseen and eternal," but she set her seal to me one morning, after a night of suffering. "While you are all asleep, I lie here and think on the things of eternity, of the unknown life. I find I must leave it still with God, and trust Him!"

One of the last things she said to me was, "If you could see all the flowers brought into this room by friends picked up, it seems to me they would reach to heaven. I am certainly going toward it on flowery beds, if not beds of ease."

And her last words to me, with a radiant smile, were, "When you come back, you will find me so much better I shall come and stay with you a week. So we won't say good-by." Thus in one sense we never parted. Yet my only regret in thinking of her, is that life with its relentless obligations with held from her in her very last days. It is one of those unavailing regrets on which all the world has set its seal, and to which time can bring no reparation.

For her sake let me say what, as a woman, she could be, and was, to another. She found me with habits of thought and of action unformed, and with nearly all the life of womanhood before me. She taught me self help, courage, and faith. She showed me how I might help myself and help others. Wherever I went, I carried with me her love as a treasure and a strength.

The deep things of eternity, of the unseen and eternal, were all asleep, I lie here and think on the vast life whose mystery enthralled her — that remorselessly goes on. I laid a flower on her grave yesterday; so to-day I offer this poor memorial to her name, because I loved her.

CHAPTER VI.

ALICE CARY — THE WRITER.

As an artist in literature Alice Cary suffered, as so many women in this generation do, for lack of thorough mental discipline and those reserved stores of knowledge which must be gathered and garnered in youth. When the burden and the heat of the day came, when she needed them most, she had neither time nor strength to acquire them. Her early youth was spent chiefly in household drudgery. Her only chance for study was in dear snatches at books between her tasks, and by the kitchen fire through the long winter evenings. Referring to this period of her life, she said: — "I have only written the last few years, all, probably, because I have lived longer and thought more. In dealing with two forces, hers was the touch of mastery. As an interpreter of the natural world she was unsurpassed. And when she spoke from her own, never did she fail to strike the key-note to the human heart. Her absorbing love for nature, inanimate and human, her oneness with it, made her what she was, a poet of the people. She knew more of principles of persons, more of nature than of either. Her mind was introspective. Instinctively she knew the law of life, "in every leaf a universe into her soul, and from her soul sent it forth into life again. By her nothing in nature is forgotten or passed by. "The luminous creatures of the air," the cunning workers of the ground, "the dwarfed flower," and the drowning mote, each shares some-thing of her great human love, which, brooding over the very ground, rises and merges into all things beautiful. One can only wonder at the reverent and observant faculties, the widely enc- bracing great heart, which makes so many of God's loves its own. The following is a verse in her truest vein: —

"Oh for a single hour
To have life's knot of evil and self-
All straightened, all undone!
As in the time when fancy had the power
The sweetest and forlornest day to bless,
At sight of any little common flower,
That loosed her baled fingers in the sun,
And had no garment but her loveli-

of mind and soul was of the finest and rarest; yet as an artistic force, she used it timely, and at times awkwardly. She had her house for new reunions, in which she drew nearer to nature, nearer to her friends, nearer to her God. October is here, serene as of old; but she is not. Her house is inhabited by strangers. Her song is hushed. Her true heart is still. But life — the vast life whose mystery enthralled her — that remorselessly goes on. I laid a flower on her grave yesterday; so to-day I offer this poor memorial to her name, because I loved her.

"I thank Thee that my childhood's vanished days
Were cast in rural ways,
Where I beheld, with gladness ever new,
That sort of vagrant dew
Which lodges in the beggarly tents of such
Vile weeds as virtuous plants disdain to touch,
And with rough-bearded burs, night after night,
Ugghathered by the morning, tender and true,
Into her clear, chaste light.

"Such ways I learned to know
That free will cannot go
Outside of mercy; learned to bless his name
Whose revelations, ever thus renewed,
Along the varied year, in field and wood,
His loving care proclaim.

"I thank Thee that the grass and the red rose
Do what they can to tell
How spirit through all forms of matter flows;
For every thistle by the common way,
Wearing its homely beauty; for each spring
That, sweet and homeless, runneth where it will;
For night and day;
For the alternate seasons, — everything
Pertaining to life's marvelous miracle.
MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

But these later poems, with all their spiritual thought and insight, with all their tender retrospection, never equalled in freshness and fulness of melody, in a nameless rush of music, her first poems; those lyrics written when the young soul, attuned to every sound in nature, thrilling with the first consciousness of its visible and invisible life, like the reed of Pan, gave it all forth in music at the touch of every breeze: No wonder that so many pilgrims, in the world turned and listened to the first notes of a song so natural and “piercing sweet.” To the dusty wayfarer the freedom and fulness and tenderness of the winds and waves swept through it. Listen:

Do you hear the wild birds calling? Do you hear them, O my heart? Do you see the blue air falling From their rushing wings apart?

With young mosses they are flocking From their darkened heath to call the coves; And tell me, and I pray thee tell me, Where thou dost know, then tell me the sweet reason Thou comest alway, duly in thy season, To build and pair.

Very pale lies Annie Clayville, Still her forehead, shadow-crowned, And the watchers hear her saying, “I am weary!” any more. In her minor lyrics of this period, those singing of some sad human experience, we find the same intimate presence of natural objects, the same simple, inimitable pictures of country life. I was a young girl when the following stanzas first met my eye. The exquisite sensation which thrilled me when I read them, was among the never-to-be-forgotten experiences of a life-time. It was as if I had never read a poem before, and had but just received a new revelation of song; though the soul from whence it came was to me but a name.

Tell me, for oft you go, Winds—lovely winds of night— About the chambers low, With sheets so dainty white, If they sleep through all the night In the beds so chill and white?

If in the grave be rest, For, oh! Life’s little day Is a weary one at best; Talk to my heart and say If Death will give me rest.

I am weary! any more.

In her verses “To an Early Swal-low,” written within a year or two of her death, we find lines which revive much of the exquisite imagery which made her earlier lyrics so remarkable. She says:

My little bird of the air, If thou dost know, then tell me, And tell me, and I pray thee tell me, If thou canst tune thy tongue to any word, Wherewith to answer—pray thee tell me thus:

Where gottest thou thy song, Still thrilling all day long, Silvered to fragments by its very bliss! Not, as I guess, Of any whistling wain, With check as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

Catching at the homestead window, All the weary nights and days; Dismally the rain is falling, Very drowsily and cold! Close within the village grave-yard, By a heap of freshest ground, With a simple, nameless head-stone, Lies a low and narrow mound; And the brow of Annie Clayville In the low, leafless grave, Rest thee, lost one! rest thee calmly, Glad to go where pain is o’er; Where they say not, through the night-time.

But tell me, my good bird, If thou canst tune thy tongue to any word, Wherewith to answer—pray thee tell me this:

Where gottest thou thy song, Still thrilling all day long, Silvered to fragments by its very bliss! Not, as I guess, Of any whistling wain, With check as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

A LST POEMS.

Gather liome the harvest store! That will claim you by and by.

In the beds so chill and white? In the purple fire The while thou flittest ploughlike through the air—

T is a lonesome, lonesome time!

Talk to my heart to-night; Talk to my heart, O winds—

If any cruel care thy bosom frets, With cheek as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

Tell me, for oft you go, Winds—lovely winds of night— About the chambers low, With sheets so dainty white, If they sleep through all the night In the beds so chill and white?

If in the grave be rest, For, oh! Life’s little day Is a weary one at best; Talk to my heart and say If Death will give me rest.

I am weary! any more.

Thou comest alway, duly in thy season, To build and pair.

Very pale lies Annie Clayville, Still her forehead, shadow-crowned, And the watchers hear her saying, “I am weary!” any more.

In her verses “To an Early Swal-low,” written within a year or two of her death, we find lines which revive much of the exquisite imagery which made her earlier lyrics so remarkable. She says:

My little bird of the air, If thou dost know, then tell me, And tell me, and I pray thee tell me, If thou canst tune thy tongue to any word, Wherewith to answer—pray thee tell me this:

Where gottest thou thy song, Still thrilling all day long, Silvered to fragments by its very bliss! Not, as I guess, Of any whistling wain, With check as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

A LST POEMS.

Gather liome the harvest store! That will claim you by and by.

In the beds so chill and white? In the purple fire The while thou flittest ploughlike through the air—

T is a lonesome, lonesome time!

Talk to my heart to-night; Talk to my heart, O winds—

If any cruel care thy bosom frets, With cheek as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

Tell me, for oft you go, Winds—lovely winds of night— About the chambers low, With sheets so dainty white, If they sleep through all the night In the beds so chill and white?

If in the grave be rest, For, oh! Life’s little day Is a weary one at best; Talk to my heart and say If Death will give me rest.

I am weary! any more.

In her verses “To an Early Swal-low,” written within a year or two of her death, we find lines which revive much of the exquisite imagery which made her earlier lyrics so remarkable. She says:

My little bird of the air, If thou dost know, then tell me, And tell me, and I pray thee tell me, If thou canst tune thy tongue to any word, Wherewith to answer—pray thee tell me this:

Where gottest thou thy song, Still thrilling all day long, Silvered to fragments by its very bliss! Not, as I guess, Of any whistling wain, With check as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

A LST POEMS.

Gather liome the harvest store! That will claim you by and by.

In the beds so chill and white? In the purple fire The while thou flittest ploughlike through the air—

T is a lonesome, lonesome time!

Talk to my heart to-night; Talk to my heart, O winds—

If any cruel care thy bosom frets, With cheek as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

Tell me, for oft you go, Winds—lovely winds of night— About the chambers low, With sheets so dainty white, If they sleep through all the night In the beds so chill and white?

If in the grave be rest, For, oh! Life’s little day Is a weary one at best; Talk to my heart and say If Death will give me rest.

I am weary! any more.

In her verses “To an Early Swal-low,” written within a year or two of her death, we find lines which revive much of the exquisite imagery which made her earlier lyrics so remarkable. She says:

My little bird of the air, If thou dost know, then tell me, And tell me, and I pray thee tell me, If thou canst tune thy tongue to any word, Wherewith to answer—pray thee tell me this:

Where gottest thou thy song, Still thrilling all day long, Silvered to fragments by its very bliss! Not, as I guess, Of any whistling wain, With check as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

A LST POEMS.

Gather liome the harvest store! That will claim you by and by.

In the beds so chill and white? In the purple fire The while thou flittest ploughlike through the air—

T is a lonesome, lonesome time!

Talk to my heart to-night; Talk to my heart, O winds—

If any cruel care thy bosom frets, With cheek as richly russet as the grain Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess, Of any shepherdess, Whose tender heart did drag Through the dim hollows of her golden flag.

Tell me, for oft you go, Winds—lovely winds of night— About the chambers low, With sheets so dainty white, If they sleep through all the night In the beds so chill and white?

If in the grave be rest, For, oh! Life’s little day Is a weary one at best; Talk to my heart and say If Death will give me rest.

I am weary! any more.
His brief course out, and thou away
dost his
To find thy pleasant summer company;
Or whether, my brown darling of the
sea,
When first the South, to welcome up
the May,
Her saffron gate, and thou, from the uprising of the
day
till evinced in shadow round thee
poorest thy joyance over field and
wood,
As if thy very blood
were drawn from out the young hearts of
the roses —
'Tis all to celebrate,
and all to praise
The careful kindness of His gracious
way:
Who builds the golden weather
so tenderly about thy houseless
brood, and
thee together.
Ah! these are the sweet reasons,
My little swimmer of the seas of air,
Thou comest, goest, duly in thy sea-
son;
And furthermore, that all men ev ery-
day
May learn from thy enjoyment
That that which maketh life most good
and
fair
Is heavenly employment.
In the very latest of her suffering
days, Alice Cary longed with longings
unutterable to bring back as a living
presence to herself every scene which
inspired those early songs. In her
portfolio lie her last manuscripts just
as she left them, copied, each one, sev-
eral times, with a care and precision
which, in her active and crowded days,
she never attempted; copied in the
new chirography which she compelled
her hand to acquire, a few months be-
fore it was laid upon her breast, idle at
last, in the rest of death. These late
songs breathe none of the faintness of
death. Rather they ring with the first
lyre fervor; they cry out for, and call
back, within the very shadow of the
g rave, the woman's first delights. Wit-
ness these in this "Cradle Song," cop-
ied three times by her own hand, and
never before published.

**CRADLE SONG.**

All the air is white with snowing,
Cold and white — cold and white;
Wide and wild, the winds are blowing,
Blowing, blowing wide and wild.
Sweet little child, sweet little child,
Sleep, sleep, sweet little child.
Earth is dark, but heaven is
bright.

Sleep, sleep till the morning light:
Some must watch, and some must
sleep,
And some, little baby, some may
sleep:
So, good-night, sleep till light;
Lullaby, lullaby, and good-night!

Folded hands on the baby bosom,
Check and mouth rose-red, rose-
sweat,
And like a bee's wing in a blossom,
Beat, beat, beat and beat,
So the heart keeps going, going,
While the winds in the bitter snow-
ing
Meet and cross — cross and meet —
Heaping high, with many an eddy,
So the heart keeps going, going,
When the reign of the frost is done
And the winds blow west.

Where shall fall no more, no more,
Longed-for steps, so light, so light.
Little one, sleep till the moon is low,
And when the reign of the frost is done
And when the reign of the frost is done

And the bird must have its little cry;
And the winds blow east, and the
winds blow west.

And like a bee's wing in a blossom,
And little clouds will snow and snow,
And the winds blow east, and the
winds blow west.

Some must come, and some must go,
And the earth be dark, and the heavens
be bright.

Never fear, baby dear,
Wrong things lose themselves in right;
Never fear, mother is here,
Lullaby, lullaby, and good-night.

Oh, give mine eyes to see once more,
Once more.
My longing eyes to see this one time
more.

The shadows trembling with the
wings of bats,
And dandelions dragging to the door,
And speckling all the grass about the
door,
With the thick spreading of their
starry mats.

Give me to see, I pray and can but
pray,
Oh, give me but to see to-day, to-day,
The little brown-walled house where I
was born;
The gray old barn, the cottage-shed
close by,
The well-sweep, with its angle sharp
and high;
The flax field, like a patch of fallen
sky;
The millet harvest, colored like the
corn,
Like to the ripe ears of the new husked
corn.

And give mine eyes to see among the
rest
This rustic picture, in among the rest,
For there and only there it doth belong,
I, at fourteen, and in my Sunday best,
Reading with voice unsteady my first
song.

The rugged verses of my first rude
song.

As a ballad writer she was never
equalled by any American man or wom-
an. She loved the ballad, and there
is ever in her a nature, arch grace of
utterance, inimitable. In the ballad,
her was the very luxury of song. She
never waited for a rhyme. Her rhythm
ripped and ran with the fervor and
fullness of a mountain brook after the
springtime rains. Never quite over-
taking it, she yet leaped and ran and
sang with it in ever new delight.

What a wild thrilling rush is there in
such lines as these:

"Haste, good boatman! haste!" she
cried,
"And row me over the other side!"
And she stript from her finger the
shining ring.
And gave it me for the ferrying.
"Woe is me! my Lady, I may not go,
And he who is nearest to the heart of the water, I pray!

"And the rain on the river fell as sweet
And over the river, from edge to edge,
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And she sat in her saddle 'th queen of th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,

And over the river, from edge to edge,
And she rode on the shining and shimmering bridge,
And the waters, they never will let me
And she put in my hand, — but I answered her: —

"The wind is high and the tide is low,
"Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
And put his head beneath his wing, —

"Her face grew deadly white with pain,
"And the waters, they never will let me
For my dying lover, he waits for me!
"And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
A blessed light, as if the place were holy; 
And then thou art near.

Lost, and not lost! 
When silence taketh in the night her places,
And my soul deliver
All to sweet dreaming of thy sovereign países.

I see the green hills on beyond the river
Thy feet have crossed.

And so, my friend,
I have and hold thee all the while I wait
Misting and melancholy;
And so these songs to thee I dedicate, Whose song shall flow henceforth serene and holy,
Life without end.

For dear, dear one,
Even as a traveler, doomed alone to go
Through some wild wintry valley,
Takes in his poor, rude hand the way;

And shapes it to the likeness of a lily,
So have I done;

That while I wove
Lays that to men's minds hardly might recall
Some bower of bliss unsaddened,
Moulding and modulating one and all.
Upon thy life, so many lives that glad and true,

And what is it all, when all is done?

But your love for me and my love for you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

The time is weary, the year is old,
The fisher droppeth his net in the

And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream; 
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks, And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

It was in attempting to deal with more material and cruel forces that Alice Cary failed. In the more comprehensive sense, she never learned the world. In her novels, attempting to portray the faults and passions of men and women, we find her rudest work. Her mastery of quaintness, of fancy, of naturalistic beauty penetrated with pathetic longing, tinged with a clear psychological light, revealing the soul of nature and of human life from within, all give to her unaffected utterances an inexpressible charm. But the airy touch, the subtle manner in which she translated into music the nature which she knew, stumbled and fell before the conflicting deformity of depraved humanity. The dainty imagination which decked her poetic forms with such exquisite grace could not stand in the stead of actual knowledge; usurping its prerogative, it degenerated into caricature. She held in herself the primal power to portray human life in its most complex relations, and most profound significance. She missed the leisure and the experience which together would have given her the mastery of that power. It wrestled with false, and sometimes unworthy material. The sorrows and wrongs of woman, the injustice of man, the highest possibilities of human nature, she longed to embody them all in the forms of enduring art. A life already nearly consumed, sickness, weariness, and death, said No. Her novels are strong with passages of intense feeling; we feel through them the surges of a wild, unchained power; but the broad, comprehensive portrayals of human life, as the finest exponents of the noble nature from which they emanated, are they often unworthy of

"MONA SICK."

"The fisher droppeth his net in the stream, 

And a hundred streams are the same as one;

And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream; 

And what is it all, when all is done? 
The net of the fisher the burden breaks, 
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes."
imposing on a keen, unclouded judgment. In dealing with all practical matters she was perfectly equal to the great and the small of women. She betrays this quality in the utter directness with which she meets and answers many questions connected with everyday life and character. The last article in prose which she ever wrote, printed in the "New York Illustrated" was thus referred to by its editor:

"Lying upon her sick-bed, she who had never eaten a crumb of poverty wrote for us the pungent denunciation of 'Shirks,' that appeared in the paper of February 2d. It was probably her very last article, and after that the weary hand that knew no shirking was still. She intended it to be the first of a series of 'semi-didactic articles' — so she wrote us."

It contained these words:

"Blessed, indeed, is that roof-tree which has no fungus attachment, and blessed the house that has no dilapidated chair and bed reserved in some obscure corner for poor Uncle John, or Aunt Nancy! To be sure, there are Uncle and Aunt John and Aunt Nancy. And some of these others, death itself, all were nothing but shadows passing between me and the eternal sunshine of love. I could afford to wait. I could afford to be patient under my burdens, and to go straight through hard fortunes, assured that I should know and be known at last, love and be loved in the fullness of a blessedness, which, even here, mixed with bitterness as it is, is the sweetest of all. What was it to me that my hair was black and my step firm, while his hair to whom I listened so reverently was white, and his step slow, if not feeble. Was it that he never said, 'He will never miss the little shall I eat and drink.' And so it happens that a hoary, dour, coarse-shirted man, who had more wisdom and more experience than I, and what was it that he never said, 'You are father to me, and I am a son to you.'

Another strong quality in much of her prose is its sturdy common sense. In her the poetical temperament never...
MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

CHAPTER VII.

ALICE'S LAST SUMMER.

We have many proofs that a life devoted to letters is favorable to longevity in women. With all the anxiety and care of following literature as a profession, with all the toil of obtaining a livelihood by it, they have as a rule earned almost exclusively by Alice.

Yet the excess of her daily labor was so much taken from its chances of success that her warmest personal friends scarcely took the trouble to look within its covers, to see whether it contained rhyme or prose. They drank tea at her table, they waved eloquent in her parlor, they knew Alice was one of the noblest and sweetest of women; after that, what did it matter what she thought, or did, or said!

They never dreamed that, when the lights were out, and the bright parlor closed, the woman sometimes sat down and wept for the word of encouragement that was not spoken, for the little need of appreciation that was not proffered, which, could it have come from those whose judgment she valued, would have been new life and inspiration to her amid her ceaseless toil.

No less this book of poems holds in thought and utterance many of the elements of enduring existence. It must live, because it is poetry, embodying in exact expression and phrase the soul of nature and of human life; live in the heart of the future when we who criticised it, or passed it by, are dead and forgotten.

With her natural independence, her fear of financial obligation, her hatred of debt, her desire for a competency, her generous hospitality, it is easy to see how heavy was the yoke of work which she bore. Dear soul! she might have made it lighter, could she have believed it. As it was, even to the last she was never free from its weight. Though her health failed when her personal life was work, work, work. Then there was the shadow of death always on the horizon. As the youngest darling of all, was fading day by day from before their eyes. Her outings were infrequent and uncertain. The leisure moments of Alice and Phoebe were spent with her in her room. As she slowly faded, her sisters became more exclusively devoted to her. At last it came to pass that Alice rarely left the house except on some errand of necessity.

After Elmina's death, as the summers came round, she became more and more loth to leave her city home to go anywhere into the country. Not that her heart had let go of its old love of nature. But because she came to dread journeys and the annoyance of all personal contact with the great unknown world outside of her own existence. She had settled so deeply into one groove of life and labor, there seemed to be no mortal power that could wrest her out of it. She worked harder and more continuously than ever.

The stifling summers waxed and winter would rise and glare at 100, cars and stages would rattle beneath her windows, but through all the wear and tear of the streets, the wearisome cloistered life in the old parlor, she never failed in faith or devotion to her work, to her friends. No less as the years went on, she felt interiorly more and more alone; she shrank more into her own inward life, and more and more from all personal contact with the great unknown world outside of her own existence.

To attain the highest success which they sought, they needed both the attrition and opportunities of the city. Had they added to this new life, for a third of every year, their old pastimes and old pursuits, they might have added years to their existence. But no human being, city bred, much less one country born, could have mainained the highest health or have proffered, which, could it have been farmers, but in their twenty years of life they could have added one drop to the sources of physical health. To attain the highest success which they sought, they needed both the attrition and opportunities of the city. Had they added to this new life, for a third of every year, their old pastimes and old pursuits, they might have added years to their existence.

The crisis had come when nature demanded change, recreation, and rest. She turned her back on all. When her friends were away, scattered among the hills and by the sea, Alice, left alone behind her closed blinds, was working harder and more continuously than ever.

The stifling summers waxed and winter would rise and glare at 100, cars and stages would rattle beneath her windows, but through all the wear and tear of the streets, the tireless brain held on to its fearful tension, and would not let go. Phoebe would spend a month in the country, and return with sea-weeds and mountain mosses and the beauty and eyes, to their aradises; but not so would Alice. Not that she never left the city. She did sometimes, for a few days, but it was in a brief, protesting way, that had neither time nor chance to work her help or cure. As the sedentary habits of her life increased, and the sunshine of her youth, the vitality in women, with all the anxiety and care of following literature as a profession, with all the toil of obtaining a livelihood by it, they have as a rule earned almost exclusively by Alice.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEDENTARY HABITS.

No less this book of poems holds in thought and utterance many of the elements of enduring existence. It must live, because it is poetry, embodying in exact expression and phrase the soul of nature and of human life; live in the heart of the future when we who criticised it, or passed it by, are dead and forgotten.
one finally believed more utterly than she did. Her disobedience of the law, the path ofilies, and the result of circumstance, of condition and of temperament, rarely a willful fact; no less she paid by her so reluctantly, so protestingly, so pathetically said—her life.

That she had she would have given for her life, her human life, but it was too late. I dwell on the fact, for thousands are following her example, and are hurrying on to her fate. We hear so much of people dying of work. Yet work rarely kills a man or woman. If it is work at all, it is work done in violation of the primitive laws of life; it is work which a compelling will brings out from a dying or overtaxed body.

Another summer—the last; the ceaseless, eager worker, how was it with her now? The low, quick rustle of her garments was no longer heard upon the stairs. The graceful form no longer bent over her desk; the face no longer turned from it, with the old thrilling glance of welcome, to the familiar figments, to which many allusions have been gathered, and on which it used to be whispered about of a summer, that Alice Cary had come out, somehow the title of promenaders used to set more and more in that direction, but always in a quiet and reticent manner, just to get a glimpse of her, you know, while accidentally passing her chair. I believe that she dropped among the Round Hill people early one day in August, and was so quiet that she was regarded as a sort of myth by most of the frequenters of the place, never going into the dining-room nor into the great parlor, bigger than a barn; but the people said she was sick, while it seemed that she inhabited the house with an unusual interest. Her city home, however snugly appointed, cannot, I am sure, compensate one like her for the loss of country air, country sights, and country sounds. This writer apparently realized not helpless state. At that time she could not rise in her chair to take her crunches without assistance. Yet as she sat there with the scarlet shawl thrown over her white robe, contrasting so vividly with pale face and brilliant eyes, she made a lovely picture, to which many allusions have been made in public print since she passed away. This comes to me from Laura Redden ("Howard Glyndon"), a woman who, under life-long affliction, embodies in her person the beautiful patience and peace which she felt so intuitively and perfectly in our friend.

"I knew her in every way, except through her own personality. I knew her through other people's writings; through the interpretation of my own heart; and I remember very well that once, when broken in health and saddened in spirit, I felt an undefined impulse to go to her, and knew that it would do me good to go. So I stopped, and asked myself, 'Will it do any good? What can I give in return for what I take?' I thought about the poem, sweet sufferer on the other side. She has so much more to bear than I have, but she does not let herself be crushed. I said, Then I felt ashamed and went away, resolving to murmur less, and to struggle more for strength and patience. I really believe that standing on the other side of the door did me almost as much good as going in would have done.

"Later, when I came to Northampton, I found that she was under the same roof with me. But when some one said, 'Would you like to see her?' and it seemed as if the door stood ajar, I thought I heard, 'No, not now.'

"Once, when I sat reading under the trees, I was so lonesome, I went out leaning upon her two friends, one on each side. They spread a gay shawl on the grass for her, and she sat there under the shining light which came through the trees, and enjoyed the delicious calm of a cool, summer, Sabbath afternoon. How pale and worn and weak she looked, but how bright and unsullied through her pale, unseeing, and I praised very earnestly that God would bless the pure country air and the country quiet to her. She thought then that they made her better; but there were greener pastures and purer breezes in store for her, and she was not to stay long away from them.

"I remember another evening that she came out on the east porch, and sat long in the dusk of the twilight. I sat so close that my garments brushed hers—so that her eyes—quiet, unseeing, and unknown; and I was glad to have it so. Somehow there was an undefined feeling about this relation to a person in whom I had so large an interest. It was so much better to feel that I knew her than it would have been to realize that she knew me. It seemed as if formal words would have taken away all this charm. Whenever my hand was upon the latch of the door, I drew it away again and said, 'Wait!'"

"When I heard the next morning that she was gone, I was sorry—not sorry that I had not spoken to her, but only sorry that I had not spoken sooner. The place had lost half its beauty for me."

Alice, who had promised a dear friend to visit her in her home in Vermont, went thither from Northampton. Faithful hands served her, strong, gentle arms bore her on, in this last struggle for life. "How was she ever to get out of the cars, I did not know; the thought of it filled me with dread and terror," she said, "but there was— to lift me out and carry me to the carriage. I never felt a seat rocking-chair of the dark-eyed, the colorless skin was tightly wasted, the abundant locks, just all the years which she had lived been more to wreck Alice Cary, than toil."

"When I heard the next morning that she was gone, I was sorry—not sorry that I had not spoken to her, but only sorry that I had not spoken sooner. The place had lost half its beauty for me."

Seeing the last of the woods and the last of the world she had known, I now saw the dead leaves of the maple, how they lurked on the mulch; I saw the last of the mountain country of the North. She, sitting here, looked out upon this continent scene; looked with her ten thousand green mountains arise till they hold the white clouds on their heads. Below, Jay Peak stands over four thousand feet above the sea; the Owl's Head soars over three thousand, covered with forest to its summit. It is a picture fit for Paradise. But one glimpse amid many of the inexpressible beauty of this lake and mountain country of the North. She, sitting here, looked out upon this continent scene; looked with her tender, steadfast eyes across these emerald meadows, to the lake, shining over the opening hills, to the mountains smiling down on her from the distant heaven, their keen amethyst
With all things to take of thy dear
With all things to take and with noth-
Begot in the depths of an utter despair?
The little green grasshopper, weak as
Chirps day in and out for the sweet
And cast thou, O Summer! make
With all things to take and with noth-
And dream of the gates of the glori-
Where never a rose of the roses shall
touching of her many touching lyrics :
"O Summer! my beautiful, beautiful
I look in thy face and I long so to
And with nothing to give but the deaf-
"Invalid's Plea," one of the most
I said that I could not take the time
I could not live such a different life. I would never shut
Here in this window, whither she,
And yellow bees, and rain.
And dream of the gates of the glori-
The wine of thy sunshine, the dew of thy air;
And with nothing to give but the deaf-
Her "Invalid's Plea," one of the most
"As the poor panting hart to the
"As the water-brook runs,
where am I to be placed in her chair, and to have
With all things to take of thy dear
With all things to take and with noth-
And with nothing to give but the deaf-
In clouds of golden witnesses —
and more fond of the hymns of her childhood, and frequently asked her friend to sing such hymns as, Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive," "A charge to keep I have, I will not fail, my Master, I am thine." These were sung with tears to her face, and often sustained her during her last illness.

Her frequent quotation from Holy Scripture, "When the intense pain was, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

On Tuesday, February 7, she wrote her last poem, the last line of which is, "The rainbow comes but with the cloud." Even after that, she attempted in her bed to make a cap for an aged woman who greatly loved her, and whose souls in the Church of the Stranger, when her death was announced, moved the whole audience to tears. But her fingers failed, and the needle stands in the unfinished cap; for her own crown was ready, and she could not stay away from her coronation. She fell in a deep sleep, out of which she once exclaimed, "I want to go away." She passed away as she had always desired — waking into the better world with a sleep and a smile, and though her skies had gracious sunshine, they had also many dark and heavy clouds; and going back in memory now, I cannot recall a time when, looking upon her face, even during the deepest slumber that she ever knew, I could not see there the sweetest expression of weariness and pain; until I beheld her last resting from her labors in that sweet, untroubled household in every part of the country.

A woman who could stand up for her rights without arousing the animosities of others, who was a philanthropist without either cant, affectation, or bitterness, who wrote many true poems, but lived one sweeter and truer than she ever wrote; such was our universally beloved Alice Cary. May He that gave her beloved peace, give us, who knew her beautiful life, the grace to imitate it.

She had created for herself many friends whom she never saw, and many friends who never met her, but who held her in their hearts. She wept over her suffering and sorrow. I saw how her rights without arousing the animosities of others, who was a philanthropist without either cant, affectation, or bitterness, who wrote many true poems, but lived one sweeter and truer than she ever wrote; such was our universally beloved Alice Cary. May He that gave her beloved peace, give us, who knew her beautiful life, the grace to imitate it.

She had created for herself many friends whom she never saw, and many friends who never met her, but who held her in their hearts. She wept over her suffering and sorrow. I saw how her rights without arousing the animosities of others, who was a philanthropist without either cant, affectation, or bitterness, who wrote many true poems, but lived one sweeter and truer than she ever wrote; such was our universally beloved Alice Cary. May He that gave her beloved peace, give us, who knew her beautiful life, the grace to imitate it.

A letter from "New York" to the "Boston Post" dated February 13, 1870, contains the following allusions to her funeral.

"Dear Alice Cary, sweet singer of the heart, is gone. New York was shrouded in snow when her gentle face was shut away from this world forever. In the plain little Church of the Stranger, with her true friend, Dr. Deems, officiating, many other true friends gathered around in mournful silence, with streets all muffled in sympathetic sobs and heavy drifting snow, and deep, strong, sorrow rising from hearts to eyes, the sad funeral rites were performed. Rarely has there been a more touching scene witnessed than that which separated Alice Cary from the world that loved her. Many of those present were moved to tears, though only one was bound to her by kinship. That one was her sister Phoebe, her constant companion from childhood, and more than her sister — her second self, through thirty years of literary trial. The little church was filled with literary friends who had grown warily attached to both during their twenty years' residence in New York. All the members of the Society were present to pay a final tribute to her who had been their first President. Many prominent journalists and authors were also there, forgetful, for the time, of all but the solemn sadness around them. Near the rosewood coffin that contained the body of the sweet poet, sat Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Richard B. Kimball, Oliver Johnson, P. T. Barnum, Frank B. Carpenter, A. J. Johnson, and W. W. Hall, who, for near and special friendship during her life, were chosen to be nearest to her grave. When the sad rites of the Church were concluded, the body was borne forth and taken to Greenwood Cemetery, the snow still falling heavily, and covering all things with a pure white shroud. It seemed as though nature were in sympathy with human sorrow, till the grave was closed, and then the snow melted away, though the sky remained dark, and the silence remained. And thus the mortal part of Alice Cary was laid at rest forever."

Horace Greeley, speaking in private of her obsequies, said that such a funeral never before gathered in New York in honor of any woman, or man either; that he never saw before in any one assembly of the kind, so many distinguished men and women, so many known and so many unknown.

One of the greatest scholars of his time, sitting there, shed a silent tear for the sister-woman who, alone, unassisted, in life and death had honored him. There were a few sad looks of woe on the faces of the women, poor and old, who had lived upon her tender bounty. The next morning's issue of the "Tribune" gave the following report of the funeral:

"Alice Cary's Funeral.

The funeral of Miss Alice Cary took place at the Church of the Stranger, 340 Mercer Street, at one o'clock yesterday afternoon; and, despite the severe snowstorm which was forcing many from coming, was attended by a very large number of the friends and admirers of the deceased poet. The service opened with an organ voluntary from the "Messiah," followed by the anthem, "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame." Dr. Deems, the pastor of the Church, read a selection from the 15th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, and then said:

"I have not thought of a single word to say to you to-day, and I do not know that it is necessary to say one word more than is set down in the Church service. Most of us knew and loved Alice Cary, and to those who did not know her, my words would fail in describing the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition and temper. It seems, indeed, that instead of standing here, I, too, should be sitting there among the mourners."

The speaker then described the patience with which she had borne her last sickness, and told how he had been by her side when the pain was so intense, that the prints of her finger-nails would be left in the palm of his hand as he was holding hers. But she never made a complaint.

"She was a paragon of patience," he said, "who came very close to my heart in her suffering and sorrow. I saw how good and true she was, and it was evident that she had in all the work I had in my hand; and I feel as if an assistant had died out of my family. The people of my congregation who did not know her, ought to be glad that I did. How many traits have come before you here, how many observations have I been able to make to you, because I had been her assistant? To-day I can only say of my lamented sister over her as you do, in the simplicity of affection. Men loved Alice Cary, and women loved her. When a man lives
a woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace — of the grace that woman makes by her love. And there are some things that can be said of Alice Cary, that she had such troops of friends of her own sex. On the public side of life also she had honor, on the private side, honor and tenderest affection.

And now she has gone from our midst; she is not from the eyes of our souls. She is gone from her pain, as she desired to die, in sleep, and after a deep slumber she has passed into the morning of immortality. The last time I saw her, I took down her works and alighted on this passage, so full of consonance with the anthems just sung by the choir, and almost like words she wrote a very long time before:

"My soul is full of whispered song, My blindness is my sight; The shadows that I feared so long Are all alive with light."

"There was one thing in Alice Cary of which we had better remind ourselves now, because many of us are working people, and people who work very much with our brains; and I see a number of young people who are coming, out of tenderness to her memory, to the church to-day, and there may be among them literary people just commencing their career, and they say, 'Would I could write so beautifully and so easily as she did;' but it was hardly done; it was not easily done. She did nothing easily; but in all that we did see her was an earnest worker; she was faithful, patient and exact in all the duties of improving herself, up to the last moment of her life. Yesterday I looked into the drawer, and the last piece of MS. she wrote turned up, and I said to Phoebe, 'That is copied;' and she said, 'No, that is Alice's writing.' It was so exceedingly plain, it looked like print in large type, though she wrote a very wretched hand. But her sister told me, when she came to be so weak that she couldn't write much any longer, she began to practice like a little girl, to form all her letters anew. She worked to the very last, not only with the brains, but the fingers.

"When Phoebe wrote me last Sunday that she was alone, and that Alice was gone, I couldn't help telling my people, and there went through the congregation, it was from an old lady, a friend of hers, who often told me of her, and spoke of her nobility of soul. Alice Cary once thought of making a cap for her, and she said, 'I will make a cap for Mrs. Brown,' but her fingers reached so, and her arm became so tired, she had to drop it; and the needle is sticking in that unfinished cap now, just as she left it. She would have finished it, but they had finished her own crown in glory, and she couldn't stay away from her coronation. And we will keep that cap with care; and I think Jesus will remind her of it, and say, 'Child, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least ones, you did it unto me.' Should I speak for hours, I could only tell you how I loved her. She came to me in the winter of my fortunes, when I had very few friends, and I loved her, and will revere her memory forever — forever. And now I will not shed a tear for Alice Cary. I have no more to weep for. I felt at once like saying, 'Thanks be to God,' when I heard that the path was over; and it was so delightful to go to stand over her, and see her face without a single frown, and to think, 'She is gone to her Father and my Father;' and into his hands I commit her."

"After the Episcopal Burial Service had been read, the choir sang a hymn composed by Miss Phoebe Cary, called, "The Sweetest Helper." Then the friends of Alice Cary were requested to look upon her for the last time. The body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery for internment. The pall-bearers were Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, P. T. Barnum, Oliver Johnson, Dr. W. F. Holcombe, A. J. Johnson, F. B. Carpenter, and Richard B. Kimball. Among the persons present were Wm. Roscoe, Wallace, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the Rev. C. F. Lee, the Rev. Prof. Botta, James Parton, Bayard Taylor, P. T. Barnum, Oliver Johnson, the Rev. Dr. Cookman, James Parton, Fanny Fern, the Rev. Theodore Tilton, Dr. Hallock, Mrs. Crotty, Mrs. Wilbour, John Savage, George Ripley, and many others.

"In Miss Cary's inaugural address to Sorosis, occurs a passage made memorable by the late sad event. Alice Cary, enlarging upon her own hopes and wishes concerning the growth and position which women should yet attain, and the manner in which they should yet vindicate themselves against all unjust charges, said: 'Some of us cannot hope to see great results, for our feet are already on the downhill side of life. The shadows are lengthening behind us, and gathering before us, and ere long they will meet and close, and the places that have known us shall no longer be known. But if, when our poor work is done, any of those who come after us shall find in it some hint of usefulness toward noble lives, and better and more enduring work, we for ourselves rest content.

"Sooner, perhaps, than they then thought, the way began to narrow, and her feet to sink on the road which leads to immortality; and,

"Whereas, This change, so feelingly alluded to by Miss Cary, has finally overtaken her in the midst of her labors; therefore,

"Resolved, That in her removal this Society not only mourns her loss, but sympathizes with all womanhood in the loss of an earnest helper and most devoted friend.

"Resolved, That her exceeding kindness, her enlarged charity, her absolute unselfishness, her wonderful patience, her cordial forgiveness of every fault, her endearing her inexpressibly to her friends; while her genius commanded the warmest admiration of all; and capable of appreciating sweetest expression married to noblest thought.

"Resolved, That her loyalty to woman, to her family, and to all the swelling passions of the human heart, shall incite us to renewed earnestness of effort, each in our own appointed place, to hasten the time when women shall receive recognition not only as honest and reliable workers, but as a class faithful and true to each other.

"Resolved, That in presenting our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved and loyal sister, we add the hope, that even as the shadows have been swept from the bright, upward pathway of the departed spirit, they may also be dispelled from her sorrowing heart, by an abiding faith in that Love which ordains all things other.

"No wonder Mr. Greeley felt so deeply the death of one who had been to him as a sister, that he followed so tenderly at her bier, and in spite of the terrible snow-storm that was raging, insisted on following her remains to Greenwood, determined not to leave them till they were laid in their last resting-place.

"We buried on Tuesday, amid one of the most violent storms of the winter. It seemed to us, as if in the last week of the year, we were forced to leave one we love in such desolation. But the storms cannot disturb her repose. There let her sleep, gentle spirit, child of nature and of song. The spring will come, and the grass grow green on her grave, and the flowers bloom, emblems of the resurrection unto life everlasting."

CHAPTER IX.

PHOECE CARY, THE WRITER.

No singer was ever more thoroughly identified with her own songs than Phoebe Cary. With but few exceptions, they distilled the deepest and most devoted friend.

"Resolved, That her exceeding kindness, her enlarged charity, her absolute unselfishness, her wonderful patience, her cordial forgiveness of every fault, her endearing her inexpressibly to her friends; while her genius commanded the warmest admiration of all; and capable of appreciating sweetest expression married to noblest thought.

"Resolved, That her loyalty to woman, to her family, and to all the swelling passions of the human heart, shall incite us to renewed earnestness of effort, each in our own appointed place, to hasten the time when women shall receive recognition not only as honest and reliable workers, but as a class faithful and true to each other.

"Resolved, That in presenting our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved and loyal sister, we add the hope, that even as the shadows have been swept from the bright, upward pathway of the departed spirit, they may also be dispelled from her sorrowing heart, by an abiding faith in that Love which ordains all things other.

"When Phoebe wrote me last Sunday that she was alone, and that Alice was gone, I couldn't help telling my people, and there went through the congregation, it was from an old lady, a friend of hers, who often told me of her, and spoke of her nobility of soul. Alice Cary once thought of making a cap for her, and she said, 'I will make a cap for Mrs. Brown,' but her fingers reached so, and her arm became so tired, she had to drop it; and the needle is sticking in that unfinished cap now, just as she left it. She would have finished it, but they had finished her own crown in glory, and she couldn't stay away from her coronation. And we will keep that cap with care; and I think Jesus will remind her of it, and say, 'Child, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least ones, you did it unto me.' Should I speak for hours, I could only tell you how I loved her. She came to me in the winter of my fortunes, when I had very few friends, and I loved her, and will revere her memory forever — forever. And now I will not shed a tear for Alice Cary. I have no more to weep for. I felt at once like saying, 'Thanks be to God,' when I heard that the path was over; and it was so delightful to go to stand over her, and see her face without a single frown, and to think, 'She is gone to her Father and my Father;' and into his hands I commit her."

"After the Episcopal Burial Service had been read, the choir sang a hymn composed by Miss Phoebe Cary, called, "The Sweetest Helper." Then the friends of Alice Cary were requested to look upon her for the last time. The body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery for internment. The pall-bearers were Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, P. T. Barnum, Oliver Johnson, Dr. W. F. Holcombe, A. J. Johnson, F. B. Carpenter, and Richard B. Kimball. Among the persons present were Wm. Roscoe, Wallace, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the Rev. C. F. Lee, the Rev. Prof. Botta, James Parton, Bayard Taylor, P. T. Barnum, Oliver Johnson, the Rev. Dr. Cookman, James Parton, Fanny Fern, the Rev. Theodore Tilton, Dr. Hallock, Mrs. Crotty, Mrs. Wilbour, John Savage, George Ripley, and many others.
I would not make the path I have trod
Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
And could count in my prayers, for a
And if this had been, and I stood to-
And gained the one out of all the world,
Have found the highest and purest bliss
Could have had whatever will make
If I could have known, in the years
Have all my happiness multiplied,
Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
her final conclusions concerning that
existence; and her "Woman's Con-
long she pondered on this phase of
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;
Banish the shadow of sorrow and
To the very hour and place of my
o
F ALICE AND PHCEBE CARY.

The best that a woman comes to
And all my suffering stricken out;
Or whatever she thinks will make
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
Is the best — or it had not been, I
Who knows how a life at the last
Who knows its strength, by trial, will
What strength must be set against a
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its
Better I sinned for a little time,
Because that once I had burned my
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less — you will under-
stand;
It was better I suffered a little pain,
Because that once I had burned my
hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin

Nor change my course the breadth of
a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.
My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness — its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hind-
rances!
If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my
hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less — you will under-
stand;
It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warred me back from
death,
And the sting of sin withheld from
crime.
Who knows its strength, by trial, will
And who knows how a life at the last
may show?
Why, look at the moon from where
we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say: yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and
grand.
So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
is the best — or it had not been, I

PHEBE'S PARODIES.

Phoebe preserves all the sadness
and tenderness of the original, while she
transfers it without effort from the
psychological yearning of the soul, into
the region of physical necessity, from
the travesty: —
"I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

"We stand!

And a wish she would n't have had made
Known,
To have an establishment of her
own.
Tom Fudge came slowly through the
throng,
With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.
He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd,
And knowing her slightly, stopped
and bowed:

Then asked her to give him a single
flower,
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.
Out from those with which she was
derided, still
She took the poorest she could select,
And blushed as she gave it, looking
down
To call attention to her gown.
"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought
how dear
Flowers must be at that time of year.

Then several charming remarks he
made,
Asked if she sang, or danced, or
played;
And being exhausted, inquired
whether
She thought it going to be plea-
 sant weather.
DRAMATIC POWER.

Of his laugh, as soft as a breeze of the south
(T'was now on the other side of his mouth); How he praised her dress and gems in his talk,
As he took a careful account of stock.

Sometimes she hated the very walls—
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls;
Till her weak affection, to hatred turned,
Like a dying tallow-candle burned.

And for him who sat there, her peace to mar,
Smoking his everlasting cigar—
He wasn't the man she thought she saw,
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a groan,
Saying only, "I might have known!"
Alas for Kate! and alas for Fudge!
Though I do not owe them any grudge;
And alas for any who find to their shame
That two can play at their little game!

For of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.

Ah, well, as a general thing, we fret
About the one we didn't get;
But I think we needn't make a fuss,
If the one we don't want didn't get us.

Her dual nature is strikingly illustrated in many of her poems. Purely naturalistic in their conception, as they rise they are touched and glorified with the supernatural. It does not blend with the essence of her song, while that of Alice is all suffused with it. The form and flavor of the latter's verse is often mystical. Her sympathies are deeply human, her love of nature a passion; yet it is the psychical sense which impresses her most deeply in all natural and human phenomena. Phoebe has little of this exquisite pantheism. It is not the soul in nature which she instinctively feels first; it is in its association with human experiences. The field, the wood, the old garden, the swallows under the eaves, the cherry-tree on the lawn—she never wearies of going back to them; all are precious to her for their personal remembrances. It is while she broods over the past, while the tenderest memories of her life come thronging back into her heart, that the muse of Phoebe Cary rises to its finest and sweetest strains. With a less subtle fancy than Alice, a less suffusive and delicate imagination in embodying human passion, she has a dramatic force often, which her sister seldom manifests. The lyric rush in Alice comes with the winds and waves; it sings of nature's moods, interprets nature's voices; in her utterance of human experience it is the tender, the plaintive, the pathetic, which prevail. The dramatic instinct in Phoebe kindles in depicting human passion, and rises with exultant lyrical ring as if it were so strong within her that it would be uttered. Thus some of her ballads are powerful in conception, and wonderfully dramatic in expression. The finest example of this we have in her "Prairie Lamp," a poem full of tragic energy. What a rhythmic swell we feel through these lines:

"And hark! there is something strange about,
For my dull old blood is stirred;
That wasn't the feet of the storm without,
Nor the voice of the storm I heard!

"'Tis my boy! he is coming home, he is near,
Or I could not hear him pass;
For his step is as light as the step of the deer
On the velvet prairie grass."

"She rose—she stood erect, serene;
She swiftly crossed the floor,
And the hand of the wind, or a hand unseem, 
Threw open wide the door.

"Through the portal rushed the cruel blast, 
With a wall on its awful swell; 
As she cried, ' My boy, you have come at last, 
And prove o'er the threshold fell."

"And the stranger heard no other sound; 
And saw no form appear; 
But whoever came at midnight found 
Her lamp was burning clear!"

"The Lady Jaqueline," one of the very finest of her ballads, expresses a quality characteristic of herself. It is

"Yea, all my lovers and kings that were 
Are dead, and hid away 
In the past, as in a sepulchre, 
Shut up till the judgment day."

"False or fickle, or weak or wed, 
They have looked on royalty! 
Then bring me wine, and garlands bring 
For my king of the right divine;"

"The King is dead, long live the King! 
Said the Lady Jaqueline."

Equally powerful is she in the expression of personal experience. Her friend Dr. Deems said that it always took his breath away to read her,

DEAD LOVE.

We are face to face, and between us here 
Is the love we thought could never die; 
Why has it only lived a year? 
Who has murdered it—you or I? 
No matter who— the deed was done 
By one or both, and there it lies; 
The smile from the lip forever gone, 
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked; 
So what does it profit to talk and rave, 
Whether it perished by my neglect, 
Or whether your cruelty dug its grave!

Why should you say that I am to blame, 
Or why should I charge the sin on you? 
Our work is before us all the same, 
And the guilt of it lies between us two.

We have praised our love for its beauty and grace,
Now stand here, and hardly dare
To turn the face-cloth back from the face,
And seek the thing that is hidden there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its last, 
And the beautiful life of our life is o'er, 
And when we have buried and left the dead, 
We two, together, can walk no more.

You might stretch yourself on the dead and weep, 
And pray as the prophet prayed, in vain; 
But not like him could you break the sleep, 
And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay, 
And shower my woe there, kiss on kiss; 
But there never was resurrection-day 
In the world for a love so dead as this!

And, since we cannot lessen the sin 
By mourning over the deed we did, 
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to the chin, 
Aye, up till the death-blind eyes are hid!

No American poet has ever shown more passion, pathos, and tenderness combined, than we find embodied in many of the minor love poems of Phoebe Cary. Not only the "Dead Love," but the little poem which follows, is an example of these qualities.

ALAS!

Since, if you stood by my side to-day, 
Only our hands could meet, 
What matter if all the weary world 
Lies out between our feet?

That I am here by the lonesome sea, 
You by the pleasant Rhine? 
Our hearts were just as far apart, 
If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward glance, 
I leave the past behind; 
And standing here by the sea alone, 
I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind, 
And I have no word to say; 
Yet, alas! to be as we have been, 
And to be as we are to-day!

The literal quality of Phoebe's mind showed itself in her undoubting faith in spiritual communion, as it did in everything else. She would remark, "I think—just came into the room; I feel her presence as distinctly as I do yours," speaking of one who long before had passed into spirit life. She "knew that the dead came back," she said "just as she knew that she thought, or saw, or knew anything else." It was simply a fact which she stated literally and inexcusably as she would any other. "It was not any more wonderful to her," she said, "that she could see and perceive with her soul, than that she was able to discern objects through her eyeballs." Never were any words which she uttered more literally true to her than these:

"The veil of flesh that hid 
Is softly drawn aside! 
More clearly I behold them now, 
Than those who never died!"

Yet must this simple faith of these sisters in communion with spirits be confounded with any mere notion of delusion. They inherited this belief from their parents. There had been no moment in their conscious existence, when they did not believe in this New Testament faith, that the dead are ministering spirits sent forth of God, to the heirs of salvation. Never did woman live possessed of a more sturdy common sense than Phoebe Cary. Nevertheless she spoke constantly of sympathy and communion with those with whom death had taken, precisely as she spoke of intercourse with the living. To her, life held no verity more blessed than that which finds expression in her

BORDER-LAND.

I know you are always by my side, 
And I know you love me, Winifred, dear; 
For I never called on you since you died, 
But you answered tenderly, I am here!
So come from the misty shadows, where
You came last night and the night before;
Put back the veil of your golden hair,
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah! it is you; with that brow of truth,
Ever too pure for the least disguise;
With the same dear smile on the loving mouth,
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still;
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,
You have left the light of your higher place,
And the very roses you wear to-night
Still the touch of your hand is soft and grave.

O World! you may tell me I dream or prove
That the feet of the spirit cross the grave,
And every little bird upon the tree,
Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,
Sang in the wild insanity of glee;
And seemed, in the same days,
Calling his mate, and uttering songs of praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing;

The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing;
As she understood
That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,
To Him the Creator lift a smiling face,
Praising continually his wondrous grace;
As if the best of all
Life's countless blessings was to live at all!

So, with a book of sermons, plain and true,
Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through.
I went home softly, through the falling dew,
Still listening, rapt and calm,
To Nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned,
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,
The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned;
And, in that great hush,
Talked with his angels in each burning bush!

The hymn of Phoebe Cary, by which she is most widely known is her

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chasm.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think:

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!
and drinking in a terrible way, the old man, fearing utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losting each time. The third game, with the cards on the floor, exclaimed, —

"I inclose the hymn and the story for you, because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you read them. The hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852) in your house. I composed it in the little back third-straw bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it makes me very happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

After the death of Phoebe, the following letter was received at the "New York Tribune" office.

**SEQUEL TO THE GAMBLERS' STORY.**

**To the Editor of the Tribune.**

**Sir:** Having noticed in the columns of the "Tribune" a biographical sketch of Phoebe Cary, which contained an incident from my letters from China, I think that the sequel to the story of the "Gamblers" may interest many friends.

The old man spoken of in the anecdote has returned to California, and has become a hard-working Christian man, while "Harry" has renounced gambling and all its attendant vices. The incident having gone the rounds of the press, the old man saw it, and it made him reassured and calm, hoping that Phoebe’s death, she exclaims: —

"Yea, the power of death was ended.
I was my soul, then, from dejection,
Rose, and up to heaven ascended.

**MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.**

"Nature’s sepulture is breaking,
And earth, her gloom forsaking.
Into life and light is waking.

"Oh, the weakness and the madness
Of a heart that holdeth sadness.
When all else is light and gladness!

"Though they have tasted death, and taken
Their last breath, and are not forsaken.
Ye shall hear the trump, and awaken.

"Shall not He who life supplieth
To the dead seed, where it lieth,
Quickly also man, who dieth?

"Rise, my soul, then, from dejection,
See in nature the reflection
Of the dear Lord’s resurrection.

"Let this promise leave thee never:
If the might of death I sever,
Ye shall also live forever!"

In "Dreams and Realities," a poem published in "Harper’s Bazar" after Phoebe’s death, she exclaims: —

"If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear calm faith
That looks beyond the bounds of death,
And almost longs to pass ?"

Thus, through the heavy cloud of human burthens and longings the lark-like song arose into the very precipice of celestial light, sweet with unaltering faith and unyielding love to the very last. The timid soul that fainted in its mortal house grew reassured and calm, rising to the realization of eternal verities. The world is better because this woman lived, and loved, and believed. She wrote, not to blazon her own being upon the world, not to drop upon the weary multitude the weight of an oppressive personality. She drew from the deep wells of an unconscious and overflowing love the bright waters of refreshment and health. Her subler insight, her finer intuition, her larger trust, her more buoyant hope, are the world’s helpers, all. The simplest word of such a soul thrills with an inexpressible life. It helps to make us braver, stronger, more patient, and more glad. We feel the lowest task more perfectly, are more loyal to our duty, more loving to each other and to God, in the turmoil of the world, in the wearing care of the house, in sorrow as well as in joy, if by a single word we are drawn nearer to the all-encompassing and everlasting Love. To do this, as a writer, was the mission of Phoebe Cary. Perhaps no lines which she has written express more characteristically or perfectly her devout and childlike faith in a loving Father’s ordering of her earthly life, than the poem which closes her "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love."

**HYMNS OF FAITH.**

"Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours almost of ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Of a heart that holdeth sadness.

Would I have no moon stand still,
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
Could I have learned that clear calm faith
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And almost longs to pass ?"

Thus through the heavy cloud of human burthens and longings the lark-like song arose into the very precipice of celestial light, sweet with unaltering faith and unyielding love to the very last. The timid soul that fainted in its mortal house grew reassured and calm, rising to the realization of eternal verities. The world is better because this woman lived, and loved, and believed. She wrote, not to blazon her own being upon the world, not to drop upon the weary multitude the weight of an oppressive personality. She drew from the deep wells of an unconscious and overflowing love the bright waters of refreshment and health. Her subler insight, her finer intuition, her larger trust, her more buoyant hope, are the world’s helpers, all. The simplest word of such a soul thrills with an inexpressible life. It helps to make us braver, stronger, more patient, and more glad. We feel the lowest task more perfectly, are more loyal to our duty, more loving to each other and to God, in the turmoil of the world, in the wearing care of the house, in sorrow as well as in joy, if by a single word we are drawn nearer to the all-encompassing and everlasting Love. To do this, as a writer, was the mission of Phoebe Cary. Perhaps no lines which she has written express more characteristically or perfectly her devout and childlike faith in a loving Father’s ordering of her earthly life, than the poem which closes her "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love."

**RECONCILED.**

O years, gone down into the past;
What pleasant memories come to me,
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours almost of ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still,
Where life’s most pleasant valleys lie;
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them,
To-day, aye! even this very hour,
Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by;
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry;
But that his plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and new,
And almost longs to pass ?"
The prayers I thought unanswered once,
Were answered in God's own best way.
And though some dearly cherished hope
Perished untimely ere their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blessed
Beyond the measure of my worth.
And sometimes in my hours of grief,
For moments I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid
I felt a loving Father's hand.
And I have learned the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms ;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms.

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
Through which I look on nature
As the young eagle mounts the skies!
Is lighted by the smile of God !

CHAPTER X.

PHŒBE CARY.— THE WOMAN.

The wittiest woman in America is dead. There are others who say many
brilliant things ; but I doubt if there is another so spontaneously and pointedly
witty, in the sense that Sidney Smith was witty, as Phœbe Cary. The draw-
back to almost everybody's wit and reparteé is that it so often seems pre-
meditated. It is a fearful chill to a laugh to know that it is being watched for,
and had been prepared beforehand. But there was an absolute charm in
Phœbe's wit: it was spontaneous, so connective, so " pat. " Then it was
full of the delight of a perpetual surprise. She was just as witty at break-
fast as she was at dinner, and would say something just as astonishingly
bright to one companion, and she, as a woman, to a roomful of cultivated
men, doing their best to parry her flashings cimilars of speech. Though so lib-
erally endowed with the poetical utterance
and insight, she first beheld every object
literally, not a ray of glamour about it;
and from this absolutely
matter-of-fact perception came the
marvelous things which she heard her
friends had given her; from one there was a mar-
bale, from another a curious fact from the East, from another a piece of
another, from a ball of malachite or
crystal, and so on, till the necklace
consisted of more than fifty beads, and,
when open, stretched to a length of
nearly four feet.

She often wore this necklace on Sun-
day evenings, and while in conversa-
tion would frequently occupy her fin-
gers in toy ing with the beads. " One
evening a friend told her that she
looked, with her necklace, like an
Indian princess ; she replied that the
same woman was, who fell through the in-
fluence of the serpent," said Phœbe, as
she recovered herself.

Being one day at Wood's Museum,
she asked Mr. Barnum to show her
the "Infernal Regions," advertised to
be represented there. On inquiring,
he found that they were out of order,
and said, " The Infernal Regions have
vanished; but never mind, Phœbe, you
will see them in time." " No, in eternity," was the lightning-
like reply.

Phœbe was at the Museum, looking about at the curiosities," says Mr. Bar-
um, "I preceded her, and had passed down a
couple of steps. She, intently watch-
ing a big anaconda in a case at the top of the stairs, walked up to
notice them, and fell. I was just in
line to catch her in my arms, and save
her from a severe bruising.

"I am more lucky than that first
woman was, who fell through the in-
fuence of the serpent," said Phœbe, as
she recovered herself.

"Oh!" said Phœbe, "we drink Heid-
sick; but we keep mum."

Mr. P. T. Barnum mentioned to her
that the skeleton man and the fat
woman, then on exhibition in the city,
were married.

"I suppose they loved through thick
and thin," answered Phœbe.

"On one occasion, when Phœbe was
at the Museum, looking about at the
curiosities," says Mr. Barnum, "I pre-
ceded her, and had passed down a
couple of steps. She, intently watch-
ing a big anaconda in a case at the top of the stairs, walked up to
notice them, and fell. I was just in
time to catch her in my arms, and save
her from a severe bruising.

"I am more lucky than that first
woman was, who fell through the in-
fuence of the serpent," said Phœbe, as
she recovered herself.

"On one occasion, when Phœbe was
at the Museum, looking about at the
curiosities," says Mr. Barnum, "I pre-
ceded her, and had passed down a
couple of steps. She, intently watch-
ing a big anaconda in a case at the top of the stairs, walked up to
notice them, and fell. I was just in
time to catch her in my arms, and save
her from a severe bruising.

"I am more lucky than that first
woman was, who fell through the in-
fuence of the serpent," said Phœbe, as
she recovered herself.

"On one occasion, when Phœbe was
at the Museum, looking about at the
curiosities," says Mr. Barnum, "I pre-
ceded her, and had passed down a
couple of steps. She, intently watch-
ing a big anaconda in a case at the top of the stairs, walked up to
notice them, and fell. I was just in
time to catch her in my arms, and save
her from a severe bruising.
Her religious sentiments were deep and strong, her faith in the Eternal Goodness unwavering. Educated in the faith of Universalism, she believed to the last in the final salvation of all God's children. On this subject she spoke to the writer with great distinctness and emphasis only a few weeks before her death; and once she indicated her faith by repeating with approval the remark of one who said, in reply to the argument in favor of endless misery, 'Well, if God ever sends me into such misery, I know He will give me a constitution to bear it.'

On entering a shop one day, she asked the clerk to show her a lady's cap. He understood her to say "a baby's cap."

"Poetry!" exclaimed Phoebe, in a tone which made the young man jump with amazement.

Among her papers there is an envelope containing a letter that she has left behind, on which, in her own hand, is written one word: "Fun!"

"It is packed with little squibs of rhyme and travesty, evidently written for her own amusement, with amazement.

"And mark her progress as she goes, By many an itching lump!

Improve each awful jump;

I pause in these quotations with a sense of pain. The written line is a such a feeble reflection of the living words which flashed from the speaking woman, so tiny a ray of that abounding light, that bounded life, from earth gone out!

The same powerful sense of justice, the same delicate honor, the same conscience, the tender sympathies, which prevailed in the nature of Alice, were also dominant in Phoebe.

She not only wanted every breathing thing to have its little mortal chance, but, so far as she felt able to assist, it was not only an especially sympathetic to the aged and the young, yet her heart went out to the helpless, the poor, the wretched everywhere.

One of her most marked traits was a fine sense of honor which pervaded her minutest acts. This was manifested in her relations with others, in the utter absence of all curiosity. If ever a woman lived who absolutely "minded her own business, and let that of other people alone," it was Phoebe Cary. If ever mortal lived who thoroughly respected the individual life and rights of others, it was Phoebe Cary. From the prevailing "little-blissness," which Margaret Fuller Ossoli says are the curse of women, she was almost entirely free.

"For if you're always sitting still, You cannot get ahead.

You not only wanted every breathing good word and work. Phoebe's pen, as well as Alice, could scarcely help growing up to be the advocate of every sycophancy and snobbery she was the capable. She took the most literal measure of every human being whom she gauged at all, and it was precisely what the individual made it, without reference to any antecedent whatever. Shams collapsed in the presence of this truthful soul, and pretense withered away under her cool, measuring gaze. More wealth had no patent which could command her respect, and poverty no sorrow that did not possess her sympathy and pity.

"A man's a man, for a' that," whatever the shadow might be which rested on his birth or ancestry. Of good lineage, no one on earth was more ready to say,—

"I have cried in the Street because I was poor. I am so much nearer to poor people than to rich ones."

The child of such parents, Phoebe, as well as Alice, could scarcely help growing up to be the advocate of every good word and work. Phoebe's pen, as well as her life, was ever dedicated to temperance, to human rights, to religion, to all true progress. It was impossible that such a woman should not have been devoted to all the best interests of her own sex. She believed religiously in the social, mental, and civil enfranchisement of women. She hated caste in sex as she hated any other caste rooted in injustice, and the degradation of human nature. She believed it to be the human right of women to..."
every woman to develop the power that
God has given her, and to fulfill her
destiny as a human creature,—free as
man is free. Yet it was in woman of
woman that she believed. She herself
was one of the most womanly of women.
What she longed to see educated to a
finer and fuller supremacy in woman,
was feminine, not masculine strength.
As she believed in man's, she believed
in woman's kingdom. Her very clearly defined ideas and feelings
on this subject can in no way be so
perfectly expressed as in her own
words, published in the "New York
Tribune."

**ADVICE GRATIA TO CERTAIN WOMEN.**

BY A WOMAN.

Oh, my strong-minded sisters, aspiring
to vote,
And to row with your brothers, all in
the same boat,
When you come out to speak to the
public your mind,
Leave your tricks, and your airs, and
dress in such styles
As astonished the natives, and frightened
the isles;
And if ever you come to be that, 't will
You can cease to be babies, nor try to
rule in the state,
Be men !

After months of solicitation from
those connected with it, and at the
earnest entreaty of Alice, she became
at one time the assistant editor of the
"Revolution." But the responsibility
was always distasteful to her, and after
a few months' trial, she relinquished
it with a sense of utter relief.

**WAS HE HENPECKED?**

"I 'll tell you what it is, my dear,"
Said Mrs. Dorking, proudly,
"I do not like that chanticleer
Who crows o'er as so loudly.
And since I must his laws obey,
And have him walk before me,
I 'd rather like to have my say
Of who should lord it o'er me."

"You 'd like to vote?" he answered
slow,
"Why, treasure of my treasures,
You have your rights, 't is very true,
And you,
And do, just what we tell you!
I do not want you made, my dear,
I 'd keep you in the chicken-yard,
Because you let me scratch and pick
The subject of rude men's jest;
And would you be a crowing hen—
That dreadful unsexed creature?"

"My dear, you 're talking like a goose—
Unholy, and improper."

But here again her words broke loose,
In vain he tried to stop her:

"I tell you, though she never spoke
So you could understand her,
A goose knows when she wears a
sheath,
As quickly as a gander."

"Why, bless my soul! what would
you do?
Write out a diagnosis?
Speak equal rights? join with their
crew
And dine with the Sorosis?
And shall I live to see it, then—
My wife a public teacher?
And would you be a crowing hen—
That dreadful unsexed creature?"

"Why, as to that, I do not know;
Nor see why you should fear it;
If I can crow, why let me crow,
If I can't, then you won't hear it!"

"Now, why?" he said, "can't such as
You accept what we assign them?
You have your rights, 't is very true,
But then, we should define them!

"We would not peck you cruelly,
We would not buy and sell you;
And you, in turn, should think, and
be,
And do, just what we tell you!

"We would not buy and sell you;
We would not peck you cruelly;
And you, in turn, should think, and
be,
And do, just what we tell you!

"I do not want you made, my dear,
The subject of rude men's jest;
I like you in your proper sphere,
The circle of a hen's nest!

"I 'd keep you in the chicken-yard,
Safe, honored, and respected;
From all that makes us rough and
hard,
Your sex should be protected."

"Pray, did it ever make you sick?
Hav'e I gone to the dickens?
Because you let me scratch and pick
Both for myself and chickens?"

"Oh, that 's a different thing, you know,
Such duties are parental;"
MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

But for some work to do, you'd grow.
Quite weak and sentimental.

"Ah! yes, it's well for you to talk
That's no part of my work!"

Who keeps your chickens from the
hawk?

Who stays in nights, my beauty ?

But, madam, you may go each hour.
To see your pretty faces!

We'll give you anything, but power
And honor, trust and places.

"Ah! yes, it's well for you to talk
That's no part of my work!"

Yet some of you are on the fence,
To see you voting at the polls.

And worse, to see you fly so high,
To feel you did not love me;

Now, what you fear in equal rights
And have you roost above me !"

Your words with sorrow fill me ;
To hide, of any deep affection.

Phoebe was full of loving little ways,
Deep, dimpled, and abiding. It

To her dying hour she was a child
In floods of tears. To be sure,

And honor, trust and places.

"Never ! " was the response.

"I do believe, you said Alice. It
would deliberate have chosen to
have lived "solitary to her dying day."

"I prefer my own life to that of the
mass of married people that I see," she
would say; "it is a material life that they seem to me to live,
no inspiration of the deepest love in it.

And yet I believe that true marriage
holds the highest and purest possibilities
of human happiness." It was a
perfectly characteristic reply that she
made to the person who asked her if
she had ever been disappointed in her
affections:

"No ; but a great many of my mar-
ried friends have."

Equally characteristic was her an-
swer to the errant officer of our late
war, who invited her to drive with him,
and improved the opportunity it gave
to ask her to marry him. She re-
quested a short time to consider.

"No," said the peremptory hero.

"Now, or never."

"Never! " was the response.

We may believe that the "never"
did not lose in vim from the fact,
known to her, that the same daring
adorer had offered his name and fame
no less ardently, but a few days be-
tore, to her sister Alice.

They parted at the Twentieth Street
door forever. He died not long after,
of wounds received in battle.

Phoebe was as innocently fond
of admiration as she was of decora-
tion any better than a child. No mat-
ter how bravely she tried, afterwards,
never, Phoebe could not bear disappoint-
ment any better than a child. No mat-
ter how bravely she tried, afterwards,
never, Phoebe could not bear disappoint-
ment any better than a child. No mat-
ter how bravely she tried, afterwards,
never, Phoebe could not bear disappoint-
ment any better than a child. No mat-
...
an offer of marriage was made her by a gentleman eminent in the world of letters, a man of the most refined nature, extensive culture, and real piety. Still felt a deep and true affection for him, as he did for her. The vision of a new life and home shone brightly in upon her, which disease and death had hung over her own.

Although unconsciously, Alice had already chosen the Valley of Death, and when, with her failing strength, the loss of Phoebe suddenly confronted her, she shrank back appalled. "I am very sad now." Phoebe looked into the face of her lover, and every impulse of her heart said, "Yes;" she looked into the face of her sister, and her lips said without faltering, "No." Making the sacrifice, she made it cheerfully, and without ado. I doubt if Alice, to her dying day, realized how much Phoebe relinquished in her own room; but Phoebe wanted all the accessions of the Church service. She was deeply devotional. In her unstinted devoutness, there was a touch of the old Covenanters' spirit. In her utter dependence on the mercy and love of God, there was an absolute humility of heart, touching to see.

Although she believed in the final restoration of the human race to holiness, she believed no less in extreme penalties for sin. She expected punishment for every evil deed she did, not only here but hereafter. This belief, with her own natural timidity and humility, explains every cry that she uttered. "Oh this heaviness, this lethargy which comes over me, as if I could never move again! I wonder what it is!" But Alice was so confirmedly, and every day becoming so hopelessly the invalid of the household, Phoebe's ailments were ignored by herself, and scarcely known to her friends. In the presence of the mortal agony which had settled on her sister's frame, Phoebe had neither heart nor desire to speak of the low, dull pain already creeping about her own heart. Her first anxiety was to spare her sister every external cause for solicitude or care.

Nevertheless, there were times when her own mortality was too strong for her, and in the December before the death of Alice, she lay ill for many days in the little room adjoining, sick almost unto death, with one form of the disease of which, at last, she died. While convalescing from this attack, I found her one day lying on a sofa in Alice's room, when Alice, in an arm-chair, was sitting by her side. It was one of Alice's "best days." Not two months before her death, after days and nights of anguish, when language can portray, she yet had life enough left to be seated in that armchair, dressed in her present snowy lamb's-wool shawl, with a dainty cap, brave with pink ribbons, on her head. Moving against her will, she, at last pushed this jaunty cap on one side, when Phoebe looked up from her pillow, and said with a sudden laugh, "Alice, you have no idea what a ridiculous appearance you present. I'll get you the hand-glass that you may see how you wear your cap." And this remark was the first of a series of happy sallies which passed between these two, stricken and smitten, yet tossing to and fro sunny words, as if neither had a sorrow, and as if all life stretched fair and bright before them.

Phoebe probably never knew, in this world, to what awful tension her body and soul were strained, in living through the suffering of Alice, and beholding her die.

She herself said: "It seems to me that a cord stretches from Alice's heart to mine: nothing can hurt her that does not hurt me." That cord was severed at death, no one can believe. Beyond the grave, Alice draws her still, till she drew her into the skies.

After her sister's death she remarked to a friend, "Alice was here, always absorbed in me, and she absorbs me still; I feel her constantly drawing me."

You have read how, after seeing the body of her sister laid beneath the snow in Greenwood, Phoebe came back to the empty home, let the sunshine in, filled the desolate room with flowers, and laid down to sleep on the couch near that of Alice, which she had occupied through all her last sickness; how she rose with the purpose and will to work, to prepare a new edition of all her sister's writings, - not to sit down in objectless grief, but to do all that her sister believed, did still desire her to do. There was not a touch of morbidness
in her nature. By birthright hers was the inspiration of truth, faith, and love. In herself she had everything left to live for. Mentally, she had not yet risen to the fullness of her powers. It was not of old. To her own little store were now added her sister's possessions. Save a few legacies and mementos, everything of which she died possessed, Alice had bestowed upon Phoebe. The house was hers; she its sole mistress, possessed of a life competency. All Alice's friends were hers now in a double sense; for they loved her for herself, and her sister also. She sat enshrined in a tenderer and more brilliant and enduring repute in intellectual society was never so assured. The world of letters; her position as the leader of a most brilliant and important circle was more assured than of old. To her own little store were now added her sister's possessions. Save a few legacies and mementos, everything of which she died possessed, Alice had bestowed upon Phoebe. The house was hers; she its sole mistress, possessed of a life competency. All Alice's friends were hers now in a double sense; for they loved her for herself, and her sister also.

Maria, her nurse, after her death. "She grew just like her in death. When it came, she was well, and out attending the meeting of a convention. I left a message that, as it would be impossible for me to come again for some time, I should await her promised visit in my own home. Weeks passed, in which I was bound in honor to perform by a certain time, witheld from everything else, even from the reading of newspapers. Yet in the midst of it the thought of Phoebe often came to me, and I felt almost living at her absence. Long after, its date, a miscarried letter, written by the hand of another, came to me, telling me of her return. When it reached me, she had already gone to Newport. I answered it, telling her that I had known of her state, I should have left everything and come to her, as I was still ready to do. Carrying the letter down to post without delay, I took up the "Tribune," and the first line on which my eye rested was, "The death of Phoebe Cary.""

A short time before, Mrs. Clymer, the niece who had all her life-time been as a daughter to Alice and Phoebe, stood over the death-bed of her only sister. She closed her eyes for the last time, to lie down on her own bed of suffering, to which she was bound for weeks. Lying there, she learned the sickness of her aunt Phoebe, but not an all-sufficient degree, to the latter withholding it from her. As soon as she was able to sit up, she left Cincinnati, and, reaching New York, and stopping at the house on Twentieth Street for tidings, she was married to the telegram of her aunt's death.

Such were the inexorable circumstances which forced two who loved her, from her in her last hours; a fact, the very memory of which, to them, must be an unavailing and life-long sorrow. Thus it was with nearly all of her friends; they were out of the city, far from her, and scarcely knew of her sickness until they read the announcement of her death.

She felt it keenly; and in her last loneliness her loving heart would call them to her. "Where are all my friends?" she would cry. Yet at no time was she wholly bereft of the ministrations of affection. Hon. Thomas Jenckes, of Providence, Island, and Mr. Francis Nye, of New York, the friend and executor of both Alice and herself, made every arrangement for her conveyance to Newport. She was accompanied thither by a devoted lady friend, and followed thither by another, who remained with her till after her death. Mr. Oliver Johnson made the journey to Newport expressly to see his old friend in her lonely and suffering state. The lady who was with her to the last, Mrs. Mary Stevens Robinson, daughter of Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, beside her nurse Maria, is the only person between Phoebe and the world, truly of Phoebe Cary's last hours, has, at the request of the writer, kindly sent the following graphic personal recollections of Phoebe, and a record of those sad days at Newport. She says: — "I first met with Phoebe Cary the winter of 1853-54. She was still young and striking in her appearance, with keen, merry, black eyes, full of intelligence and spirit, a full, well-proportioned figure, and very characteristic in gesture, aspect, and dress. She was fond of high colors, red, orange, etc., and talked well and rapidly. She was entirely feminine in demeanor, careful, in gesture, aspect, and dress. At their evening receptions, and they our unceremonious social gatherings. At these companies Phoebe was more with gentlemen than with ladies; partly because she liked them.
better, and partly because they were sure to be entertained by her; but she maintained invariably a gentle reserve, was never carried away in the ardor of brilliancy of talking. Her wit had no sting, her frankness and sincerity were those of a child, and she was always womanly. In remarks upon persons and their performances, she was free and discriminating. Herein she differed less from her less habitual for her to use restraint, than it was with Alice.

The latter was carefully, conscientiously to use restraint, than it was with Alice. She was free and discriminating. Hereafter that this cheery soul, who was away, and I can leave now, better, and partly because they were never carried away in the ardor of brilliancy of talking. Her wit had no sting, her frankness and sincerity were those of a child, and she was always womanly. In remarks upon persons and their performances, she was free and discriminating. Herein she differed less from her less habitual for her to use restraint, than it was with Alice.

The latter was carefully, conscientiously to use restraint, than it was with Alice. She was free and discriminating. Hereafter that this cheery soul, who was away, and I can leave now, better, and partly because they were never carried away in the ardor of brilliancy of talking. Her wit had no sting, her frankness and sincerity were those of a child, and she was always womanly. In remarks upon persons and their performances, she was free and discriminating. Herein she differed less from her less habitual for her to use restraint, than it was with Alice.

The latter was carefully, conscientiously to use restraint, than it was with Alice. She was free and discriminating. Hereafter that this cheery soul, who was away, and I can leave now, better, and partly because they were never carried away in the ardor of brilliancy of talking. Her wit had no sting, her frankness and sincerity were those of a child, and she was always womanly. In remarks upon persons and their performances, she was free and discriminating. Herein she differed less from her less habitual for her to use restraint, than it was with Alice.

The latter was carefully, conscientiously to use restraint, than it was with Alice. She was free and discriminating. Hereafter that this cheery soul, who was away, and I can leave now, better, and partly because they were never carried away in the ardor of brilliancy of talking. Her wit had no sting, her frankness and sincerity were those of a child, and she was always womanly. In remarks upon persons and their performances, she was free and discriminating. Herein she differed less from her less habitual for her to use restraint, than it was with Alice.

The latter was carefully, conscientiously to use restraint, than it was with Alice. She was free and discriminating. Hereafter that this cheery soul, who was away, and I can leave now, better, and partly because they were never carried away in the ardor of brilliancy of talking. Her wit had no sting, her frankness and sincerity were those of a child, and she was always womanly. In remarks upon persons and their performances, she was free and discriminating. Herein she differed less from her less habitual for her to use restraint, than it was with Alice.
MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

"You have read in sensation stories of heroines weltering in their gore," she said; "I understand now exactly what that means, for I lay and weltered in my gore for the best of the night, and it was a very disagreeable proceeding; I never wanted to welter again." "Such nursing as she required was very simple. On the whole, she seemed to bear removal. She had been for it, she was too ill to be moved from her room, and the plan was abandoned." "The restlessness increased all the next day, though in other respects she remained comfortable. Several times I lifted her alone from the chair to the bed, though how, I can hardly tell now. It was something I could do better than the others, for they invariably hurt her; but generally Maria helped me. In the evening her restlessness increased so much that she could not lie still a moment. I was quite worn out, and on the first time, went to bed, but not before I found time to button the door, and lock it, and say goodnight." "The journey taxed her severely, and Mrs. Rayl to escort her thither, ranged for Mr. Jenckes (of Providence) whom I was acquainted. It was arranged that the ladies, sisters, of a Quaker family with homelike quarters, with two single ladies, of a Quaker family with the publisher. Preparations were made for the journey; but on the day appointed for it, she was too ill to be moved from her room, and the plan was abandoned." "We then considered several places, deciding at last upon Newport, as offering homelike quarters, with two single ladies, of a Quaker family with whom I was acquainted." "Such nursing as she required was very little, and that mainly cold milk, with three times the doctor's prescriptions accompanied with delirium. She would then raise at Maria and myself, before us as the cause of her sufferings; but the frenzy past, she was gentle and sweet, like her usual self. One evening, in a paroxysm of this sort, she was to be laid on the floor, and after expostulating in vain, was medicated and laid down, and left her on it. Here she remained for above two hours, I standing over her, as I had come over her back to the bed. But these sad aberrations were not frequent nor lasting. They ceased with the harmful medicines." "Many persons in Newport, learning of her illness called to leave their occupations; among others, Mr. Higginson, and Mrs. Parton. Her friend Oliver Johnson called twice, and though almost too weak to speak, she saw him both times. The first was on Saturday, when he promised to call again, and on Monday some nights she seemed quite improved; told the doctor she believed she had begun to get well. On Friday, he noticed down his face as he beheld her altered aspect; her reception of him was most affable, but her smile did not; her eyes were closed, and the repose of death was settling on her brow. The death throe had seized her, but it lasted only a moment, and for this I gave her constant request. I repeated much of the sermon, and she commented on it in her naturally rapid manner. All was very_Call it a last attempt. She saw Mr. Johnson, who left with her a nosegay of sweet-peas of rare varieties. Her color returned almost immediately, and at the comparison again, she buried her face repeatedly in the flowers, crushing them in her strong desire to extract their fragrance. She thought she would like a sweet apple, but, when it was brought, could only smell of it. That afternoon, sitting on the edge of the bed, she kissed and caressed Maria, talked of how they would go home, went over pleasantly every detail of the anticipated journey as a child would talk of it, and seemed altogether so tranquil and comfortable that any one unaware of her low state might have hoped for convalescence. But we could entertain no such hope." "The restlessness increased all the next day, though in other respects she remained comfortable. Several times I lifted her alone from the chair to the bed, though how, I can hardly tell now. It was something I could do better than the others, for they invariably hurt her; but generally Maria helped me. In the evening her restlessness increased so much that she could not lie still a moment. I was quite worn out, and on the first time, went to bed, but not before I found time to button the door, and lock it, and say goodnight." "The restlessness increased all the next day, though in other respects she remained comfortable. Several times I lifted her alone from the chair to the bed, though how, I can hardly tell now. It was something I could do better than the others, for they invariably hurt her; but generally Maria helped me. In the evening her restlessness increased so much that she could not lie still a moment. I was quite worn out, and on the first time, went to bed, but not before I found time to button the door, and lock it, and say goodnight."
thanks even at that hour, for she had such fear of pain; and though she suffered much, yet of actual pain she had little from the beginning to this last hour. This was mercifully ordered in view of her terror inability to bear acute suffering. After death, her face, almost immediately, wore a tranquil expression, through tears of sunlight shining through rain; and though I saw it no more after the last offices of the day, the thought of it, as if preserved, I was told that till the coffin-lid closed finally upon it, this repose remained stamped there. Thus passed away one of the dearest souls that God ever set on the earth."

Maria's story of that hour which she spent alone with Phoebe. Phoebe's last hour in this world, is most touching. She could not lie down, but she was so restless, said Maria: "She kept saying to me, Maria, put my hair back. There! — that is just as it was. And to think that you and I are friends? Well, when we go back we won't live alone any longer, will we? We won't live alone as we did last spring. We'll open the house and fill it, won't we, Maria.' .... "But if you buy me a white dress. All my life I've never been able to have a white dress. We'll open the house and fill it, won't we, Maria.' ...."

"Every lineament was smiling, childlike, glowing. She had her wish. No look of wear, fell in fleecy folds about her in death. She slept amid flowers, fresh and fragrant. The tender heart whose words of affection had never been fully seen or felt within its outward shield of resplendent wit, now shone through and transfigured every feature. Every lineament was smiling, childlike, loving. She had her wish. No look of the living face. Phoebe Cary was ever so sweet as the last.

Phoebe Cary died at Newport, Rhode Island, Monday, July 15, 1871. Her body was brought to the empty house on Twentieth Street, New York, and from thence was taken for funeral services to All Souls Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, whose congregation, coming and going, Phoebe had so often watched from her chamber window, with emotions of affection. Her funeral was attended by four sisters, the few of her many friends at that time left in the heated city, and by a goodly company of strange women by her name was dear. The services were intrusted to the Rev. A. G. Laurie, a Scottish Universalist clergyman, and Rev. Bernard Peters, both old and dear friends of the Cary family, the former having known Phoebe from childhood. The "New York Tribune," speaking of the solemnities, said: "The body was placed in the centre aisle, not the chancel, the organ playing a dirge. When the attendants had arranged the final details, and the last strains of music were dying away, a cloud that had obscured the sun passed from before it, and the whole church was illuminated with golden tints, seemingly indicative of the glory which awaited the peaceful spirit that had quitted it."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Laurie's affectionate and tearful address, he read Phoebe's hymn, "Nearer Home," which was sung by the choir, who also sang the following hymn, written by the officiating clergyman:

O stricken heart, what spell shall move thee? What charm shall lift that grief away? Which, like a leader mist above thee, Shuts out the shining of the day?

Is out of sight the friend unto thee? "Fare every friend that sat the first? Let not her silence thus undo thee; The blank of Death is not its worst.

And never shade of wrong lay on her; She loved her kith, her kind, her God, And from her mind returned the Donor Rich harvest for the seed He sowed.

She died in stress of love and duty. On others spent her work and will; Unselt — O Christ, thy cheapest beauty Was hers, and she is with Thee still.

Then, smitten heart, renew thy gladness: Rejoice that thou canst not forget; In every pulse, with solemn sadness, Unseen, but present, feel her yet.

Horace Greeley and others went as far as they could with this dear friend on her long journey, and covered her all over with flowers, so I shall not look gloomy and drearful to anybody who looks on me for the last time."

"She talked to me one moment as if they were going back to life and the old home on Twentieth Street, with utter years for friends, and an approaching toward a mortal future full of sunshine and human companionship; the next moment as if her death were certain, the feminine instinct of decoration, the longing to look pleasant to those she loved, strong even in dissolution.

The loving heart was mightier than all. She could hardly stop her low, rapid utterances, and stretching out her arms throw them around Maria's neck, covering her face with caresses and kisses, ending always with the words: "You and I are all alone, Maria. After all, I've nobody but you!"
house Sabbath evening after Sabbath evening, "just to look upon her face." Said one, "It grows more beautiful every year."

Alice was tall and graceful, with a suggestion of majesty in her simple mien. Her dark eyes were of a wonder-ful softness and beauty, with a fath­omless depth of tenderness in their ex­pression, which men and even women love, and there was an impres­sion of silent power pervading her very nine mouth, and there was an impres­sion, which men and even women

suggestion of majesty in her simple existence such as we see where the nearer and nearer together to the end.

The same self - depreciation was...
moan of the great metropolis, the tur-
moll and anguish of human life never
stilled. On the other, Ocean chants a
perpetual requiem. As you listen, you
are sure that it holds that in its call
which is eternal; sure that there is
that in you which can never end; sure
that the love, and devotion, and divine
intelligence of the women whom you
mourn, still survive; that they whom
you loved in all the infirmity of their
human state, await you now, redeemed,
and glorified, and immortal.

The autumn leaves fall on their
graves in tender showers. The spring
leaves, the summer flowers, bud and
bloom around them in beauty ever re-
newed. The air is penetrated with
sunshine and with song. The place is
full of the brightness that Phoebe loved,
full of the soothing shade and peace so
dear to Elmina and to Alice.

Farewell, beloved trinity!
The words which Whittier wrote for
Alice, this hour belong alike to each
one:

“God giveth quietness at last!
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.”

“Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place.
To you, to her — I know not where —
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“For only thus our own we find;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between;
The unheard reaches the unseen.

“Again the blackbirds sing: the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

“But not for her has spring renewed,
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flowers are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

“What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death had sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show,
Requires the loss of all we know?

“O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne’er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

“O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o’er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!”

In the days of her early youth Phoebe
wrote:

“Let your warm hands chill not, slipping
From my fingers’ icy tips;
Be there not the touch of kisses
On my uncaressing lips;
Let no kindness see the blindness
Of my eyes’ last, long eclipse.

“Never think of me as lying
By the dismal mould o’erspread;
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place.
To you, to her — I know not where —
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“For only thus our own we find;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between;
The unheard reaches the unseen.

“Again the blackbirds sing: the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

“But not for her has spring renewed,
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flowers are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

“What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death had sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show,
Requires the loss of all we know?

“O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne’er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

“O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o’er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!”

In the days of her early youth Phoebe
wrote:

“Let your warm hands chill not, slipping
From my fingers’ icy tips;
Be there not the touch of kisses
On my uncaressing lips;
Let no kindness see the blindness
Of my eyes’ last, long eclipse.

“Never think of me as lying
By the dismal mould o’erspread;
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place.
To you, to her — I know not where —
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“For only thus our own we find;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between;
The unheard reaches the unseen.

“Again the blackbirds sing: the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

“But not for her has spring renewed,
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flowers are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

“What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death had sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show,
Requires the loss of all we know?

“O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne’er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

“O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o’er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!”

In the days of her early youth Phoebe
wrote:

“Let your warm hands chill not, slipping
From my fingers’ icy tips;
Be there not the touch of kisses
On my uncaressing lips;
Let no kindness see the blindness
Of my eyes’ last, long eclipse.

“Never think of me as lying
By the dismal mould o’erspread;
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place.
To you, to her — I know not where —
I lift the silence of a prayer.

“For only thus our own we find;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between;
The unheard reaches the unseen.

“Again the blackbirds sing: the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

APOLOGY.

[Prefacing the volume of Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns published in 1865.]

O ever true and comfortable mate,
For whom my love outwore the fleeting red
Of my young cheeks, nor did one jot abate,
I pray thee now, as by a dying bed,
Wait yet a little longer! Hear me tell
How much my will transcends my feeble powers:
As one with blind eyes feeling out in flowers
Their tender hues, or, with no skill to spell
His poor, poor name, but only makes his mark,
And guesses at the sunshine in the dark,
So I have been. A sense of things divine
Lying broad above the little things I knew,
The while I made my poems for a sign
Of the great melodies I felt were true.
Pray thee accept my sad apology,
Sweet master, mending, as we go along,
My homely fortunes with a thread of song,
That all my years harmoniously may run;
Less by the tasks accomplished judging me,
Than by the better things I would have done.
I would not lose thy gracious company
Out of my house and heart for all the good
Besides, that ever comes to womanhood,—
And this is much: I know what I resign,
But at that great price I would have thee mine.

BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Intro the house ran Lettice,
With hair so long and so bright,
Crying, "Mother! Johnny has listed!
He has listed into the fight!"

"Don't talk so wild, little Lettice!"
And she smoothed her darling's brow,
"Tis true! you'll see — as true can be —
He told me so just now!"

"Ah, that's a likely story!
Why, darling, don't you see,
If Johnny had listed into the war
He would tell your father and me!"

"But he is going to go, mother,
Whether it's right or wrong;
He is thinking of it all the while,
And he won't be with us long."

"Our Johnny going to go to the war!
Aye, aye, and the time is near;
He said, when the corn was once in the ground,
We couldn't keep him here!"

"Hush, child! your brother Johnny,
Meant to give you a fright."
"Mother, he'll go — I tell you I know
He's listed into the fight!"

"Plucking a rose from the bush, he said,
Before its leaves were black
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back!"

"A dream! a dream! little Lettice,
A wild dream of the night;
Go find and fetch your brother in,
And he will set us right."

So out of the house ran Lettice,
Calling near and far,—
"Johnny, tell me, and tell me true,
Are you going to go to the war?"

At last she came and found him
In the dusty cattle-close,
Whistling Hail Columbia,
And beating time with his rose.

The rose he broke from the bush, when he said,
Before its leaves were black
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back.

Then all in gay mock-anger,
He plucked her by the sleeve,
Saying, "Dear little, sweet little rebel,
I am going, by your leave!"

"Oh Johnny! Johnny!" low he stooped,
And kissed her wet cheeks dry,
And took her golden head in his hands,
And told her he would not die.

"But, Letty, if anything happens —
There won't!" and he spoke more low —
"But if anything should, you must be twice as good
As you are, to mother, you know!"

"Not but that you are good, Letty,
As good as you can be;"
But then you know it might be so,
You’d have to be good for me!”
So straight to the house they went, his cheeks
Flushing under his brim;
And his two broad-shouldered oxen
Turned their great eyes after him.
That night in the good old farmstead
Was many a sob of pain:
O Johnny, stay! if you go away,
It will never be home again!
But Time its still sure comfort lent,
And Johnny’s gallant regiment
Took what was Johnny’s from the
And steadying up her stricken soul,
And her heart, though it bled, was
And brought the cap she had lined
And into the house ran Lettice,
O mother! news has come to-day!
Our John’s regiment, they say,
You'd have to be good for me!"
Turned their great eyes after him.
"Tis flying all about;
Was going to march at last.
Crawling, crawling past,
To welcome Johnny home.
"The brightest day that ever yet
Was the master of the mill.
"That was why the tear-drops
So oft did fall and stand
Upon their silken coats that were
As white as a lady’s hand.
So little Hagen Walder
Looked at the sea and th’ sky,
And wished that he were a salmon,
In the silver waves to lie;
And wished that he were an eagle,
Away through th’ air to soar,
Where never the grinding mill-wheel
Might vex him any more:
And wished that he were a pirate,
To burn some cottage down,
And warm himself; or that he were
A market-lad in the town,
With bowls of bright red strawberries
Shining on his stall,
And that some gentle maiden
Would come and buy them all!
So little Hagen Walder
Passed, as the story says,
Through dreams, as through a golden gate,
Into realities.
And when the years changed places,
Like the billows, bright and still,
In th’ ocean, Hagen Walder
Was the master of the mill.
And all his bowls of strawberries
Were not so fine a show
As are his boys and girls at church
Sitting in a row!
Our school-master.
We used to think it was so queer
To see him, in his thin gray hair,
Sticking our quills behind his ear,
And straight forgetting they were there.
We used to think it was so strange
That he should twist such hair to curl,
And that his wrinkled cheek should change
Its color like a bashful girl's.
Our foolish mirth defied all rule,
As glances, each of each, we stole,
The morning that he wore to school
A rose-bud in his button-hole.
And very sagely we agreed
That such a dance was never known—
Fifty! and trying still to read
Love-verses with a tender tone!
No joyous smile would ever stir
Our sober looks, we often said,
If we were but a School-master,
And had, withal, his old white head.
One day we cut his knotty staff
Wrinkled and bald—half false, half true—
Of us declared that we should laugh
Upon his old pine desk we drew
The picture—pitiful to see,
A rose-bud in his button-hole.
That such a dunce was never known—
Our sober looks, we often said,
And had, withal, his old white head.
To see it break and let him fall.
And wrote beneath it, Twenty-three!
His picture—pitiful to see,
A rose-bud in his button-hole.
Was lying, stuffed with many a roll
Of "copy-plates," and, sad to note,
COLD Death had kissed the wrinkled face
As glances, each of each, we stole,
A rose-bud in his button-hole.

THE GRAY SWAN.
"Oh, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
"The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,
Yes, my little lad, my Elihu!"
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said, with trembling lip,
"What little lad? what ship?"
"What little lad! as if there could be Such another one as he!"
But what little lad, do you say? Why, Elihu, that took to the sea The moment I put him off my knee!"
"It was just the other day.
The Gray Swan sailed away."
"The other day? the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise,—
"The other day? the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Aye, aye, sir, here in the cupboard"
And come back home, think you you can Forgive him? — "Miserable man, What have I to forgive?"
"The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"
"Gone twenty years,—a long, long cruise."
"Aye, and he'll bring it back!"
"My God! my Father! is it true?
My dead, my living child!"
My blessed boy, my child!"
My little lad, my Elihu!"
My blessed boy, my child! My dead, my living child!"

THE WASHERWOMAN.
At the north end of our village stands,
With gable black and high,
A weather-beaten house,—I've stopt
A conscience clear and light,
And every village housewife, with
To see the strip of bleaching grass
As crooked as old Rachel's back.
And stript from off her sunburnt arms
The washed shirts used to lie.
And every village housewife, with
To see within her sunburnt arms
Ploughed all the roses in.
Yet patiently she kept at work,—We school-girls used to say
The smile about her sunken mouth
Would quite go out some day.
Nobody ever thought the spark
That in her sad eyes shone,
Burned outward from a living soul
Immortal as their own.
And though a tender flush sometimes
Into her cheek would start,
Nobody dreamed old Rachel had A woman's loving heart!

At last she left her heaps of clothes
One quiet autumn day,
And stripped from off her sunburnt arms
The weary suds away;
That night within her moonlit door
She sat alone,—her chin
Sunk in her hand,—her eyes shut up,
As if to look within.

Her face uplifted to the star
That stood so sweet and low
Against old crazy Peter's house—
(He loved her long ago!)

Her heart had worn her body to
A handful of poor dust,—her eyes shut up,

Her soul was gone to be arrayed
As if to look within.

That stood so sweet and low
That she was come of a race too proud

E'er to have mated with Sandy MacLeod!

So fretting she sat from December to June,

While Sandy, poor soul, to a funeral tune

Would beat out his hard, heavy leather, until

He set himself up, and got strength to be still.

It was not the full moon that made it so bright

In the poor little dwelling of Sandy one night.

It was not the candles all shining

And that she was come of a race too proud

Are all upon my heart.

SANDY MACLEOD.

WHEN I think of the weary nights and days
Of poor, hard-working folk, always
I see, with his head on his bosom bowed,

The luckless shoemaker, Sandy MacLeod.

Jeering school-boys used to say
His chimney would never be raked away
By the moon, and you by a jest so rough
May know that his cabin was low enough.

Nothing throwed with him; his colt and cow
Got their living, he didn't know how,—Yokes on their scraggy necks swinging about,
Beat in and bruising them year in and year out.

Out at the elbow he used to go,—
Alae for him that he did not know
The way to make poverty regal,—not his
If such way under the sun there be.

Sundays all day in the door he sat,
A string of withered-up crape on his hat,
The crown half fallen against his head,
And half seawed in a shoemaker's thread.

Sometimes with his hard and poll-worn hand
He would smooth and straighten th' faded band,
Thinking perhaps of a little mound
Black with nettles the long year round.

Blacksmith and carpenter, both were poor,
And there was the school-master who, to be sure,
Had seen rough weather, but after all
When they met Sandy he went to the wall.

E'er to have mated with Sandy MacLeod!

So fretting she sat from December to June,

While Sandy, poor soul, to a funeral tune

Would beat out his hard, heavy leather, until

He set himself up, and got strength to be still.

It was not the full moon that made it so bright

In the poor little dwelling of Sandy one night.

It was not the candles all shining

Ah, no! it was the light of the day he had found.

THE PICTURE-BOOK.

The black walnut-logs in the chimney
Maked ruddy the house with their light.

And the pool in the hollow was covered
With ice like a lid,—it was night;

And Roslyn and I were together,—I know now the pleased look he wore,

The hard yellow planks of the floor;

And only one poor little faggot
Hung out its red tongue as it died,

And that she was come of a race too proud

Ah, no! it was the light of the day he had found.

THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

His wife was a lady, they used to say,
Repenting at leisure her wedding day,
And that she was come of a race too proud
E'er to have mated with Sandy MacLeod!

So fretting she sat from December to June,

While Sandy, poor soul, to a funeral tune

Would beat out his hard, heavy leather, until

He set himself up, and got strength to be still.

It was not the full moon that made it so bright

In the poor little dwelling of Sandy one night.

It was not the candles all shining

THE PICTURE-BOOK.

The black walnut-logs in the chimney
Maked ruddy the house with their light.

And the pool in the hollow was covered
With ice like a lid,—it was night;

But if I were not sad for him,
Nor yet for little Phil,
Why, darling Molly's hand, last year,
Was cut off in the mill.

And so, nor mare nor brown milch-cow,
Nor lambs can joy impart,
We walked together for miles and
But as the snow-clogs dragged at our
At first we whistled and laughed and
You wouldn't if ever you had ploughed
They fell asleep in their armor of ice,
'Twas a bitter day, and just as the sun
We must have corn, and three stout men
The grass in the meadows was ground
to dust,
And did not speak a word!
And the air grew black and blurred,
And the water dripping o'er the grass,
And burning hot the sun,
A bright rose for some harvester
And the blackbird left the piping of
And the meadow-herbs, as if they felt
Shook down their bright buds till her
And putting his head beneath his wing,—
And put his head beneath his wing,—
For she did not break her song,
And the water dripping o'er the grass,
She gave to every harvester
The softly shining hair that fell
And tied your slippers on, and take
And under a bush of sassafras
She loved the little sheltered nest
The softly shining hair that fell
And humming still of slighted love,
And higher than her waist,
And so I laid their hands across
And she loved the low and tender tones
And burning hot the sun,
And her pail of sweetest cedar-wood,
And she never saw the blackbird when
And put his head beneath his wing,—
And putting his head beneath his wing,—
And burning hot the sun,
And the grass in the meadows was ground
to dust,
What marvel if 't was Margaret's heart
With fondest hopes that beat,
While 'th young man's fancy fly'd lay
As his stubble in the wheat.

That, while her thought flew, maiden-like,
To years of marriage bliss,
His lay like a bee in a flower, shut up
Within the moment's kiss!

What marvel if his love grew cold,
And fell off leaf by leaf,
And that her heart was choked to death,
Like the rose within his sheaf.

When autumn filled her lap with leaves,
Yellow, and cold, and wet,
The bands of th' pail turned black, and
The wheel of th' wheel th' wheel
On the porch-side, idle set.

And Margaret's hair was combed and tied
Under a cap of lace,
And the housewife held the baby up
To kiss her quiet face;
And all the sunburnt harvesters
Stood round the door, — each one
Telling of some good word or deed
That she had said or done.

Nay, there was one that pulled about
His face his shady brim,
As if it were his kiss, not Death's,
That made her eyes so dim.

And while the tearful women told
That when they pinned her shroud,
One tress from 'th ripples round her neck
Was gone, he wept aloud;

And answered, pulling down his brim
Until he could not see,
It was some ghost that stole the tress,
For that it was not he!

'T is years since on the cedar-pail
They turned 'th green sod back
To give poor Margaret room, and all
Who chance that way to pass,
May see at the head of her narrow bed
A bosh of vassafraas.

Yet often in the time o' th' year
When the hay is mown and spread,
There walks a maid in 'th midnight shade
With a pall upon her head.

THE BEST JUDGMENT.

Get up, my little handmaid, — and see what you will see;
The stibble-fields and all the fields
Are white as they can be.

Put on your crimson casemere,
And hood so soft and warm,
With all its wooden linings,
And never heed the storm.

For you must find the miller
In the west of Werburg-town,
And bring me meal to feed my cows,
Before the sun is down.

Then woke the little handmaid,
From sleeping on her arm,
And took her crimson casemere,
And hood with woollen warm;

And bride, with its buckles
Of silver, from the wall,
And rode until the golden sun
Was sloping to his fall.

Then on the miller's door-stone,
In the west of Werburg-town,
She dropped the bride from her hands,
And quietly slid down.

And when to her sweet face her beast
Turned round, as if he said,
"How cold I am!" she took her hood
And put it on his head.

Soft spoke she to the miller,
"Nine cows are staked at home,
And hither for three bags of meal,
To feed them, I am come."

Now when the miller saw the price
She brought was not by half
Enough to buy three bags of meal,
He filled up two with chaff.

The night was wild and windy,
The moon was thin and old,
As home the little handmaid rode
All shivering with the cold.

Beside the river, black with ice,
And through the lonesome wood;
The snow upon her hair the while
A-gathering like a hood.

And when beside the roof-tree
Her good beast neighed aloud,
Her pretty crimson casemere
Was whiter than a shroud.

"Get down, you silly handmaid!"
The old dame cried, "get down, —
You have been too long since riding
From the west of Werburg-town!"

And from her eaken settle
Forth hobbled she amain,—
Alas! the slender little hands
Were frozen to the reem.

Then came the neighbors, one and all,
With melancholy brows,
Mourning because the dame had lost
The keeper of her cows.

And cursing the rich miller,
In blind, misguided zeal,
Because he sent two bags of chaff
And only one of meal.

Dear Lord, how little man's award
Erred and spank'd that man's sad head
And who judges least, I think,
Is he who judges best.

HUGH THORNDYKE.

Egalton's hills are sunny,
And brave with oak and pine,
And Egalton's sons and daughters
Are tall and straight and fine.

The harvests in the summer
Cover the land like a smile,
For Egalton's men and women
Are busy all the while.

'Tis merry in the mowing
To see the great swath fall,
And the little laughing maidens
Raking, one and all.

Their heads like golden lilies
Shining over the hay,
And every one among them
As sweet as a rose in May.

And yet despite the favor
Which Heaven doth thus allot,
Egalton has its goblin,
As what good land has not?

Hugh Thorndyke — (peace be with him,
He is not living now) —
Was tempted by this creature
One day to leave his plow,
And sit beside the furrow
In a shadow cool and sweet,
For the lying goblin told him
That 'er would sow his wheat.

And told him this, moreover,
That if he would not mind,
His house should burn to ashes,
His children be struck blind!

So, trusting half, half frightened,
Poor Hugh with many a groan
Wailed beside the furrow,
But the wheat was never sown.

And when the fields about him
Grew white, — with very shame
He told his story, giving
The goblins all the blame.

Now Hugh's wife loved her husband,
And when he told her this,
She took his brawny hands in hers
And gave them each a kiss,
Saying, we ourselves this goblin
Shall straightway lay to rest, —
The more he does his worst, dear Hugh,
The more we'll do our best!

To work they went, and all turned out
Just as the good wife said,
And Hugh was blest, — his corn that
Great Windows looking seaward,
Smooth columns white and high;

FAITHLESS.

Seven great windows looking seaward,
Seven smooth columns white and high;
Here it was we made our bright plans, Mildred Jocelyn and I.

Soft and sweet the water murmured
By yon stone wall, low and gray,
'Twas the moonlight and the midnight
Of the middle of the May.

On the porch, now dark and lonesome,
Sat we as the hours went by,
Fearing nothing, hoping all things,
Mildred Jocelyn and I.

Singing low and pleasant ditties,
Kept the tireless wind his way,
Through the moonlight and the midnight
Of the middle of the May.

Not for sake of pleasant ditties,
Such as winds may sing or sigh,
Sat we on the porch together,
Mildred Jocelyn and I.

Shrilly crew the cock so watchful,
Answering to the watch-dog's bay,
In the moonlight and the midnight
Of the middle of the May.

I have seen the sheep from washing
That they might be free for running.
I was only twelve years old, or so,
And under the hill by the Krumley
Lived this poor lad, Charley.

So, when I saw him hurrying down
My path, will you believe me?
I knit my brow to an ugly frown, —
My heart was all a-flutter;
And then I saw my Charley,
And the way was steep and winding.

He waved his ragged cap in the air,
And over the crazy Krumley bridge,
He said they were lined with a fleece
Of its wilding model blossom,
To dazzle the eyes of Charley.

He smiled, — my pulses never stirred
Of tenderness went whirling.
He took the frayed and faded shawl,
For his sake warmed all o'er,
And strain my gaze to the foot of the
Bridge, —

And when his shoes o' the snows were
To dazzle the eyes of Charley.

I and this poor lad Charley.

I laid it softly on my arm,
I warmed it in my bosom,
To win my praise, — dear Charley!
I and my drown'd Charley.

He waved his ragged cap in the air,
My childish fears to scatter;
The pain of the frost beguiling.
I bore a pitcher, — 't was our pride, —

At the fair my father won it,
And consciously I turned the side
Of the middle of the May.

To the frozen Krumley water,
And then I saw my Charley,
My heart was all a-flutter.

To the frozen Krumley water,
My loaf, my golden lilies gone !
I and this poor lad Charley.

To win my praise, — dear Charley!
I and my drown'd Charley.

My loaf, my golden lilies gone !
I warmed it in my bosom,
I kissed him, called him my little bird
The icey stones were under his feet,
As winds may sing or sigh.

Who flies so fast through the rushes?
And when his shoes o' the snows were
The tenderness of a lover, —

Who flies so fast through the rushes?
Because they were lined with a fleece
And step as light as a feather,
The pain o' th' frost beguiling.
And over the crazy Krumley bridge,
And under the hill by the Krumley

And when his shoes o' the snows were
To win my praise, — dear Charley!
I and my drown'd Charley.

Who flies so fast through the rushes?
And under the hill by the Krumley
To dazzle the eyes of Charley.
I was only twelve years old, or so,
And over the crazy Krumley bridge,

To win my praise, — dear Charley!
I and my drown'd Charley.

And when his shoes o' the snows were
To dazzle the eyes of Charley.

And when his shoes o' the snows were
My best, my bravest Charley

And when his shoes o' the snows were
To win my praise, — dear Charley!
I and my drown'd Charley.

And when his shoes o' the snows were
To win my praise, — dear Charley!
I and my drown'd Charley.
And the black and empty husks were there
For the mouths of the hungry cattle.
We passed them, I, and Charley.

And passed the willow-tree that went
With the wind, as light as a feather,
And the two proud oaks with their shoulders bent
Till their faces came together,—
Whispering. I said to Charley:

The hollow sycamore, so white,
Of the woods, so wildly tossing,—
The leaves that were brown as leather,
And never the curve of a root in sight;

And the beautiful pitcher in his hand,
With his lapstone, last, and leather.

The loaf from out his hand he drops,
His eyelid flutter, closes:
He tries to speak, he whispers, stops,—
His mouth its rose-red lessens;
One look, just one, my Charley.

And now his white and frozen cheek
Each wild-eyed chopper fixes,
And never a man is heard to speak
As they set their steel-blue axes
And haste to the help o' Charley!

Say, what does your beautiful pitcher hold?
Come tell us if you can, sir!
The chopper's question was loud and bold,
But never a sign nor answer:
All fast asleep was Charley.

The stubs are burning low to th' earth,
The winds the fierce flames blowing,
And now to the edge of the crystal
Each wild-eyed chopper fixes,
And then— stars and garters! your vest is so wide!

Is that your hand? Lord, how I envied you that
In the time of our courting,—so soft and so small,
And now it is callous inside, and so fat,—
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

Turn round! let me look at you! is n't it odd,
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!
Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?
Your back has gone up and your should'rs gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plough;
Why, Jack, if we 'd happened to meet about town,
I would n't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You 've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a hill,
But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little you see,
And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.
I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 't is true,
And my nose is n't quite on a straight line, they say;
For all that, I don't think I've changed much. do you?
And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day.

THE SHOEMAKER.

Now the hickory with its hum
Cheers the wild and rainy weather,
And the shoemaker has come
With his lapstone, last, and leather.
With his head as white as wool,
With the wrinkles getting stouter,
And his heart with news as full
As the wallet on his shoulder.

The snow that fell that whistling night
Was not so pure as he,
And I was rich enough, I trow,
When I took him on my knee.

I was rich enough, and when I met
A man, unthrift and lorn,
Whom I a hundred times had met
With less of pitty than scorn,
I opened my purse,—it was well for him.

That Maximus was born!
We have five boys at home, erect
That fears to set his strength against
The bravest of the town.
Yet was he brave,—they all are brave,
Not one for favor or frown.

His hair divided into slips,
As the leaves of a rose in May.
Steer hither, rough mariner,
And never the stoutest hand that mows
Will uplift his apron blue
And the old shoemaker, true
How little Cyrus has grown.

My little son Maximus,
Seventy years ago
Beating about in the seas of life,—
Says, "It is work too hard for you,
But little Cyrus is not in the ring.
They might make room for me, if they tried.
He thinks as he listens to call and shout,
And his eyes so pretty are open wide,
Wishing why they have left him out.
Nighly hurrying home they go,
Each, of the praise he has had to boast,
But never an honor can Cyrus show,
And yet he studies his book the most.
Little Cyrus is out in the hay,—
Not where the clover is sweet and red,
With mates of his tender years at play,
But little Cyrus is not in the ring.
And the look that says I must bear it
And ne'er such pitiful tune was sung
Near where the village school-house stands,
On the grass by the mossy spring,
The cattle lie down in the lane so still;
And Cyrus sits on the ashen sill
Quietly slanting out of the sky,
And his eyes so pretty are open wide,
Wishing why they have left him out.
Nighly hurrying home they go,
Each, of the praise he has had to boast,
But never an honor can Cyrus show,
And yet he studies his book the most.
Little Cyrus is out in the hay,—
Not where the clover is sweet and red,
With mates of his tender years at play,
But little Cyrus is not in the ring.
They might make room for me, if they tried,
He thinks as he listens to call and shout,
And his eyes so pretty are open wide,
Wishing why they have left him out.
Nighly hurrying home they go,
Each, of the praise he has had to boast,
But never an honor can Cyrus show,
And yet he studies his book the most.
Little Cyrus is out in the hay,—
Not where the clover is sweet and red,
With mates of his tender years at play,
But little Cyrus is not in the ring.

TO THE WIND.

Steer hither, rough old mariner,
Keeping your jolly crew
Reading about in the seas of life,—
Steer hither, and tell me true
About my little son Maximus,
Who sailed away with you!

Oh how can you give to such as he,
Your nature, willful wind!

So give me your knotty swath to mow,
And rest a while on the shady sward,
Else your body will crooked grow,
Little Cyrus, from working hard."
Her hair was silken, he used to say,
When they sat on the porch-side, "Dear child, in tears, my darling! that fair brow
Is where she watched for me,
And yet, my darling, after all
That was another world! and so
And if that lost, that sweet white hand
The garden with the fence of stone,
And blighting frosts begin to fall;
You are the sunny light of youth,
When they sat on the porch-side,
And I know the clover you mowed to-
There is one picture that I hide,
And thought whatever he said was
But always, however long she may
And she was a woman less than child,
And she owned she was sinful and prayed
Her face is as sad and as wrinkled
And warped, wind-shaken wall;
Until at last I came in sight,—
Rest you a moment,—full in sight,
That window where you see the flow-
You were not born—how could it be?
And if that lost, that sweet white hand
Told you the story you could not hear;
From home and kindred,—ah me, ah me,
And I was only twenty, you must know,
Of tears and tenderness.
And her arms as if they reached for me,—
Her heart was as brown as a fruit that had
My summer days are done,
And the wild swallow, mateless flown
The morning-glories gay,
We are the sunny light of youth,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And sunken step, the well-sweep tall,
She was not more red than her cheeks
The porch with morning-glories gay,
What if the wise one would not listen?
And on the meadows green,
The fields that to the sunset lean,
And the wild swallow, mateless flown
And she was a woman less than child,
The crimson cups o' the hollyhocks,
The porch with morning-glories gay,
And it was, they said, her spirit's birth,—
And yet, my darling, after all
And the honeysuckle that has blown
The great law holdeth good with men,
Was in a rainy, moonlight look
She was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And the wild swallow, mateless flown
That was another world! and so
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
And the honeysuckle that has blown
And she was a woman less than child,
This foolish pride that women have
To play upon us,—to enthrall,
To absorb, doth hinder what they crave,
Their being loved at all!

Never the mistress of the arts
They practice on us, still again
And over again, they wring our hearts
With pain that giveth pain.
They make their tyranny a boast,
And in their petulance will not see
That he is always bound the most,
Who in the most is free!

They prise us more for what they screen
From censure, than for what is best;
And you, my darling, at fifteen,
What! coming back here for good, and

Ah, little tyrant, I am lost,
Smiling! "the pain is worth the cost,
And that, my little love, is why

I hate.

arms would find me now, though I
or its praise.
she approved,
nowadays,
dreadfully bold !
true,
lived down,
pushed to the wall.

I was married. She, somehow, could
look ever so lovely as she on the
day
I will not deny we were often together
To think of the Jenny Dunleath that I

The approval she gave with her serious
eyes
That Jenny is forty, at least — forty-
and.
The plain honest truth, by the age of
my Kate,
And I will, too! To see an oíd maid
that wins a homily so wise ? 

A self-love, that ended in your loving

And so she is coming back here ! a
mishap
To her friends, if she have any friends,

To think of the Jenny Dunleath that I

looked ever so lovely as she on the
day
I was married. She, somehow, could
gain
Whatever thing touched her. The

The plain honest truth, by the age of
my Kate,
And I will, too! To see an oíd maid
tell a lie,
Just to seem to be young, is a thing that
I hate.

You thought we were friends? No, my
dear, not at all! 'T is true we were friendly, as friendli-
ness goes,
But one gets one's friends as one
chooses one's clothes,
And just as the fashion goes out, lets
them fall.

A dreary oíd maid, and unloved, as you

A dreary old maid with nobody to love
her,—
Her hair silver-white and no roof-tree
above her,
One ought to have pity upon her,—
But I never liked her; in truth, I was
glad!
In my own secret heart when she came to
her fall;
When praise of her meekness was ring-
ing the loudest
I always would say she was proud as
the proudest;
That meekness was only a trick that
she had,—
She was too proud to seem to be proud,
that was all.

She stood up with me, I was saying:
that day
Was the last of her going abroad for
long years;

I never had seen her so bright and so
gay.
Yet, spite of the lightness, I had my
own fears.
That all was not well with her: 't was
but her pride
Made her sing the old songs when they
asked her to sing.
For when it was done with, and we
were aside,
A look wan and weary came over her
brow,
And still I can feel just as if it were
now,
How she slipped up and down on my
finger, the ring,
And so hid her face in my bosom and
cried.

When the fiddlers were come, and
young Archibald Mill
Was dancing with Hetty, I saw how it
was;
Nor was I misled when she said she
was ill.
For the dew was not standing so
thick in the grass
As the drops on her cheeks. So you
never have heard
How she fell in disgrace with young
Archibald !
No?
I won't be the first, then, to whisper a
word,—

Poor thing! If she only repent, let it
go !
Let it go! let what go, My good
madam, I pray,
Whereof do I stand here accused? I
would know,
I am Jenny Dunleath, that you knew
long ago, —
A dreary old maid, and unloved, as you
say;
God keep you, my sister, from know-
ing such woe !
Forty years old, madam, that I agree,
The roses washed out of my cheeks by
the tears;
And counting my barren and desolate
years
By the bright little heads dropping
over your knee,
You look on my sorrow with scorn, it
appears.

Well, smile, if you can, as you hold up
in sight
And so to the glory of God we will
And you shall be bound by that sweet-
I take you to keep for my patron and
Bad fortune can gather, — and say,
Aye, set your bare bosom against the
You can live in the face of the cruelest
Agreement with Conscience? — that
You have all the world's recognition,—
May belong to another as dreary
Nay, more, my proud lady, — the love
We cannot undo them with any mere
And think you that He who created the
Has struck it all helpless and hopeless
But as we are women, our natures are
No rosy-red cheeks at the
To move your proud rairth, in the wild-
Your matronly honors, for all men to
But I cannot discern, madam, what
i í
live,
TRICKSEY'S RING.
When cousin Joseph Nicholas
Came visiting from town!
His curls they were so smooth and
His frills they were so fine,
I thought perhaps the stars that night
Would be ashamed to shine.
But when the dews had touched the
They came out, large and small,
As if our cousin Nicholas
Had not been there at all!
Our old house never seemed to me
So poor and mean a thing
As then, and just because that he
Was come a-visiting!
I never thought the sun prolonged
His light a single whit
Too much, till then, nor thought he
Wronged
My face, by kissing it.
But now I sought to pull my dress
Because my cousin Nicholas
Would see my feet were brown.
But when the dews had touched the
They came out, large and small,
As then, and just because that he
Was come a-visiting!
I thought my cheeks would blaze, in
My timid eyes, I know;
And saw a ring, as needs I must,
As much, aye more than he,
And was not put about because
He had more gold than she;
But held her house beneath a hand
As steady and serene,
As though it were a palace, and
As though she were a queen.
And when she set on a silver cup
Upon the cloth of snow,
For Nicholas, I lifted up
My timid eyes, I know;
And saw a ring, as needs I must,
Upon his finger shine;
O how I longed to have it just
A minute upon mine!
I thought of fairy folk that led
Their lives in sylvan shades,
And brought fine things, as I had read,
To little rustic maidens.
And so I mused within my heart,
How I would search about
The fields and woodlands, for my part,
Till I should spy them out.
And so when down the western sky
The sun had dropped at last,
Right softly and right cunningly
From out the house I passed.
It was as if awake I dreamed,
All Nature was so sweet
The small round dandelions seemed
Like stars beneath my feet.

Fresh greenness as I went along
The grass did seem to take,
And birds beyond the time of song
Kept singing for my sake.

The dew o'er ran the lily's cup,
The garden yet to pass,
The clouds began to lift.
I lost my way within the wood, —
My spirit, nameless fear oppressed;
Not once did I seek my home;
I lost my way within the wood, —
My cousin Nicholas!

On the letters, good as those
Printed in our spelling-books.
Near it was a well, — how deep!
With its bucket warped and dry,
Broken curb, and leaning sweep,
Near the door the cross-roads were,
Two and twenty years ago.

Two and twenty years ago
Never one could keep his feet.
In the woods, where up and down
The flowers, with common names,
Filled the woods and meadows round:
Dandelions with their flames
Smothered flat against the ground;
Mullein stocks, with gray braids set
Full of yellow; thistles speared;
Violets, purple near to jet;


CRAZY CHRISTOPHER.

Neighbored by a maple wood,
Dim and dusty, old and low;
Thus our little school-house stood,
Two and twenty years ago.

On the roof of clapboards, dried
Smoothly in the summer heat,
Of the hundreds that tried,
Never one could keep his feet.

Near the door the cross-roads were,
A stone's throw, perhaps, away,
Wanderers some, and some have died;
But good little Emily
Died the evening of that day.

In the woods, where up and down
The clouds began to lift.
I lost my way within the wood, —
The clouds began to lift.

An hour, — another hour went by,
And birds beyond the time of song
No tent of moonshine, and no ring
And tried in vain, and wearily
Ah, who knew what would come of
That if the sky were down or up,
Fresh greenness as I went along
The dew o'er ran the lily's cup,
When, Heaven be praised, before me
I never felt my heart to sit
Nay darling — now! we're at the
And then we talked of love.

...
Alternating seasons sped,
And there fell no night so rough,
But his cabin fire, he said,
Made it light and warm enough.

Soft and slow our steps would be,
As the river ran,
Days when we had been to see
Christopher, the crazy man.

Soft and slow, to number o'er
The delights he said he had;
Wondering always, more and more,
Whether he were wise or mad.

On a hill-side next the sun,
Where the school-boys quiet keep,
And to seed the clovers run,
Seems the childish fancy right.

Of the deep serene of light,
Gently going in and out,
Sometimes, when I think about
The stormy waters of Gallaway.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty hill
Like silver ringing on silver, till
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if 'ware
Of a presence more than mortal fair,
And my little craft leaned down and
And the wind a pilot will prove to
The tide was low and the wind was high,
For the wind was high and the tide is low,
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge
A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge,
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And gave it me for the ferrying.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY.

In the stormy waters of Gallaway
My boat had been idle the livelong day,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro,
For the wind was high and the tide was low.

The tide was low and the wind was high,
And we were heavy, my heart and I,
For not a traveler all the day
Had crossed the ferry of Gallaway.

At set o' th' sun, the clouds outspread
Like wings of darkness overhead,
When, out o' th' west, my eyes took
At set o' th' sun, the clouds out
Of a lady, riding at full speed.

And we were heavy, my heart and I,
Like wings of darkness overhead,
The tide was low and the wind was high,
For the wind was high and the tide is low.

"Haste, good boatman! haste!" she cried,
"And row me over the other side!"
And she stript from her finger the shining ring,
And gave it me for the ferrying.

"Nay, nay! for the rocks will be
Melted down, and the waters, they never will let me
To seed the clovers run,
Seems the childish fancy right.

Of the deep serene of light,
Gently going in and out,
Sometimes, when I think about
The stormy waters of Gallaway.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty hill
Like silver ringing on silver, till
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if 'ware
Of a presence more than mortal fair,
And my little craft leaned down and
And the wind a pilot will prove to
The tide was low and the wind was high,
For the wind was high and the tide is low,
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge
A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge,
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And gave it me for the ferrying.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

"Good mother, what quaint legend are you reading.
In that old-fashioned book?
Beside your door I've been this half-hour pleading
All vainly for one look.

"About your chair the little birds fly tender;
Than in the woods they fly,
With heads dropt slantwise, as if o'er
Your shoulder
They read as they went by;
"Each with his glossy collar ruffling double
A crumpled flower fell out
From twixt the book-leaves. "Seventy years they've pressed it:
T wet was like a living flame,
When he that plucked it, by the pluck-
'Ver the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly cried,
"For my lover is dying the other side!
O cruel, O cruellest Gallaway,
Be parted, and make me a path, I pray!"

Of a sudden, the sun shone large and bright
As if he were staying away the night,
And the rain on the river fell as sweet
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge
A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge,
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And she sat in her saddle, th' queen o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,—
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

"May your blessing go with you, my dear
God bless you! seventy years since
You creep into the sun?
In the stormy waters of Gallaway
My boat had been idle the livelong day,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro,
For the wind was high and the tide was low.

The tide was low and the wind was high,
And we were heavy, my heart and I,
For not a traveler all the day
Had crossed the ferry of Gallaway.

At set o' th' sun, the clouds outspread
Like wings of darkness overhead,
When, out o' th' west, my eyes took
At set o' th' sun, the clouds out
Of a lady, riding at full speed.

And we were heavy, my heart and I,
Like wings of darkness overhead,
The tide was low and the wind was high,
For the wind was high and the tide is low.

"Haste, good boatman! haste!" she cried,
"And row me over the other side!"
And she stript from her finger the shining ring,
And gave it me for the ferrying.

"Nay, nay! for the rocks will be
Melted down, and the waters, they never will let me
To seed the clovers run,
Seems the childish fancy right.

Of the deep serene of light,
Gently going in and out,
Sometimes, when I think about
The stormy waters of Gallaway.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty hill
Like silver ringing on silver, till
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if 'ware
Of a presence more than mortal fair,
And my little craft leaned down and
And the wind a pilot will prove to
The tide was low and the wind was high,
For the wind was high and the tide is low,
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge
A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge,
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And gave it me for the ferrying.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,—
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

"Good mother, what quaint legend are you reading.
In that old-fashioned book?
Beside your door I've been this half-hour pleading
All vainly for one look.

"About your chair the little birds fly tender;
Than in the woods they fly,
With heads dropt slantwise, as if o'er
Your shoulder
They read as they went by;
"Each with his glossy collar ruffling double
A crumpled flower fell out
From twixt the book-leaves. "Seventy years they've pressed it:
'T was like a living flame,
When he that plucked it, by the pluck-
'Ver the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,—
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly cried,
"For my lover is dying the other side!
O cruel, O cruellest Gallaway,
Be parted, and make me a path, I pray!"

Of a sudden, the sun shone large and bright
As if he were staying away the night,
And the rain on the river fell as sweet
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge
A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge,
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And she sat in her saddle, th' queen o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,—
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!" she cried.

"May your blessing go with you, my dear
God bless you! seventy years since
You creep into the sun?
THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

With his white hairs, life's latest sand,
Hope in her faint heart newly thrills
As down a barren reach of hills
Before the shattered hand up, and the flower
was in it
You saw within my book:"

"He died." "Then you have seen
some stormy weather?"

"Aye, more of foul than fair;
And all the snows we should have
shared together
Have fallen on my hair:"

"And has your life been worth the liv-
ing, mother?
With all its sorrows?" "Aye,
I'd live it o'er again, were there no
other,
For this one memory:"

I answered soft,—I felt the place was
holy—
One maxim stands approved:
"They know the best of life, however
Who ever have been loved."

THE DAUGHTER.

Lack, it is a dismal night—
In gusts of thin and vapory light
The moonshine overfloweth quite
The fretful bosom of the storm,
That beats against, but cannot harm
The lady, whose chaste thoughts do
In gusts of thin and vapory light
So sovereign, innocence, art thou.
Just in the green top of a hedge
That runs along a valley's edge
One star has thrust a golden wedge
Within a wood so dark and drear,
That runs along a valley's edge
And like sweet light o'er sombre ground
A meek and lovely lady, there
Proffering her earnest, pious prayer
For an old man with silver hair.—
"But what of evil he hath done,
O'erclouding beauty's April sun,
What doth the gentle lady here
In gusts of thin and vapory light
Some word of comfort, else to pray.
Closer within the poison brake.
And like sweet light o'er sombre ground
About her pilgrimage of woe,
And like sweet light o'er sombre ground
Is all that I shall ever know.

THE MIGHT OF LOVE.

"There is work, good man, for you
to-day!"
So the wife of Jamie cried,
"For a ship at Garlston, on Solway,
Is beached, and her coal's to be got away
At the ebbing time of tide."

"And, lassie, would you have me start,
And make for Solway sands?
You know I, for my poor part,
To help me, have nor horse nor cart—
I have only just my hands!"

"But, Jamie, be not, till ye try,
Of honest chances balked;
For, mind ye, man, I'll prophesy
That while the old ship's high and dry
Her master'll have her calked."

"Back, back, all hands! Get what you
can—
Or pick, or oar, or stave,"
This way and that they breathless ran,
And came and fell to, every man,
To dig him out of his grave!

"Too slow! too slow! The weight
will kill!—
Up make your hawsers fast!—
Then every man took hold with a will—
A long pull and a strong pull—still
With never a stir o' th' mast!"

"Out with the cargo!" Then they go
At it with might and main.
"Back to the sands! too slow, too slow!
He's dying, dying! yet, heave ho!"

"Aye," Jamie said, "she knew the
best,"
As he went under with the rest
To call the open seas.

And while the outward-drowning tide
Moaned like a dirge of woe,
The ship's mate from the beach-belt
cried:
"Her hull is heeling toward the side
Where the men are at work be-
low!"

And the cartmen, wild and open-eyed,
Made for the Solway sands.
Men heaving men like coals aside,
For now it was the master cried:
"Run for your lives, all hands!"
Like dead leaves in the sudden swell
Of the storm, upon that shout,
Brown hands went fluttering up and fell.
As, grazed by the sinking planks, pull
The men came hurting out!

Thank God, thank God, the peril's past!
"No! no!" with blanching lip
The master cries, "One man, the last,
Is caught, drawn in, and grabbed fast
Betwixt the sands and the ship!"

"Back, back, all hands! Get what you

can—
Or pick, or oar, or stave,"
This way and that they breathless ran,
And came and fell to, every man,
To dig him out of his grave!

"Too slow! too slow! The weight
will kill!—
Up make your hawsers fast!—
Then every man took hold with a will—
A long pull and a strong pull—still
With never a stir o' th' mast!"

"Out with the cargo!" Then they go
At it with might and main.
"Back to the sands! too slow, too slow!
He's dying, dying! yet, heave ho!"

Heave ho! there, once again!"

And now on the beach at Garlston
stood
A woman whose pale brow wore
Its love like a queenly crown; and the
blood
Ran curdled and cold as she watched
the flood
That was racing in to the shore.
On, on it trampled, stride by stride.
It was death to stand and wait;
And all that were free threw picks aside,
And came up dripping out o' th' tide,
And left the doomed to his fate.

But lo! the great sea trembling stands;
Then, crawling under the ship,
As if for the sake of the two white hands
Reaching over the wild, wet sands,
Slackened that terrible grip.

"Come to me, Jamie! God grants the way;"
She cries, "for lovers to meet."
And the sea, so cruel, cast them down;
And wrapping him tenderly round with spray
Laid him dead at her feet.

"THE GRACE WIFE OF KEITH."

No wit is gained, do you say to me,
In a hundred years, nor in two nor three.
In wise things, nor in holy —
No why since Bacon trod his ways,
And William Shakespeare wrote his plays!
Aye, aye, the world moves slowly.

But here is a lesson, man, to heed;
I have marked the pages, open and read;
We are yet enough unloving,
Given to evil and prone to fall;
But the record will show you, after all,
That still the world keeps moving.

All in the times of the good King James —
I have marked the deeds and their doers' names.
And join my pencil drawing —
One Geillis Duncan standeth the first
For helping of "ane kinde sick" accursed,
And doomed, without trial, to "darrowing."

Read of her torturers given their scope
Of wrenching and binding her head
With a rope,
Of taunting her word and her honor,
And of searching her body sue pure and fair
From the lady-white feet to the gouden hair
For the wizard's mark upon her!

Of how through fair coagings and agene's dread
She came to acknowledge whatever they said,
And, lastly, her shaken wits losing,
To prattle from nonsense and blashphanties wild
To the silly entreaties and tears of a child,
And then to the fatal accusing.

First naming Euphemia Macalzean,
A lord's young daughter, and fair as a queen
Then Agnes, whose wisdom surpassed her;
"Grace Wyf of Keith," so her sentence lies,
"Adjudged at Holyrood under the eyes
Of the King, her royal master."

Oh, think of this Grace wife, fine and tall,
With a witch's bridle tied to the wall!
Her peril and pain enhancing
With owning the lie that on Hallowmas Eve
She with a witch crew sailed, in a sieve
To Berwick Church, for a dancing!

Think of her owning, through brain-sick fright
How Geillis a Jew's-harp played that night,
And of Majesty sending speedly
Across the border and far away
For that same Geillis to dance and play,
Of Infernal news made greedy!

Think of her true tongue made to tell
How she had raised a dog from a well
To conjure a Lady's daughters:
And how she had gript him neck and skin,
And, growling, thrust him down and in
To his hiding under the waters.

How Rob the Rower, so stout and brave,
Helped her rifle a dead man's grave,
And how, with enchantments arming,
Husbands false she had put in chains,
And gone to the beds of women in pains
And brought them through by charming!

Think of her owning that out at sea
The Devil had marked her on the knee,
And think of the prelates round her
Twisting backward their old gray hairs,
And bowing themselves to their awful prayers
Before they took her and bound her!

The world moves! Witch-fires, say what you will
Are lighted no more on the Castle Hill
By the breath of a crazy story;
Nor are men riven at horses' tails,
Or done to death through pincered nails.
In the name of God and his glory.

The world moves on! Say what you can,
No more may a maiden's love for a man,
Into scorn and hatred turning,
Wrap him In rosin stiff and stark,
And roll him along like a log in its bark
To the place of fiery burning.

And such like things were done in the days
When one Will Shakespeare wrote his plays;
And when Bacon thought, for a wonder:
And when Luther had hurled, at the spirit's cal
Before they took her and bound her!

"Give me but strength — I will get the bread!"

He never thought the world was wrong
Because rough weather changed a day;
"The night is always hedged along
With daybreak roses, he would say;
He did not ask for manna, but said,
"Give me but strength — I will get the bread!"

Kindly he took for good and all
Whatever fortune chanced to bring,
And he never wished that spring were fall,
And he never wished that fall were spring;
But set the plough with a joy akin
To the joy of putting the sickle in.

He never stopped to sigh "Oho!"
Because of the ground he needs must till,
For he knew right well that a man must sow
Before he can reap, and he sowed with a will;
And still as he went to his rye-straw bed,
"Work brings the sweetest of rest," he said.

Johnny Right.

Johnny Right, his hand was brown,
And so was his honest, open face,
For the sunshine kissed him up and down,
And when he looked in the glass at night
He said that brown was as good as white!
A little farm our Johnny owned,
Some pasture-fields, both green and good,
A bit of pleasant garden ground,
A meadow, and a strip of wood.
"Enough for any man," said John,
"To earn his livelihood upon!"

Two oxen, speckled red and white,
And a cow that gave him a pail of milk.
He combed and curried morn and night
Until their coats were as soft as silk.
"Cattle on all the hills," said he,
"Could give no more of joy to me."

He never thought the world was wrong
Because rough weather changed a day;
"The night is always hedged along
With daybreak roses, he would say;
He did not ask for manna, but said,
"Give me but strength — I will get the bread!"

Johnny's house was little and low,
And his fare was hard; and that was why
He used to say, with his cheeks aglow,
That he must keep his heart up high.
Aye, keep it high, and keep it light!
He used to say — wise Johnny Right!

He never fancied one was two;
But according to his strength he planned,
And oft to his Meggy would say he knew
That gold was gold, and sand was sand;
Till, patience failing, he cried, "Peg, Peg! You're enough to turn a man's head, Meg!"

Then foolish Meg began to scold,
And call her Johnny ugly names;
She wished the little farm was sold,
And that she had no household claims,
So that she might go and starve or beg.
And Johnny answered, "Oh Meg, Meg!"

Ah, yes, she did — she didn't care!
That were a living to prefer;
What had she left to save despair?
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

She left his stockings all undarned,
Her hands together she wrung and mope and sigh;
And every day she said she yearned
To have the hateful homestead sold.
She set his supper for him cold;
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

She left his stockings all undarned,
And read at ease the paper through,
And often before an ear was lost,
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,
And W HO the weather was so bright.
And she gave the bitter to all the bliss,
And cried, in her wicked and weak de-
And Johnny would answer, rubbing his thumbs,
"Wait, dear Meggy, wait for a while!"

And Meggy learned too late, too late,
To ask beneath such thorns of state;
With their bare arms interlaced,
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough and red,
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

And then I —
But I —
And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "Oh, hard-hearted John!
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg — then was then!"

So night and day, with this and that,
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,
Now for Johnny to give her a hat,
And now for Johnny to give her a kiss,
And then I —
But I —
And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "Oh, hard-hearted John!
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg — then was then!"

So night and day, with this and that,
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,
Now for Johnny to give her a hat,
And now for Johnny to give her a kiss,
And then I —
But I —
And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "Oh, hard-hearted John!
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg — then was then!"

Now Meggy Right was Meggy Wrong,
For things with her went all awry;
She always found the day too long
For, somehow, the time and place that were
Were never the time and place for her!

Oh, then she fell into despair —
No comfort could her temper mend;
For her part now she didn't care
How soon her sad life had an end.
And Johnny, sneering, made reply,
"Well, Meg, don't die before you die!"

Then was then, Meg — now is —
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

Not the way you used to do!
As the mother waits for the politics.
And now is a fearful pause:
And and among the stubs, all charred and black,
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough and red,
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

A branch of sumach, shining bright,
And a rag-horn, deck the wall,
With a string of birds'-eggs, blue and white,
Beneath. But after all,
You will say the six little heads in a row
By the hearth-stone make the prettiest show.

The boldest urchin dares not stir;
But each heart, be sure, rebels
As the father taps on the newspaper
With his brass-bowed spectacles;
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

And then I —
But I —
And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "Oh, hard-hearted John!
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg — then was then!"

So night and day, with this and that,
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,
Now for Johnny to give her a hat,
And now for Johnny to give her a kiss,
And then I —
But I —
And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "Oh, hard-hearted John!
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg — then was then!"

Now Meggy Right was Meggy Wrong,
For things with her went all awry;
She always found the day too long
For, somehow, the time and place that were
Were never the time and place for her!

Oh, then she fell into despair —
No comfort could her temper mend;
For her part now she didn't care
How soon her sad life had an end.
And Johnny, sneering, made reply,
"Well, Meg, don't die before you die!"

Then was then, Meg — now is —
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

Not the way you used to do!
As the mother waits for the politics.
And now is a fearful pause:
And and among the stubs, all charred and black,
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough and red,
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

A branch of sumach, shining bright,
And a rag-horn, deck the wall,
With a string of birds'-eggs, blue and white,
Beneath. But after all,
You will say the six little heads in a row
By the hearth-stone make the prettiest show.

The boldest urchin dares not stir;
But each heart, be sure, rebels
As the father taps on the newspaper
With his brass-bowed spectacles;
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

And then I —
But I —
And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "Oh, hard-hearted John!
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg — then was then!"

So night and day, with this and that,
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,
Now for Johnny to give her a hat,
And now for Johnny to give her a kiss,
"Come, Molly!" he says, "come Sue, come Joe,
And I'll tell you of Santa Claus!"
How the faces shine with glad surprise,
As if the souls looked out of the eyes.
In a trice the dozen ruddy legs
Are bare; and speckled and brown
And blue and gray, from the wall-side peg
The stockings dangle down;
And the baby, with wondering eyes, looks out.
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
To see what the clatter is all about.
"And what will Santa Claus bring?"
you tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and
The charm of the dear old lullabies.
So happily the hours fly past,
AT REHEARSAL.

O Cousin Kit MacDonald,
I've been all the day among
The places and the faces
That we knew when we were young;
And, like a hope that shineth down
The shadow of its fears,
I found this bit of color on
The groundwork of the years.

So with words I tried to paint it,
All so merry and so bright —
And here, my Kit MacDonald,
Is the picture light on light.

It was night — the cows were stabled,
And the sheep were in their fold,
And our garret had a double roof —
Pearl all across the gold.

The winds were gay as dancers —
We could hear them walk and whirl
Above the roof of yellow pine,
And the other roof of pearl.

We had gathered sticks from the snow-drift,
And now that the fire was lit,
We made a ring about the hearth
For Cousin Kit was the leader.

We made a ring about the hearth
For Cousin Kit was the leader
Of all the frolic and fun.

But never a game begun —
And the watching all was done —
For Kit came limping and whimpering,
And the playing was begun.

"A poor old man, good neighbors,
Who has nearly lost his sight,
Has come," he said, "to eat your bread,
And lodge by your fire to-night."

"I have no wife nor children,
And the night is bitter cold;
And you see (he showed the snow on
his hair)—
You see I am very old!"

"We have seen your face too often,
Old Mr. Kit," we said;
"How comes it that you're houseless —
We don't give beggars lodging,
And because you drank at the tavern —
"Because you were thriftless and lazy,
And why are you starved for bread ?
"We don't give beggars lodging,
And we want our fire and bread ;
And so good-day, and go your way,
Old Mr. Kit," we said.

Then showing his ragged jacket,
He said that his money was spent —
And said he was old, and the night was cold,
And with body doubly bent
He reached his empty hat to us,
And then he wiped his eye,
And said he had n't a friend in the world
That would give him room to die.

"But it wasn't for you," we answered,
"That our hearth to-night was lit."
And when we turned him out o' the door
O Kit, my Cousin Kit !

As I sit here painting over
The night, and the fire, and the snow,
And all your boyish make-believe
In that garret rude and low,
My heart is broken within me,
For my love must needs allow
That you were at the rehearsal then
Of the part you are playing now.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

Peace! for my brain is on the rack:
Peace of your idle prattling, John !
Ere peep o' daylight he was gone:
And my thoughts they run as wild and black
As the clouds in the sky, from fear to love.

Mother o' mercy! would he were here—
Oh ! would that he only were safely here—
Yet surely he will come anon;
Would that I knew he would ever come back
Yet surely he will come anon;
Let's see — the clock is almost on
The stroke o' ten. Even ere it strike,
His hand will be at the latch belike.

"We don't give beggars lodging,
And the night is bitter cold;
And you see (he showed the snow on
his hair)—
You see I am very old!"

"We don't give beggars lodging,
And because you drank at the tavern —
"Because you were thriftless and lazy,
And why are you starved for bread ?
"We don't give beggars lodging,
And we want our fire and bread ;
And so good-day, and go your way,
Old Mr. Kit," we said.

Then showing his ragged jacket,
He said that his money was spent —
And said he was old, and the night was cold,
And with body doubly bent
He reached his empty hat to us,
And then he wiped his eye,
And said he had n't a friend in the world
That would give him room to die.

"But it wasn't for you," we answered,
"That our hearth to-night was lit."
And when we turned him out o' the door
O Kit, my Cousin Kit !

As I sit here painting over
The night, and the fire, and the snow,
And all your boyish make-believe
In that garret rude and low,
My heart is broken within me,
For my love must needs allow
That you were at the rehearsal then
Of the part you are playing now.

I do not dare to lift my eyes
To our meek Master in the skies;
For he was n't my wicked pride, alas !
That brought me to the heavy pass
Of weary waiting and listening sad
To the winds as they drearily drift and drive.

So pray in your praying for me, my lad!
Oh ! if he were there in the chair you set,
With never a slivery fish in his net,
I'd be the happiest woman alive !

But he will come ere long, I know;
Here, Johnny, put your hand in mine,
And climb up to my shoulder — so;
Upon the cupboard's highest shelf
You'll see a bottle of good old wine —
I pressed the berry-juice myself.
Ah! how it sparkles in the light,
To make us loath to break the seal;
But though its warm red life could feel
We would not spare it — not to-night!

Another hour! and he comes not yet;
And I hear the long waves wash the beach,
With the moan of a drowning man in each.

And the star of hope is near to set.
The proudest lady in all the land
That sits in her chamber fine and high,
That sits in her chamber large and grand,
I would not envy to-night — not I —
If I had his cold wet locks in my hand,
To make them warm and to make them dry.

And to comb them with my fingers free
From the clinging sea-weed and the sand
Washing over them, it may be.
Ah! how should I envy the lady fair
With white arms hidden in folds of lace.
If my dear old fisher were sitting there,
His pipe in his hand, and his sunbrown face
Turning this way and that to me,
As I brooked the salmon and steeped the tea.
O empty heart! and O empty chair!
My boy, my Johnny, say over your prayer:
And straight to the words I told you keep,
Till you pass the best man out on the deep,
And then say this: If thou grantest, Lord, That he come back alive, and with fish in his net, The church shall have them for her reward.

And we, of our thankfulness, will set A day for fasting and scourge and pain, Hard task to the crazy winds again! The tide is high as high can be, The waters are boiling over the bar, And drawing under them near and far

The low black land. Ah me! ah me! I can only think of the mad, mad sea; I can only think, and think, and think How quickly a foundered boat would sink.

And how soon the stoutest arms would fail, ’T is all of my worry and all of my fret, For I brooded the bitter draught I drank;

I teased for a foolish, flimsy veil. And teased and teased for a spangled new gown.

There was only just one way, one way, And he mended his net and trimmed his sail, And trusted his life to the pitiless sea,

And sailed the way that the river run. The moon was moving sweetly o'er them,

And her shadow, in the waves, afloat, Moved softly on and on before them Like a silver swan, that drew their boat;

And they were lovers, and well content, Sailing the way the river went.

And these two saw in her grassy bower As they sailed the way the river run, A little, modest, slim-necked flower Nodding and nodding up to the sun, And they made about her a little song

And sung it as they sailed along:

"Pull down the grass about your bosom, Nor look at the sun in the royal sky, 'T is dangerous, dangerous, little blossom, You are so low, and he is so high —

'T is dangerous nodding up to him, He is so bright, and you are so dim!"

Sweetly over, and sadly under, They turned the tune as they sailed along; And they did not see the cloud, for a wonder, Break in the water, the shape of the swan.

Nor yet, for a wonder, see at all The river narrowing toward the fall.

"Be warned, my beauty — 'tis not the fashion Of the king to wed with the waiting-maid, But turn your red cheek into the shade —

The dew is a-tremble to kiss your eyes, And there is but danger in the skies!"

Close on the precipice rang the ditty, But they looked behind them, and not before, And went down singing their doleful piteous About the blossom safe on the shore —

"There is danger, danger! frail one, Back ward whirled in the whirling mist.
And the gray mist sweeping across
The blind,
Never so lightly, chills her through.

So spins she ever a double skein,
And on her finger all eyes may see,
But the other is spun in her whirling brain.
And out of the sea-fog over the sea,
For still with its treasure the heart will be.

SELFFISH SORROW.
The house lay snug as a robin's nest
Beneath its sheltering tree.
And a field of flowers was toward the west.
And toward the east the sea.
Where a belt of weedy and wet black sand
Was always pushing in to the land.
And with her face away from the sun
And toward the sea so wild,
The grandam sat, and spun and spun,
And never heeded the child,
So wistfuily waiting beside her chair.
More than she heeded the bird of the air.

Fret and fret, and spin and spin,
With her face the way of the sea:
And whether the tide were out or in,
And pulling her hair out of curl.
Cries the dove-eyed little girl,
Shut her hair in the leaves to keep the place.

And then she said, "I should n't mind
If you read to me now, my dear!"
And the little girl, with a wondering look,
Slipped her golden hair from the leaves of the book.

The page as it lay on her knee:
And climbing up and over the chair,
The gray that her sweet heart led,
She put one arm, so round and fair,
Like a crown, on the old gray head.
"So, child, says the grandam—keeping on
With her thoughts—"your book doesn't tell about John?"
"No, ma'am," it tells of a fairy old
Who lived in a daffodil bell.
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And when a butterfly wanted a drink,
How much did she ask him, do you think?
"O foolish child, I cannot tell,
May be a crown, or so."
"But the fairy lived in a daffodil bell,
And could n't hoard crowns, you know!
And the grandam answered, "Woe is me!"
The sun in a sudden darkness slid,
The winds began to plain,
And all the flowery field was hid
With the cold gray mist and the rain.
Then knelt the child on the heath so low,
And blew the embers all aglow.

On one small hand so sily white
She propped her golden head,
And lying along the rosy light
She took her book and read.
And the grandam heard her laughter low,
As she rocked in the shadows to and fro.

At length she put her spectacles on
And drew the book to her knee:
"And does it tell," she said, "about John,
My lad, who was lost at sea?"
"Why, no," says the child, turning face about,
"This is a fairy tale: shall I read it out?"
The grandam bowed her bent upon
The page as it lay on her knee:
"No, not if it does n't tell about John,
She who was lost at sea.
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And when a butterfly wanted a drink,
How much did she ask him, do you think?
"O foolish child, I cannot tell,
May be a crown, or so."
"But the fairy lived in a daffodil bell,
And could n't hoard crowns, you know!
And the grandam answered, "Woe is me!"
The sun in a sudden darkness slid,
The winds began to plain,
And all the flowery field was hid
With the cold gray mist and the rain.
Then knelt the child on the heath so low,
And blew the embers all aglow.

On one small hand so sily white
She propped her golden head,
And lying along the rosy light
She took her book and read.
And the grandam heard her laughter low,
As she rocked in the shadows to and fro.

At length she put her spectacles on
And drew the book to her knee:
"And does it tell," she said, "about John,
My lad, who was lost at sea?"
"Why, no," says the child, turning face about,
"This is a fairy tale: shall I read it out?"
The grandam bowed her bent upon
The page as it lay on her knee:
"No, not if it does n't tell about John,
She who was lost at sea.
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And when a butterfly wanted a drink,
How much did she ask him, do you think?
"O foolish child, I cannot tell,
May be a crown, or so."
"But the fairy lived in a daffodil bell,
And could n't hoard crowns, you know!
And the grandam answered, "Woe is me!"
The sun in a sudden darkness slid,
The winds began to plain,
And all the flowery field was hid
With the cold gray mist and the rain.
Then knelt the child on the heath so low,
And blew the embers all aglow.

On one small hand so sily white
She propped her golden head,
And lying along the rosy light
She took her book and read.
And the grandam heard her laughter low,
As she rocked in the shadows to and fro.

At length she put her spectacles on
And drew the book to her knee:
"And does it tell," she said, "about John,
My lad, who was lost at sea?"
"Why, no," says the child, turning face about,
"This is a fairy tale: shall I read it out?"
The grandam bowed her bent upon
The page as it lay on her knee:
"No, not if it does n't tell about John,
She who was lost at sea.
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And when a butterfly wanted a drink,
How much did she ask him, do you think?
"O foolish child, I cannot tell,
May be a crown, or so."
"But the fairy lived in a daffodil bell,
And could n't hoard crowns, you know!
And the grandam answered, "Woe is me!"
The sun in a sudden darkness slid,
The winds began to plain,
And all the flowery field was hid
With the cold gray mist and the rain.
Then knelt the child on the heath so low,
And blew the embers all aglow.

On one small hand so sily white
She propped her golden head,
And lying along the rosy light
She took her book and read.
And the grandam heard her laughter low,
As she rocked in the shadows to and fro.

At length she put her spectacles on
And drew the book to her knee:
"And does it tell," she said, "about John,
My lad, who was lost at sea?"
"Why, no," says the child, turning face about,
"This is a fairy tale: shall I read it out?"

THE EDGE OF DOOM.

On the edge of doom she stands,
Fighting back the wily Tempter
With her trembling woman's hands.

In her eyes a look of pain,
Men and women, men and women,
Shall her cry go up in vain?

On the edge of doom and darkness—
Darner, deeper than the grave—
Off with pride, that devil's virtue!

While there yet is time to save,
Clinging for her life, and shrinking lower, lower from your frown:
Men and women, men and women,
Will you, can you, crowd her down?

On that head, so early faded,
Famine down the pavements tracked
Through the years, sweet old Naomi,
To reproach her not, I pray.
THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

Face to face with shame and insult
Since she drew her baby-breath,
Were it strange to find her knocking
At the cruel door of death?
Were it strange if she should partake
With the great arch-fiend of sin?

Open wide, O gates of mercy,
Wider, wider! — let her in!

Ah! my proud and scornful lady,
Lapped in laces fair and fine,
But for God's good grace and mercy
Such a fate as hers were thine.
Therefore, breaking comb of honey,
Breaking leaves of snowy bread,
If she ask a crumb, I charge you
Give her not a stone instead.

Never lullaby, sung softly,
Made her silken cradle stir;
Never ring of gay young playmates
Rocking lightly on the leaves;

The smoke of the Indian Summer
Darkened and doubled the hills,
Shimmered along the hills:
Like a gracious glowing sunset,
Interfaced with the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-dalling
And trembling out of sight:
As, with the brier-buds gleaming
In her darling, dimpled hands,
Toddling slow adown the sheep-paths
Of the yellow staddle-bands—
Her sweet eyes full of the shadows
Of the woodland, darkly brown—
Come the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown.

Behind her streamed the splendors
Of the oak and elm so grand,
Before her gleamed the gardens
Of the rich man of the land;
Gardens about whose gateways
Asleep beneath the daisies:
As the rose does out of rain—
Like a lily with the rain.

Now the chopper's lowly cabin
It lay nestled in the wood,
And the dwelling of the rich man
By the open highway stood,
With its pleasant porches facing
All against the morning hills,
And each separate window shining
Like a bed of daffodils.

Then softly the chopper's tread
She but sowed in stony places,
Softly to her childish tread —
Never mellow furrows crumpled
Softly her childish tread—
But she did not see the grandeur
And she thought her father's oaks
Were finer than the cedars
Clipped so close along the walks.

So, in that full confiding
The unworlrylic only know,
Through the gateway, down the garden
Up the marble portico,
Her bare feet brown as bear's wings,
And her hands of brier-buds full,
On, along the feecy crimson
Of the carpets of dyed wool,
With a modest glance uplifted
Through the lashes drooping down,
Came the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown;
Still and steady, like an image,
Sliding inward from the wood,
Till before the lady-mistress
Of the house, at last, she stood.

Oh, as sweet as summer sunshine
Was that lady-dame to see,
With the chopper's little daughter,
Like a shadow at her knee!
Oh, green as leaves of clover
Were the broideries of her train,
And her hand it shone with jewels
Like a lily with the rain.

And the priest before the altar,
Asleep along the aisle,
Reading out the sacred lesson,
Read it consciously, the while;
The long roll of the organ
Drew across a silken stir,
And when he named a saint, it was
As if he named but her.

But the chopper's child undazzled
In her lady-presence stood—
(She was born amid the splendors
Of the glorious autumn wood)—
And so sweetly and serenely
Met the cold and careless face,
Her own alive with blushes,
Even as one who gives a grace;
As she swam along the aisle,
As she moved to meet Naomi
With none of your icy columns
Will light them up again;
And the sunshine, as he said,
As one might strip the outer husk
Of the golden ear, and said:
What is it, little starveling,
As a star the broken vapors,
Throbbing up and down so fast:
Because my poor sick brother
Is asleep at last, at last.

As sleep beneath the daisies:
But when the drenching rain
Has put them out, we know the dew
Will light them up again;
And we make and keep Thanksgiving
With the best the house affords,
Since, if we live, or if we die,
We know we are the Lord's:

With your foolish mother bids me
To Thanksgiving, do you say?
What is it, little starveling,
That you give your thanks for, pray?

One hasty moment's silence —
Then hushing up her pain,
And sweetness growing out of it
As the rose does out of rain—
She stripped the wooden kerchief
From off her shining head,
As one might strip the outer husk
From the golden ear, and said:

"What have we to give thanks for?
Who, just for daily bread?
And then, with all her little pride
A-blushing out so red —
Perhaps, too, that the sunshine
Can come and lie on our floor,
With none of your icy columns
To shut it from the door!

"What have we to give thanks for?
And a smile blimmed her tears,
As a star the broken vapors,
Throbbing up and down so fast:
"Because my poor sick brother
Is asleep, at last, at last.

As asleep beneath the daisies:
But when the drenching rain
Has put them out, we know the dew
Will light them up again;
And we make and keep Thanksgiving
With the best the house affords,
Since, if we live, or if we die,
We know we are the Lord's:

"That out his hands of mercy
Not the least of us can fail:
But we have ten thousand blessings,
And I cannot name them all!
Oh, see them yourself, good madam —
I will come and show you the way.
"To-morrow, then to-morrow
Will have brought Thanksgiving day;
And my mother will be happy,
And be honored, so she said,
To have the landlord's lady
Taste her honey and her bread."

Then slowly spake the lady,
As disdainfully she smiled,
"Live not you in yonder cabin?
Are you not the chopper's child?"
And, climbing up the sheep-paths,
Of the yellow stubble-lands,
Passed the marsh wherein the starlings
Slept to close their horrid bills,
And lighted with her loneliness
The gateway of the hills.
Oh, how the eagle has the sunshine,
And his way is grand and still;
But the lark can turn the cloud into
A temple when she will!
That evening, when the corn fields
Had lost the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight,
Apart from her great possessions
And from all the world apart,
Knelt the lady-wife and mistress
Of the rich man's house and heart.
Knelt she, all her spirit broken,
And the shame she could not speak,
Bursting out upon the darkness
From the fires upon her cheek;
And prayed the Lord of the harvest
Burning out upon the darkness
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.

In the dead of night to the Dead-house!
Bears she in from the street:
The watch at his watching found
Her—
Ah! say it low nor wound her,
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
Speak low, when you say how they
Buried alive in the elect.
Speak low, and make her a cover
All out of her shining hair:
Perhaps for the sake of a lover,
Loved all too well, she was there.
Deodate left in the Dead-house!
Your cruel judgments spare,
Ye know not why she is there:
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Remember the Magdalen;
Be slow with your harsh award—
Remember the dear, dear Lord!
Be slow to pronounce your "metie,"
Praise to his precious ñame.
With all of gentle mercy
The tide of your censure stem;
Have you no scarlet sinning?
No need for yourselves of winning
Those sweetest words man ever spake
In all the world for pity's sake,
But he listens breathless all the while
To be up and at work for her.
For though the heart in the bosom
Has ceased to throb and beat,
The time never need to be dreary—
I would buy her a wheel, and some flax—

With silk gowns to wear, and twenty
Till midnight! till morning! o’er Time

But just in my two hands would hold
Two hours! and not a hair’s breadth
An hour! nay more—until star after

But smiling the brighter, the darker
So when the wild gusts of the winter
Or sailor, love-lorn, in the dead
Holds parley, in moans, with the tide,
Takes his watch while the west-wind
Through the fog-drizzle shine like a
And speckles of red gold, and scales
When luck-thriven fishermen draw
the day,

dull—

I have lost it myself in despite of my
Sheer down the wild hills, and with

Tiffany the shed, if burden
With a sheaf of the goldenest straw
The sweetest sweet-milk you shall

"Now give me your burden if burden
you bear,
So the flax-beater said,
And press out and wring out the rain
from your hair,
And come into my shed:
The sweetest sweet-milk you shall have for your fare,
And the whitest white-bread,
With a sheaf of the goldenest straw
for your bed:
Then give me your burden, if burden you bear,
And come into my shed:

"I make bold to press my poor lodg-
ing and fare,
For the wood-path is lone,
Aye, lonely and dark as a dungeon-
house stair,
And jagged with stone.
Sheer down the wild hills, and with
thorn-brush o’ergrown,
I have lost it myself in despite of my care,

Though I’m used to rough ways and
have come to a spars;
And then, my good friend, if the truth
must be known,
The huts and cottages that stand here
And there
Are as rude as my own.

"The night will be black when the day
shall have gone;
’T is the old of the moon,
And the winds will blow stiff, and more
stiffly right on,
By the cry of the lone:
Those terrible storm-harps, the oaks,
are in tune,
That cracking will fall to a crashing
anon.
For the sake of your pitiful, poor little one,
You cannot, good woman, have lodging
too soon!

"Hark! thunder! and see how the
waters are piled,
Cloud on cloud, overhead;
Mayhap I’m too bold, but I once had a
child—
Sweet lady, she’s dead—
The daffodil growing so bright and so
wild
At the door of my shed
Is not yet so bright as her glad golden
head,
And her smile! ah, if you could have
seen how she smiled!
But what need of praises—you too
have a child?
So the flax-beater said.

"Ah, the soft summer-days, they were
all just as one,
And how swiftly they sped:
When the daisy scarce bent to her
daisy-like tread,
And the wife, as she sat at her wheel
in the sun,
Sang sea-songs and ditties of true-love
that ran
All as smooth as her thread;
When her darling was gone then the
singing was done,
And she sewed her a shroud of the flax
she had spun,
And a cap for her head.

See, that cloud running over the last
little star,
I

"Only these! just a touch of this thing, and I know That my thoughts were misled! But why turn you pale? and why tremble you so? If it be as you said, You have nothing from me nor from mortals to dread!"

Her voice fell to sobs, and she hung down her head,
Hugged his knees, kissed his hands, And dared you, false woman, to lie so
As to her her thoughts of Alexis.

She came on her wedding-day. "Now where, my bride," says the groom in pride— "Now where will your chamber be?"
And from wall to wall she praises all, But chooses the one by the sea! And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam. For often her eyes with tears are wet. And the sewing-work is unfinished yet.
And so is the girl's dream.

And Janey turned things in and out, As foolish maids will do. For the golden combs are not so
And the sewing-work is unfinished Now where will your chamber be?"

And Janey turned things in and out, As foolish maids will do. For the golden combs are not so
As to her her thoughts of Alexis.

She carne on her wedding-day. "Now where will your chamber be?"
And from wall to wall she praises all, But chooses the one by the sea! And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam. For often her eyes with tears are wet. And the sewing-work is unfinished yet.
And so is the girl's dream.

Nor are there bars in the homespun gown As blue as the flaxen flower, Aye, winter wind and winter rain Have beaten away the bowers, And little Janey is Lady Jane, And dances away the hours! Maidens she hath to play and sing, And her mother's house and land Could never buy the jeweled ring She wears on her lily hand— The hand that is false to Alexis! Ah, bright were the sweet young cheeks and eyes, And the silken gown was gay, When first to the hall as mistress of all She came on her wedding-day.

"Now where, my bride," says the groom in pride— "Now where will your chamber be?"
And from wall to wall she praises all, But chooses the one by the sea! And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam. For often her eyes with tears are wet. And the sewing-work is unfinished yet.
And so is the girl's dream.

Nor are there bars in the homespun gown As blue as the flaxen flower, Aye, winter wind and winter rain Have beaten away the bowers, And little Janey is Lady Jane, And dances away the hours! Maidens she hath to play and sing, And her mother's house and land Could never buy the jeweled ring She wears on her lily hand— The hand that is false to Alexis! Ah, bright were the sweet young cheeks and eyes, And the silken gown was gay, When first to the hall as mistress of all She came on her wedding-day.

"Now where, my bride," says the groom in pride— "Now where will your chamber be?"
And from wall to wall she praises all, But chooses the one by the sea! And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam. For often her eyes with tears are wet. And the sewing-work is unfinished yet.
And so is the girl's dream.

Nor are there bars in the homespun gown As blue as the flaxen flower, Aye, winter wind and winter rain Have beaten away the bowers, And little Janey is Lady Jane, And dances away the hours! Maidens she hath to play and sing, And her mother's house and land Could never buy the jeweled ring She wears on her lily hand— The hand that is false to Alexis! Ah, bright were the sweet young cheeks and eyes, And the silken gown was gay, When first to the hall as mistress of all She came on her wedding-day.

"Now where, my bride," says the groom in pride— "Now where will your chamber be?"
And from wall to wall she praises all, But chooses the one by the sea! And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam. For often her eyes with tears are wet. And the sewing-work is unfinished yet.
And so is the girl's dream.

Nor are there bars in the homespun gown As blue as the flaxen flower, Aye, winter wind and winter rain Have beaten away the bowers, And little Janey is Lady Jane, And dances away the hours! Maidens she hath to play and sing, And her mother's house and land Could never buy the jeweled ring She wears on her lily hand— The hand that is false to Alexis! Ah, bright were the sweet young cheeks and eyes, And the silken gown was gay, When first to the hall as mistress of all She came on her wedding-day.

"Now where, my bride," says the groom in pride— "Now where will your chamber be?"
And from wall to wall she praises all, But chooses the one by the sea! And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam. For often her eyes with tears are wet. And the sewing-work is unfinished yet.
And so is the girl's dream.

Nor are there bars in the homespun gown As blue as the flaxen flower, Aye, winter wind and winter rain Have beaten away the bowers, And little Janey is Lady Jane, And dances away the hours! Maidens she hath to play and sing, And her mother's house and land Could never buy the jeweled ring She wears on her lily hand— The hand that is false to Alexis! Ah, bright were the sweet young cheeks and eyes, And the silken gown was gay, When first to the hall as mistress of all She came on her wedding-day. 
On side by side they roll like a tide,  
And the voice grows high and higher,  
"Come we, come weal, we must break the seal  
Of that forty feet of fire."

Now cries of fear, shrill, far and near,  
And a pulcy shakes the hands,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, never had painter scenes to paint  
So ghastly and grim as these—  
Mothers that comfortless sit on the ground  
With their children on their knees;  
The brown-cheeked lad and the maid as sad  
As the grandame and the sire,  
And 'twixt them all and their loved,  
Oh, never had painter scenes to paint  
Of that forty feet of fire."

And now arise th' unanswered cries  
To the youths and maidens fair,  
What a night in the lives of the miners' wives  
At the gate of a dumb despair.  
And the stars have set their solemn weep,  
In silence o'er the hill,  
And the children sleep and the women  
And the workers work with a will.  
And so the hours go by,  
And at last the east is gray with dawn,  
And the sun is in the sky.  
Hark, hark! the barricades are down,  
The torchlight farther spread,  
The doubt is past—they are found at last—  
Dead, dead! two hundred dead!  
Face, close to face, in a long embrace,  
And the young and the faded hair—  
Gold over the snow as if meant to show  
Love stayed beyond despair.  
Two hundred men at yester morn  
With the work of the world to strive;  
Two hundred yet when the day was set,  
And not a soul alive!  
Oh, long the brawny Plymouth men,  
As they sit by your peaceful shore,  
And hear the cry from the mast-head  
And to set them so fine in battle line,  
For our brave young Commodore!  
He knew your stormy oaks to take  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day  
And their ribs into ships contrive,  
And their lives against death's laws,  
And the blood runs cold, for behold, behold  
The gap where the enemy stands!  
Oh, not with tears—no, not with tears,  
Let us tribute pay to the brave to-day
THE WINDOW JUST OVER THE STREET.

I sit in my sorrow a weary, alone;
I have nothing sweet to hope or remember,
For the spring o’th’ year and of life has flown;
’Tis the wildest night o’ the wild December,
And dark in my spirit and dark in my chamber.

I sit and list to the steps in the street,
Going and coming, and coming and going,
And the winds at my shutter they blow and beat;
’Tis the middle of night and the winds are beating
And crazed with the cruelest pain went
Away in her cabin as lonesome and low.

I think of the ships that are out at sea,
Of children in homesick and comfortless places;
Or prisons, of dungeons, of men that are mad;
Of wheels in th’ cold, black waters turning;
As well as on the Land.

I have nothing sweet to hope or remember;
Who died to make our Erie Lake
And over the rye and the barley
And hides it — a secret too sacred
And little and low as the flax-breaker’s voice,
And of despairing!

I put back the curtain in very deep;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I see
Where the sheets were the foam of its bleeding,
And the prairie.

I see her unbinding the braids of her tresses.
Of her patience so sweet, and her silence so weary
With cries of the hungry wolf hid in the prairie.
And the heart in my bosom is cured
Of its bleeding,

I sit and list to the steps as they come and go;
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing.
And my head is sick, and my heart is yearning,
As I think of the ships in the black waters turning.
And now in the hearth-light she softly undresses:

A vision of grace in the roseate glow,
I see her binding the braids of her tresses.
And now as she stoops to the ribbon
That fastens Her slipper, they tumble o’er shoulder
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens
To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace
The lavendered line updrawn, the round arm
Half sunk in the counterpane,

I sit and list to the steps as they come and go;
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing.
And my head is sick, and my heart is yearning,
As I think of the ships in the black waters turning.
And now in the hearth-light she softly undresses:
A vision of grace in the roseate glow,
I see her binding the braids of her tresses.
And now as she stoops to the ribbon
That fastens Her slipper, they tumble o’er shoulder
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens
To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace
The lavendered line updrawn, the round arm
Half sunk in the counterpane,

I sit and list to the steps as they come and go;
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing.
And my head is sick, and my heart is yearning,
As I think of the ships in the black waters turning.
And now in the hearth-light she softly undresses:
A vision of grace in the roseate glow,
I see her binding the braids of her tresses.
And now as she stoops to the ribbon
That fastens Her slipper, they tumble o’er shoulder
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens
To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace
The lavendered line updrawn, the round arm
Half sunk in the counterpane,

I sit and list to the steps as they come and go;
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing.
And my head is sick, and my heart is yearning,
As I think of the ships in the black waters turning.
And now in the hearth-light she softly undresses:
A vision of grace in the roseate glow,
I see her binding the braids of her tresses.
And now as she stoops to the ribbon
That fastens Her slipper, they tumble o’er shoulder
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens
To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace
The lavendered line updrawn, the round arm
Half sunk in the counterpane,

I sit and list to the steps as they come and go;
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing.
And my head is sick, and my heart is yearning,
As I think of the ships in the black waters turning.
And now in the hearth-light she softly undresses:
A vision of grace in the roseate glow,
I see her binding the braids of her tresses.
And now as she stoops to the ribbon
That fastens Her slipper, they tumble o’er shoulder
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens
To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace
The lavendered line updrawn, the round arm
Half sunk in the counterpane,

I sit and list to the steps as they come and go;
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing.
And my head is sick, and my heart is yearning,
As I think of the ships in the black waters turning.
And now in the hearth-light she softly undresses:
A vision of grace in the roseate glow,
I see her binding the braids of her tresses.
And now as she stoops to the ribbon
That fastens Her slipper, they tumble o’er shoulder
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens
To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace
The lavendered line updrawn, the round arm
Half sunk in the counterpane,
And the bean-flowers and the buck-wheat,
    They scented all the air,
And in the time of the harvest
There was bread enough and to spare.

I know a man like that great cloud
As much as he can live,
And he gives his alms with thunder-voice,
And now they are fishers, with nets in the stream;
And rafter and wall o' the house are aglow;
And in the time of the harvest
There was bread enough and to spare.

Grandmother and mother, right over
The fire, the tea-kettle swung on the crane;
And Barbara, with her cedar pail,
Tosses her curls for the children's delight.

The walls o' th' dingy oíd house are brightly aglow;
And lilac and rosebush are white
As the cloud did in the sea.

The dear little mother is knitting a pair
Of scarlet-wool stockings tip white
At th' toe;
A glad girl and boy are at play by her knee;
The walls o' th' poor little house are aglow!
Now driving th' crickets, for cows, in their glee,
Now rolling the yarn-balls o' scarlet and snow.

And the other will fall as profitless
As much as he can live,
And he gives his alms with thunder-voice,
And now they are fishers, with nets in the stream;
And rafter and wall o' the house are aglow;
And in the time of the harvest
There was bread enough and to spare.

Now rolling the yarn-balls o' scarlet and snow.
The walls, the rough rafters, how brightly they glow;
And Barbara, what would you get for your pains?
More than your true-love's love is worth?
So never a thought about braver miles,
And whether it were wife or child,
Or youth, so lowly laid,
And whether it were wife or child,
Or youth, so lowly laid,
More than your true-love's love is worth?
So never a thought about braver miles,
And whether it were wife or child,
Or youth, so lowly laid,
More than your true-love's love is worth?
So never a thought about braver miles,
And whether it were wife or child,
Or youth, so lowly laid,
More than your true-love's love is worth?
So never a thought about braver miles,
And whether it were wife or child,
Or youth, so lowly laid,
More than your true-love's love is worth?
So never a thought about braver miles,
And whether it were wife or child,
Or youth, so lowly laid,
And always, as a wise man should,
For when he could not speak the good,
So, digging graves, and chopping
And even the old crape on his hat
To such a rosy roundness that
His finger nails, so bruised and flat,
And heel and toe would beat and beat
Ah! then his smile would come so
To that old-fashioned, crazy tune
Or in the tender light o' the moon,
From January on till June,
As he drew the long bow out and in
The music was so weak and thin
He had an old cracked violin,
Unless the heart of Uncle Joe
But, ah! I cannot make you know
He took his holiday, and so
His face with gladness shone;
Perhaps the townsfolk were beguiled
Nor wife nor brother, chick nor child,
No one, a boy with golden head,
The crazy violin; for he said,
And so the years in shine and storm
Went by, as years will go,
Until at last his palsied arm
Could hardly draw the bow;
Until he crooked through all his form,
Much like his grumbling-hoe.
And then his axe he deeply set,
And on the wall-side pegs
Hung hoe and spade; so kair nor fret
That life was at the dregs,
But walked about of a warm day yet,
With his dog between his legs.
Sometimes, as one who almost grieves,
His memory would recall
The merry-making Christmas Eves,
As if from a churlish, chilling height
As if that, being lost in the night,
Making you think of milk-white
The lark has, when within some
Or in the tender light o' the moon,
And her father's cattle
Of any one: th' Sun as he will may
And her, through mint and mallow
Shingled the landward slope of the
God knows! not I, on what she mused
The viol, ready tuned to play,
The sadly-silent bow,
The axe, the pipe of yellow clay,
Are in his grave so low;
And there is nothing more to say
Of poor old Uncle Joe.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Her voice was tender as a lullaby,
Making you think of milk-white
till you lie,
All in yellow moonlight fast asleep.
Aye, tender as that most melodious tone
The lark has, when within some
But hugging, as it were his child,
With leaves, he talks with morning all
Persuading her to rise and come to
Straying about the pond: she had
To think upon, they said, nor such de-
As maids are wont to hide. I only
We do not know the weakness or the worth
Of any one: th' Sun as he will may
His golden lights; he cannot see the
crown of his head;
Shy in her ways; her father's cattle
knew —
No neighbor half so well — her
For by the pond where mint and mallow
Always she came and called them
Mayhap beneath the moon
ON SEEING A DROWNING MOTH.

Poor little moth! thy summer sports were done,
Had I not happened by this pool to lie;
But thou hast pierced my conscience very sore
With thy vain flounderings, so come ashore.

In the salt-hollow of my helpful hand,—
Rest thee a little on the warm, dry sand,
Then crawling out into the friendly sun,
As best thou mayest, get thy wet wings dry.

Aye, it has touched my conscience, little moth,
To heed the lesson, for I fain would lie
Wading along the water, half her height.
Fain would I lie, with arms across my breast,
As quiet as yon wood-duck on her nest,
That sits the livelong day with ruffled quills.

THE GOOD AND EVIL.

GOOD AND EVIL.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good we do lives after us,
Saying, your poet, reverenced thus,
For once hath been unwise.

Evil is earthy, of the earth,—
Many a raindrop has he been,
That scarcely sends a shadow forth
Beyond the bounds of time.

The rose had drawn the green quilt of the grass
Over her head,
And, taking off her pretty, rustling dress,
Had gone to bed.

And, while the wind went ruffling through her bower,
To do her harm,
She lay and slept away the frosty hour,
All safe and warm.

The little bird that came when May was new,
And sang her best,
Was of the birds that sit so near the tree,
To God's great law.

The vales with flowers be crowned,
The grain of the corn and the flower unform
Have rights as well as I.

The evil 't is that dies!
Evil is earthy, of the earth,
So, my little fool,
So, my little fool,
Thou 'rt back upon the water! Lord! how vain
To travel all the air, thou comest here
To try with spongy feet the treacherous pool;
Well, thou at least hast made one truth more clear,—
Men make their fate, and do not fate obey.

STROLLER'S SONG.

The clouds all round the sky are black,
As it never would shine again;
But I'll sling my wallet over my back,
And trudge in spite of the rain!

A LESSON.

There's time for the night as well as the morn,
For the dark as the shining sky;
The grain of the corn and the flower unform
Have rights as well as I.

When Nature grieves,
And wails the drying up of the bright floods
Of summer leaves.

When Nature grieves,
And wails the drying up of the bright floods
Of summer leaves.

And if there rise no star to guide
My feet when day is gone,
I'll shift my wallet the other side,
And trudge right on and on.

For this of a truth I always note,
That Nature has never an overcoat
To keep her furnaces dry.

And trudge on, — I put my double hand into
Her chilly nest.

And trudge on, — I put my double hand into
Her chilly nest.

To God's great law.

Then, sitting down beneath a naked tree,
I looked about,—
Saying, in these, if there a lesson be,
I'll spy it out.

And presently the teaching that was meant
I thought I saw,—
That I, in trial, should patiently consent
To God's great law.

And presently the teaching that was meant
I thought I saw,—
That I, in trial, should patiently consent
To God's great law.

He spoils his house and throws his pains away
Who, as the sun veers, builds his windows o'er,
For, should he wait, the Light, some time of day,
Would come and sit beside him in his door.
ON SEEING A WILD BIRD.

Beautiful, symbol of a freer life,
Knowing no purpose, and yet true to one;
Would I could learn thy wisdom, I who run
This way and that, striving against my stride.
No fancy vague, no object half unknown,
Diverts thee from thyself. By stops and starts
I live the while by little broken parts
A thousand lives— not one of all, my own.
Thou sing'st thy full heart out, and low
A thousand times, — not one of all, my own.
No purpose, and yet true to one.

RICH, THOUGH POOR.
Red in the east the morning broke,
And in three chambers three men woke.
One through curtains wove that wove
In a chamber, high and fair.
With paneled ceilings, enameled rare.
On the purple canopy of his bed
Saw the light with a sluggard's dread,
And buried his sullen and sickly face
Deep in his pillow fringed with lace.
One, from a low and grassy bed,
With the golden air for a coverlet;
No ornaments had he to wear
But his curling beard and his coal-black hair;
His wealth was his acres, and oxen twain,
And health was his cheerful chamberlain.

Night fell stilly— "O we are men!"
Sighed so wearily two of the three;
"The corn I planted to-day will sprout."
Said one, "and the roses be blushings out;"
And his heart with its joyful hope o'erran:
Think you he was the poorest man?

STILL from the unsatisfying quest
To know the final plan,
I turn my soul to what is best
In nature and in man.

THE glance that doth thy neighbor doubt
Turn thou, O man, within,
And see if it will not bring out
Some unsuspected sin.
To hide from shame the branded brow,
Make broad thy charity,
And judge no man, except as thou
Wouldst have him judge of thee.

SIXTEEN.
Suppose your hand with power supplied,
Say, would you slip it through my hair,
And turn it to the golden side
Of sixteen years? Suppose you dare?
And I stood here with smiling mouth,
And plucked down hearts to pleasure me,
For, could you mould my destiny
I'd leave my youth's sweet company,
And suffer back to where I stand.
That I have reached the time of day
When white hairs come, and heart-ache.

Be glad while we pray?
So reverent, we cast the poor shows of our reverence away!
Shall the sins which we do in our blindness
Or, may we still watch while we work,
And Be glad while we pray?

PRAYER FOR LIGHT.
O what is Thy will toward us mortals, Most Holy and High?

Shall we die unto life while we're living?
Or die while we die?
Can we serve Thee and wait on Thee only
In cells, dark and low?
Must the altars we build Thee be built with the stones of our woe?
Shall we only attain the great measures
Of grace and of bliss
In the life that awaits us, by cruelly Warring on this?
Or, may we still watch while we work,
And Be glad while we pray?

Poems of Thought and Feeling.

152

The Poems of Alice Cary.
That He who foresaw of transgression
The might and the length,
Has fashioned the law to exceed not
Our poor human strength!

THE UNCUT LEAF.

You think I do not love you! Why,
Because I have my secret grief?

And though I know you know, seem not
From kindred souls that long ago
Because I rather feel than know
Shine in upon the mouldy ink,—
And from his wounded face shook out
What all the story was—ah, well,
About the woods of Eldersie,
One rainy night you read to me
You think I do not love you! Why,
Because in reading I pass by,
What each began his heart to strip,
While on his brow, magnificently sad,
He fell, and all unfriended, died.

TWO TRAVELERS.

Two travelers, meeting by the way,
Arose, and at the peep of day
Brake bread, paid reckoning, and they say
Set out together, and so trode
Till where upon the forking road
A gray and good old man abode.
There each began his heart to strip,
And all that light companionships —
That cometh of the eye and lip
Had sudden end, for each began
To ask the gray and good old man
What the roads before them ran.
One, as they saw, was shining bright,
With such a great and gracious light,
It seemed that heaven must be in sight.

"This," said the old man, "doth begin
Full sweetly, but its end is
In the dark and desert-place of sin.

"And this, that seemeth all to lie
In gloomy shadow,—by- and-by,
Makest the gateway of the sky.
"Bide ye a little; fast and pray,
And twixt the good and evil way,
Choose ye, my brethren, this day.
And as the day was at the close
The two way-faring men arose,
And each the road that pleased him chose.
One took the pathway that began
So brightly, and so smoothly ran
Through flowery fields,—deluded man!
Ere long he saw, alas! alas!
All darkly, and as through a glass,
Flames, and not flowers, along the grass.
Then shadows round about him fell,
And in his soul he knew full well
His feet were taking hold on hell.
He tried all vainly to retrace
His pathway; horrors blocked the place,
And demons mocked him to his face.
Broken in spirit, crushed in pride,
One morning by the highway-side
He fell, and all unfriended, died.
The other, after fast and prayer,
Pursued the road that seemed less fair,
And peace went with him, unaware.
And when the old man saw where lay
The traveler's choice, he said, "I pray,
Take this to help you on the way!"
And gave to him a lovely book,
Wherin for guidance he must look,
He told him, if the path should crook.
And so, through labyrinths of shade,
When terror pressed, or doubt dismayed,
He walked in armor all arrayed.

So, over pitfalls traveled he,
And passed the gates of harlotry,
Safe with his heavenly company.
And when the road did low descend,
He found a good inn, and a friend,
And made a comfortable end.

THE BLIND TRAVELER.

A poor blind man was traveling one day,
The guiding staff from out his hand was gone,
And the road crooked, so he lost his way,
And the night fell, and a great storm came on.
He was not, therefore, troubled and afraid,
Nor did he vex the silence with his cries,
But on the rainy grass his cheek he laid,
And waited for the morning sun to rise.
Saying to his heart,—Be still, my heart, and wait,
For if a good man happen to go by,
He will not leave us to our dark state
And the cold cover of the storm, to die;
But he will sweetly take us by the hand,
And lead us back into the straight highway;
Full soon the clouds will have vanished,
And all the wide east be blazoned with
The cowl of dawning light.
And we are like that blind man, all of us,—
Benighted, lost! But while the storm doth fall
Shall we not stay our sinking hearts up, thus,—
Above us there is One who sees it all;
And if His name be Love, as we are told,
He will not leave us to unequal strife;
But to that city with the streets of gold
Bring us, and give us everlasting life.
In spite of all the joy she brings
And light winds whisper as they pass
While I number what they be,
Easy 'tis to count my treasures.

Easy 'tis, — they are not many :
Friends for love and company,
O good angel grant to me;
Strength to work; and is there any
Man or woman, evil seeing
In my daily walk and way,
Grant, and give me grace to pray
For a less imperfect being.

Grant a larger light, and better,
To inform my foe and me,
So we quickly shall agree;
Grant forgiveness to my debtor.

When stubble takes the place of grain,
And shrunk streams steal slow along,
And all the faded woods complain
Like one who suffers wrong;

When fires are lit, and everywhere
Easy 'tis to count my treasures.

Herein all my askings be.

CARE

CARE is like a husbandman
Who doth guard our treasures:
And the while, all ways he can,
For a less imperfect being.

Grant a larger light, and better,
To inform my foe and me,
So we quickly shall agree;
Grant forgiveness to my debtor.

When stubble takes the place of grain,
And shrunk streams steal slow along,
And all the faded woods complain
Like one who suffers wrong;

When fires are lit, and everywhere
Easy 'tis to count my treasures.

Herein all my askings be.

CONTRADICTORY

We contradictory creatures
Have something in us alien to our birth,
That doth suffice us with the infinite,
While downward through our nature
Run adverse thoughts, that only find delight
In the poor perishable things of earth.

Blindly we feel about
Our little circle, — ever on the quest
Of knowledge, which is only, at the best,
Pushing the boundaries of our ignorance out.

But while we know all things are miraculous,
And that we cannot set
An ear of corn, nor tell a blade of grass
The way to grow, our vanity o'erpasses
And we quickly shall agree;
Grant forgiveness to my debtor.

When stubble takes the place of grain,
And shrunk streams steal slow along,
And all the faded woods complain
Like one who suffers wrong;

When fires are lit, and everywhere
Easy 'tis to count my treasures.

Herein all my askings be.
THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

BEST, TO THE BEST.
The wind blows where it listeth,
Out of the east and west,
And the sinner's way is as dark as death,
And life is best, to the best.
The touch of evil corrupteth;
Tarry not on its track;
The grass where the serpent crawls is stilled
As if it grew on his back.
To know the beauty of cleanliness
The heart must be clean and sweet;
And woman must moan and man must groan;
As we measure, he will mete.

OLD ADAM.
The wind is blowing cold from the west,
And your hair is gray and thin;
Come in, old Adam, and shut the door,
"The wind is blowing out o' the west,
Cold, cold, and my hair is thin;
But it is not there, that face so fair,
And why should I go in?"

The wind is blowing cold from the west;
The day is almost gone;
The cock is abed, the cattle fed,
Come in, old Adam, and shut the door,
"The wind is blowing out o' the west,
Cold, cold, and my hair is thin;
But it is not there, that face so fair,
And why should I go in?"

"The wind is blowing cold from the west;
The day is almost gone;
The cock is abed, the cattle fed,
And the night is coming on!
"Come in, old Adam, and shut the door,
And leave without your care.
"Nay, nay, for the sun of my life is down,
And the night is everywhere."

The cricket chirps, and your chair is set
Where the fire shines warm and clear:
On tyrannous ways the feet of Freedom press;
The green bough broken off, lets sunshine in;
And where sin is, abounds righteous
Much more than sin.
Man cannot be all selfish; separate good
Is nowhere found beneath the shining sun:
All adverse interests, truly understood,
Resolve to one!
I do believe all worship doth ascend—
Whether from temple floors by heathen trod,
Or from the shrines where Christian praises blend,
To the true God,
Blessed forever: that His love pre­
Hails me, — that I can only stretch them to a cry!
What is there left for me to do, but groan;
And, simple, sinful as I am, He cares
Even for me.

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes for days
Along the fields that 'I of time have trod,
I go, nor find a single leaf increased;
And hopeless, gaze
With forehead stooping downward like a boar.
Oh heavy hours!
My life seems all a failure, and I sigh;
What strength I have, though only to
And simple, as I am, He cares
For me.

The wind is blowing cold from the west,
And your hair is gray and thin.
Come in, old Adam, and shut the door,
"The wind is blowing out o' the west,
Cold, cold, and my hair is thin;
But it is not there, that face so fair,
And why should I go in?"

The very impotence to pray, is prayer;
Resolve to one!

The day is almost gone;
The cock is abed, the cattle fed,
Come in, old Adam, and shut the door,
"The wind is blowing out o' the west,
Cold, cold, and my hair is thin;
But it is not there, that face so fair,
And why should I go in?"

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes for days
Along the fields that 'I of time have trod,
I go, nor find a single leaf increased;
And hopeless, gaze
With forehead stooping downward like a boar.
Oh heavy hours!
My life seems all a failure, and I sigh;
What strength I have, though only to
And simple, as I am, He cares
For me.

THE SEA-SIDE CAVE.
"A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall be your messenger."

At the dead of night by the side of the Sea
I met my gray-haired enemy,—
The glittering light of his serpent eye
Was all I had to see him by.

At the dead of night, and stormy weather
We went into a cave together,—
Into a cave by the side of the Sea; And— he never came out with me!

The flower that up through the April mould
Comes like a miser cragging his gold,
Never made spot of earth so bright
As was the ground in the cave that night.

Dead of night, and stormy weather! Who should see us going together
Under the black and dripping stone
Of the cave from whence I came alone!

Next day as my boy sat on my knee
He picked the gray hairs off from me,
And told with eyes brimful of fear
How a bird in the meadow near
Was all I had to see him by.

THE MEASURE OF TIME.

A breath, like the wind's breath, may carry
A name far and wide,
But the measure of time does not tell
With any man's pride:
'Tis not a wild chorus of praises,
Nor chance, nor yet fate,—
'T is the greatness born with him, and
In him,
That makes the man great.
And when in the calm self-possession
That birthright confers,
The man is stretched out to her measure.
Fame claims him for hers.

Too proud too fall back on achievement,
With work in his sight,
His triumph may not overtake him
This side of the night.

And men, with his honors about them,
His grave-mound may pass,
Nor drain what a great heart lies under
Its short knotty grass.

But though he has lived thus unprospered,
And died thus, alone,
His face may not always be hid by
A hand-breadth of stone.

The counterfeit may for a season
Dispense with the true
The value of the life artless
For evermore.

The long years are wiser than any
Wise day of them all,
The hero at last shall stand up—
The long years are wiser than any
Wise day of them all,
The hero at last shall stand up—

I held it under girlish flowers, but when
Perseverance would not make my mate to
I bowed my faded head, and said,
"Amen!"
And all my peace is since she went
Away.

My window opens toward the autumn
woods;
I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air
O'er the long, level stubble-land that
broods;
Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting
lie,
Summer has gathered her white family
Of shriveling daizies; all the hills are
bare,
And in the meadows not a limb of buds
Through the brown bushes showeth anywhere.

Dear, heavenly season, we must say
good-bye,
And can afford to, we have been so
blest,
And farewells suit the time; the year
Death lie
With cloudy skirts composed, and palid
face;
Hid under yellow leaves, with touching
grace,
So that her bright-haired sweetheart of
the sky
The image of her prime may not displace.

Do not look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do:
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

Our unwise purposes are wisely
crossed;
Being small ourselves, we must essay
small things:
The adventurous note, with wide,
outwarded wings,
Crawling across a water-drop, is lost.

Two thirsty travelers chanced one day
to meet
Where a spring bubbled from the
burning sand;
One drank out of the hollow of his
hand,
And found the water very cool and
sweet.

The other waited for a smith to beat
And fashion for his use a golden cup;
And while he waited, fainting in the
heat,
The sunshine came and drank the
fountain up!

In a green field two little flowers there
were,
And both were fair in th' face and
tender-eyed;
One took the light and dew that
heaven supplied,
And all the summer gusts were sweet
with her.

The other, to her nature false, denied
That she had any need of sun and
dew,
And hung her silly head, and sickly
grew,
And frayed and faded, all unthinkingly
died.

A vine o' th' bean, that had been early
seeded,
To a tall peach, conceiving that he
had
The aim of your being, the cloud and
the ocean
That birthright confers,
Not in possession; and in after years
It was not true; they nurtured idle
fears;
I never saw so good a day as this!

If into his keeping your fortune you
cast,
I tell you the end will be hatred at
last.
Or death through stagnation; your rest
To sin against Nature is death and not
life.
You may freeze in the shadow or seethe
in the sun,
But the oil and the water will not be at
one.

Love cannot be love, with itself set at
strife;
To sin against Nature is death and not
life.
You may freeze in the shadow or seethe
in the sun,
But the oil and the water will not be at
one.

Your pride and your peace, when this
passion is crossed,
Will pay for the struggle whatever it
cost;
But though earth dissolve, though the
heavens should fall,
To yourself, your Creator, be true first
of all.

APART from the woes that are dead
and gone,
And the shadow of future care,
The heaviest yoke of the present hour
Is easy enough to bear.
COUNSEL.

Seek not to walk by borrowed light, But keep unto thine own : Do what thou doest with thy might, And trust thyself alone !

Work for some good, nor idly lie Within the human hive ; And though the outward man should die, Keep thou the heart alive !

Strive not to banish pain and doubt, In pleasure's noisy din ; The peace thou seestest for without Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim, By worth, her slight attest; Nor blush and hang the head for shame, The peace thou seekest for without

What thy experience teaches true, Be vigilant to heed ; When thou hast done thy best, Be vigilant to heed.

What thy experience teaches true, Be vigilant to heed ; When thou hast done thy best, Be vigilant to heed.

How are we living? Is life worth our having?

The wild tree does more; for his coat of rough barks
He trims with green mosses, and checks with the marks
Of the long summer shining.

We're dying, not living:
Our senses shut up, and our hearts faint and cold;
Upholding old things just because they are old;
Our good spirits grieving,
We suffer our springs
Of promise to pass without sowing the land,
And hungry and sad in the harvest-time stand.
Expecting good things!

THE FELLED TREE.

They set me up, and bade me stand Beside a dark, dark sea,
In the befogged, low-lying land Of this mortality.

I slipped my roots round the stony soil Like rings on the hand of a bride,
And spring with summer in her eyes
A thousand vines were climbing o'er
And there and grow?

The fond embrace, the tender kiss
Which love to its expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay, Hoping, impatience that finite and die,
Are but the layers peeled away From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow These rough and ugly masks we wear, I think, that we shall be as now,— Only more fair.

And He who makes his love to be Always around me, sure and calm, Sees what is possible to me, Not what I am.

THE FELLED TREE.

Where are we living?
In passion, and pain, and remorse do we dwell;
Creating, yet terribly hating, our hell? No triumph achieving? No grossness refining?

And hewed at my heart till I stood a-way,
But I never felt the wound.

I knew immortal seed was sown
Within me at my birth,
And I fell without a single groan,
With my green face to the earth.

Now all men pity me, and must,
Who see me lie so low.
But the Power that changes me to dust
Is the same that made me grow.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I had a plot of ground,
Once when I chanced asleep to drop,
And that a green hedge fenced it round,
Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise,— So far a little dream may reach,— And spring with summer in her eyes
Making the choicest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er
The hedge, I thought, but as I tried To pull them down, for evermore
The flowers dropped off the other side!

Waking, I said, these things are signs
Sent to instruct us that 't is ours
Duly to keep and dress our vines,— Waiting in patience for the flowers.

And when the angel feared of all
Across my heart his shadow spread,
The rose that climbed my garden wall
Has bloomed the other side, I said.

WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share.
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

LATENT LIFE.

Though never shown by word or deed, Within us lies some germ of power, As lies unguessed, within the seed, The latent flower.

And under every common sense That doth its daily use fulfill, There lies another, more intense, And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined The soul, is but the counterfeit That doth its daily use fulfill, And have nothing to do but to stand there and grow?

We suffer our springs
Of promise to pass without sowing the land,
And hungry and sad in the harvest-time stand.
Expecting good things!

LOOK AND WHERE.

How are we living?
Like herbs in a garden that stand in a row,
And have nothing to do but to stand there and grow?
Our powers of perceiving So dull and so dead,
They simply extend to the objects about us,— The nest, having all his dark pleasure without us,— The worm in his bed! If thus we are living,
And fading and falling, and rotting, also!—
Like the grass, or the flowers that grow in the grass,—
Is life worth our having? The insect hums—
The wild bird is better, that sings as it flies—
And the or, that turns up its great face to the skies,
When the thunder is coming.

Where are we living?
Where are we living?
In passion, and pain, and remorse do we dwell;
Creating, yet terribly hating, our hell? No triumph achieving? No grossness refining?

And when the angel feared of all
Across my heart his shadow spread,
The rose that climbed my garden wall
Has bloomed the other side, I said.

WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share.
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.
With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground, and till it; Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
Turn out the golden millet. Work, and your house shall be duly fell; Work, and rest shall be won; I hold that a man had better be dead Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley; Turn in the little seed, dry and brown, Turn out the rose and lily. Work with a plan, or without a plan, And your ends they shall be shaped true; Work, and learn at first hand, like a man,— The best way to know is to do!

Down and up till life shall close, Ceasing not your praises; Turn out the sweet spring daisies. Work, and the sun your work will share, And the rain in its time will fall; For Nature, she worketh everywhere, And the grace of God through all.

COMFORT.

Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild, As wild as the stormy seas; My poor little child, my sweet little child, Is a corpse upon my knees.

No holy choir to sing so low, No priest to kneel in prayer, No tire-woman to help me sew A cap for his golden hair.

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea, The pious boatman cried, A hand's breadth backward, or before, I am, and since I am, must be For evermore.

THE RUSTIC PAINTER.

His sheep went idly over the hills,— Idly down and up,—

On the land and the water, all in all, "The strength to be still or pray, To blight the leaves in their time to fall, Or light up the hills with May.

F A I T H  an d W O R K S .

Not what we think, but what we do, Makes saints of us: all stiff and cold, The outlines of the corpse show through The cloth of gold.

And in despite of sin,— Despite belief with creeds at strife,— The principle of love within Leaves the life.

For, 't is for fancied good, I claim, That men do wrong,—not wrong's desire; Wrapping themselves, as 't were, in flame To cheat the fire.

Not what God gives, but what He takes, Uplifts us to the holiest height; As the rustic painted his ivory cup With his little sweetheart's face.

Thus we are marking on all our work Whatever we have of grace; As the rustic painted his ivory cup With his little sweetheart's face.

ONE OF MANY.

I knew a man,—I know him still In part, in all I ever knew,— Whose life runs counter to his will, Leaving the things he fain would do;

Undone. His hopes are shapes of sand, That cannot with themselves agree; As one whose eager outstretched hands Take hold on water—so is he.

Fame is a bauble, to his ken; Mirth cannot move his aspect grim; The holidays of other men Are only battle-days to him.

He locks his heart within his breast, Believing life to such as he Is but a change of ills, at best,— A crossed and crazy tragedy.

His check is wan; his limbs are faint With letters which they never wore; No wheel that ever crushed a saint, But breaks his body o'er and o'er.

Though woman's grace he never sought By tender look, or word of praise, He dwells upon her in his thought, With all a lover's lingering phrase.

A very martyr to the truth, All that's best in him is belied; Humble, yet proud withal; in sooth His pride is his disdain of pride.

He sees in what he does amiss A continuity of ill; The next life dropping out of this, Stained with its many colors still.

His kindest pity is for those Who are the slaves of guilty lusts; And virtue, shining till it shows Another's frailty, he distrusts.

Nature, he holds, since time began Has been reviled,—misunderstood; And that we first must love a man To judge him,—be he bad or good.

Often his path is crook'd and low. And is so in his own despite; For still the path he meant to go Runs straight, and level with the right.

No heart has he to strive with fate For less things than our great men gone Achieved, who, with their single weight, Turned Time's slow wheels a century on.

His waiting silence is his prayer; His darkness is his plea for light; And loving all men everywhere He lives, a more than anchorite.

O friends, if you this man should see, Be not your scorn too hardly hurled, Believe me, whatsoever he be, There be more like him in the world.

THE SHADOW.

One summer night, The full moon, 'tired in her golden cloak,
Sown darkly; raised
Light within light, when death from mortal soul
Undresses me, and makes me spiritual;

Dear Lord, be praised.

THE UNWISE CHOICE.
Two young men, when I was poor,
Came and stood at my open door;
One said to me, "I have gold to give;"
And one, "I will love you while I live!"

My sight was dazzled; we're the day!
And I sent the poor young man away;
Sent him away, I know not where,
And my heart went with him, unaware.

He did not give me any sighs,
But he left his picture in my eyes;
And in my eyes it has always been:
I have no heart to keep it in!

Beside the lane with hedges sweet,
Where we parted; never more to meet,
He pulled a flower of love's own hue,
And where it had been came out two!

And in th' grass where he stood, for years,
The dews of th' morning looked like tears.
Still smiles the house where I was born
Among its fields of wheat and corn.

Wheat and corn that strangers bind,—
Perhaps one like it somewhere far away
Grew in a garden-bed, or by the brook,
That he in childish days had played round,
For his knees, trembling, sunk upon the ground.

Then, o'er this piece of bleeding earth, the tears
Of penitence were wrung, until at last
The golden key of love, that sin for years
Had loosened, and his heart, that very hour,
Was loosened, and his heart, that very hour,
Wore:

Two young men, when I was poor,
Came and stood at my open door.
One said to me, "I have gold to give;"
And one, "I will love you while I live!"

My sight was dazzled; we're the day!
And I sent the poor young man away;
Sent him away, I know not where,
And my heart went with him, unaware.

PROVIDENCE.
"From seeming evil, still educing good."
The stone upon the wayside seed that fell,
And kept the spring rain from it, bright it too;
From the bird's mouth; and in that silent cell
It quickened, after many days, and grew.

Till, by-and-by, a rose, a single one,
Lifted its little face into the sun.
It chanced a wicked man approached one day,
And saw the tender piteous look it wore:
Perhaps one like it somewhere far away
Grew in a garden-bed, or by the brook,
That he in childish days had played around,
For his knees, trembling, sunk upon the ground.

Then, o'er this piece of bleeding earth, the tears
Of penitence were wrung, until at last
The golden key of love, that sin for years
Had loosened, and his heart, that very hour,
Was loosened, and his heart, that very hour,
Wore:

Two young men, when I was poor,
Came and stood at my open door.
One said to me, "I have gold to give;"
And one, "I will love you while I live!"

My sight was dazzled; we're the day!
And I sent the poor young man away;
Sent him away, I know not where,
And my heart went with him, unaware.

THE LIVING PRESENT.
FRIENDS, let us slight no pleasant view,
That bubbles up in life's dry sands,
And yet be careful what good thing
We touch with sacrilegious hands.

Our blessings should be sought, not claimed;
Cherished, not watched with jealous eye;
Love is too precious to be named,
Save with a reverence deep and high.
I know I have power to do if I will,
I know 't is a demon boding ill,
" Some other time, and some other
Calling and crying the while for
T
And sings as he weaves, for the joy in
Peace cometh of striving, and labor is
He winds the fine thread on his shut-
And cióse at his knee saw a dear little
When the weaver awoke from his
The sunset was gilding his low little
And I never, as long as I live, for your
Awake ! O my lost one, my sweet
How I sinned, having you, against
" My darling ! " he cries, " what a
Of his dear little daughter.
Will sigh at my weaving ! 
And all her pleas allow;
" Some other time, and some other
But still I linger and cry for grace, —
" Some other time, and some other
Oh, not to-day; not now ! 
I talk to my stubborn heart and say,
The work I must do I will do to-day;
Till the vow I have vowed I rise and
And the demon cries, " Not now ! 
And so the days and the years go by,
Oh, not to-day; not now ! 
CRAGS.
There was a good and reverend man
(At thought of his blessing 't was easy
to do),
And sings as he weaves, for the joy in
Peace cometh of striving, and labor is rest:
Grown wise was the weaver.
NOT NOW.
The path of duty I clearly trace,
I stand with conscience face to face,
And all her pleas allow;
Calling and crying the while for
" Some other time, and some other
Oh, not to-day; not now ! 
I know 't is a demon boding ill,
And I put my hand to th' plough:
I have fair, sweet seeds in my barn,
When all the furrows are ready to sow,
The voice says, " Oh, not now ! 
My peace I sell at the price of woe;
In heart and in spirit I suffer so,
The anguish wrings my brow;
But still I linger and cry for grace, —
" Some other time, and some other
Oh, not to-day; not now ! 
I talk to my stubborn heart and say,
The work I must do I will do to-day;
Till the vow I have vowed I rise and
And the demon cries, " Not now ! 
And so the days and the years go by,
Oh, not to-day; not now ! 
CRAGS.
There was a good and reverend man
Whose day of life, serene and bright,
Was wearing hard upon the gloom;
Beyond which we can see no light.
And as his vision back to morn,
And forward to the evening sped,
He bowed himself upon his staff,
And with his heart communing, said:
From mystery on to mystery
My way has been; yet as I near
The eternal shore, against the sky
These crags of truth stand sharp and
Where'er its hidden fountain be,
Time is a many-colored jet
Of good and evil, light and shade,
And we evoke the things we get.
The hues that our to-morrows wear
Are by our yesterdays forecast;
Our future fikes into itself
The true impression of our past.

The attrition of conflicting thoughts
To clear conclusions, wears the
groove
The love that seems to die, dies not,
But is absorbed in larger love.
We cannot cramp ourselves unharmed,
In bonds of iron, nor of creeds;
The rights that rightfully belong
To man, are measured by his needs.
The daisy is entitled to
The nurture of the dew and light;
The green house of the grasshopper
In his by Nature's sacred right.

MAN.
In what a kingly fashion man doth dwell:
He hath but to prefer
His want, and Nature, like a servant,
Maketh him answer with some miracle.
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
And yet his thoughts do keep along
the ground,
And neither leap nor run,
Though capable to climb above the
sun
He seemeth free, and yet is strangely
bound.
What name would suit his case, or great
or small?
Poor, but exceeding proud;
Most wise, and yet most ignorant,
Like a helmless bark at sea;
The world that lieth in the golden air,
As a great emerald,
Whether the dazzling and the flush
'T is not the wide phylactery,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
Whether it be the lullabies
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
This I moreover hold, and daré
We climb to Heaven, 't is on the rounds
I hold all else, named piety,
And through every change and chance,
So that pain may peace enhance,
I upon myself, advance.
Wronging no man, Lord, nor Thee
In my soul, my body, free.
Good through evil to acquire,
And who vainly doth desire
Best for one is best for all.
That, and only that, is sin.
In his bosom taketh fire.
Selfish good may not befall
Right is bound in this— to win
What is honor, what is shame.
What to pity, what to blame;
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
And blushes, made without a word.
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints: we judge the tree
By what it bears.
And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.
OPEN SECRETS.
This truth lies round about us, all
Too closely to be sought,—
So open to our vision that
'T is hidden to our thought.
We know not what the glories
Of the grass, the flower, may be;
We need not struggle for the sight
Of what we always see.
Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
And to have a sign appear,
We deem not God is speaking in
The still small voice we hear.
In reasoning proud, blind leaders of
The blind, through life we go,
And do not know the things we see,
Nor see the things we know.
Single and indivisible,
We pass from change to change,
Familiar with the strangest things,
And with familiar, strange.
We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark:
To hear the lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.
THE SADDEST SIGHT.
As one that leadeth a blind man
In a city, to and fro,
Thought, even so,
Leadeth me still wherever it will
Through scenes of joy and woe.
I have seen Lear, his white head crowned
With poor pale face was despoiled of grace
Ere yet its life begun.
No glimpse of the good green Nature
To gladden with sweet surprise
The staring eyes,
That only have seen, close walls between,
A hand-breadth of the skies.
Ah, never a bird is heard to sing
At the windows under ground,
The long year round;
There, never the morn on her pipes of corn
Maketh a cheerful sound.
Oh, little white cloud of witnesses
Against your parentage,
May Heaven assuage the woes that wait on your dark estate—
Unorphaned orphanage.
THE BRIDAL HOUR.
"The moon's gay text is up: another hour,
And yet another one will bring the lark
to which, through many cares and checks, so slowly
The golden day did climb.
"Take all the books away, and let no noise
Be in the house while softly I undress
My soul from brokeries of disguise, and wait for
My own true love's caress.
"The sweetest sound will tire to-night;
The dewdrops
Setting the green ears in the corn and wheat,
Go, bring me whatever the poets have
Its wonder of splendors has made the
No pain but it hushes to peace in its
'Tis the sinew of work, 'tis the spirit
And cióse to the kinship they hold to
And whatever is mighty, whatever is
And it may have been me, and it yet
But the angel in one proves the angel in all.
And whatever is mighty, whatever is high,
Lifting men, lifting woman their natures above,
And close to the kinship they hold to the sky.
Why, this I affirm, that its essence is Love.
The poorest, the meanest has right to his share —
For the life of his heart, for the strength of his hand,
'Tis the sinew of work, 'tis the spirit of prayer —
And here, and God help me, I take up my stand.
No pain but it hushes to peace in its arms,
No pale cheek it cannot with kisses make bright,
Its wonder of splendors has made the world's storms
To shine as with rainbows, since first there was light.
Go, bring me whatever the poets have praised,
The mantles of queens, the red roses of May,
I'll match them, I care not howgrandly
From the wastes of the ages, proclaim-
Immortal with beauty and vital with
The world could do without me,
No creature cared about me,
No pain but it hushes to peace in its
And men have with cloven tongues
Great jets have been acted, great
A-dreaming idle dreams.

GOD IS LOVE.

Aye, the more by the head, and the shoulders too!
Ten thousand may sin, and a thousand may fall,
And it may have been me, and it yet may be you,
But the angel in one proves the angel in all.
And whatever is mighty, whatever is high,
Lifting men, lifting woman their natures above,
And close to the kinship they hold to the sky.
Why, this I affirm, that its essence is Love.
The poorest, the meanest has right to his share —
For the life of his heart, for the strength of his hand,
'Tis the sinew of work, 'tis the spirit of prayer —
And here, and God help me, I take up my stand.
No pain but it hushes to peace in its arms,
No pale cheek it cannot with kisses make bright,
Its wonder of splendors has made the world's storms
To shine as with rainbows, since first there was light.
Go, bring me whatever the poets have praised,
The mantles of queens, the red roses of May,
And whether through sunshine or shade
Their paths run, they meet at the end.
And whatever his honors may be, —
Of riches, or genius, or blood,
God never made any man free
To find out a separate good.

PLEDGES.

Sometimes the softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of
The look of still repose the mountains
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-
ing air,
The tender beauty of the grass and sky,
The look of still repose the mountains wear,
The sea-waves that beside each other lie
Contented in the sun — the flowery gleams
Of gardens by the doors of cottages.
The sweet, delusive blessedness of the
softness of the embrac-

Time makes us eagle-eyed:
Our fantasies befriend us in our youth,
And built the shadowy tents wherein we hide
Out of the glare of truth.

PROVERBS IN RHYME.

A cunning and curious splendor,
That glorifies commonest things —
Folly, with clay from the river,
Molds cups for the tables of kings.

A marvel of sweet and wise madness,
That passes our skill to define;
It clothes the poor peasant with grandeur,
And turns his rude hut to a shrine.

Full many a dear little daisy
Has passed from the light of the sun,
Ere Burns, with his pen and his plough-share,
Upturned and immortalized that one.

And just with a touch of its magic
It gives to the poet's rough rhyme
A something that makes the world listen,
And will, to the ending of time.

It puts a great price upon shadows —
Holds visions, all riches above,
And shreds of old tapestries pieces
To legends of glory and love.

The ruin it builds into beauty,
Uplifting the low-living towers,
Makes green the waste place with a garden,
And shapes the dead dust into flowers.

It shows us the lovely court ladies,
All shining in lace and brocade;
The knights, for their gloves who did battle,
In terrible armor arrayed.

It gives to the gray head a glory,
And grace to the eyelids that weep,
And makes our last enemy even,
To be as the brother of sleep.

A marvel of madness celestial,
That causes the weed at our feet,
The thistle that grows at the wayside,
To somehow look strange and be sweet.

No heirs hath it, neither ancestry;
But just as it listeth, and when,
It seals with its own royal signet
The forheades of women and men.

IN BONDS.

While shines the sun, the storm even then
Has struck his bargain with the sea —

Oh, lives of women, lives of men,
How pressed, how poor, how pinched ye be!

It is as if, having granted power
Almost omnipotent to man,
Heaven grudged the splendor of the dower,
And going back upon her plan,

Mortised his free feet in the ground,
Closed him in walls of ignorance,
And all the soul within him bound
In dull hindrances of sense.

Hence, while he goes his will to rise,
As one his fallen ox might urge,
The conflict of the impatient cries
Within him wastes him like a scourge.

Even as dreams his days depart,
His work no sure foundation forms,
Immortal yearnings in his heart,
And empty shadows in his arms!

It is as if, being come to land,
Some pestilence, with fingers black,
Loosed from the wheel the master hand,
And drove the homesick vessel back;

As if the nurslings of his care
Chilled him to death with their embrace;
As if she he held most fair
Turned round and mocked him to his face.

And thus he stands, and ever stands,
Tempted without and torn with-in;
Ashes of ashes in his hands,
Pamished and faint, and sick with sin.

Seeing the cross, and not the crown:
The overwhelming flood, and not the ark;
Till gap by gap his faith throws down
His guards, and leaves him to the dark.

And when the last dear hope has fled,
And all is weary, dreary pain,
That enemy, most darkly dread,
Grows pitiful, and snaps the chain.
Nobility.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—In doing each day that goes by;
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and gain pleasure,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure—
We get back our mete as we measure—
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
For whatever men say in blindness,
Of great things to do by and by,
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so loyal as love!
But while I spoke, a bird unharmed I spied
High in the elm-top, all his heart elate,
And splitting with its joy his shining bill
Unmindful of that low, sad “trill-a-trill!”

At sunset came my boys with cheeks ablush,
And fairly flying on their arms and legs,
To tell that they had found within a bush
A bird’s-nest, lined with little rose-leaf eggs!

Then, inly musing, I renewed my quest
Knowing that no bird singeth on her nest.
And still, the softest morns, the sweetest eves,
And when from out the midnight blue and still,
The tender moon looked in between the leaves,
That little, plaining, pleading trill-a-trill!
Would tremble out, and fall away, and fade,
And so I mused and mused, until I made
A text at last of the melodious cry,
And drew this moral (was it fetched too far?)
Life’s inequalities so underlie
The things we have, so rest in what we are,
That each must steadfast to his nature keep,
And one must soar and sing, and one must weep.

TO MY FRIEND.

If we should see one sowing seed
With patient care and toil and pain,
Then to some other garden speed;
And sow again;
And so right on from day to day,
And so right on through months and years,
Watering the furrows all the way
With rain of tears;
Ne’er gladened by the yellowing top
Of harvest, nor of ripened rose,
Till suddenly the plough should stop,—
The work-day close;
Should we not, as late day ran by,
Wonder to see him take no ease,
And cry at nightfall, “Vanity Of Vanities!”
And yet ‘tis thus, my friend, the hours
And days go by, with you and me.
We, too, are sowing seeds of flowers
We never see.
Sometimes we sow in soil of sin;
Sometimes where choking thorns abound;
And sometimes cast our good seed in dry, stony ground.
Our stalks spring up and fade and die
Under the burning noontide heat,
And hopes and plans about us lie all incomplete;
And as the toilsome days go by unrespite with flowery ease,
Angels may cry out, “Vanity Of Vanities!”
Oh, when, fruitless, the night
Descends upon our day of ills,
God grant we find our harvests white
On heavenly hills.

ONE OF MANY.

Because I have not done the things I know
I ought to do, my very soul is sad;
And furthermore, because that I have not done
Delights that should have made to overflow
My cup of gladness, and have not been glad.
All in the midst of plenty, poor I live;
In my house, my friend, with heavy heart I see,
As if that mine they were not meant to be;

For of the sweetness of the things I have
A churlish conscience dispossession me.
I do desire, nay, long, to put my powers
To better service than I yet have done—
Not hither, thither, without purpose run;
And gather just a handful of the flowers,
And catch a little sunlight of the sun.
Lamenting all the night and all the day
Occasion lost, and losing in lament
The golden chances that I know were meant
For wiser uses—asking overpay.
When nothing has been earned, and all was lost.
Keeping in dim and desolation way,
And where the wild winds whistle loud and shrill
Through leafless bushes, and the birds are still,
And where the lights are lights of other days
A sad insanity o’ermastering will.
And saddest of the sadness is to know
It is not fortune’s fault, but only mine,
That far away the hills of roses shine—
And far away the pipes of pleasure blow—
That we, and not our stars, our fates assign.

LIGHT.

Be not much troubled about many things,
Fear often hath no whet of substance in it,
And lives but just a minute;
While from the very snow the wheat-blade springs.
And light is like a flower,
That bursts in full leaf from the darkest hour.
And He who made the night,
Made, too, the flowery sweetness of the light.
Be it thy task, through his good grace,
To win it.

POEMS OF THOUGHT AND FEELING.

TRUST.

SOMETIMES when hopes have vanished, one and all,
Soft lights drop round about me in their stead.
As if there had been cast across Heaven’s wall
Handfuls of roses down upon my bed
Then through my darkness pleasures come in crowds,
Shining like larks’ wings in the sombre clouds,
And I am fed with sweetness, as of dew
Strained through the leaves of pansies at day dawn;
But not the flowery lights that overslew
The bed my weary body rests upon,
Is it that maketh all my house so bright,
And feedeth all my soul with such delight.
Nay, ne’er could heavenly, veritable flowers
Make the rude time to run so smoothly by,
And tie with amity the alien hours,
As might some maiden, with her ribbon, tie
A bunch of homely posies into one,
Making all fair, when none were fair alone.
But lying disenchanted of my fear, ‘Neath the gold borders of my “coverlid”
So overstrained, I feel my flesh so near
Things lovely, that, my body being
Out of the sunshine, shall not harm endure.
But mix with daisies, and grow fair and pure.
Oh, comfortable thought! yet not of this
Get I the peace that drieth all my tears;
For, wrapped within this truth, another is
Sweeter and stronger to dispel my fears:
LIFE.

SOLITUDE — Life is inviolate solitude.

Never was truth so apart from the dreaming
As lieth the selfhood inside of the seeming.
Guarded with triple shield out of all quest,
So that the sisterhood nearest and sweetest,
So that the brotherhood kindest, completest,
Is but an exchanging of signals at best.

Desolate — Life is so dreary and desolate —
Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle,
Yet with itself every soul standeth single.
Deep out of sympathy moaning its solitude —
And living and down into parley with sin.

Purposeless — Life is so wayward and purposeless —
Always before us the object is shifting,
Always the means and the method are drifting.
We rue what is done — what is undone deplors —
More striving for high things than things that are holy.
And so we go down to the valley so lowly.
Wherein there is work, and device never more.

Vanity, vanity — all would be vanity,
Whether in seeking or getting our pleasures —
Whether in spending or hoarding our treasures —
Whether in indolence, whether in strife —
Whether in fasting and whether in feasting,
But for our faith in the Love everlasting —
But for the life that is better than life.

PLEA FOR CHARITY.

If one had never seen the full completeness
Of the round year, but tarried half the way,
How should he guess the fair and flowery sweetness
That comes with the May —
Guess of the bloom, and of the rainy sweetness
That come in with the May!

Suppose he had not heard the winds a-blowing,
And seen the brooks in icy chains fast bound,
How should he guess that waters in their flowing
Could make so glad a sound —
Guess how their silver tongues should be set going
To such a tuneful sound!

Suppose he had not seen the bluebirds winging,
Nor seen the day set, nor the morn-rise,
Nor seen the golden balancing and swinging
Of the gay butterflies —
And seen the brooks in icy chains,
Who could paint April pictures, worth the bringing
To notice of his eyes?

Suppose he had not seen the living daisies,
Nor seen the rose, so glorious and bright,
Neither sense nor sight, nor hears the delight
Of all their lovely light,
Of Eden's gracious leaves about his head —
His mirth is nothing but the poor dissembling
Of a great soul unfed —
Oh, bring him where the Eden-leaves are trembling,
And give him heavenly bread.

As Winter doth her shriveled branches cover
With greenness, knowing spring-time's soft desire,
Even so the soul, knowing Jesus for a lover,
Puts on a new attire —
A garment fair as snow, to meet the Lover
Who bids her come up higher.

SECOND SIGHT.

My thoughts, I fear, run less to right than wrong,
And yet sometimes an impulse sweet and strong
Touches my heart, for I am still a woman;
And yesterday, beside my cradle sitting,
And brooding lilies through my lullabies,
My heart stirred in me, just as if the fitting
Of some chance angel touched me,
And my eyes

The unborn years, like rose-leaves in a flame,
Shrivelled together, and this vision
For I was gifted with a second seeing:
And all the currents of my blood were the work of cunning hands and curious.

And thus it was with me — the idle sunshine, stretching like a golden rafter.

'T was but a moment — then the merry laughter of my sweet baby on the nurse's knee. Rippled across the mists of fantasy; scattered the darkness, and my golden rafter from cornice on to cornice o'er my head, scattered the darkness, and my vision fled.

Times fall when Fate just misses of her blows, and being warned, the victim slips.

As of myself — made like her — of one stem?

I shook from head to foot, and could not stir — afraid, but not so much afraid of her. As grows the mildew on decaying timbers.

Trustingly to see the better self within her, Rise from the ruins of her womanhood.

And as some traveler in the night be- wait for the star he knows must rise,

And wondered at me, through the locked doors gaped wide.

Not so; and silent, face to face we stood, from cornice on to cornice, and the laughter.

That stood before me in her narrow cell, and dragged my heart out with her pleading eyes.

And as some traveler in the night be- waited, or when the fearful door swung open.

And darkened the poor face like dev­

The sun in her eyes, as her hand reached forth and held me fast.

Waits for the star he knows must rise.

But was there no other Poetry fled.

And when the fearful door swung open.

Leaving the silken splendor of my rooms, the sunshine stretching like a golden rafter. From cornice on to cornice, and the laughter.

Of my sweet baby on the nurse's knee.

Calling me back, and almost keeping me.

Leaving my windows bright with flow­

ey blooms, I passed adown my broad embla­

mazoned hall.

And the light was with me — the idle shows.

The foolish pomp of vanity and pride, the work of cunning hands and curious rooms.

Shining about my house like poppy­

blooms, like poppy-blooms had drowsed me, heart and brain;

And all the currents of my blood were setting to that bad dullness that is worse than pain.

By some lean-elbowed man, or flabby crone, upon whose foreheads discontent had grown.

As thousands on thousands in decaying timbers.

"All that is mine," came to me from the fall of every beggar's step, and the glooms that hung around held yet this other call.

"Who to himself lives only is not liv­

ing." All thine is mine," came to me from.

"If my sweet baby on the nurse's knee, her—

"Oh for a tongue, and oh! for words to tell of the young creature, masked with sullen guise, that stood before me in her narrow cell, and dragged my heart out with her pleading eyes.

I shook from head to foot, and could not stir — afraid, but not so much afraid of her.

As grows the mildew on decaying timbers.

"T was but a moment — then the merry laughter of my sweet baby on the nurse's knee. Rippled across the mists of fantasy; scattered the darkness, and my golden rafter from cornice on to cornice o'er my head, scattered the darkness, and my vision fled.

Times fall when Fate just misses of her blows, and being warned, the victim slips.

As of myself — made like her — of one stem?

I shook from head to foot, and could not stir — afraid, but not so much afraid of her. As grows the mildew on decaying timbers.

Trustingly to see the better self within her, Rise from the ruins of her womanhood.

And as some traveler in the night be- wait for the star he knows must rise,

But was there no other Poetry fled. And when the fearful door swung open.

Leaving the silken splendor of my rooms, the sunshine stretching like a golden rafter. From cornice on to cornice, and the laughter.

Of my sweet baby on the nurse's knee.

Calling me back, and almost keeping me.

Leaving my windows bright with flow­

ey blooms, I passed adown my broad embla­

mazoned hall.

And the light was with me — the idle shows.

The foolish pomp of vanity and pride, the work of cunning hands and curious rooms.

Shining about my house like poppy­

blooms, like poppy-blooms had drowsed me, heart and brain;

And all the currents of my blood were setting to that bad dullness that is worse than pain.
From the outward world about us,
Oh, how little do we gather
Of the other world within!
For the brow may wear upon
All the seeming of repose
When the brain is worn and weary,
And the mind oppressed with woes;
And the eye may shine and sparkle
As it were with pleasure’s glow,
When it’s only just the flashing
Of the fires of pain below.
And the tongue may have the sweetness
That doth seem of bliss a part,
When it’s only just the tremble
Of the weak and wounded heart.
Oh, the check may have the color
Of the red rose, with the rest,
When it’s only just the hectic
Of the dying leaf, at best.

SECRET WRITING.

Wild with wonder, sweet with guesses,
Vexed with only fleeting fears;
So the broader day advances,
Wild with wonder, sweet with guesses,
Now with bosoms softly beating,
Heart in heart, and band in hand,
And often as the unconscious act,
Of the morn beyond the sky.
Our hearts revoke the judgments
For here the hue too brightly gleams,
And, with the utmost skill I have,
No single chain of all the chains
As it were with pleasure’s glow,
Our hearts revoke the judgments
For here the hue too brightly gleams,
And, with the utmost skill I have,
No single chain of all the chains
As it were with pleasure’s glow,
Our hearts revoke the judgments
For here the hue too brightly gleams,
And, with the utmost skill I have,
No single chain of all the chains
As it were with pleasure’s glow,
Our hearts revoke the judgments
For here the hue too brightly gleams,
And, with the utmost skill I have,
No single chain of all the chains
As it were with pleasure’s glow,
Our hearts revoke the judgments
For here the hue too brightly gleems,
And played away her States to men
And put it in their hearts, we pray,
Oh, bless for us this holiday,
Nearer by all this grief than when

Then his heart fell in him dancing so,
It spun to his cheek the red,
For all, from the red-bird bold and gay,
As he spied himself in the wave below

Ah, do as you like, my golden quill,
Ah, do as you like, my golden quill;

Ah, could I but this picture draw,
As he saw his image there to-day,

What was your shallow love? or what the gleam
This man, his name is household to us all.

Therefore we holcl him with no shadowy place —
Faded by the diviner life, and worn,

Therefore we love him with a love apart
From any fawning love of pedigree —

Therefore we hold him with no shadowy
Therefore his name is household to us all.

Therefore we love him with a love apart
From any fawning love of pedigree —

The grandest leader of the grandest
That ever time in history gave a place;

What were the tinsel flattery of a star
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

This man, his name is household to us all.
What were the tinsel flattery of a star

Therefore we hold him with no shadowy
Therefore his name is household to us all.

Therefore we love him with a love apart
From any fawning love of pedigree —

The grandest leader of the grandest
That ever time in history gave a place;

What were the tinsel flattery of a star
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
Thenation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The mechanism of external forms —

The shrifts that courtiers put their
To save the Ship at any cost.

The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

That is to th' man, and th' man's honest worth,
The nation's loyalty in tears up-springs;

High o'er the silken broderies of kings.
The poems of Alice Cary.

And clouds that make the day of genius dim,
Shine at the sunset with eternal light.

'Spent and Misspent.

Stay yet a little longer in the sky,
O golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn about
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet,
My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,
And plan our work while cools the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
A waterfall played up his silver tune;
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
I awoke, and not a plan was planned,
Just as a drowning man at what he sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has all been spent and misspent doing what I could,
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late-sown flowers are hardly set
O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet!

Last and Best.

Sometimes, when rude, cold shadows run
Across whatever light I see;
When all the work that I have done,
Or can do, seems but vanity;
I strive, nor vainly strive, to get
Some little heart's ease from the day
When all the weariness and fret
Shall vanish from my life away;
For I, with grandeur clothed upon,
Shall lie in state and take my rest,
And all my household, strangers grown,
Shall hold me for an honored guest.

But ere that day when all is set
In order, very still and grand,
And while my feet are lingering yet
Along this troubled border-land,
What things shall be the first to fade,
And down to utter darkness sink?
The treasures that my hands have laid
Where moth and rust corrupt, I think.

And Love will be the last to wait
And light my gloom with gracious gleams;
For Love lies nearer heaven's glad gate,
Than all imagination dreams.

Aye, when my soul its mask shall drop,
The twain to be no more at one,
Love, with its prayers, shall bear me up
Beyond the lark's wings, and the sun.

And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being, what I would,
And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late-sown flowers are hardly set
O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet!

If and If.

If I were a painter, I could paint
The dwarfed and straggling wood,
And the hill-side where the meeting-house
With the wooden belfry stood,
A dozen steps from the door, — alone,
On four square pillars of rough gray stone.

We school-boys used to write our names
With our finger-tips each day
In th' dust o' th' cross-beams, — once it shone,
I have heard the old folks say,
(Praising the time past, as old folks will,)
Like a pillar o' fire on the side o' th' hill.

I could paint the lonesome lime-kilns,
And the lime-burners, wild and proud,
Their red sleeves gleaming in the smoke
Like a rainbow in a cloud,—
Their huts by the brook, and their mimicking crew —
Making believe to be lime-burners too!

I could paint the brawny wood-cutter,
With the patches at his knees, —
He's been asleep these twenty years,
Among his friends, the trees:
The day that he died, the best oak o' the wood
Came up by the roots, and he lies where it stood.

I could paint his quaint old-fashioned house,
With its Windows, square and small,
And the seams of clay running every way
Between the stones o' the wall:
The roof, with furrows of mosses green,
And new bright shingles set between.

The oven, bulging big behind,
And the narrow porch before,
And the weather-cock for ornament
On the pole beside the door;
And th' row of milk-pans, shining bright
As silver, in the summer light.

And I could paint his girls and boys,
Each and every one,
Hepzibah sweet, with her little bare feet,
And Shubal, the stalwart son,
And wife and mother, with homespun gown,
And roses beginning to shade into brown.
I could paint the garden, with its paths
Cut smooth, and running straight,—
The sage bed, the poppies red, And the lady-grass at the gate,—
The black warped slab with its hive of bees,
In the corner, under the apple-trees.
I could paint the fields, in the middle bush
Of winter, bleak and bare,
Some snow like a lamb that is caught in a bush,
Hanging here and there,—
The mildewed haystacks, all a-top,
And the old dead stub with the crow at the top.
I could paint the cow, with a hoard across her eyes,
And her udder dry as dust,
Her hide so brown, her horn turned down,
And her nose the color of rust,—
The walnut-tree so stiff and high,
With its black bark twisted all awry.
The hill-side, and the small space set
With broken palings round,—
The long loose grass, and the little grave
With the head-stone on the ground, And the willow, like the spirit of grace Binding tenderly over the place.

The miller's face, half smile, half frown,
Were a picture I could paint,
And the sand-bar, with its long brown back,
And round and bubbly eyes,
And this finger, that hung so high o'er the tide,
Creaking and swinging from side to side.
The miller's pretty little wife,
In the cottage that she loves,—
Her hand so white, and her step so light,
And her eyes as brown as th' dove's,
Her tiny waist, and belt of blue,
And her hair that almost dazzles you.
I could paint the White-Hawk tavern, flanked
With broken and wind-warped sheds,
And the rock where the black clouds stand,
And trim their watery heads
With little sprinkles of shining light,
Night and morning, morning and night.
The road, where slow and wearily,
The dusty teamsman came,—
The sign on its post and the round-
Headed steeple, —
The silver doors and the long brown roof,
And the flowing water-trough, close by.
If I were a painter, and if my hand Were cunning, as it is not,
I could paint you a picture that would stand.
When all the rest were forgot;
But why should I tell you what it would be?
I never shall paint it, nor you ever see.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.
On, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw before?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Wood upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite
And not in the fall, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras.
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint round!)
These, and the house where I was born.
Low and little, and black and old.
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day
Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilting, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and corn fields and swaying herbs,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon you must paint for me.
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face.
I am sure, the other with a clearer brow,
That all the rest may be thrown away.
That one word tells you all I would say.
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—

God kneweth if he be living now.—
He sailed in the good ship Comynodore.
Nobody ever crossed her track.
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, it is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay.
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea.

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade.
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies.
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew.
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs.
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs.
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she would not eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

But straight through our faces down to
And, oh, with such injured, reproachful
Things that are fairest, things most
Betwixt the high-road, and the stubble-
And neighbored by a wide-flanked hill,
Near where the children took their run,
For all he knew of joy.

The birds sat with shut eyes and wings
The ants made, working in their hills,
Nor made him merry nor made him
But that look of reproachful
And the leaves took the tremble and
The ants made, working in their hills,
No dream deceived his dreary hours,
A dozen children were at play;
As climbing her chair and her lap, with
The barefooted lad started merry to
A sharp knife struck through it.

The eyes of our mother — (take
deed: —
Good heed) —
Then came a hot sough, like a gust of
With feet that were thunder and eyes
Their meek faces turning away from
But, oh, that look of reproachful
A cloud with the forehead and horns of
At sunset there rose and stood black
If you can, pray have the grace
A sharp blade struck through it.

I felt my heart bleed where that
disjointed from his will.
And, oh, such injured, reproachful
I felt my heart bleed where that
And, oh, with such injured, reproachful
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave
My heart is back to-night with you!

THE SUMMER STORM.
At noon-time I stood in the door-way to see
The spots, burnt like blisters, as white

THE SPECIAL DARLING.
Along the grassy lane one day,
To put it solely in the face
If you can, pray have the grace
A dream deceived his dreary hours,
No dream deceived his dreary hours,
Nor made him merry nor made him
He did not hear the children call,
Tumbling under the blackberry-wall,
With shoulders white with flowers;
With feet that were thunder and eyes
At twilight the darkness was fearful to see:
"Make room," cried the children, "O mother, for me!"
As climbing her chair and her lap, with alarm,
And whisper, "Was ever there seen such a storm!"

At morning, the run where the cows
Had washed up a hedge of white roots from its banks:
The turnpike was left a blue streak,
Nor see the pale, gray daidala:
Lifting about him their dull points,
Nor yet the curious grasshopper
Transport his green and angular joints
From bush to bush. Poor simple joy.
His senses cheated of their birth,
He might as well have grown in th' earth,
For all he knew of joy.
Near where the children took their fill
Of hay, outside the dullest town.

The teamster sat straight in his place, for the nounce,
And sung to his sweetheart and team, both at once;
And neighbors shook hands o'er the fences that day,
And talked of their homesteads instead of their hay.

THE SUMMER STORM.
At noon-time I stood in the door-way to see
The spots, burnt like blisters, as white

THE SPECIAL DARLING.
Along the grassy lane one day,
To put it solely in the face
If you can, pray have the grace
A dream deceived his dreary hours,
No dream deceived his dreary hours,
Nor made him merry nor made him
He did not hear the children call,
Tumbling under the blackberry-wall,
With shoulders white with flowers;
With feet that were thunder and eyes
At twilight the darkness was fearful to see:
"Make room," cried the children, "O mother, for me!"
As climbing her chair and her lap, with alarm,
And whisper, "Was ever there seen such a storm!"

At morning, the run where the cows
Had washed up a hedge of white roots from its banks:
The turnpike was left a blue streak,
Nor see the pale, gray daidala:
Lifting about him their dull points,
Nor yet the curious grasshopper
Transport his green and angular joints
From bush to bush. Poor simple joy.
His senses cheated of their birth,
He might as well have grown in th' earth,
For all he knew of joy.
Near where the children took their fill
Of hay, outside the dullest town.

The teamster sat straight in his place, for the nounce,
And sung to his sweetheart and team, both at once;
And neighbors shook hands o'er the fences that day,
And talked of their homesteads instead of their hay.

THE SPECIAL DARLING.
Along the grassy lane one day,
To put it solely in the face
If you can, pray have the grace
A dream deceived his dreary hours,
No dream deceived his dreary hours,
Nor made him merry nor made him
He did not hear the children call,
Tumbling under the blackberry-wall,
With shoulders white with flowers;
With feet that were thunder and eyes
At twilight the darkness was fearful to see:
"Make room," cried the children, "O mother, for me!"
As climbing her chair and her lap, with alarm,
And whisper, "Was ever there seen such a storm!"

At morning, the run where the cows
Had washed up a hedge of white roots from its banks:
The turnpike was left a blue streak,
Nor see the pale, gray daidala:
Lifting about him their dull points,
Nor yet the curious grasshopper
Transport his green and angular joints
From bush to bush. Poor simple joy.
His senses cheated of their birth,
He might as well have grown in th' earth,
For all he knew of joy.
Near where the children took their fill
Of hay, outside the dullest town.

The teamster sat straight in his place, for the nounce,
And sung to his sweetheart and team, both at once;
And neighbors shook hands o'er the fences that day,
And talked of their homesteads instead of their hay.

THE SPECIAL DARLING.
Along the grassy lane one day,
To put it solely in the face
If you can, pray have the grace
A dream deceived his dreary hours,
No dream deceived his dreary hours,
Nor made him merry nor made him
He did not hear the children call,
Tumbling under the blackberry-wall,
With shoulders white with flowers;
With feet that were thunder and eyes
At twilight the darkness was fearful to see:
"Make room," cried the children, "O mother, for me!"
As climbing her chair and her lap, with alarm,
And whisper, "Was ever there seen such a storm!"

At morning, the run where the cows
Had washed up a hedge of white roots from its banks:
The turnpike was left a blue streak,
Nor see the pale, gray daidala:
Lifting about him their dull points,
Nor yet the curious grasshopper
Transport his green and angular joints
From bush to bush. Poor simple joy.
His senses cheated of their birth,
He might as well have grown in th' earth,
For all he knew of joy.
Near where the children took their fill
Of hay, outside the dullest town.

The teamster sat straight in his place, for the nounce,
And sung to his sweetheart and team, both at once;
And neighbors shook hands o'er the fences that day,
And talked of their homesteads instead of their hay.
I hear a dear, familiar tone,
A loving hand is in my own,
And earth seems made for me alone.
I hear a dear, familiar tone,
What ill to find, what good to lose,
And how to blend life's varied hues,
My Father knoweth best to choose.

I would not have let go that hand;
And I feel myself grow old
To beguile the tedious time:
Which in youth's dear day gone by
The old garment of my love,
The sad light of faded hair;
I from dust and moth remove
Sounded sweet, so sweet that I
But its rose hue will not bear
Not a leaf the forest through
The beech leaves rustle in the wind
The clouds in bars of rusty red
The hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The hills are bright with maples yet;
Dropping down through the pine,
Of furrows fresh from the shining share,
And smelling sweeter than wine.
Of the soft, thick moss, and how it grew
With silver beads impregnated.

In the well that we used to think ran through
To the other side of the world.
I thought of the old barn set about
With its stacks of sweet, dry hay;
Of the swallows flying in and out
Through the gables, steep and gray;
Thought of the golden hum of the bees,
Of the cocks with their heads so high,
Making it morn in the tops of the trees
Before it was morn in the sky.
And of the home, of the dear old home,
With its brown and rose-bound wall,
Where we fancied death could never come
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

In memory of joy that's been
Something of joy is, still;
Where no dew is, we may dabble in
A dream of the dew at will.

And the drunken trills of the blackbirds
And make it all about the sea.
And all the wide and withered fields
Making it morn in the tops of the trees
Before it was morn in the sky.
And of the home, of the dear old home,
With its brown and rose-bound wall,
Where we fancied death could never come
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

In memory of joy that's been
Something of joy is, still;
Where no dew is, we may dabble in
A dream of the dew at will.

And the drunken trills of the blackbirds
And make it all about the sea.
And all the wide and withered fields
Making it morn in the tops of the trees
Before it was morn in the sky.
And of the home, of the dear old home,
With its brown and rose-bound wall,
Where we fancied death could never come
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

In memory of joy that's been
Something of joy is, still;
Where no dew is, we may dabble in
A dream of the dew at will.

And the drunken trills of the blackbirds
And make it all about the sea.
And all the wide and withered fields
Making it morn in the tops of the trees
Before it was morn in the sky.
And of the home, of the dear old home,
With its brown and rose-bound wall,
Where we fancied death could never come
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

In memory of joy that's been
Something of joy is, still;
Where no dew is, we may dabble in
A dream of the dew at will.

And the drunken trills of the blackbirds
And make it all about the sea.
And all the wide and withered fields
Making it morn in the tops of the trees
Before it was morn in the sky.
And of the home, of the dear old home,
With its brown and rose-bound wall,
Where we fancied death could never come
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

In memory of joy that's been
Something of joy is, still;
Where no dew is, we may dabble in
A dream of the dew at will.

And the drunken trills of the blackbirds
And make it all about the sea.
And all the wide and withered fields
Making it morn in the tops of the trees
Before it was morn in the sky.
And of the home, of the dear old home,
With its brown and rose-bound wall,
Where we fancied death could never come
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

In memory of joy that's been
Something of joy is, still;
Where no dew is, we may dabble in
A dream of the dew at will.

And the drunken trills of the blackbirds
And make it all about the sea.
While beauty draweth good men's
When death unlocks the door and lets
Even as the bird's wing draweth out
The world is poorer since thou went'st
My friend, to thee I will leave the
Thy house of clay, some dusk shall

THE POEMS OF ALICE CAY.
196
For the thought of the breeze in the
The bar so low, whence the fishers
The hunting-grounds, the hawks and
If thou wilt agree to leave to me
But the sturdy strokes on the sides o'
The organ grand, and
'T is the wail of the hymn in the wild-
A thousand happy sounds are in the air,

MY PICTURE.
Ah, how the eye on the picture stops
Where the lights of memory shine!
For the thought of the breeze in the
The sea.
Stir my blood like wine!

MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.
Morn on the mountains! streaks of
Up the high east athwart the shadows
The last low star fades softly out of
And not for any outward show.

The lady fair with the golden hair,
And the knight so gallant and gay.
For the wood so drear that is pictured
I give them all away.
I give the cities and give the sea,
The ships and the bar so low,
And fishers and wives whose dreary lives
Speak from the canvas so;
And for all of these I must have the
trees —

The low of kine, the falling meadow
The teamster's whistle gay, the crowning
Of the wet mill-wheel, and the tuneful
The joyous ringing of the whetted
The low of kine, the falling meadow

And o'er the groups of merry boys and
The pine-wood smoke in bright, fantasies
The black spider on her slender
The trees on the hills of snow!

And if thou wilt agree to leave to me
If only this be mine,
For the thought of the breeze in the
Stir my blood like wine!
I leave thee all the palaces,
And the light-house, taper and tall,
The last low star fades softly out of
And the knight so gallant and gay.
And see the gray and ragged sleeves

And I will take thee for my song,
And by the great, and proud, and high
And all field beauties give me grace
And all are so fair, the heart within me cries,

The dipping ear, the boatman's cheerful
The well-sweep, creaking in its rise
And pleasantly along the springing
deep

All wringing with them, moras and

And let me take thee for my song.
And the knight so gallant and gay.

And make it in thy praise;

And thou shalt evermore belong
To praise thee to thy very face.

The dry and dusty ways,
And I will take thee for my song.
How good, how wondrous good our

And I will take thee for my song.

And I will take thee for my song.

And I will take thee for my song.
The Poems of Nature and Home.

For though she be not vaunted to excel, She in all modest grace aboundeth well. And I would have no whit the less content, Because she hath not won the poet’s voice, To pluck her little stars for ornament, And that no man were poorer for my choice, Since she performe must shine above the rest, In comely looks, because I love her best!

When fancy taketh wing, and wills to go Where all selected glories blush and bloom, I search and find the flower that used to grow Close by the door-stone of the dear old home— The flower whose knitted roots we did divide For sad transplanting, when the mother died. All of the early and the latter May, And through the windless heats of middle June, Our green-armed brier held for us day By day. The morning coolness till the afternoon: And every bird that took his grateful that turned the rafters to golden beams, In the little house on the hill! The dusky-lane, and the dove’s low plain And the cock’s tender hill, Take one and all, but leave the dreams that turned the rafters to golden beams, In the little house on the hill! The gables brown, they have tumbled down, And dry is the brook by the mill; The sheets I used with care to keep Have wrapt my dead for the last long sleep, In the valley, low and still.

But, Memory, be sweet to me, And build the walls, at will, Of the chamber where I used to mark, Refreshed may rise. The little house on the hill!

For though she be not vaunted to excel, She in all modest grace aboundeth well. And I would have no whit the less content, Because she hath not won the poet’s voice, To pluck her little stars for ornament, And that no man were poorer for my choice, Since she performe must shine above the rest, In comely looks, because I love her best!

When fancy taketh wing, and wills to go Where all selected glories blush and bloom, I search and find the flower that used to grow Close by the door-stone of the dear old home— The flower whose knitted roots we did divide For sad transplanting, when the mother died. All of the early and the latter May, And through the windless heats of middle June, Our green-armed brier held for us day By day. The morning coolness till the afternoon: And every bird that took his grateful That turned the rafters to golden beams, In the little house on the hill! The dusky-lane, and the dove’s low plain And the cock’s tender hill, Take one and all, but leave the dreams That turned the rafters to golden beams, In the little house on the hill! The gables brown, they have tumbled down, And dry is the brook by the mill; The sheets I used with care to keep Have wrapt my dead for the last long sleep, In the valley, low and still.

But, Memory, be sweet to me, And build the walls, at will, Of the chamber where I used to mark, Refreshed may rise. The little house on the hill!
THE OLD HOUSE.

My little birds, with backs as brown As sand, and throats as white as frost,
I've searched the summer up and down,
And think the other birds have lost
The tunes you sang, so sweet, so low,
About the old house, long ago.
My little flowers, that with your bloom So hit the grass you grew upon,
A child's foot scarce had any room
Between you,—are you dead and gone?
I've searched through fields and gardens rare,
Nor found your likeness anywhere.
My little hearts, that beat so high
With love to God, and trust in men,
Oh, come to me, and say if I
Could sing so fine a song.
I searched the world all far and wide,
Between you,—are you dead and gone?
That I could have shaken the sassafras tree
To see if it were alive.
Oh, by the moaning, and oh, by the drone,
The wild, wild water is over them all!
Come, O morning, come with thy roses,
And opened them all!
One day on the top of a breezy hill,
Where in the sassafras all out of sight
The blackbird is splitting his slender bill
For the ease of his heart!

CRADLE SONG.

All by the sides of the wide wild river
Singing and through the sodden land,
There be the black reeds washing together—
Washing together in rain and sand;
Going, blowing, flowing, together—
Rough are the winds, and the tide runs high—
Hush little babe, in thy silken cradle—
Lull, lull, lull, lull, lullaby!

Faith is riding home, little baby,
Riding home through the wind and rain.
Flinty hoofs on the flag stems beating
Thrum like a flail on the golden grain.
All in the reed, wet reeds of the lowlands,
Dashed and splashed with the freezing foam.
There be the blood-red wings of the starlings
Shining to light and lead him home.

Sparring hard o'er the grass-gray ridges—
Slacking rein in the low, wet land,
Where be the black reeds washing togethertogether—
Washing together in rain and sand.
Down of the yellow-throated creeper—
Plumes of the woodcock, green and black—
Boughs of salix, and combs of honey—
These be the gifts he is bearing back.
Yeaster morning four sweet ground-doves
Sung so gay to their nest in the wall,
Oh, by the moaning, and oh, by the droning,
The wild, wild water is over them all!
Come, O morning, come with thy roses,
And opened them all!

The hedge-row's bloom—
The trickling streams—
The golden bundles, hastily,
Riding home through the wind and rain,
The bright west, where our love was born—
And grew to perfect bloom,
And where the broad leaves of the corn
Hang low about her tomb.

The evening's silver plough had gone
Through twilight's bank of yellow hazenow,
And turned two little stars thereon—
Still artfully he stayed to praise
Jame's love enfolds me.

The hedge-row's bloom—
The trickling run—
The crooked lane, and valley low—
Each pleasant walk, indeed, save one,
And that the way he meant to go!

In truth, for Nature's simple shows
He had no thoughts that night, to spare,
In vain to please his eyes, the rose
Climbed redly out upon the air.
The bean-flower, in her white attire
Displayed in vain her modest charms;
And apple-blossoms, all on fire,
Fell uninvited in his arms.

When Annie raked the summer hay
Last year, a little thorn he drew
Out of her white hand, such a way,
It pierced his heart all through and through.

Poor farmer lad! could he that night
Have seen how fortune's leaves were writ,
His eyes had emptied all their light
Back to his heart, and broken it.

THE BLACKBIRD.

"I could not think so plain a bird
Could sing so fine a song."
No child when I sit alone at night
Comes climbing on my knee.
But I dream of love and my heart is light
As I sail away on the sea.

THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

THE WILD AND WINDY MARCH ONCE MORE.

The wild and windy March once more
Has ruffled its gates of aleth,
And given us back the April-time,
So sickle and so sweet.

Now brightening with our fears, our hopes —
Now kindling hopes with tears —
Now softly weeping through her smiles —
Now smiling through her tears.

Ah, month that comes with rainbows crowned,
And golden shadows dressed —
Constant to her inconstancy,
And faithful to unrest.

The swallows 'round the homestead coves —
The bluebirds in the bowers
Twitter their sweet songs for thy sake,
Gay mother of the flowers.

The brooks that moaned but yesterday
Through bunches of dead grass,
Climb up their banks with dimpled hands,
And watch to see thee pass.

The willow, for thy grace's sake,
Has dressed with tender spray,
And all the rivers send their mists
To meet thee on the way.

The morning sets her rosy clouds
To meet thee on the way.

The morning sets her rosy clouds
Like hedges in the sky,
Each bush, and shrub, and tree,
Has shut his gates of sleet,
And given us back the April-time.

The morning sets her rosy clouds
Like hedges in the sky,
Each bush, and shrub, and tree,
Has shut his gates of sleet,
And given us back the April-time.

The morning sets her rosy clouds
Like hedges in the sky,
Each bush, and shrub, and tree,
Has shut his gates of sleet,
And given us back the April-time.

The morning sets her rosy clouds
Like hedges in the sky,
Each bush, and shrub, and tree,
Has shut his gates of sleet,
And given us back the April-time.
A SEA SONG.

Whose ways are virtue's ways —
Whose good works are your praise —
Whose hearts hold nothing God has made in scorn —
Though Fame may never call
Your names, ye are, for all.
The Ruths that stand breast-high amid the corn —
Your steadfast love and sure makes all beside it poor —
Your cares like royal ornaments are worn —
Wise women! what so sweet, so queenly, so complete —
To name ye by, since ever one was born?
Since she, whom poets call, the sweetest of you all,
First gleaned with Boaz in among the corn.

But now I would in very truth
The flowers I had not chanced to find,
Nor lain their speckled leaves along,
Nor set to that sad tune my song;
For that which pleased my careless youth
It falleth now to please my mind.
And this thing I do know for true,
A truer you will never find,
No false step e'er so lightly rung
But that some echo giving tongue
Did like a bound all steps pursue,
Until the world was left behind.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

The winter goes and the winter comes,
And the cloud descends in warm, wet showers;
The grass grows green where the frost has been,
And waste and wayside are fringed with flowers.
The winter goes and the summer comes,
And the merry bluebirds twitter and trill,
And the snow lies white where the grass was bright,
And the wild wind bitterly blows and blows.
The winter comes and the winter stays,
And all the glory behind us lies,
The cheery light drops into the night,
And the snow drifts over our sightless eyes.

AUTUMN.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd,
And Summer from her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.
The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Set all the young blooms listening through the grove,
Sits rustling in the fading boughs to-day
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.
The rose has taken off her tire of red —
The mullein-stalk its yellow stars has been,
And the bluebird's breast swells out of her nest,
And makes his coid and unsuccessfull youth.
The mullein-stalk its yellow stars has been,
And the bluebird's breast swells out of her nest,
And makes his coid and unsuccessfull youth.

But now I would in very truth
The flowers I had not chanced to find,
Nor lain their speckled leaves along,
Nor set to that sad tune my song;
For that which pleased my careless youth
It falleth now to please my mind.
And this thing I do know for true,
A truer you will never find,
No false step e'er so lightly rung
But that some echo giving tongue
Did like a bound all steps pursue,
Until the world was left behind.

O women, rare and fine,
Whose mouths are red with wine
Of kisses of your children, night and morn,
And the snow lies white where the grass was bright,
And the wild wind bitterly blows and blows.
The winter comes and the winter stays,
And all the glory behind us lies,
The cheery light drops into the night,
And the snow drifts over our sightless eyes.

AUTUMN.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd,
And Summer from her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.
The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Set all the young blooms listening through the grove,
Sits rustling in the fading boughs to-day
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.
The robin, that was busy all the June,
Before the sun had kissed the topmost bough,
Catching our hearts up in his golden tune,
Has given place to the brown cricket now.

The very cock crows lonesomely at morn—
Each flag and fern the shrinking stream divides—
Uneasy cattle low, and lambs forlorn
Creep to their strawy sheds with nettled sides.

Shut up the door: who loves me must not look
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring
His lighted candle, and his story-book,
And live with me the poetry of spring.

DAMARIS.

You know th' forks of th' road, and th' brown mill?
And how th' mill-stream, where th' three oaks grow,
Flattens its curly head and slips below
That shelf of rocks which juts from out th' hill?

You know th' field of sandstone, red and gray,
Sloped to th' south? and where th' sign-post stands,
Silently lifting up its two black hands
To point th' uneasy traveler on his way?

You must remember the long rippling ridge
Of rye, that cut the level land in two,
And changed from blue to green, from green to blue,
Summer after summer? And th' one-arched bridge,

Under which, with joy surpassing words,
We stole to see beneath the speckled breast
Of th' wild mother, all the clay-built nest
Set round with shining heads of little birds.

Well, midway twixt th' rye-ridge and th' mill,
In the old house with windows to the morn,
The village beauty, Damaris, was born—
There lives, in "maiden meditation," still.

Stop you and mark, if you that way should pass,
The old, familiar quince and apple-trees,
Chafing against the wall with every breeze,
And at the door the flag-stones, set in grass.

There is the sunflower, with her starry face
Learned to her love; and there, with pride, clate,
The prince's feather— at th' garden-gate
The green-haired plants, all gracious in their place.

You'll think you have not been an hour away—
Seeing the stones, th' flowers, the knotty trees,
And twixt the paling, strings of yellow bees,
Shining like streaks of light—but, welladay!

If Damaris happen at the modest door,
In gown of silver gray and cap of snow
Your May-day sweetheart, forty years ago
The brief delusion can delude no more.

A LESSON.

WOODLAND, green and gay with dew,
Here, to-day, I pledge anew
All the love I gave to you
When my heart was young and glad,

And in dress of homespun plaid,
Bright as any flower you had,
Through your busy ways I trod,
Or, lay hushed upon your sod
With my silence praising God.

Never sighing for the town—
Never giving back a frown
To the sun that kissed me brown.

When my hopes were of such stuff,
That my days, though crude enough,
Were with golden gladness rough—
Timid creatures of the air—
Little ground-mice, shy and fair—
You were friendly with me there.

Beeches gray, and solemn firs,
Thickets full of bees and burs,
You were then my school-masters,
Teaching me as best you could,
How the evil by the good—
Thorns by flowers must be construed.

Rivulet of silver sound,
Searching close, I always found
Fretting over stony ground.
And in hollows, cold and wet,
Violets purpled into jet
As if bad blood had been let;

While in every sunny place,
Each one wore upon her face
Looks of true and tender grace.

Leaning from the hedge-row wall,
Gave the rose her sweets to all,
Like a royal prodigal.

And the lily, priestly white,
Made a little saintly light
In her chapel out of sight.

Headless how the spider spun—
Headless of the brook that ran
Boldly winking at the sun.

When the autumn clouds did pack
Hue on hue, unto that black
That's blush, like a serpent's back,
Emptied all their cisterns out,
While the winds in fear and doubt
Whirled like terriers about,

And the mushroom, brown and dry,
On the meadow's face did lie,
Shrunken like an evil eye—

Shrunken all its fleshy skin,
Like a lid that wrinkles in
Where an eyeball once had been.

How my soul within me cried,
As along the woodland side
All the flowers fell sick and died.

But when Spring returned, she said,
"They were sleeping, and not dead—
Thus must light and darkness wed."

Since that lesson, even death
Lies upon the glass of faith,
Like the dumness of a breath.

KATRINA ON THE FORCH.

A BIT OF TURNER PUT INTO WORDS.

An old, old house by the side of the sea,
And never a picture poet would paint;
But I hold the woman above the saint,
And the light of the heath is more to me
Than shimmer of air-built castle.

It fits as it grew to the landscape there—
One hardly feels as he stands aloof
Where the sandstone ends, and the red slate roof
Juts over the window, low and square,
That looks on the wild sea-water.

From the top of the hill so green and high
There slopeth a level of golden moss,
That bars of scarlet and amber cross,
And rolling out to the farther sky
Is the world of wild sea-water.

Some starved grape-vineyards round about—
A zigzag road cut deep with ruts—
A little cluster of fisher's huts,
And the black sand scalloping la and out
Twixt th' land and th' wild sea-water.
Gray fragments of some border towers,
Flat, pillow-rolled on a circling round,
With a furrow deep in them all round
By the feet of children through the flowers,
And all by the wild sea-water.

And there, from the silvery break o' th' day
Till the evening purple drops to the land,
She sits with her cheek like a rose in her hand,
And her sad and wistful eyes one way—
The way of the wild sea-water.

And there, from night till the yellowing morn
Falls over the huts and th' scallops of sand—
A tangle of curis like a torch in her hand
She sits and maketh her moan so
And all by the wild sea-water.

Ah, have you thought of the bravery
That no loud praise provokes—
Of the tragedies acted in the lives
Of poor, hard-working folks?
Of the little more, and the little more
Of hardship which they press
Upon their own tired hands to make
The toil for the children less:
And not in vain; for many a lad
Born to rough work and ways,
Strips off his ragged coat, and makes
Men clothe him with their praise.

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD.**

When skies are growing warm and bright,
And in the woodland bowers
The Spring-time in her pale, faint robes
Is calling up the flowers,
When all with naked little feet
The children in the morn
Go forth, and in the furrows drop
The seeds of yellow corn;
And And whether the air be full of songs,
And whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the vines of the strawberies
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine
Is all to me as one,
For bright as brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams!

**CONTRACTION.**

I love the deep quiet— all buried in leaves,
To sit the day long just as idle as
Till the spider grows tame at my elbow,
And toadstools come up in a row
When the woods are bare and brown,
And the toil for the children less:
Then when the book from the shelf is brought,
And the fire-lights shine and play,
In the good old-fashioned homestead,
Is the farmer's holiday!

But whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberies
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine
Is all to me as one,
For bright as brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams!

What a blessed picture of comfort
In the evening shadows red,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With its bounteous table spread!
And when the winds moan wildly,
When the woods are bare and brown,
And when the swallow's clay-built nest
From the rafters crumbles down;
When all the untrod garden-paths
Are heaped with frozen leaves,
And fetiches, like silver spikes,
Are set along the eaves;
Then when the book from the shelf is brought,
And the fire-lights shine and play,
In the good old-fashioned homestead,
Is the farmer's holiday!

But whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberies
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine
Is all to me as one,
For bright as brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams!
While, radiant with their tender tinge,
My visions come in crowds.

The doves fly homeward over me,
The red rose bravely gleams,
And first and last and midst I see
The dream of all my dreams.

I need not say what dream it was,
No, nor how in life's lost hours
It made the glory of the grass
I need not wait to paint its gloom,

IN THE DARK.
HAS the spring come back, my darling,
Has the long and soaking rain
Been moulded into the tender leaves
Of the gay and growing grain —
The leaves so sweet of barley and wheat
All moulded out of the rain?

Oh, and I would I could see them blow,
Oh, and I would I could see them grow,

Oh, and I would I could hear them,
As close within my heart of hearts
I hug my dream of dreams.

AN INVALID'S PLEA.
O SUMMER! my beautiful, beautiful
summer!
I look in thy face, and I long so to live!
But all! hast thou room for an idle new-
comer,
With all things to take, and with nothing to give?
With all things to take of thy dear loving-kindness,
The wine of thy sunshine, the dew of thy air;
And with nothing to give but the deaf-
ness and blindness
Begot in the depths of an utter de-
spair?

As if the gay harvester meant but to
screen her,
The black spider sits in her low loom, and
weaves:
A lesson of trust to the tender-eyed
gleaner
That bears in her brown arms the
gold of the sheaves.
The blue-bird that trills her low lay in the
bushes
Provokes from the robin a merrier
glee;

THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

THE ROSE pays the sun for his kiss with
her blushes,
And all things pay tithes to thee —
all things but me.

At even, the fire-flies trim with their
gimmers
The wild, weedy skirts of the field
And the wood;
At morning, those dear little yellow-
winged swimmers
The butterflies, hasten to make their
place good.

The violet, always so white and so
saintly;
The cardinal, warming the frost with
her blaze;
The ant, keeping house at her sand-
hearth so quietly
Reproaches my idle and indolent
ways,

When o'er the high east the red morn-
ing is breaking,
And driving the amber of starlight
behind,
The land of enchantment I leave, on
awaking,
Is not so enchanted as that which I
find.

And when the low west by the sunset
is flattered,
And loquaciously catbirding up their
best,
Peace comes to my thoughts, that were
used to be fluttered,
Like doves when an eagle's wing
darkens their nest.

The green little grasshopper, weak as
we deem her,
Chirps, day in and out, for the sweet
right to live;
And canst thou, O summer! make room
for a dreamer,
With all things to take, and with nothing to give?
Room only to wrap her hot cheeks in
her shadow,
And all on thy daisy-fringed pillows
to lie,
And dream of the gates of the glorious
meadows,
Where never a rose of the roses
shall die!
We're married! Oh, pray that our
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the
I shall know it, and keeping in body
But, mark you, if greener grass grow
That way lies my honor, — my pathway
We 're married
You must grow to new heights if I love
The past is not mine — I am too proud
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's
Look close on my heart — see the worst
And see if you have me to keep and to
Ah ! shake out the filmy thing, fold
I am all as you see, common earth,
Here 's doubt to distrust you, and faith
Here 's matter to vex you, and matter
Well, take this white veil from my head,

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold
up your praises,
As the turf at your feet does its hand-
ful of daisies ;
That way lies my honor, — my pathway
of pride,
But, mark you, if greener grass grow
either side,
I shall know it, and keeping in body
with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the
dew!
We're married! Oh, pray that our
love do not fail!

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

We're married, they say, and you
think you have won me,
Well, take this white veil from my head,
and look on me ;
Here's matter to vex you, and matter
to grieve you,
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith
to believe you, —
I am all as you see, common earth,
common dew ;
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not
red!
Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold
after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to
hold, —
Look close on my heart — see the worst
of its sinning, —
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's
winning —
The past is not mine — I am too proud
to borrow —
You must grow to new heights if I love
you to-morrow.

I have wings flattened down and hid
under my veil;
They are subtle as light — you can
never undo them,
And swift in their flight — you can
ever pursue them,
And spite of all clapping, and spite of
all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from
your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to
take me,
I am yours for my life-time, to be what
you make me,—
To wear my white veil for a sign, or a
token
Of bliss that can never be written or
spoken.

PITIFUL FATE.

I saw in my dream a wonderful stream,
And over the stream was a bridge so
narrow,
And over the white there was scarlet
light,
And over the scarlet a golden splen-
dor.
And beyond the bridge was a goodly
ridge
Where bees made honey and corn
was growing,
And down that way through the gold
and gray
A gay young man in a boat was row-
ing.

I could see from the shore that a rose
he wore
Stuck in his button-hole, rare as the
rarest,
And singing a song and rowing along,
I guessed his face to be fair as the
fairest.
And all by the corn where the bees at
morn
Made combs of honey — with breath-
ing bated,
I saw by the stream (it was only a
dream)
A lovely lady that watched and waited.
There were fair green leaves in her
silken sleeves,
And loose she loosed her locks in the winds
that wore
And she kissed to land with her milk-
white hand
The gay young man in the boat a-row-
ing.
And all so light in her apron white
She caught the little red rose he cast
her,
And, " Haste! " she cried, with her
arms so wide,
" Haste, sweetheart, haste! " but the
boat was past her.
And the gray so cold ran over the
gold,
And she sighed with only the winds
to hear her —
" He loves me still, and he rowed with
a will,
But pitiless Fate, not he, was steer-
er! "
And there till the morn blushed over
the corn,
And over the bees in their sweet
combs humming,
Her locks with the dew drenched
through and through,
She watched and waited for her false
love's coming!
But the maid to-day who reads my lay
May keep her young heart light as a
feather —
It was only a dream, the bridge and
the stream,
And lady and lover, and all together.

THE LOVER'S INTERDICT.

Stop, traveler, just a moment at my
gate,
And I will give you news so very
sweet
That you will thank me. Where the
branches meet
Across your road, and drop, as with
the weight
Of shadows laid upon them, pause, I
pray,
And turn aside a little from your
way.
You see the drooping branches over-
spread
With shadows, as I told you — look
you now
To the high elm-tree with the dead
white bough
Loose swinging out of joint, and there,
with head
Tricked out with scarlet, pouring his
wild lay,
You see a blackbird : turn your step
that way.

I saw by the stream (it was only a
dream)
And all by the corn where the bees at
morn
Made combs of honey — with breath-
ing bated,
And she kissed to land with her milk-
white hand
The gay young man in the boat a-row-
ing.
And all so light in her apron white
She caught the little red rose he cast
her,
And, " Haste! " she cried, with her
arms so wide,
" Haste, sweetheart, haste! " but the
boat was past her.
And the gray so cold ran over the
gold,
And she sighed with only the winds
to hear her —
" He loves me still, and he rowed with
a will,
But pitiless Fate, not he, was steer-
er! "
And there till the morn blushed over
the corn,
And over the bees in their sweet
combs humming,
Her locks with the dew drenched
through and through,
She watched and waited for her false
love's coming!
But the maid to-day who reads my lay
May keep her young heart light as a
feather —
It was only a dream, the bridge and
the stream,
And lady and lover, and all together.

THE LOVER'S INTERDICT.

Stop, traveler, just a moment at my
gate,
And I will give you news so very
sweet
That you will thank me. Where the
branches meet
Across your road, and drop, as with
the weight
Of shadows laid upon them, pause, I
pray,
And turn aside a little from your
way.
You see the drooping branches over-
spread
With shadows, as I told you — look
you now
To the high elm-tree with the dead
white bough
Loose swinging out of joint, and there,
with head
Tricked out with scarlet, pouring his
wild lay,
You see a blackbird: turn your step
that way.

Holding along the honeysuckle hedge,
Make for the meadows lying down
so low;
Ah! now I need not say that you
must go
No farther than that little silver wedge
Of daisy-land, pushed inward by the
flood
Betwixt the hills — you could not, if
you would.

For you will see there, as the sun goes
down,
And freckles all the daisy leaves
with gold,
A little maiden, in their evening
cold
Penning two lambs — her soft, fawn-
colored gown
Tucked over hems of violet, by a
hand
Dainty as any lady's in the land.
Such gracious light she will about her
bride;
That, when the day, being wedded to the
shade,
Wears the moon's circle, blushing, as the
maid
Blushes to wear the unused marriage-
ring,
And all the quickened clouds do fall
With daffodils, your thoughts will
stay with her.
No ornaments but her two sapphire
eys,
And the twin roses in her cheeks
that grow,
The nice-set pearls, that make so
fine a show;
When that she either softly smiles or
sighs,
And the long tresses, colored like a
bee—
Brown, with a sunlight shimmer.
You will see,
When you have ceased to watch the
dairy spring
Of her white feet, a fallen beech
hard by,
The yellow earth about the gnarled
roots dry,
And if you hide there, you will hear
her sing
That song Kit Marlowe made so
long ago —
"Come live with me, and be my
love," you know.
Dear soul, you would not be at heav-
en's high gate
Among the larks, that constellated
hour,
Nor locked alone in some green-
hearted bower
Among the nightingales, being in your
fate,
By fortune's sweet selection, graced
above
All grace, to hear that — Come, and
be my love!
But when the singer singeth down the
sweets
To that most maiden-like and lovely
bed—
All out of soft persuasive roses
spread —
You must not touch the fair and flow-
ery sheets
Even in your thought! and from
your perfect bliss
I furthermore must interdict you
this:
When all the wayward mists, because
of her,
Lie in their white wings, moveless,
You must not let the loose net of her
hair
Drag your heart to her! nor from,
hushed breath stir
Out of your sacred hiding. As you
guess
She is my love — this woodland
shepherdess.
The cup, the clasps, the kirtle fringed
along
With myrtles, as the hand of dear
old Kit
Did of his cunning pleasure, broder
it,
To ornament that dulcet piece of song
Immortalled with refrains of — Live
with me!
These to your fancy, one and all are
free.
But, favored traveler, ere you quit my
gate,
Promise to hold it, in your mind to
be
Enamored only of the melody,
Else will I pray that all yon woody
thickets,
Of branch and shadow, as you pass
along,
Crush you among the echoes of the
song.

SNOVED UNDER.

COME let us talk together,
While the sunset fades and dies,
And, darling, look into my heart,
And not into my eyes.
Let us sit and talk together
In the old, familiar place,
But look deep down into my heart,
Not up into my face.
And with tender pity shield me —
I am just a withered bough —
I was never to have your praises,
And you cannot praise me now.
You would nip the blushing roses ;
They were blighted long ago,

AN EMBLEM.

WHAT is my little sweetheart like,
d'you say?
A simple question, yet a hard, to
answer;
But I will tell you in my stammering
way
The best I can, sir.
When I was young — that's neither
here nor there
I read, and reading made my eyelids
glisten;
But I'll repeat the story, if you care
To stay and listen.
A wild rose, born within a modest
glen,
And sheltered by the leaves of thorny
bushes,
Drooped, being commended to the eyes
of men,
And died of blushes.
Now, if there were — and one may well
suppose
There never was a flower of such
fine a show,
Much less a rudebly nurtured wilding
rose,
Withal so tender —

QUEEN OF ROSES.

My little love hath made
A garden that all sweetest sweetness
holds,
And there for hours upon a piece
of
Fringed round with marigold and
marigolds,
She lieth dreaming, on her arm of
pearl,
My pretty little love — my garden-
girl.
The walks are one and all
Enriched along their borders with wild
mint,
And pink, and gilliflowers, both large and small;

But where her little feet do leave a print,

Whether on grass or ground, it doth displance

And make of non-effect all other grace.

Her speech is all so fair

The winds disgraced, do from her presence run,

And when she cometh loose her heavenly hair

She giveth entertainment to the sun.

Oh, just to touch the least of all thy curls,

My golden head — my queen of garden-girls.

Her shawl-corners of snow

Like wings drop down about her when she stands

And never queen's face made so fair a show

As that doth, knitted in her two white wings drop down about her when she giveth entertainment to the sun.

The winds disgraced, do from her presence run,

And when her little feet do leave a

216

THE TOE AIS OF ALICE CARY.

Who loves a saint, and woo her just

I'll ask her what the wretched man

Because I cannot choose nor words,

My rose of roses, and my heart's

I'm tying all my hours

When she doth walk abroad

Her subject flowers do one and all arise;

The low ones honesed meekly in the soul

Do kiss her feet — the lofty ones, her eyes.

Oh said for him whose seeing hath not seen

My rose of roses, and my heart's dear queen.

I'm tying all my hours

With sighs together — "Welladay! ah me!"

Because I cannot choose nor words, nor flowers,

Wherewith to lure my love to marry me!

I'll ask her what the wretched man

Who loves a saint, and woo her just that way.

Else in some honeyed phrase I'll fit a barb no clearest sight can see,

And toss it up and down all cunning ways,

Until I catch and drag her heart to me!

Ah, then I'll tease her, for my life of pain,

For she shall never have it back again.

NOW AND THEN.

"Sing me a song, my nightingale,

Hid in among the twilight flowers;

And make it low," he said, "I pray,

And make it sweet." But she said, "Nay;

Come when the morn begins to trail

Her golden glories o'er the gray.

Morn is the time for love's all-hail!"

He said, "The morning is not ours!

"Then give me back, my heart's delight,

Hid in among the twilight flowers,

The kiss I gave you yesterday —

See how the moon this way has leant,

As if to yield a soft consent.

Surely," he said, "you will require

My love in this?" But she said, "Nay;

"Yea, now," he said. But she said,

"Nay! And come to me at morning-blush."

He said, "The morning is not ours!

"But say, at least, you love me, love.

Hid in among the twilight flowers;

No winds are listening, far or near —

The sleepy doves will never hear.

"Ah, leave me in my sacred gleam;

And when the saffron morn shall close

Her misty arms about the rose,

Come, and my speech, my thought shall prove —

Not now," she said; "not now, but then."

He said, "The morning is not ours!"

THE LADY TO THE LOVER.

Since thou wouldst have me show

In what sweet way our love appears to me,

Think of sweet ways, the sweetest that can be,

And thou may'st partly dream, but canst not know:

For out of heaven no bliss —

Disshadowed lies, like this,

Therefore simulacies thou must forego.

Thou seem'st my self's lost part,

That hath, in a new compact, dearer close;

And if that thou shouldest take a broken rose

And fit the leaves again about the heart,

That mended flower would be

A poor, faint sign to thee

Of how one's self about the other grows.

Think of the sun and dew

Walled in some little house of leaves from sight,

Each from the other taking, giving light,

And interpenetrated through and through;

Feeding, and fed upon —

All given, and nothing gone,

And thou art still as far as day from night.

Sweeter than honey-corn

To little hungry bees, when rude winds blow;

Brighter than wayside window-lights that glow

Through the cold rain, to one that has no home;

But out of heaven, no bliss

Disshadowed lies, like this, —

Therefore simulacies thou must forego.

LOVE'S SECRET SPRINGS.

In asking how I came to choose

This flower that makes my brow to shine,

You seem to say, you did not lose

Your choice, my friend, when I had mine!

And by your lifted brow, exclaim,

"What charms have charmed you? name their name!"

Nay, pardon me — I cannot say

These are the charms, and those the powers,

And being in a trance one day,

I took her for my flower of flowers.

Love doth not flatter what he gives —

But here, sir, are some negatives.

'T is not the little milk-white hands

That grace whatever work they do;

'T is not the braided silken hands

That shade the eyes of tender blue;

And not the voice so low and sweet

That holds me captive at her feet.

'T is not in frowns, knit up with smiles,

Wherewith she scolds me for my sins,

Nor yet in tricksy ways nor wiles

That I can say true love begins!

Out of such soil did it not grow;

It was, and that is all I know.

'T is not her twinkling feet so small,

Nor shoulder glancing from her sleeve,

Nor yet her virtues, one nor all —

Love were not love to ask our leave;

She was not woe, nor was I won —

What draws the dew-drop to the sun?

Pardon me, then, I cannot tell —

Nor can you hope to understand, —

Why I should love my love so well;

Nor how, upon this border land,

It fell that she should go with me

Through time into eternity.

AT SEA.

BROWN-FACED SAILOR, TELL ME TRUE —

Our ship I fear is but illy thriving,

Some clouds are black and some are blue,

The women are huddled together below,

Above the captain treads to and fro;

Tell me, for who shall tell but you,

Whither away our ship is driving?

'T is growing dark in the middle of day

And I cannot see the good green land,

Nor a ridge of rock, nor a belt of sand;

Oh, kind sailor, speak and say,

How long might a little boat be sinking?

More saucily the bubbles wink:

God's mercy keep us from foul weather,
And from drought with nothing but brine to drink.
I dreamed of a ship with her ribs stove in
Last night, and waking thought of my sin;
How long would a strong man swim, d'y think,
If we were all in 'th sea together?

The sailor frowned a bitter frown,
And answered, "Aye, there will be foul weather,
All men must die, and some must drown,
And there is n't water enough in the sea
To cleanse a sinner like you or me:
O Lord, the ships I've seen go down,
To make the shining seams to run
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
Push, little hands, from the bended knee
And make the shining seams to run
And bring the flowers so early!

A CONFESSION.

I know another damsel
To plague me and to please me
And her cheeks they shine
I love her still
Like a rose on the vine,
She sings with the larks at morning,
And with smile as gay
And God has held me safe in his hand:
And said, as he wiped away a tear,
He ruleth the storm— He is with us
The sailor smiled a smile of cheer,
O Lord, the ships I 've seen go down,
To make the shining seams to run
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
Push, little hands, from the bended knee
And make the shining seams to run
And bring the flowers so early!

POEMS OF LOVE.

And from drought with nothing but brine to drink.
I dreamed of a ship with her ribs stove in
Last night, and waking thought of my sin;
How long would a strong man swim, d'y think,
If we were all in 'th sea together?

The sailor frowned a bitter frown,
And answered, "Aye, there will be foul weather,
All men must die, and some must drown,
And there is n't water enough in the sea
To cleanse a sinner like you or me:
O Lord, the ships I've seen go down,
To make the shining seams to run
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
Push, little hands, from the bended knee
And make the shining seams to run
And bring the flowers so early!

A CONFESSION.

I know another damsel
To plague me and to please me
And her cheeks they shine
I love her still
Like a rose on the vine,
She sings with the larks at morning,
And with smile as gay
And God has held me safe in his hand:
And said, as he wiped away a tear,
He ruleth the storm— He is with us
The sailor smiled a smile of cheer,
O Lord, the ships I 've seen go down,
To make the shining seams to run
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
Push, little hands, from the bended knee
And make the shining seams to run
And bring the flowers so early!

POEMS OF LOVE.

And from drought with nothing but brine to drink.
I dreamed of a ship with her ribs stove in
Last night, and waking thought of my sin;
How long would a strong man swim, d'y think,
If we were all in 'th sea together?

The sailor frowned a bitter frown,
And answered, "Aye, there will be foul weather,
All men must die, and some must drown,
And there is n't water enough in the sea
To cleanse a sinner like you or me:
O Lord, the ships I've seen go down,
To make the shining seams to run
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
Push, little hands, from the bended knee
And make the shining seams to run
And bring the flowers so early!

A CONFESSION.

I know another damsel
To plague me and to please me
And her cheeks they shine
I love her still
Like a rose on the vine,
She sings with the larks at morning,
And with smile as gay
And God has held me safe in his hand:
And said, as he wiped away a tear,
He ruleth the storm— He is with us
The sailor smiled a smile of cheer,
O Lord, the ships I 've seen go down,
To make the shining seams to run
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
Push, little hands, from the bended knee
And make the shining seams to run
And bring the flowers so early!
The rose-leaf nails, the slender wrist,
The hand, the whitest ever kissed —
Dear Carmia, what has Raphael missed
In never seeing thee?
Oh to be back among the days
Wherein she blessed me with her praise —
She knew not how to frown !

The memory of that time doth seem
Like dreaming of a lovely dream,
Or like a golden broider-seam
Stitched in some homely gown.
No silken skein is half so soft
As those long locks I combed so oft —
No tender tearful skies —
No violet darkling into jet —
And all with daybreak dew-drops wet —
No star, when first the sun is set,
Is like my Carmia's eyes.

But not the dainty little wrist,
Nor hand, the whitest ever kissed,
Nor face, so sweet to see,
Nor words of praise, that so did bless,
Nor rose-leaf nail, nor silken tress,
Made her so dear to me.
'T was nothing my poor words can tell,
Nor charm of chance, nor magic spell
To wane, and waste, and fall —
I loved her to the utmost strain
Of heart and soul and mind and brain,
And Carmia loved me back again,
And that is all — and all !

JENNIE.

Now tell me all my fate, Jennie,—
Why need I plainer speak ?
For you see my foolish heart has bled
Its secret in my cheek !
You must not leave me thus, Jennie,—
You will not, when you know,
It is my life you 're treading on
At every step you go.
Ah, should you smile as now, Jennie,
When the wintry weather blows,
The daisy, waking out of sleep,
Would come up through the snows.
Shall our house be on the hill, Jennie,
Where the sumach hedges grow ?
You must kiss me, darling, if it 's yes,
And kiss me if it 's no.

In the pleasant spring-time weather —
Rosy morns and purple eves —
When the little birds together
Sit and sing among the leaves,
Then it seems as if the shadows,
With their interfacing boughs,
Had been hung above the meadows
For the pilighting of their vows !

In the lighter, warmer weather,
When the music softly rest,
And they go to work together
For the building of their nests ;
Then the branches, for a wonder,
Seem uplifted everywhere,
To be props and pillars under
Little houses in the air.

But when we see the meeting
Of the lives that are to run
Henceforward to the beating
Of two hearts that are as one,
When we hear the holy taking
Of the vows that cannot break,
Then it seems as if the making
Of the world was for their sake.

JENNIE.

Now tell me all my fate, Jennie,—
Why need I plainer speak ?
For you see my foolish heart has bled
Its secret in my cheek !
You must not leave me thus, Jennie,—
You will not, when you know,
It is my life you 're treading on
At every step you go.
Ah, should you smile as now, Jennie,
When the wintry weather blows,
The daisy, waking out of sleep,
Would come up through the snows.
Shall our house be on the hill, Jennie,
Where the sumach hedges grow ?
You must kiss me, darling, if it 's yes,
And kiss me if it 's no.

In the pleasant spring-time weather —
Rosy morns and purple eves —
When the little birds together
Sit and sing among the leaves,
Then it seems as if the shadows,
With their interfacing boughs,
Had been hung above the meadows
For the pilighting of their vows !

In the lighter, warmer weather,
When the music softly rest,
And they go to work together
For the building of their nests ;
Then the branches, for a wonder,
Seem uplifted everywhere,
To be props and pillars under
Little houses in the air.

But when we see the meeting
Of the lives that are to run
Henceforward to the beating
Of two hearts that are as one,
When we hear the holy taking
Of the vows that cannot break,
Then it seems as if the making
Of the world was for their sake.

MIRIAM.

Like to that little homely flower
That never from her rough house stirs
While summer lasts, but sits and combs
The sunbeams with her purple burs,
So kept she in her house content
While love's bright summer with her stayed ;
But change works change, and since she met
A shadow from the land of shade ;
The ghost of that wild flower that sits
In her rough house, and never stirs
While summer lasts, has not a face
So dead of meaning, as is hers.

In vain the pitying year puts on
Her rose-red yearning, for like streams
Lost from the sunlight under banks
Of wintry darkness, are her dreams.
In vain among their clouds of green
The wild birds sing — she says with tears
Their sweet tongues stammer in the tines
They sang so well in other years.
Her home in ruins lies, and thorns
Choke with their briery arms, the door ;
What matter, says she, since that love
Will cross the threshold, never more.

O winds ! ye are too rough, too rough !
O spring ! thou art not long enough
For sweetness ; and for thee,
O love ! thou still must overpass
Time's low and dark and narrow glass,
And fill eternity.
O mourner, mourn not vanished light,
But fix your fearful hopes above;
The watcher, through the long, dark night,
Shall see the daybreak of God's love.

A land all green and bright and fair,
Lies just beyond this vale of tears,
And we shall meet, immortal there,
The pleasures of our mortal years.

He who to death has doomed our race,
With steadfast faith our souls has armed,
And made us children of his grace
To go into the grave, unharmed.

The storm may beat, the night may close,
The face may change, the blood run chill,
But his great love no limit knows,
And therefore we should fear no ill.

Dust as we are, and steeped in guilt,
How strangely, how wondrous, how divine,
He made thee thus to be, for lo!
He made the grass, and flower of grass.

Our days with beauty let us trim,
As Nature trims with flowers the sod;
Giving to the world the glory all to Him.
Our friend, our Father, and our God.

Arise, and all thy tasks fulfill,
And as thy day thy strength shall be;
Woe be there no power beyond the ill,
The ill could not have come to thee.

Though cloud and storm encompass thee,
Be not afflicted nor afraid;
Thou knowest the shadow could not be
Were there no sun beyond the shade.

For thy beloved, dead and gone,
Let sweet, not bitter, tears be shed;
Nor "open thy dark saying on the harp," as though thy faith were dead.

Couldst thou even have them reappear
In bodies plain to mortal sense,
How were the miracle more clear
To bring them than to take them hence?

Then let thy soul cry in thee thus
No more, nor let thine eyes thus weep;
Nothing can be withdrawn from us
That we have any need to keep.

Arise, and seek some height to gain
From life's dark lesson day by day,
Not just rehearse its peace and pain —
A wearied actor at the play.

Nor grieve that will so much transcends
Thy feeble powers, but in content
Do what thou canst, and leave the ends
And issues with the Omnipotent.

Dust as thou art, and born to woe,
Seeing darkly, and as through a glass,
He made thee thus to be, for lo!
He made the grass, and flower of grass.

THROUGH THE SHADOW.

Under the shadow.

My sorrowing friend, arise and go
About thy house with patient care;
The hand that bows thy head so low
Will bear the ills thou canst not bear.

Yield not one jot to fear nor doubt,
But baffled, broken, still repeat:
"'Tis mine to work, and not to win;
The soul must wait to have her wings;
Even time is but a landmark in
The great eternity of things.

Is it so much that thou below,
O heart, shouldst fail of thy desire,
When death, as we believe and know,
Is but a call to come up higher?"

LOST LILIES.

Show you her picture? Here it lies!
Hands of lilies, and lily-like brow;
Mouth that is bright as a rose, and eyes
That are just the soul's sweetest overflow.

Darling shoulders, softly pale,
Borne by the undulating play
Of the life below, up out of their veil,
Like lilies out of the waves of the May.

Throat as white as the throat of a swan,
And all as proudly graceful held;
Fair, bare bosom, "clothed upon
With chastity," like the lady of eld.

Strange are the mysteries He employs,
Yet we his love will trust,
Though it should blight our dearest joys,
And bruise us into dust.

Dust as thou art, and born to woe,
Seeing darkly, and as through a glass,
He made thee thus to be, for lo!
He made the grass, and flower of grass.

These on your eyes like a splendor fall,
And you marvel not at my love, I see;
But it was not one, and it was not all,
That made her the angel she was to me.

So shut the picture and put it away,
Your fancy is only thus misled;
What can the dull, cold semblance say,
When the spirit and life of the life is fled?

Seven long years, and seven again,
And three to the seven — a weary space —
The weary fingers of the rain
Have drawn the daisies over her face.

POEMS OF GRIEF AND CONSOLATION.
And only one poor little flower ploughed
Aye, ever in me groweth the great
That it were all as one if all were dead;
Aye, all as one if all the flowers were dead.
I cannot feel the beauty of the roses;
Their soft leaves seem to me but layers of dust;
Out of my opening hand each blessing closes:
Nothing is left to me but my hope and trust,
Nothing but heavenly hope and heavenly trust.
I get no sweetness of the sweetest places;
My house, my friends no longer comfort me;
Strange somehow grow the old familiar faces:
For I can nothing have, not having thee:
All my possessions I possessed through thee.
Having, I have them not—strange contradiction!
Heaven needs must cast its shadow on our earth:
Yea, drown us in the waters of affliction.
Breast high, to make us know our treasure's worth,
To make us know how much our love is worth.
And while I mourn, the anguish of my story
Breaks, as the wave breaks on the hindering bar:
Thou art but hidden in the deeps of glory;
Even as the sunshine hides the lessoning star,
And with true love I love thee from afar.
I know our Father must be good, not evil,
And murmur not, for faith's sake, at my ill;
Nor at the mystery of the working cavel,
That somehow bindeth all things in his will,
And, though He slay me, makes me trust Him still.
All day and night, all night and day,
I sit in my darkened house alone;
Come hither, whose laughter sounds so gay.
Come hither, for charity come! and say
What flowers are faded, and what are blown.
Dost the great, glad sun, as he used to rise?
Or is it always a weary night?
A shadow has fallen across my eyes,
Come hither and tell me about the skies.
Are there drops of rain? are there drops of light?
Keep not, dear heart, so far away,
But come to my darkened house, I pray,
And tell me what of the fields today.
Or lilies, or snow? or lilies, or snow?
Do the hulls of the ripe nuts hang apart?
Do the leaves of the locust drop in the well?
Or is it the time for the buds to start?
Do the leaves of the locust drop in the well?
The day of my hope is cold and dead,
O gay little heart, O little gay heart,
Or is it the time for the buds to start?
Do the leaves of the locust drop in the well?
A little while, and the curtain will fall —
Wait, my darling, wait!
Mine is a dreary part to do —
A mask of mirth on a mourning brow;
The chance approval, the flower or two,
Are nothing — nothing now!
The last sad act is drawing on:
A little while by the golden gate,
And tell of the dawn, of the dew and spray.
What flowers are faded, and what are blown.

THE OTHER SIDE.
I dreamed I had a plot of ground,
Once on a time, as story saith,
All closed in and closed round
With a great wall, as black as death.
I saw a hundred mornings break,
So far a little dream may reach;
And, like a blush on some fair cheek,
The spring-time mantling over each.
Sweet vines o'erhung, like vernal floods;
The wall, I thought, and thought I spied
The glorious promise of the buds,
They only bloomed the other side.
Tears, torrents, darkened all my ground,
Yet Heaven, by starts, above me gleamed;
I saw, with senses strangely bound,
And in my dreaming knew I dreamed.

THE SHADOW.
In vain the morning trims her brow,
A shadow all the sunshine shrouds;
The moon at evening vainly ploughs
Her golden furrows in the clouds.
In vain the morn her splendor hath
The stars, in vain, their gracious cheer;
There moves a phantom on my path,
A shapeless phantom that I fear.
The summer wears a weary smile,
The dusty road looks tired the while
It climbs along the sleepy hills.
I sit and talk of sunnier skies,
Of flowers with healing in their gleams,
But still the shapeless shadow flies
Before me to the land of dreams.

THE POEMS OF GRIEF AND CONSOLATION.
But when the angel, feared by all,
Across my heart his shadow spread,
The rose that climbed my garden wall
Had bloomed, the other side, I said.

A WINTRY WASTE.
The boughs they blow across the pane,
And my heart is stirred with sudden joy,
For I think 't is the shadow of my boy,
My long lost boy, come home again.
To love, and to live with me;
And I put the work from off my knee, And open the door with eager haste —
There lieth the cold, wild winter waste,
And that is all I see!

Do the leaves of the locust drop in the well?
The day of my hope is cold and dead,
O gay little heart, O little gay heart,
Or is it the time for the buds to start?
Do the leaves of the locust drop in the well?
A little while, and the curtain will fall —
Wait, my darling, wait!

THE SHADOW.
In vain the morning trims her brow,
A shadow all the sunshine shrouds;
I tremble lest while she is sleeping
Below, oh, be low with your weeping.
Dear friends, as you gather about her,
Ah, what would my life be without
Be soft with your coming and going —
Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing,
And open the windows to lighten
No poor little pitiful lilies
And Heaven was moved, and came to

BE STILL.

COME, bring me wild pinks from the valleys,
A blaze with the fire o' the sun —
No poor little pitiful lilies
And Heaven was moved, and came to

SAFE.

Ah, she was not an angel to adore,
She was not perfect — she was only
This;
A woman to be prattled to, to kiss,
To praise with all sweet praises, and

THE GREAT QUESTION.

How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?
And I know of the things I am leaving,  
But not of the things before.  
O Lord of love, whom the shape of a 
dove  
Came down and hovered o'er,  
Descend to-night with heavenly light,  
And show me the farther shore.

There is midnight darkness o'er me,  
And 't is light, more light, I crave;  
The billows behind and before me  
Are gaping, each with a grave:  
Descend to-night, O Lord of might,  
Who died our souls to save;  
Descend to-night, my Lord, my Light,  
And walk with me on the wave!

My heart is heavy to breaking  
Because of the mourners' sighs,  
Nor the body with which we arise.  
Thus, who for sake of men didst break  
The awful seal of the tomb—  
Show them the way into life, I pray,  
And the body with which we come!

What comfort, when with clouds of  
Rough the heart is burdened, and must  
To feel that pain must end, — to know,  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."  
When in the mid-day march we meet  
The outstretched shadows of the night,  
The promise, how divinely sweet,  
"At even-time it shall be light."

Comfort their pain and pining  
For the nearly wasted sands,  
With the many mansions shining  
In the house not made with hands:  
And help them by faith to see through death.  
To that brighter and better shore,  
Where they never shall weep who are fallen asleep  
And never be sick any more.

RELIGIOUS POEMS AND HYMNS.

THANKSGIVING.

For the sharp conflicts I have had with sin,  
Wherein,  
I have been wedged and pressed  
Nigh unto death, I thank thee, with the rest  
Of my befallings, Lord, of brighter guise,  
And named by mortals, good,  
Which to my hungry heart have given food,  
Or costly entertainment to my eyes.

For I can only see,  
With spirit truly reconciled to thee,  
In the sad evils with our lives that blend,  
A means, and not an end:  
Since thou wast free  
To do thy will — knowest the bitter worth  
Of sin, and all its possibility,  
Ere that, by thy decree,  
The ancient silence of eternity  
Was broken by the music of man's birth.

Therefore I lay my brows  
Discrowned of youth, within thy gracious hands,  
Or rise while daybreak dew is on the boughs  
To strew thy road with sweets, for thy commands  
Do make the current of my life to run  
Through lost and cavernous ways,  
Bordered with cloudy days,  
In its slow working out into the sun.
And level, all, to purposes of good.

To the serene and beauteous mountain-
And all the valleys blush from side to side.

Of faith and charity, and hope and love,
And makes the troops of rustic daffodils more glorify the Giver, who partake of his good gifts, than they who fast in uttered, or unutterable speech; Of his own rough hut, his old wife's smile,
And as we climb the stair, Of rough and ugly fortune, by the props Of utterance, or unutterable speech; Whatever things are peaceable and pure, Whatever things are right.

But rather, that as lessons they are meant, And as the fire tempers the iron, so are we refined by woe.

I thank thee that my childhood's vanished days were cast in rural ways,
Where I beheld, with gladness even new,
That sort of vagrant daw which lodges in the beggarly tents of such vile weeds as virtuous plants disdain to touch.

And the chopper going by her rude abode,
Under some beetling rock, in gloom
To lay her little white face in the grass;
And shut from sun and shower,
That gives the pleasures that have passed away,
That I discover, always, at my will, —
That clearly in our hearts
Do blend and interfuse
Their benevolent offices,
To the serene and beauteous mountain—
And all the valleys blush from side to side.

And as we climb the stair, Of rough and ugly fortune, by the props Of faith and charity, and hope and love, To the serene and beauteous mountains—
Of our best human possibility, Where haunts the spirit of eternity, The world below looks fair, —
Its seeming inequalities subdued, And level, all, to purposes of good.

I thank thee, gracious Lord,
For the divine award

THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

I thank thee that the grass and the red rose,
Do what they can to tell
How spirit through all forms of matter flows;
For every thistle by the common way
Wearing its homely beauty, — for each spring
That sweet and homeless, runneth where it will,—
For night and day.
For the alternate seasons, — every thing
Pertaining to life's marvelous miracle.

Even for the lowly flower
That, living, dwarfed and bent
Under some beetling rock, in gloom profound,
Far from her pretty sisters of the ground,
And that will still be kissing all the while,
As we climb the stair, Of rough and ugly fortune, by the props
Of faith and charity, and hope and love,
To the serene and beauteous mountains—
Of our best human possibility, Where haunts the spirit of eternity, The world below looks fair, —
Its seeming inequalities subdued, And level, all, to purposes of good.

I thank thee, gracious Lord,
For the divine award

I thank thee that the grass and the red rose,
Do what they can to tell
How spirit through all forms of matter flows;
For every thistle by the common way
Wearing its homely beauty, — for each spring
That sweet and homeless, runneth where it will,—
For night and day.
For the alternate seasons, — every thing
Pertaining to life's marvelous miracle.

Even for the lowly flower
That, living, dwarfed and bent
Under some beetling rock, in gloom profound,
Far from her pretty sisters of the ground,
And that will still be kissing all the while,

Ah! what a tender hold
She taketh of us in our own despite,—
A sadly-solemn creature,
A tender, despised of nature.
Leaning from out the shadows, dull and cold,
To lay her little white face in the light.

The chopper going by her rude abode,
Thinks of his own rough hut, his old wife's smile,
And of the bare young feet
That fill the summer with a wave of sound.
I watch the wood-bird line
Her pretty nest, with eyes that never tire,
And watch the sunbeams trail their wisps of fire
Along the bloomless bushes, till they shine.

The violet, gathering up her tender blue
From th' dull ground, is a good sight to see;
And it delighteth me
To have the mushroom push his round head through
The dry and brittle stubble, as I pass,
His smooth and shining coat, half rose
Half lawn, but just put on;
And to have April slip her shawowy grass
Under my feet, as she was used to do, In the dear spring-times gone.

I make the brook, my Nile,
And hour by hour beguile,
Tracking its devious course
Through briery banks to its mysterious source,
That I discover, always, at my will, —
A little silver star.
Under the shaggy forehead of some hill,
From traveled ways afar.

Forgotten wind and flood,
I build my house of unsubstantial sand,
Shaping the roof upon my double hand,
That gives the pleasures that have passed away,
The sweetness and the sunshine of to-day.

I see the furrows ploughed and see them planted,
See the young constellats rising green and fair;
Mute things are friendly, and I am acquainted
With all the luminous creatures of the air;
And with the cunning workers of the ground
That have their trades born with them, and with all
The insects, large and small,
That fill the summer with a wave of sound.
I watch the wood-bird line
Her pretty nest, with eyes that never tire,
And watch the sunbeams trail their wisps of fire
Along the bloomless bushes, till they shine.

The violet, gathering up her tender blue
From th' dull ground, is a good sight to see;
And it delighteth me
To have the mushroom push his round head through
The dry and brittle stubble, as I pass,
His smooth and shining coat, half rose
Half lawn, but just put on;
And to have April slip her shawowy grass
Under my feet, as she was used to do, In the dear spring-times gone.

I make the brook, my Nile,
And hour by hour beguile,
Tracking its devious course
Through briery banks to its mysterious source,
That I discover, always, at my will, —
A little silver star.
Under the shaggy forehead of some hill,
From traveled ways afar.

Forgotten wind and flood,
I build my house of unsubstantial sand,
Shaping the roof upon my double hand,
And setting up the dry and sliding
grains,
With infinite pains,
In the similitude
Of beam and rafter,—then
Where to the ground the dock its broad
leaf crooks,
I hunt long whiles to find the little
men
That I have read of in my story-books.

Often, in lawless wise,
Some obvious work of duty I delay,
Taking my fill
Of an uneasy liberty, and still
Close shutting up my eyes,
As though it were not given me to see
The anywhere ghost of opportunity
Thus slighted, far away.

I linger when I know
That I should forward go;
Now, nay, for the katydid's wild shrill,
Now listening to the low,
Dull noise of mill-wheels — counting,
Now, haply for the katydid's wild shrill,
The avenging ghost of opportunity
As though it were not given me to
Some obvious work of duty I delay,
That I have read of in my story-books.

And setting up the dry and sliding
grains.

I see him in the sowing,
And see him in the mowing,
The air about him thick with gray-
winged moths;
The day's work nearly over,
And the long meadow ridged with
face swaths
Of sunset-light and clover.

When falls the time of solemn Sabbath
rest,
In all he has of best
I see him going (for he never falls)
To church, in either equitable hand
A shining little one, and all his band
Trooping about him like a flock of
quails.

With necks bowed low, and hid to half
their length
Under the setting load of new-made hay,
I see the oxen give their liberal strength
To make the periods of the school-

Dull noise of mill-wheels — counting,
Now, haply for the katydid's wild shrill,
The avenging ghost of opportunity
As though it were not given me to
Some obvious work of duty I delay,
That I have read of in my story-books.

And setting up the dry and sliding
grains.

I see him in the sowing,
And see him in the mowing,
The air about him thick with gray-
winged moths;
The day's work nearly over,
And the long meadow ridged with
face swaths
Of sunset-light and clover.
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And often yet, upon the shining track
My childish fancies, never quite sub-
Their doubting faith, who only touch
Was joined together like the seamless
I said, but I can hear them when I
That said our love above death's wave
And listened to the whisper, very low,
And, with a wisdom wiser than I knew,
Were the expression of a hidden law;
For I was of a rude and ignorant
And so took comfort that he was not
Swelling above my little sweetheart's
Rough wintry weather came, and when
The emerald wave
And nodding to the gale.
So oft on evening's trail, —
Which outwardly reflect the earth and
As do the things which round about
Gross and material, on the external
And its head to the sweep of the whirlwind
The wise willow suits, —
Comes up by the roots.
Such lessons, each day, round about us,
Our good Mother writes, —
To show us that Nature, in some way,
Ams, a dust.
I know not, but I know a soul
That might have fallen as darkly low.
I judge thee not, what depths of ill
See'er thy feet have found, or trod;
I know a spirit and a will
Across the blind, bewildering centu-
And and yet, upon the shining track
My childish fancies, never quite sub-
dued;
And when the sunset shuts up in the
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And Night, with misty locks that
loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome
boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry
stop
That makes a golden snarling in his
tune;
I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see:
Laugh, you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take
from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish
dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and
skies
Do introvert upon eternity:
And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall;
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of
light
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about
them lie,
Gross and material, on the external
sight.

Hove, in our hearts doth only stay
Like a traveler at an inn,
Who riseth up at the break of day
His journey to begin.

Faith, when her soul has known the
blight
Of noisy doubts and fears,
Goes thenceforward clad in the light
Of the still eternal years.

Truth is truth: no
Can shadow its face with gloom,—
As glorious hanging on the cross
As breaking out of the tomb.

The cornstalk exults in its tassel,
And the world that had never a lover
Remembered to.pageY

Wake, Dillie, my darling, and kiss me,
For what is the world in her glory
To that which thou art?

Wake, Dillie, and join in the praises
Through all its green plumes.

Wake, Dillie, and join in the praises
And, Dillie, my darling, believe me,
That life is the best,
With Him leaves the rest.

Religious Poems and Hymns.
Have mercy, O thou Crucified!
For even while I name thy name,
I know a tongue that might have held
Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fights,—just, unjust,
The weak who faint, the frail who fall,—
Of one blood, of the self-same dust,
Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

JANUARY.

Ten year has lost its leaves again,
The world looks old and grim;
God folds his robe of glory thus,
That we may see but Him.

And all his stony messengers,
That come with whirlwind breath,
Beat out our chaff of vanity,
And leave the grains of faith.

We will not feel, while summer waits
Her rich delights to share,
What sinners, miserably bad,—
How weak and poor we are.

We tread through fields of speckled flowers
As if we did not know
Our Father made them beautiful,
Because He loves us so.

We hold his splendors in our hands
As if we held the dust,
And deal his judgment, as if man
Than God could be more just.

We seek, in prayers and penances,
To do the martyr's part,
Remembering not, the promises
Are to the pure in heart.

From evil and forbidden things,
Some good we think to win,
And to the last analysis
Experiment with sin.

We seek no oil in summer time
Our winter lamp to trim,
But strive to bring God down to us,
More than to rise to Him.

And when that He is nearest, most
Our weak complaints we raise,
Lacking the wisdom to perceive
The mystery of his ways.

For, when drawn closest to himself,
Then least his love we mark;
The very wings that shelter us
From peril, make it dark.

Sometimes He takes his hands from us,
When storms the loudest blow,
That we may learn how weak, alone,—
How strong in Him, we grow.

RELIGIOUS POEMS AND HYMNS.

Through the cross iron of our free will
And fate, we plead for light,
As if God gave us not enough
To do our work aright.

We will not see, but madly take
The wrong and crooked path,
And in our own hearts light the fires
Of a consumming wrath.

The fashion of his Providence
Our way is so above,
We serve Him most who take the most
Of his exhaustless love.

We serve Him in the good we do,
The blessings we embrace,
Not lighting farthing candles for
The palace of his grace.

He has no need of our poor aid
His purpose to pursue;
'T is for our pleasure, not for his,
That we his work must do.

Then blow, O wild winds, as ye list,
To take its thoughts, a tangled skein,
And stretch them out all smooth and straight;
To track its wavering course through sin.

And sorrow, to its origin.

I want to know if in the night
Of evil, grace doth so abound,
That from its darkness we draw light,
As flowers do beauty from the ground:

Or, if the sins of time shall be
The shadows of eternity.

I want, though only for an hour,
To be myself,—to get more near
The wondrous mystery and power
Of love, whose echo floating here,
Between us and the waiting grave,
Make all of light, of heaven, we have.

COUNSEL.

Through sin hath marked thy brother's brow
Love him in sin's despite,
But for his darkness, haply thou
Hast never known the light.

A PRAYER.

I have been little used to frame
Wishes to speech and call it prayer;
To-day, my Father, in thy name,
I ask to have my soul alight bare
Of all its vain pretense,—to see
Myself, as I am seen by thee.

I want to know how much the pain
And passion here, its powers abate;
To take its thoughts, a tangled skein,
And stretch them out all smooth and straight;
To track its wavering course through sin.

And sorrow, to its origin.

I want to know if in the night
Of evil, grace doth so abound,
That from its darkness we draw light,
As flowers do beauty from the ground:

Or, if the sins of time shall be
The shadows of eternity.

I want, though only for an hour,
To be myself,—to get more near
The wondrous mystery and power
Of love, whose echo floating here,
Between us and the waiting grave,
Make all of light, of heaven, we have.

COUNSEL.

Though sin hath marked thy brother's brow
Love him in sin's despite,
But for his darkness, haply thou
Hast never known the light.
Be thou an angel to his life,
And not a demon grim,
Since with himself he is at strife,
Oh be at peace with him.

Speak gently of his evil ways
And all his pleas allow,
For since he knows not why he strays
From virtue, how shouldst thou?

Love him, though all thy love he slights,
For oh, thou canst not say
But that his prayerless days and nights
Have taught thee how to pray.

Outside themselves all things have
laws,
The atom and the sun,—
Thou art thyself, perhaps, the cause
If guiltless thou, why surely then
Outside themselves all things have
laws.

But that his prayerless days and nights
Have taught thee how to pray.

PUTTING OFF THE ARMOR.

Why weep ye for the falling
Of the transient twilight gloom?
I am weary of the journey,
And have come in sight of home.
I can see a white procession
Sweep melodiously along,
And I would not have your mourning
And mine eyes keep thou from be-
ing,
I am called to be a guest!

I have scaled the hindering wall,
And am putting off the armor
Of the soldier — that is all!

As lightnings do the air.

I have seen the beauteous clay
Whom he bestow'd away.

The battle-strife is ended;
I have scaled the hindering wall,
And am putting off the armor
Of the soldier — that is all!

The atom and the sun, —
Thou art thyself, perhaps, the cause
If guiltless thou, why surely then
Outside themselves all things have
laws.

The clamoring of the silly birds,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
And the smiting of the rod,
Is to leave the pain, the sickness,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
"T is long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
The seven fishers saw on the sands
Since the rosy lights began to flow
'T is long, and long, and long ago
And when they had gotten close to the land
They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!
'T is long, and long, and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
Over the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.
'T is long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed over the masts of the sea;
When Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

THE SURE WITNESS.
Thy solemn wood had spread
Shadows around my head;
"Curtains they are," I said,
"Hung dim and still about the house of prayer.
Softly among the limbs,
Turning the leaves of hymns,
I heard the winds, and asked if God were there;
No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.
With ruddy, open hand,
I saw the wild rose stand
Beside the green gate of the summer hills;
And palling at her dress, I cried, "Sweet hermitess,
Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distills?"
No voice replied, but while I listening bent,
Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone;
"She walks heaven alone,
And seek all things," to myself I mused;
"Hast thou beheld Him, then, who hides Himself from men
In that great power through nature interfused?"
No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,
But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Waking one time, strange awe
Thrilled my soul, I saw
A kingly splendor round about the night;
Such cunning work the hand
Of spinner never planned,—
The finest wool may not be washed so white,
"Hast thou come out of heaven? I asked;
And lo! The snow was all the answer of the snow.
Then my heart said, "Give o'er;
Question no more, no more!
The wind, the snow-storm, the wild
Hermits' flower,
The illuminated air,
The pleasure after prayer,
Proclaim the unoriginated Power!"

LOVE IS LIFE.
Our days are few and full of strife;
Like wavers our pleasures fade and fall;
But Thou who art the all in all,
Thy name is Love, and love is Life!
We walk in sleep and think we see;
Our little lives are clothed with dreams;
For that to us which substance seems
Is shadow, twixt ourselves and thee.

RELIGIOUS POEMS AND HYMNS.
TIME.

What is time, O glorious Giver,
With its restlessness and might,
But a lost and wandering river
Working back into the light?

Every gloomy rock that troubles
Its smooth passage, strikes to life
Beautiful and joyous bubbles
That are only born through strife.

Overhung with mist-like shadows,
Stretch its shores away, away,
To the long, delightful meadows
Shining with immortal May:

Where its moaning reaches never,
Passion, pain, or fear to move,
And the changes bring us ever
Where its moaning reaches never.

SETTLED.

To own from depths of grief pro-
Thy will in me, I pray thee for;
Help me, thou Power divine.

SURE ANCHOR.

Out of the heavens come down to me,
To own from depths of grief profound.
The many sins, which darken through
What little good I do.

Have thy forgiveness. O my blessed
Lord, the like to me accord.

Of grace, as much as will complete
Thy will in me, I pray thee for;
Even as a rose shut in a drawer
That maketh all about it sweet.

The rich joys of earth are poor;
The fairest forms are all unfair;
On what is peacable and pure
Set thou my heart, and keep it there.

Pride builds her house upon the sand;
Ambition treads the spider's stair;
When the waves forget their places,
And the anchor will not stay,

"He weigheth the waters by measure."

O outcast, homeless, bewildered,
Whose seed in vain was cast,
When the ship is driven away,
And the anchor will not stay,

"He weigheth the waters by measure."

O diligent, diligent sower,
Who sowest thy seed in vain,
When the ship is driven away,
The anchor will not stay

"Through rocks He cutteth out rivers."

ADELIED.

Unpraised but of my simple rhymes,
She pined from life and died,
The softest of all April times
To sweet religious thought

"He setteth an end to darkness."

O foolish and faithless sailor,
When the ship is driven away,
Shine fields of heavenly light;
Let not this incident of time

"From the composed, majestic realm
Of everlasting law.

On whatsoever things will stand
I know these outward forms wherein
The past is vanished in the past;
On whatsoever things are fast

"The swallow twittered within reach
Impatient of the rain,
And the red blossoms of the peach
Blew down against the pane.

When, feeling that life's wasting sands
Were wearing into hours,
And gathered out the flowers.

IN THE DARK.

Out of the earthly years we live
How small a profit springs;
I cannot think but life should give
Higher and better things.

So little comfort we receive,
Except through what we see,
THE HEAVEN THAT'S HERE.

My God, I feel thy wondrous might
In Nature's various shows,—
The whirlwind's breath,—the tender light
Of the rejoicing rose.

For doth not that same power enfold
Whatever things are new,
Which shone about the saints of old
And struck the seas in two?

Ashamed, I veil my fearful eyes
From this, thy earthly reign;
What shall I do when I arise
From death, but die again?

What shall I do but prostrate fall
Before the splendor there,
That here, so dazzles me through all
The dusty robes I wear.

Life's outward and material laws,—
Love, sunshine, all things bright,—
Are curtains which thy mercy draws
To shield us from that light.

I falter when I try to seek
The world which these conceal;
I stammer when I fain would speak
The reverence that I feel.

I dare not pray to thee to give
That heaven which shall appear;
My cry is, Help me, thou, to live
Within the heaven that's here.

Among the pitfalls in our way
The best of us walk blindly;
O man, be wary! watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.

Help back his feet, if they have slid,
Nor count him still your debtor;
Perhaps the very wrong he did
Has made yourself the better.

I cannot think we half believe
Our immortality.
We disallow and trample so
The rights of poor weak men,
I cannot think we feel and know
They are our brethren.
So rarely our affections move
Without a selfish guard,
I cannot think we know that love
Is all of love's reward.
To him who smiles, the cheek is turned
With such a slow consent,
I cannot think that we have learned
The holy Testament.
Blind, ignorant, we grope along
A path misunderstood,
Mingling with folly and with wrong
Some providential good.
Striving with vain and idle strife
In outward shows to live,
We famish, knowing not that life
Is all of love's reward.

Each morning a golden gate,
On,—farther on!
On, on toward the city
So shining and fair;
And He that hath loved me
Died for me,—is there.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

The stream of life is going dry;
Thank God, that more and more
I see the golden sands, which I
Could never see before.

The banks are dark with graves of friends;
Thank God, for faith sublime
In the eternity that sends
Its shadows into time.

The flowers are gone that with their glow
Of sunshine filled the grass;
Thank God, they were but dim and low
Reflections in a glass.

The autumn winds are blowing chill;
The summer warmth is done;
Thank God, the little dew-drop still
Is drawn into the sun.

Strange stream, to be exhaled so fast
In cloudy cares and tears;
Thank God, that it should shine at last
Along the immortal years.

DEAD AND ALIVE.

Till I learned to love thy name,
Lord, thy grace denying,
I lived in sin and shame,
Dying, dying, dying!

Nothing could the world impart;
Darkness held so Morrow;
In my soul and in my heart
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!

All the blossoms came to blight;
Noon was dull and dreary;
Night and day, and day and night,
Weary, weary, weary!

When I learned to love thy name,
Peace beyond all measure
Came, and in the stead of shame,
Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure!

Winds may beat, and storms may fall,
Thou, the meek and lowly,

Reignest, and I sing through all,—
Holy, holy, holy!

Life may henceforth never be
Like a dismal story.
For beyond its bound I see
Glory, glory, glory!

INVOCATION.

Come down to us, help and heal us,
Thou that once life's pathway trod,
Knowing all its gloom and glory,—
Son of man, and Son of God.

Come down to us, help and heal us,
When our hopes before us fie;
Thou hast been a man of sorrows,
Tried and tempted, even as we.

By the weakness of our nature,
Steady up our fainting courage,—
Save, oh save us from despair!

By the still and strong temptation
Of consenting hearts within;
By the power of outward evil,
Save, oh save us from our sin!

By the inferm and bowed together,
By the demons far and near,—
By all sick and sad possessions,
Save, oh save us from our fear!

From the dim and dreary doubting
That with faith a warfare make,
Save us, through thy sweet compassion,—
Save us, for thy own name's sake.

And when all of life is finished
To the last low fainting breath,
Meet us in the awful shadows,
And deliver us from death.

LIFE OF LIFE.

To Him who is the Life of life,
My soul its vows would pay;
He leads the flowery seasons on,
And gives the storm its way.

The winds run back toward their caves
At his divine command,—
And the great deep He folds within
The hollow of his hand.
He clothes the grass, He makes the rose
To wear her good attire;
The moon He gives her patient grace,
And all the stars their fire.
He hears the hungry raven’s cry,
And sends her young their food,
And through our evil intimates
His purposes of good.
He stretches out the north, He binds
The tempest in his care;
The mountains cannot strike their roots
So deep He is not there.
Hid in the garment of his works,
We feel his presence still
With us, and through us fashioning
The mystery of his will.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Mysteries.

Clours, with a little light between:
Pain, passion, fear, and doubt,—
What voice shall tell me what they mean?
I cannot find them out!

Hopeless my task is, to begin,
Who fall with all my power,
To read the crimson lettering
In the modest meadow flower.

Death, with shut eyes and icy cheek,
Bearing that bitter cup;
Oh, who is wise enough to speak,
And break its silence up!

Or read the evil writing on
The wall of good, for, oh,
The more my reason shines upon
Its lines, the less I know:

Or show how dust became a rose,
And what it is above
All mysteries that doth compose
Discordance into love.

I only know that wisdom planned,
And that it is my part
To trust, who cannot understand
The beating of my heart.

And round the wounded beetle builds
His grassy house anew.

For the same hand that smiles with pain,
And sends the wintry snows,
Doth mould the frozen clood again
Into the summer tion.

My soul is melted by that love,
So tender and so true;
I can but cry, My Lord and God,
What wilt thou have me do?

My blessings all come back to me,
And round about me stand;
Help me to climb their dizzy stairs
Until I touch thy hand.

ALL IN ALL.

Awlary, wounded unto death,—
Unfavored of men’s eyes,
I have a house not made with hands,
Eternal, in the skies.

A house where but the steps of faith
Through the white light have trod,
Steadfast among the mansions of
The City of our God.

There never shall the sun go down
From the lamenting clay;
There storms shall never rise to beat
The light of love away.

There living streams through deathless flowers
Are flowing free and wide;
There souls that thirsted here below
Are satisfied.

I know it by th’ immortal hopes
That wrestle down my fear,—
I know my longing shall be filled
With all life’s memories,
Away with hopes, away!

Lord, take me up into thy love,
And keep me there to-day.

I cannot trust to mortal eyes
My weakness and my sin;
Temptations He alone can judge,
Who knows what they have been.

Oh what a blissful heritage
On such as I to fall;
Possessed of thee, my Lord and God,
I am possessed of all.

TRUST.

Away with all life’s memories,
With no low thoughts of self intrude,
I cannot trust to mortal eyes
My weakness and my sin;
Temptations He alone can judge,
Who knows what they have been.

But I can trust Him who provides
The thirsty ground with dew,
THE PURE IN HEART.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I asked the angels in my prayer, With bitter tears and pains, To show mine eyes the kingdom where The Lord of glory reigns.

I said, My way with doubt is dim, My heart is sick with fear; Oh come, and help me build to Him A tabernacle here!

The storms of sorrow wildly beat, The clouds with death are chill; I long to hear his voice so sweet, Who whispered, "Peace; be still!"

The angels said, God giveth you His love, — what more is ours? And even as the gentle dew Descends upon the flowers,

His grace descends; and, as of old, He walks with man apart, With all the pure in heart.

Thou needst not ask the angels where His habitations be; Thou leavest him to his dark questionings unsatisfied, — How leavest thou the hearts of living men So desolate, — So darkly desolate?

Thou keepest safe beneath the wintry sap The little seed, And leavest under all its weights of woe, The heart to bleed, And vainly, vainly plead.

In the dry root thou stirrest up the sap; At thy commands Cometh the rain, and all the bushes clap Their rosy hands: Man only, thirsting, stands.

Is it for envy, or from wrath that springs From foolish pride, Thou leavest him to his dark questionings Unsatisfied, — Always unsatisfied?

MORE LIFE.

When spring-time prosper in the grass And fills the vales with tender bloom, And light winds whisper as they pass, Of summer days to come;

In spite of all the joy she brings To flood and field, to hill and grove, This is the song my spirit sings, — More light, more life, more love!

And when, her time fulfilled, she goes So gently from her vernal place, And all the outstretched landscape glows With sober summer grace;

When on the stalk the ear is set, With all the harvest promise bright, My spirit sings the old song yet, — More love, more life, more light!

When stubble takes the place of grain, And shrunken streams steal slow along,

And all the faded woods complain Like one who suffers wrong;

When fires are lit, and everywhere The pleasures of the household rife, My song is solemnized to prayer, — More love, more light, more life!

LIFE AND DARKNESS.

Darkness, blind darkness every way, With low illuminings of light; Hints, intimations of the day That never breaks to full, clear light.

High longing for a larger light Urges us onward o'er life's hill; Low fear of darkness and of night Presses us back and holds us still.

So while to Hope we give one hand, The other hand to Fear we lend; And thus 'twixt high and low we stand, We trust that in the eternal plan They run into each other still,

We mind the false and miss the true; We sin and suffer to the end. We sin and suffer to the end.

SUBSTANCE.

Each fearful storm that o'er us rolls, Each path of peril trod,

Is but a means whereby our souls Acquaint themselves with God.

Our want and weakness, shame and sin, His pitying kindness prove;

Our lives are folded in The mystery of his love.

The grassy land, the flowering trees, The waters, wild and dim,

These are the cloud of witnesses That testify of Him.

Our darkness by his light, at last Shall be interpreted.

No promise shall He fail to keep Until we see his face; — E'en death is but a tender sleep In the eternal race.

Time's empty shadow cheats our eyes, But all the heavens declare The substantia of the things we prize Is there and only there.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

Life's sadly solemn mystery Hangs o'er me like a weight; The glorious longing to be free, The gloomy bars of fate.

Alternately the good and ill, The light and dark, are strung; Fountains of love within my heart, And hate upon my tongue.

Beneath my feet the unstable ground, Above my head the skies; Immortal longings in my soul, Immortal longings in my soul.

No purely pure, and perfect good, No high, unhindered power; A beauteous promise in the bad, And mildew on the flower.

The glad, green brightness of the spring;

The summer, soft and warm;

The folded autumn's hovering gold,

The whirlwind and the storm.

To find some sure Interpreter My spirit vainly tries; I only know that God is love,

And know that love is wise.
That faith to me a courage gives,
The shadows that I feared so long
I know that my Redeemer lives:
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
My soul is full of whispered song;
The while my pulses faintly beat,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
Thy love attested, is my prayer.

The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King;
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

When the wild winds rocks the land,
When the gathering clouds alarm,
Lord, within thy sheltering hand!
So with trembling souls we cry,
Till the storm and noise pass by.

When our pleasures fade away,
When our hopes delusive prove,
Prostrate at your feet we pray,
We grow petulant and proud.

Save us, 0 most Merciful,
Save us, save us from our sin!
What wilt thou have us do!
Blessed are they, whose hope is set.

Here are the locks growing hoary,
The glass with the vanishing sands;
There are the crown and the glory,
The house that is made not with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove;
Here are the blessed fruition,
The feast, and the fullness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble
And here is the chastening rod;
There is the song and the symbol,
And there is our Father and God.

O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

Here are the hills everlasting,
Here is the fading, the wasting,
Here is the sickness, the dying,
Here is the sorrow, the sighing.

So with trembling souls we cry,
After the long, dark night,
Thank God, the light is breaking;
And in her mercy keep her just,
Send us, O most Merciful.

The glass with the vanishing sands;
The house that is made not with hands.

The Spirit of Peace shall have planted
Her olives once again,
Oh, how the hosts of the people
Shall cry, Amen, Amen!

O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

The glass with the vanishing sands;
The house that is made not with hands.

The glass with the vanishing sands;
The house that is made not with hands.

O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

The glass with the vanishing sands;
The house that is made not with hands.

The glass with the vanishing sands;
The house that is made not with hands.

O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

The glass with the vanishing sands;
The house that is made not with hands.
THE LITTLE BLACKSMITH.

We heard his hammer all day long
On the anvil ring and ring,
But he always came when the sun went down
To sit on the gate and sing.

His little hands so hard and brown
Crossed idly on his knee,
With signs of work,—his feet
Would keep in pastures near.

The whistling rustic tending cows,
For still his shoes, with iron shod,
All bare and fair upon the grass,
And half the busy villagers
As forth he came when the sun went down
And from the time the bluebirds
And that was why, when the sun went down
The hammer's stroke on the anvil filled
His heart with a happy ring,
And that was why, when the sun went down,
He came to the gate to sing.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Blessings, blessings on the beds
Whose white pillows softly bear,
Rows of little shining heads
That have never known a care.

Pity for the heart that bleeds
In the homestead desolate
Where no little troubling needs
Make the weary working wait.

Safely, safely to the fold
Bring them where'er they be,
That have never known a care.

"Suffer them to come to me."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

To be read by all who deal hardly with young children.

PART I.

Up, Gregory! the cloudy east
Is bright with the break o' the day;
'Tis time to yoke our cattle, and time
To eat our crust and away.

Up, out o' your bed! for the rosy red
Will soon be growing gray.

Aye, straight to your feet, my lazy lad,
And button your jacket on—
Already neighbor Joe is afield,
And 'tis time that we were gone!

A moment, and the old harsh call
Had broken his silver tune,
And with his sickle all as bright
It seemed to our little harvester
As one who by a river stands,
And sees the flowers the other side—
So was it with the lad.

And he seemed to rather see than hear
The wind through the long leaves draw,
As he sat and notched the stops along
His pipe of hollow straw.

And he seemed to rather see than hear
The wind through the long leaves draw,
As he sat and notched the stops along
His pipe of hollow straw.

The hammer's stroke on the anvil filled
His heart with a happy ring,
And that was why, when the sun went down,
He came to the gate to sing.

PART II.

It seemed to our little harvester
He could hear the shadows creep;
For the scythe lay idle in the grass,
And the reaper had ceased to reap.

'Twas the burning noon of the leafy June,
And the birds were all asleep.

And he seemed to rather see than hear
The wind through the long leaves draw,
As he sat and notched the stops along
His pipe of hollow straw.

On Christmas Day he had planned to play
His tune without a flaw.

Upon his sleigh the spider's web
Hung loose like points of lace,
And he looked like a picture painted there:
He was so full of grace.

PART III.

Now Christmas came, and Gregory
With the dawn was broad awake;
But there was the crumple cow to milk,
And there was the cheese to make;
And so it was noon ere he went to the town
To buy the Christmas cake.

"You'll leave your warm, new coat at home,
And keep it fresh and bright To wear," the careful old man said,
"When you come back to-night."
"Aye," answered the lad, for his heart was glad,
And he whistled out o' their sight.

The frugal couple sat by the fire
And talked the hours away,
Saying who was wed, and who was near,
And thought of the broken bridge.

The old wife rose, her fear to hide,
And justly are our gray heads bowed
At midnight on the snow.

Benjamin and Susan James,
Merry as they well could be!

Seven children, girls and boys,
Raking in the summer weather,
Raking in the meadow hay,
Waked the echoes with their noise.

You must know them by their names—
Fanny Field and Mary,
Benjamin and Susan James,
Joel and John McClary.

Then a child, so very small,
She was only come for play—
Little Miss Matilda May,
And you have them one and all.

I've invented a new play!"
Then they cried with merry noise—
"Tell us all about it, Ben!"
And he answered—"Tell us all, All we boys, or large or small, Must pretend that we are men!"

And you girls, Fan, Sue, and Molly,
Must pretend that you're birds,
And must chirp and sing your words—

Never was there play so jolly!

"I'm to be called Captain Gray,
And, of course, the rest of you
All must do as I shall say."
Here he called his sister Sue,
Telling her she must be blue,
And must answer to her name
When the call of Bluebird came.

Fanny Field must be a Jay,
And the rest—no matter what—

The leaves are falling and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,

For they saw him dead in the river's bed,
Through the surge of their fear.

Of ghosts that walk o' nights they tell—
A sorry Christmas theme.
And of signs and tokens in the air,
And of many a warning dream,
Till the bough at the pane through the sleet and rain
Drags like a corpse in a stream.

There was the warm, new coat unworn,
And the flute of straw unplayed;
And these were drearier than ghosts
To make their souls afraid,
As the years that were gone came one by one,
And their slights before them laid.

The Easter days and the Christmas days
Benefit of their sweet employ,
And working and waiting through them all
Their little pale-eyed boy,
Looking away to the holiday
That should bring the promised joy.

"God's mercy on us!" cried they both,
"We have been so blind and deaf;
And justly are our gray heads bowed
To the very grave with grief.
But hark! is't the rain that taps at the pane,
or the fluttering, falling leaf?
Nay, fluttering leaf, nor snow, nor rain,
However hard they strive,
Can make a sound so sweet and soft,
Like a bee's wing in the hive.
Joy! joy! oh joy! it is their boy!
Safe, home, in their arms alive!

Ah, never was there pair so rich
As they that night, I trust;
And never a lad in all the world
With a merrier pipe to blow,
Nor Christmas light that shone so bright
At midnight on the snow.
Anything that they were not!
Mary might be Tilly May,
And Matilda, as for her,
She might be a Grasshopper!

All cried out, "Oh, what a play!"
Fanny Field and Mary,
Susy James and Tilly May,
Joe and John M'Clary.

Here Ben said he was not Ben
Any more, but Captain Gray!
And gave order first — "My men,
Forward! March! and rake the hay!"

Then he told his sister Sue
She must go and do the same,
But, forgetting she was blue,
Called her by her proper name.

Loud enough laughed Susan then,
And declared she would not say
Any longer Captain Gray,
But would only call him Ben!

This was such a dreadful falling
Ben got angry, and alas,
Made the matter worse, by calling
Little Tilly, Hoppergrass!

Fanny Field, he did make out
To call Jay-bird, once or twice,
And, in turn, she flew about,
Chirping very wild and nice.

Once she tried to make a wing,
Holding wide her linsey gown,
And went flapping up and down,
Laughing so she could n't sing.

But the captain to obey
When he called her Tilly May,
Was too hard for Mary,
And Matilda — praise to her —
Could not play the grasshopper.

But in honesty of heart,
And Matilda — praise to her —
Could not play the grasshopper,
When he called her Tilly May,
But the captain to obey
Once she tried to make a wing,
Laughing so she could n't sing.

And, in turn, she flew about,
Fanny Field, he did make out
To call Jay-bird, once or twice,
And, in turn, she flew about,
Chirping very wild and nice.

Looking in the farmer’s eyes,
All a-tiptoe stood the child;
Half in pitiful surprise.
Then he said, "My little friends,"
Calling one by one their names,
Fanny Field and Mary,
Benjamin and Susan James,
Joe and John M'Clary,
And Matilda — "Life's great ends
Are not gained by make-believe.

Therefore half the meadow-hay
Lay un raked at set of sun.
Then the farmer who had hired
All the seven girls and boys,
Being out of heart, and tired
With no work and much of noise,
Came upon them all at once,
And made havoc of their play.
Calling Benjamin a dunce,
In the stead of Captain Gray!

So to make excuse, in part,
For the un raked field of hay,
Tilly — bless her honest heart!
Up and told about the play.

How that Benny, discontented
With the work of raking hay,
Of his own head had invented
Such a pretty, pretty play!

"Benny calls it Make-believe!"
Tilly said, with cheeks aglow,
"Not at all, sir, to deceive,
But to make things fine, you know?"

Then she said, that he might see
Just how charming it must be,
"Fanny Field, sir, is a jay,
And her sister Mary,
Is myself, Matilda May,
Mister Joe and Mister John —
Sue a bluebird and so on
Up to lofty Captain Gray.
Oh it is the funniest play!
I was just a grasshopper,
Hopping, I was sure to fall —
And all across it, and through and through,
The nut will be hard to crack.

And as home they went that night,
Each and all had double pay
For the raking of that hay,
And the best pay was delight.

And I think without a doubt,
If they lived they all became
Wiser women, wiser men
Of the make-believing out;
But why!" And his mother replied,
"My dear,
That nut will be hard to crack."

Then John, in anger, "Look here! look here!
You may have your wisdom back.
The nut is cracked — broke all to splint,
But it does n't give me even a hint
Towards showing why the black
Should spoil the else sweet meat."

"My dear,"
Says Johnny's mother, "It's very clear
Your nut will be hard to crack.

"For, John, whichever way we steer,
There is evil on our track;
And whence it came, or how it fell,
No wisest man of all can tell.
We only know that black
Is mixed with white, and pain with bliss,
So all that I can say is this,
Your nut will be hard to crack."

And Johnny's mother replied, "My dear,
Your nut will be hard to crack."

HIDE AND SEEK.

As I sit and watch at the window-pane
The light in the sunset skies,
The pictures rise in my heart and brain,
As the stars do in the skies.

The light in the sunset skies,
The pictures rise in my heart and brain,
As the stars do in the skies.

The pictures rise in my heart and brain,
As the stars do in the skies.
Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for two!  
And one was yellow, and one was black,  
And one like me, or you.

The space was small, no doubt, for all;  
But what should three bugs do?  

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly crumbs for two;  
And all were selfish in their hearts,  
The same as I or you;

So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,  
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And the beds but two would hold;  
So they all three fell to quarreling —  
The white, and black, and the gold;

And two of the bugs get under the rugs,  
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,  
Without a crumb to chew,  
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,  
He that was left in the basket,

Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,  
And so the quarrel grew!  

And so there was war in the basket,  
Ah, pity, 'tis true!  
But he that was frozen and starved at last.

A strength from his weakness drew,  
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,  
And killed and ate them, too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,  
Though more than it well can hold,  
It seems to me they had better agree —

The white, and the black, and the gold —  
And share what comes of the beds and crumbs,  
And leave no bug in the cold!

Waiting for something to turn up.  
"And why do you throw down your hoe by the way  
As if that furrow were done?"

It was the good farmer, Bartholomew Grey,  
That spoke on this wise to his son.

Now Barty, the younger, was not very bad,  
But he did n't take kindly to work,  
And the father had oftentimes said of the lad,  
That the thing he did best was to think!

It was early in May, and a beautiful morning —  
The rosebuds tipt softly with red —

The pea putting on her white bloom,  
And the corn  

Being just gotten up out of bed.

And after the first little break of the day,  
Had broadened itself on the blue,  
The provident farmer, Bartholomew Grey,  
Had driven afield through the dew.

His brown mare, Fair Fanny, in collar and harness  
Went before him, so sturdy and stout.

And ere the sun's fire yet had kindled to flames  
They had furrowed the field twice about.

And still as they came to the southerly slope  
He reined in Fair Fanny, with Whoa!  
And gazed toward the homestead, and gazed, in the hope  
Of seeing young Barty — but no!

"Asleep yet?" he said — "in a minute  
That shall call to the breakfast, will sound,  
And all these long rows of the tender young corn  
Left choking, and ploughed in the ground!"

Now this was the work, which the farmer had planned  
For Barty — a task kindly meant,  
To follow the plough, with the hoe in his hand,  
And to set up the stalks as he went.
But not till the minutes to hours had run,
And the heat was aglow far and wide,
Died he see his slow-footed and sleepy-eyed son
A-dragging his hoe by his side.
Midway of the corn field he stopped,
Gaped around;
"What use is there working?" says he;
And saying so, threw himself flat on the ground
In the shade of a wide-spreading tree.
And this was the time that Bartholomew Grey,
Fearing bad things might come to the worst,
Drew rein on Fair Fanny, the sweat-wiped away,
And spoke as we quoted at first.
He had thought to have given the lad such a start
As would bring him at once to his feet,
And he stood in the furrow, amazed, as young Bart,
Lying lazy, and smiling so sweet,
As would bring him at once to his feet!
Ah, think of it, my little friends;
And when some pleasure flies,
Why, let it go, and still be glad
That you have your ears and eyes.

A GOOD RULE.

A FARMER, who owned a fine orchard,
One day
Went out with his sons to take a survey.
The time of the year being April or May.
The buds were beginning to break into bloom,
The air all about him was rich with perfume,
And nothing, at first, waked a feeling of gloom.
But all at once, going from this place to that,
He shaded his eyes with the brim of his hat,
Saying, "Here is a tree dying out, that is flat!"
He called his sons, Joseph and John,
And said he,
"This sweeting, you know, was my favorite tree—
Just look at the top now, and see what you see!
"The blossoms are blighted, and, sure
As you live,
Suppose there was n't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white!
And dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.
And what would all the beauty be,
And what the song that cheers,
Suppose we had n't any eyes,
And suppose we had n't ears?
For though the grass were gay and green,
And song-birds filled the glen,
And the air were purple with butterflies,
What good would they do us then?
Ah, think of it, my little friends;
And when some pleasure flies,
Why, let it go, and still be glad
That you have your ears and eyes.
A life that is profitless, think of that,
Some habit of evil indulged day by day,
For ten chances to one, you'll find there will be
Some habit of evil indulged day by day,
And hid as the earth-worm was hid in the clay,
That steadily sapping the life-blood away.
The fruit, when the blossom is blighted,
Will fall;
The sin will be searched out, no matter how small;
So, what you're ashamed to do, don't do at all.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.
Tell me, have you any folk
Good old mother Fairie,
They must be very cunning
To hold her wasted fingers,
And when in dreams she reaches
To sing her loving lullabies,
To chase away the shadows
And I want the little people
And gentle speech, and loving hearts ;
But patient little people,
I know a poor, pale body,
Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
I want no chubby drudges
To milk, and churn, and spin,
A-growing on one vine.

For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.
If you think that you can be
Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Out of sight, my boys and girls,
So think less about your curls,
Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far ;
But patient little people,
Who ate them would smart ;
And these she went peddling
About in a cart.
One day, on her travels,
She happened to meet
A farmer, who said
He had apples so sweet
That all the town's-people
Would have them to eat.
"And how do you sell them ? "
Says Barbara Blue.
"Why, if you want only
A bushel or two,"
Says the farmer, "I don't mind
To give them to you.""What! give me a bushel ? 
Cries Barbara Blue.
"A bushel of apples,
And sweet apples, too ! 
"Be sure," says the farmer,
"Be sure, ma'am, I do."
And then he said if she
Would give him a tart
(There in her cart),
She would show him the orchard,
And then they would part.
So she picked out a little one,
Burst at the top,
And held it a moment,
And then let it drop,
And then said she had n't
A moment to stop,
And drove her old horse
Away, hoppity hop !
One night when the air was
All blind with the snow,
Dame Barbara, driving
So soft and so slow
That the farmer her whereabouts
Never would know,
Went after the apples ;
And avarice grew
When she saw their red coats,
Till, before she was through,
What you have, and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back ;
So, my little folks, take care !
And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view ;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.
Goodness shows in blushing bright,
Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet from the light ;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.
Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts ;
So, have you such to spare ?
Others said she was only
A miserly creature
As ever was known.
Some said she was meek ;
Or child of her own.
Who lived in a shoe,
All blind with the snow,
A farmer, who said
He had apples so sweet
That all the town's-people
Would have them to eat.
"And how do you sell them ? "
Says Barbara Blue.
"Why, if you want only
A bushel or two,"
Says the farmer, "I don't mind
To give them to you.""What! give me a bushel ? 
Cries Barbara Blue.
"A bushel of apples,
And sweet apples, too ! 
"Be sure," says the farmer,
"Be sure, ma'am, I do."
And then he said if she
Would give him a tart
(There in her cart),
She would show him the orchard,
And then they would part.
So she picked out a little one,
Burst at the top,
And held it a moment,
And then let it drop,
And then said she had n't
A moment to stop,
And drove her old horse
Away, hoppity hop !
One night when the air was
All blind with the snow,
Dame Barbara, driving
So soft and so slow
That the farmer her whereabouts
Never would know,
Went after the apples ;
And avarice grew
When she saw their red coats,
Till, before she was through,
A SHORT SERMON.

True things, in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven should show through!

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow;
And, though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set;
So, if you a good would get,
Good you must be!

Life's journey, through and through,
Speaking what is just and true;
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day, and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

STORY OF A BLACKBIRD.

Come, gather round me, children,
Who just as you please would do,
And hear me tell what fate befell
A blackbird that I knew.

He lived one year in our orchard,
From spring till fall, you see,
And swung and swung, and sung and sung
In the top of the highest tree.

He had a blood-red top-knot,
And wings that were tipped to match;
And he held his head as if he said,
"I'm a fellow hard to catch!"

And never built himself a nest,
Nor took a mate—not he!
But swung and swung, and sung and sung,
In the top of the highest tree.

And yet, the little bluebird,
So modest and so shy,
Could beat him to death with a single breath,
If she had but a mind to try.

And the honest, friendly robin,
That went in a russet coat,
Though he was not the bird that sung to be heard,
Had twice as golden a throat.

But robin, bluebird, and all the birds,
Were afraid as they could be;
He looked so proud and sung so loud,
A top of the highest tree.

We often said, we children,
He only wants to be seen!
For his bosom set like a piece of jet,
In the glossy leaves of green.

He dressed his feathers again and again,
Till the oil did fairly run,
And the tuft on his head, of bright blood-red,
Like a ruby shine in the sun.

But summer lasts not always,
And the leaves they faded brown;
And when the breeze went over the trees,
They fluttered down and down.

The robin, and wren, and bluebird,
They sought a kindlier clime;
But the blackbird cried, in his foolish pride,
"I'll see my own good time!"

And whistled, whistled, and whistled,
Perhaps to hide his pain;
Until, one day, the air grew gray,
With the slant of the dull, slow rain.

And then, wing-tip and top-knot,
They lost their blood-red shine;
Unhoused to be, in the top of a tree,
Was not so very fine!

At first he cowered and shivered,
And then he ceased to sing,
And then he spread about his head,
One drenched and dripping wing.

And stiffer winds at sunset,
Began to beat and blow;
And next daylight the ground was white
With a good inch-depth of snow!

And oh, for the foolish blackbird,
That had n't a house for his head!
The bitter sleet began at his feet
And chilled and killed him dead!
And the rabbit, when he saw him,
Enrapt in his snowy shroud,
Let drop his ears and said, with tears,
"This comes of being proud."

FAIRY-FOLK.

The story-books have told you
Of the fairy-folk so nice,
That make them leathern aprons
Of the ears of little mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
Like a cap upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
Instead of feather beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;
And come into your chambers,
And wear the leaves of roses,
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
Instead of feather beds!

The poor old woman died:
And Emeline Adair.
There lived a queer old pair
Of which old Mrs. Adair had told,
But moped till he broke his heart for
A pewter pan, and she didn't know
That work will be only a pleasure
That is buried full of gold!

And poor Emeline Adair.

Up and down and across the lot,
They expected not only to find the pot
And the pan, but the moon and stars!

Just one, and only one man stayed
At home and plied an honest trade,
Contented to be told
How they dug down under the shed,
And up and out through the turnip-bed,
Turning every inch of the lot,
And never finding sign of the pot
That was buried full of gold!

And when ten years were come and gone,
And poor old Emeline and John
Had nearly been forgot,
And who gives you rings and other things,
And every man and woman that is square
Who give you rings and other things,
And every man and woman that is square
And wear the leaves of roses,
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
Instead of feather beds!

The pig and the hen.
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she wouldn't go out.
"Mistress Hen," says the pig.
"Don't you be quite so big!
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear:
If I
Don't you be quite so big!
And the sooner you're off,"

RECIPE FOR AN APPETITE.

My lad, who sits at breakfast
With forehead in a frown,
And the fritter over-brown,—
With a frown upon his face,
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.

Will you try my recipe?

"You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear:
If I
Don't you be quite so big!
And the sooner you're off,"

And when it is time for supper,
Your bread and milk will be
As sweet as a comb of honey.
Will you try my recipe?

THE PIG AND THE HEN.

The pig and the hen,
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she wouldn't go out.
"Mistress Hen," says the pig.
"Don't you be quite so big!
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear:
If I
Don't you be quite so big!
And the sooner you're off,"

And when it is time for supper,
Your bread and milk will be
As sweet as a comb of honey.
Will you try my recipe?
"If you'll just allow me, I will show you a nice place to pick!"

So she followed him off. And they ate from one trough — They had quarreled for nothing, they saw.

And when they had fed, "Neighbor Hen," the pig said, "Won't you stay here and roost in my straw?"

"No, I thank you; you see That I sleep in a tree,"

Said the hen; "but I must go away; So a grateful good-by." "Make your home in my sty,"

Says the pig, "and come in every day." Now my child will not miss The true moral of this Little story of anger and strife; And they ate from one trough —

So a grateful good-by.

A LESSON OF MERCY.

A boy named Peter
Found once in the road All harmless and helpless, A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate, And all out of breath Cried, "John, come and help, And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones, The two went on the run, Saying, one to the other, "Oh won't we have fun?"

Thus prised and all ready, They'd got nearly back, When a donkey came Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much As the donkey could draw, And he came with his head Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless, The poor little toad, A-taking his morning nap Right in the road.

He shivered at first, Then he drew back his leg; And set up his ears, Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad, With his warm nose a dump, And he woke and got off With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye Turned on Peter and John, And hanging his homely head Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John," Says Peter, "that's flat, In the face of an eye and An action like that!"

"For my part, I have n't The heart to," says John; "But the load is too heavy That donkey has on:

"Let's help him;" so both lads Set off with a will And came up with the cart At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder Had put to the wheel, They helped the poor donkey A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top Back again they both run, Agreeing they never Had had better fun.

THE FLOWER SPIDER.

You've read of a spider, I suppose, Dear children, or been told, That has a back as red as a rose, And legs as yellow as gold.

Well, one of these fine creatures ran In a bed of flowers, you see, Until a drop of dew in the sun Was hardly as bright as she.

Her two plump sides, they were be- spraying, one to the other, "Oh won't we have fun?"

Thus prised and all ready, They'd got nearly back, When a donkey came Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much As the donkey could draw, And he came with his head Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless, The poor little toad, A-taking his morning nap Right in the road.

He shivered at first, Then he drew back his leg; And set up his ears, Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad, With his warm nose a dump, And he woke and got off With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye Turned on Peter and John, And hanging his homely head Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John," Says Peter, "that's flat, In the face of an eye and An action like that!"

"For my part, I have n't The heart to," says John; "But the load is too heavy That donkey has on:

"Let's help him;" so both lads Set off with a will And came up with the cart At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder Had put to the wheel, They helped the poor donkey A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top Back again they both run, Agreeing they never Had had better fun.

THE FLOWER SPIDER.

You've read of a spider, I suppose, Dear children, or been told, That has a back as red as a rose, And legs as yellow as gold.

Well, one of these fine creatures ran In a bed of flowers, you see, Until a drop of dew in the sun Was hardly as bright as she.

Her two plump sides, they were be- spraying, one to the other, "Oh won't we have fun?"

Thus prised and all ready, They'd got nearly back, When a donkey came Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much As the donkey could draw, And he came with his head Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless, The poor little toad, A-taking his morning nap Right in the road.

He shivered at first, Then he drew back his leg; And set up his ears, Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad, With his warm nose a dump, And he woke and got off With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye Turned on Peter and John, And hanging his homely head Down, he went on.
And she answered, "I must label
Each of you a little dunce,
Since to look into the stable
Would have settled it at once!"

Forth ran Dan with Dimple after,
And full soon came humming back
Shouting, all agrees with laughter,
That the horse's tail was black!

So they both agreed to profit
By the lesson they had learned,
And to tell each other of it
Often as the fit returned.

TO A HONEY-BEE

"Busy-body, busy-body,
Always on the wing,
Wait a bit, where you have lit,
Into the rose's lap.
Come, just a minute come,
From your snowy bed.
Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said.

Busy-body, busy-body,
Always light and gay,
And don't keep us waiting here
All night long!
Not any brandy?
Landlord, drum
Something or other up.
And don't keep us waiting here
All night long!

Not any toddy?
Not the least bit little?
Whiskey and water, then,
Not any cider?
And ale won't do.
A brandy-smasher, then.
And don't keep us waiting here
All night long?

What will be, will be;
A good many workers
Did just the best for you he could,
And turn my work to play.

THE POEMS OF ALICE CARY.

272

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

273

And don't fetch cigars in,
And don't fetch a light!

"We're on our way home
To our children and wives,
And would not stay plaguing them
Not for our lives;
Fetch only the water,
The rest is all wrong,
We can't take the chances
Of staying too long."

WHAT A BIRD TAUGHT.

"Why do you come to my apple-tree,
Little bird so gray?"
Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-twit-twee!
That was all he would say.

"Why do you lock your rosy feet
So closely round the spray?"
Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-twit-tweet!
That was all he would say.

"Why on the topmost bough do you get,
Little bird so gray?"
Twit-twit-twee! twit-twit-twit!
That was all he would say.

"Where is your mate? come answer me,
Little bird so gray?"
Twit-twit-twit! twit-twit-twee!
That was all he would say.

"And has she little rosy feet?
And is her body gray?"
Twit-twit-tweet! twit-twit-twit!
That was all he would say.

"And will she come with you and sit
In my apple-tree some day?"
Twit-twit-twee! twit-twit-twit!
He said as he flew away.

"Let's make it seem so very sweet?
And then it came to me.
This little wilding of the wood,
With wing so gray and fleet,
Did just the best for you he could,
And that is why 't was sweet.

OLD MAXIMS.

I think there are some maxims
Under the sun,
Scarcely worth preservation;
But here, boys, is one:
"Fetch only the water,
The rest is all wrong;
We can't take the chances
Of staying too long."

If you want to have riches,
And want to have friends,
Don't trample the means down
And take the ends;
But always remember
Wherever you go,
The wisdom of practicing.

"How your own row!"

Don't just sit and pray
For increase of your store,
Nor just work for the sake of
But work who will help himself,
Heaven helps more.

The seeds while you're sleeping,
Will come up and grow,
But if you would have the
Full car, you must hoe;
Nor will it do only
To hoe out the weeds,
You must make your ground mel-
low
And put in the seeds;
And when the young blade
Pushes through, you must know
There is nothing will strengthen
Its growth like the hoe!

There's no use of saying
What will be, will be;
Once try it, my lack-brain,
And see what you'll see!

Why, just small potatoes,
And few in a row;
What will be, will be;
To hoe out the weeds,
Some builders of houses,
And see what you'll see!
And they that were prospered,
"Hoe your own row!"

A good many workers
I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
And they that were prospered,
Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
"Hoe your own row!"
PETER GREY.

Honest little Peter Grey
Keeps at work the livelong day,
For his mother is as poor as a mouse ;
And he wears an old coat and a bag.
But little Peter Grey
Never any shape nor way
Doth evil for evil return ;
For his mother is as poor as a mouse ;
And he does not look much like a man,
And drowsiness clothes men with laziness ;
And he who has not earned his money
Will never have friends, first or last.

I've known, too, a good many
Idlers, who said,
"I've right to my living,
The world owes me bread ! "
A right ! Easy lubber !
A thousand times No !
'T is his, and his only
Who hoes his own row.

TELLING FORTUNES.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures —
They cannot be found thus I know ;
Nor yet fall a-digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe.

The bee has to work for the honey,
The drake has no right to the food,
And he who has not earned his money
Will get out of his money no good at all.
The ant builds her house with her
Shoulder and her back,
The squirrel looks out for his mast,
And he who depends on his neighbor
Will never have friends, first or last.

In short, 'tis no better than theing,
Though Peter is a harsh name to call ;
Good things to be always receiving,
And never to give back at all.
And do not put off till tomorrow
The thing that you ought to do now,
But first set the share in the furrow,
And then set your hand to the plough.

The time is too short to be waiting,
The day maketh haste to the night,
And it's just as hard work to be
Your work as to do it outright.
Know this, too, before you are older,
And all the fresh morning is gone,
Who puts to the world's wheel a
And he who has not earned his money
Will never have friends, first or last.

Don't be afraid of getting caught,
Believe me there's truth in the saying:
"There always is room at the top."
To conscience be true, and to man
Keep faith, hope, and love, in your
And when you have done all you can do,
Why, then you may trust for the rest.

The one of them good, and the other
one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you
choose?
I see by my gift, within reach of your
hand.
A fortune right fair to behold ;
A house and a hundred good acres of
land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.
I see a great orchard, the boughs hang-
ing down
With apples of russet and red ;
I see groves of cattle, some white and
brown,
But all of them sleek and well-fed.
I see doves and swallows about the
barn doors,
See the fanning-mill whirling so
fast,
See men that are threshing the wheat
on the
floors ;
And now the bright picture is past !
And I see, rising dismayingly up in the
place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his
face,
And a little brown jug in his hand !

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you
would wish
That he were less wretched to see ;
For his boot-toes, they gape like the
mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee !
In walking he staggers, now this way,
Now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a
bug's,
And his trousers are cut at the knee !
In walking he staggerers, now this way,
Now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a
bug's,
And he wears an old coat and a basted-
er hat,
And I think that the fault is the
jug's !
For our text says the drunkard shall
come to poverty,
And drowsiness clothes men with
rags ;
And he who don't look much like a man,
I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his
bags,
Now which will you choose? to be
thrift and snug,
And to be right side up with your
dish;
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes
of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a
fish !

THE WISE FAIRY.

Once, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree.
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand.
For she was the friend of the friend-
less,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
Fatigued, day by day,
Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their dis-
taffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor children
Their goats from the pastures take,
Or saw them milking and milking,
Till their arms were ready to break,
What a plashing in their milking-
pails
Her gifts of gold would make !

Sometimes in the night, a fisher
Would hear her sweet low call,
And all at once a salmon of gold!
Right out of his net would fall ;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.
Ah! with what a world of blushes
To some rhyme of mystic charming
Garden corners bright with roses,
Holding up the mist above her
See the fountains by the waysides,
I can see the hilly places,
All the valleys sprinkled over
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
This one facing to the hill-tops
I can see them through the twilight,
Of the cares of day are ended,

"T'is not the gold we waste or hold,
"We must learn to spend to some good
So, by and by the people
Got open their stupid eyes :
"We cannot die ? my little darling,
"Think you you shall ever lie
When before the frowning master
Late and lagging in we came,
I will read with him," I said.

A CHILD'S WISDOM.

WHEN the cares of day are ended,
And I take my evening rest,
Of the windows of my chamber
This is that I love the best ;
This one facing to the hill-tops
And the orchards of the west.
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the fields of waving grain,
All the valleys sprinkled over
With the drops of sunlit rain,
I can see them through the twilight,
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,
With the sheep-paths trod across ;
See the fountains by the waysides,
Each one in her house of moss,
Holding up the mist above her
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,
Garden borders set with mint,
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the valleys sprinkled over
All the fields of waving grain.

Ah! with what a world of blushes
Then they read it through and through,

Wheedling out the tangled sentence
From the commas of the dew : Little ladies, choose ye wisely,
Lost some day the choice ye rue.
I can see a troop of children,
Merry-hearted boys and girls,
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Feet of coral, legs of pearls,
Feeding out the tangled sentence

Where the oak, black and blasted,
Trembled on his knotty knees,
Where the nestle teazed the cattle,
Where the wild crab-apple trees
Blushed with bitter fruit to mock us ;
"T was not I that was to please :" Where the ox, with horn for pushing,
Chafed within his prison stall ;
Where the long-leaved poison-ivy
Clambered up the broken wall ;
Ah! no matter, still I loved him
First and last and best of all.

A CHILD'S WISDOM.

WHEN the cares of day are ended,
And I take my evening rest,
Of the windows of my chamber
This is that I love the best ;
This one facing to the hill-tops
And the orchards of the west.
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the fields of waving grain,
All the valleys sprinkled over
With the drops of sunlit rain,
I can see them through the twilight,
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,
With the sheep-paths trod across ;
See the fountains by the waysides,
Each one in her house of moss,
Holding up the mist above her
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,
Garden borders set with mint,
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the valleys sprinkled over
All the fields of waving grain.

Ah! with what a world of blushes
Then they read it through and through,

Wheedling out the tangled sentence
From the commas of the dew : Little ladies, choose ye wisely,
Lost some day the choice ye rue.
I can see a troop of children,
Merry-hearted boys and girls,
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Feet of coral, legs of pearls,
Feeding out the tangled sentence

Where the oak, black and blasted,
Trembled on his knotty knees,
Where the nestle teazed the cattle,
Where the wild crab-apple trees
Blushed with bitter fruit to mock us ;
"T was not I that was to please :" Where the ox, with horn for pushing,
Chafed within his prison stall ;
Where the long-leaved poison-ivy
Clambered up the broken wall ;
Ah! no matter, still I loved him
First and last and best of all.

A CHILD'S WISDOM.

WHEN the cares of day are ended,
And I take my evening rest,
Of the windows of my chamber
This is that I love the best ;
This one facing to the hill-tops
And the orchards of the west.
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the fields of waving grain,
All the valleys sprinkled over
With the drops of sunlit rain,
I can see them through the twilight,
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,
With the sheep-paths trod across ;
See the fountains by the waysides,
Each one in her house of moss,
Holding up the mist above her
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,
Garden borders set with mint,
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the valleys sprinkled over
All the fields of waving grain.

Ah! with what a world of blushes
Then they read it through and through,

Wheedling out the tangled sentence
From the commas of the dew : Little ladies, choose ye wisely,
Lost some day the choice ye rue.
I can see a troop of children,
Merry-hearted boys and girls,
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Feet of coral, legs of pearls,
Feeding out the tangled sentence

Where the oak, black and blasted,
Trembled on his knotty knees,
Where the nestle teazed the cattle,
Where the wild crab-apple trees
Blushed with bitter fruit to mock us ;
"T was not I that was to please :" Where the ox, with horn for pushing,
Chafed within his prison stall ;
Where the long-leaved poison-ivy
Clambered up the broken wall ;
Ah! no matter, still I loved him
First and last and best of all.

A CHILD'S WISDOM.

WHEN the cares of day are ended,
And I take my evening rest,
Of the windows of my chamber
This is that I love the best ;
This one facing to the hill-tops
And the orchards of the west.
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the fields of waving grain,
All the valleys sprinkled over
With the drops of sunlit rain,
I can see them through the twilight,
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,
With the sheep-paths trod across ;
See the fountains by the waysides,
Each one in her house of moss,
Holding up the mist above her
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,
Garden borders set with mint,
All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the valleys sprinkled over
All the fields of waving grain.

Ah! with what a world of blushes
Then they read it through and through,
PHŒBE CARY'S POEMS.
BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

DOVECOTE MILL.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

From the old sap's climbing and grand,
Smashing away on other plan.
Lie fields of bread and barley food.

Across the scene everywhere
The look of smiling distant sea.
That tells of the mind's refreshing ease.

Here blossoms the clover, white and red,
Here the haycut in a tangle sprawl.
And the miller lifts her golden head.

And, rippling, closely neighbor'd by
Fields of barley and fair white rye.
The wheel of wheat moves strong and high.

And near, planted through the summer days,
Lining their square in the rye's force blues.
Stand the bearded ranks of the rye.

Standing over the side of the hill,
Here the sheep run to and fro at will.
Nibbling of short green great their fill.

Slick cows down the pasture take their ways,
Or lie in the shade through the sunit days.
Idle, and too full-fed to graze.

Ah, you might wander far and wide,
Nor find a spot in the country side.
So fair to see as our valley's green!

Here, just beyond, if it will be time
Your feet to climb this green knoll higher.
We can see the pretty village space.

And, in the distance, of the whispering willows,
The wood, that all the background fills,
Shewing the tops to the mill-crowded hills.

There, miles away, like a faint blue line.
Whenever the day is clear and fine
You can see the track of a river ship.

Near is a city hides unseen.
Shut close the verdant hills between.
As an acre set in its cup of green.

And right beneath, at the foot of the hill.
The little creek flows swift and still.
That turns the wheel of Dovecote Mill.

Nearest the gard'nd old house one sees
Fair rows of thrifty apple-trees.
And tall straight pears, o'er-topping these.

And down at the foot of the garden, love.
On a rustic bench, a pretty show,
White bee-hives, standing in a row.

Here trimmed in spleens with blossoms each.
Of the little bees in easy reach,
Hang the bustle of the plum and peach.

At the garden's head are poplars tall.
And peacocks, making their harsh loud call,
Sun themselves all day on the wall.
BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

DOVECOTE MILL.

THE HOMESTEAD.

FROM the old Squire's dwelling, gloomy and grand,
Stretching away on either hand,
Lie fields of broad and fertile land.

Acres on acres everywhere
The look of smiling plenty wear,
That tells of the master's thoughtful care.

Here blossoms the clover, white and red,
Here the heavy oats in a tangle spread;
And the millet lifts her golden head.

And, ripening, closely neighbored by fields of barley and pale white rye
The yellow wheat grows strong and high.

And near, untried through the summer days
Lifting their spears in the sun's fierce blaze,
Stand the bearded ranks of the maize.

Straying over the side of the hill,
Here the sheep run to and fro at will,
Nibbling of short green grass their fill.

Sleek cows down the pasture take their ways,
Or lie in the shade through the sultry days,
Idle, and too full-fed to graze.

Ah, you might wander far and wide,
Nor find a spot in the country side,
So fair to see as our valley's pride!

How, just beyond, if it will not tire
Your feet to climb this green knoll higher,
We can see the pretty village spire;
And, mystic haunt of the whippoor-wills,
The wood, that all the background fills,
Crowning the tops to the mill-creek hills.

There, miles away, like a faint blue line,
Whenever the day is clear and fine
You can see the track of a river shine.

Near it a city hides unseen,
Shut close the verdant hills between,
As an acorn set in its cup of green.

And right beneath, at the foot of the hill
The little creek flows swift and still,
That turns the wheel of Dovecote Mill.

Nearer the grand old house one sees
Fair rows of thrifty apple-trees,
And tall straight pears, o'ertopping these.

And down at the foot of the garden, low,
On a rustic bench, a pretty show,
White bee-hives, standing in a row.

Here trimmed in sprigs with blossoms, each
Of the little bees in easy reach,
Hang the boughs of the plum and peach.

At the garden's head are poplars, tall,
And peacocks, making their harsh loud call,
Sun themselves all day on the wall.
And here you will find on every hand
Walks, and fountains, and statues grand,
And trees from many a foreign land.
And flowers, that only the learned can name,
Here glow and burn like a gorgeous flame,
Putting the poor man’s blooms to shame.
Far away from their native air
The Norway pines their green dress wear;
And larches swing their long loose hair.
Near the porch grows the broad catalpa tree,
And o’er it the grand wistaria,
Born to the purple of royalty.
There looking the same for a weary while,
’T was built in this heavy, gloomy prime,
Stands the mansion, a grand old pile.
Always closed, as it is to-day,
And the proud Squire, so the neighbors say,
Frowns each unwelcome guest away.
If you ask, will shake their heads of prime,
Though grave and quiet at any time, —
But the prettiest sight when all is done,
Is little Bethy, the gardener’s pet.

THE MILL.

With cobwebs and dust on the window spread,
On the walls and the rafters overhead,
Rises the old mill, rusty red.

Grim as the man who calls it his own,
Outside, from the gray foundation stone,
To the roof with spongy moss o’er-grown.

Through a loop-hole made in the gable wing,
In and out like arrows fly.
The slender swallow, swift and shy.

And with bosoms purple, brown, and white,
Along the eves, in the shimmering light,
Sits a row of doves from morn till night.

While the mother seems with a love more deep
To guard her always, awake or asleep,
As one with a sacred trust to keep.

Here in the square room, parlor and hall,
Stand the stiff-backed chairs against the wall,
And the clock in the corner, straight and tall.

Ranged on the cupboard shelf in sight,
Glistens the china, snowy white,
And the spoons and platters, burnished bright.

Oft will a bird, or a butterfly dare
To venture in through the window bare,
And opened wide for the summer air.

And sitting near it you may feel
Faint scent of herbs from the garden field,
And the sound of the miller’s wheel.

With wife and child, and his plot to tend,
Here the gardener lives contented still,
Let the world outside go on as it will.

THE GARDENER’S HOME.

Well, you have seen it — a tempting spot!
Now come with me through the orchard plot
And down the lane to the gardener’s cot.
Look where it hides almost unseen,
And pathways the sheltering vines between,
Like a white flower out of a bush of green.

Cosy as nest of a bird inside,
Here is no room for show or pride,
And the open door swings free and wide.

Across the well-worn stepping-stone,
With the ground-bry half o’ergrown,
You may pass, as if the house were your own.

You are welcome here to come or stay,
For to all the host has enough to say;
And the good-wife smiles in a pleasant way.

’T is a pretty place to see in the time,
When the vines in bloom o’er the rude walls climb,
And Nature laughs in her joyful prime.

Borders the rose, early and late,
A narrow gravelled walk leads straight up to the door from the rustic gate.

Here the lilac flings her perfume wide,
And the sweet-brier, up to the lattice tied,
Seems trying to push herself inside.

A little off to the right, one sees
Some black and sturdy walnut-trees,
And locusts, whose white flowers scent the breeze.

And the Dovecote Mill stands just beyond,
With its dull red walls, and the drumming sound
Of the slow wheel, turning round and round.

Here the full creek rushes noisily,
Though oft in summer it runs half dry,
And its song is only a lullaby.

But the prettiest sight when all is done,
That the eye or mind can rest upon,
Or in the house or out in the sun; —
And whatever beside you may have met,
The picture you will not soon forget,—
Is little Bethy, the gardener’s pet.

Ever his honest laughing eyes Beam with a new and glad surprise,
At the wit of her childish quaint replies.

Less quiet far is the place within,
Where the falling meal o’erruns the bin,
And you hear the busy stir and din.

Grave is the miller’s mien and pace,
But his boy, with ruddy, laughing face, Is good to see in this sombre place.

And little Bethy will say to you,
That he is good and brave and true,
And the wisest boy you ever knew!

“Why Robert,” she says, “was never heard
To speak a cross or a wicked word,
And he would n’t injure even a bird!”

And he, with boyish love and pride,
Ever since she could walk by his side, Has been her playmate and her guide.

For he lived in the world three years before
Bethy her baby beauty wore;
And is taller than she by a head or more.

Up the plank and over the sill,
In and out at their childish will,
They played about the old red mill.

They watched the mice through the corn-sacks steal,
The steady shower of the snowy meal,
And the water falling over the wheel.

They loved to stray in the garden walks, Bordered by stately hollyhocks.
And pinks and odorous marigold stalks.

Where lilies and tulips stood in line By the candytuft and the columbine,
And lady-grass, like a ribbon fine.

Where the daffodil wore her golden lace,
And the prince’s-feather blushed in the face.

And the cockspur looked as vain as his race.

And here, as gay as the birds in the bowers,
Our children lived through their life’s first hours,
And grew till their heads o’ertopped the flowers.
THE POEMS OF PHOEBE CARY.

SUGAR-MAKING.

Swiftly onward the seasons flew,
And enough to see and enough to do.
Our children found the long year through,
Their playtime came on the fields of snow.

They followed the sturdy hired man,
Whose brevity of arms and face of tan,
Who gathered the sap each day as it ran,
And they thought it a very funny sight.
The yoke that he wore, like "Buck and Bright,"
Across his shoulders, broad, upright.

They watched the fires, with awe profound.
Go lapping the great black kettles round.
And out the chimney, with rushing sound.

They loved the noise of the brook, that slid
Swift under its icy, broken lid,
That first in March her head upheaves;
And they found her where the delicate flower was hid.

That first in March her head upheaves;
And they found the tender "adam-and-eves"
Beneath their bower of glossy leaves.

They gathered spice-wood and ginseng roots,
And the boy could fashion whistles and flutes.

So every season its pleasure found;
Though the children never strayed beyond
The dear old hills that hemmed them round.

THE PLAYMATES.

Behind the cottage the mill-creek flowed,
And before it, white and shining, showed
The narrow track of the winter road,
The creek when low, showed a sandy floor,
And many a green old sycamore
Threw its shade in summer from shore to shore.

And just a quiet country lane,
Fringed close by fields of grass and grain,
Was the crooked road that crossed the plain.

Out of the fragrant funnel's bed
On its bank, the purple iron-weed spread
Her broad top over the mullein's head.

Off through the straggling town it wound.
Then led you down to beech-wood pond,
And up to the school-house, just beyond.

Not far away was a wood's deep shade
Where, larger grown, the boy and maid,
Searching for flowers and berries, strayed,
And oft they went the field-paths through,
Where all the things she liked he knew,
And the very places where they grew.

The hidden nook where Nature set
The wind-flower and the violet,
And the mountain-fringe in hollows wet.

The solomon's-seal, of gold so fine,
And the king-cup, holding its dewy wine
Up to the crowned dandilion.

He gathered the ripe nuts in the fall,
And berries that grew by fence and wall
So high she could not reach them at all.

And berries that grew by fence and wall
Who loves not the spot where a boy he took,
And hard indeed must a man be made,
Who remembers a childhood, happy and true.

One good we can all keep safe and sure
And there was n't a "sum" that he could n't "do!" 
For many a dull and rainy day
They wailed the hours till night away
Up in the mow on the scented hay.

And many a dress was soiled and torn
In climbing about the dusty barn
And up to the loft of wheat and corn.
For they loved to hear on the roof, the rain.
And to count the bins, again and again,
Heaped with their treasures of golden grain.

They played with the maize's sword-like leaves,
And tossed the rye and the osten sheaves,
In autumn piled to the very eaves.

They peeped in the stalls where the cattle fed,
And fixed their swing to the beam overhead,—
Turned the wind-mill, huge, and round, and red.

And the treasure of treasures, the pet and toy,
The source alike of his care and joy,
Was the timid girl to the brave bright boy.

When they went to school, her hand he took,
Lead her, and helped her over stile and brook,
And carried her basket, slate, and book.

Oh, youth, whatever we lose or secure,
One good we can all keep safe and sure.
Who remembers a childhood, happy and pure!

And hard indeed must a man be made,
By the toil and traffic of gain and trade,
Who loves not the spot where a boy he played.
And I pity that woman, or grave or gay,
Who keeps not fresh in her heart alway
The tender dreams of her life's young day!

THE SCHOOL.

Swiftly the seasons sped away,
And soon to our children came the day
When their life had work as well as play.

When they trudged each morn to the school-house set
Where the winter road and the highway met—
Ah! how plainly I see it yet!

With its noisy play-ground trampled so
By the quick feet, running to and fro,
That not a blade of grass could grow.

And the maple-grove across the road,
The hollow where the cool spring flowed,
And greenly the mint and calamus showed.

And the house—unpainted, dingy, low,
Shielded a little from sun and snow,
By its three stiff locusts in a row.

I can see the floor, all dusty and bare,
With its noisy play-ground trampled so
By the quick feet, running to and fro,
That not a blade of grass could grow.

And himself, not withered, cross, and grim,
But a youth, well-favored, shy, and Trim;
More awed by the girls than they by him.

With a poet's eye and a lover's voice,
Unused to the ways of rustic boys,
And shrinking from all rude speech and noise.

Where is he? Where should we find again
The children who played together there?
If alive, sad women and thoughtful men:

Where now is Eleanor proud and fine?
And where is dark-eyed Angivine,
Rebecca, Annie, and Caroline?

And timid Lucy with pale gold hair,
And soft brown eyes that unaware
Drew your heart to her, and held it there?

There was blushing Rose, the beauty and pride
Of her home, and all the country side;
She was the first we loved who died.

And the joy and pride of our life's young years,
The one we loved without doubts or fears.
Alas! to-day he is named with tears.

I think of the boy no father claimed,
Of him, a fall from the swing had laid,
And the girl whose hand in the mil.

And the lad too sick and sad to play,
Who ceased to come to school one day,
And on the next he had passed away.

And I know the look the master wore
When he told us our mate of the day
Before—

Would never be with us any more!

And how on a grassy slope he was laid.

We could see the place from where we played—
A sight to make young hearts afraid.

Sometimes we went by two and three,
And read on his tombstone thoughtfully

"As I am now so you must be."
Brothers with brothers fighting, slain,
From out those school-boys some have lain
Their bones to bleach on the battle-plains.

THE COUNTRY GRAVE-YARD.

Here lieth one, who shouldered his gun,
And to have her fingers, soft and white,
Lay in her lap, with jewels bright.

And with never a task from morn till night?

The one we loved without doubts or fears.
Alas! to-day he is named with tears.

She was the first we loved who died.

But the boy as it went, to manhood grew,
Steady and honest, good and true.

Doing the work that was near his hand,
Still of Bethy he thought and planned,
To him the flower of all the land.

And tall shy Bethy more quiet seems,
With a tenderer light her soft eye beams,
And her thoughts are vague as the dreams of dreams.

Oft she sings in an undertone
Of fears and sorrows not her own,—
The pains that love-born maidens have known.

Does she think as she breathes the tender sigh,
Of the lover that's coming, by and by?
If she will not tell you, how should I?

And when she walks in the evening st
Over the rich Squire's pleasant land,
Does she long to be a lady, grand,
And to have her fingers, soft and white,

THE POEMS OF PHCEBE CARY.

And I pity that woman, or grave or gay,
Who keeps not fresh in her heart alway
The tender dreams of her life's young day!

And with never a task from morn till night?
He kept his ancient dress and ways,
Nor learned the fashion of modern days.
But here he had laid aside his staff,
And you read half-worn, and guessed it half
His quaint and self-made epitaph,—
"Stoop down, my friends, and view his dust
Who turned out one among the first
To secure the rights you hold in trust.
"Support the Constitution, plain!
By being united we form the chain
That binds the tyrant o'er the main!"
Here from the good dead shut away
By a dismal paling, broken and gray,
This is the way her thought would start
Till she came on his breast to lie,
Oh, if he came now, and if he spake,
What answer should she, could she make?
This was the way her thought would take.

Wooing.
Now in the waning autumn days
The dull red sun, with lurid blaze,
Shines through the soft and smoky haze.
Fallen across the garden bed,
So many a flower that reared its head
Proudly in summer, lies stiff and dead.
The pinks and roses have ceased to blow,
The foxgloves stand in a long black row,
And the daffodils perished long ago.
Now the poplar rears his yellow spire,
As it might before a passionless saint.
The hope within his heart grows faint,
Looking away from the book on her knees,
Pretty Bethy at sunset sees,
Some one under the sycamore trees,
Walking and musing slow, apart; —
Leap to her cheek from her foolish heart?

And why should these two lovers have
More of thoughtless folly or wisdom's lore
Than all the world who have lived before?
Nay, she gives her hand to him who won
Her heart, and she says, when this is done,
There is no other under the sun
Could be to her what he hath been;
For he to her girlish fancy then
Was the only man in the world of men.
She is ready to take his hand and name,
For better or worse, for honor or blame;
God grant it may always be the same.

Flighted.
Oh, the tender joy of those autumn hours,
When fancy clothed with spring the flowers,
And the dead leaves under the feet seemed flowers!
Oh, the blessed, blessed days of youth,
When the heart is filled with gentle ruth,
And lovers take their dreams for truth.
Oh, the hopes they had, and the plans they planned,
The man and the maid, as hand in hand,
They walked in a fair, enchanted land!
Marred with no jealousy, fear, or doubt.
At worst, but a little pet or pout,
Just for the "making up," no doubt!
Have I said how looked our wood nymph, wild?
And how in these days she always
Complain.
290

THE POEMS OF PHOEBE CARY.

Her voice had a tender pleading tone,  
She was just a rose-bud, almost grown  
And before its leaves are fully blown.

Graceful and tall as a lily fair,  
The peach lent the bloom to her blushes rare,  
And the thrush the brown of her rippling hair.

Colored with violet, blue were her eyes,  
Stolen from the breeze her gentle sighs,  
And her soul was borrowed from the skies.

And you, if a man, could hardly fail,  
If you saw her tripping down the dale,  
To think her a Princess of fairy tale;  
Doomed for a time by charm or spell,  
Deep in some lonely, haunted dell,  
With mischief-loving elves to dwell.

Or bound for a season, body and soul,  
Underneath a great green knoll,  
To live alone with a wicked Troll.

You would have feared her form so slight  
Would vanish into the air or light,  
Or sudden, sink in the earth from sight.

And you must have looked, and longed to see  
The handsome Prince who should set her free.

Sometimes Bethy would lightly say,  
Partly in earnest, partly in play,—  
"I wish it would never again be May!"

And he would answer, half pleased, half tried,  
As he drew her nearer to his side,  
"Nay, nay, for in spring I shall have my bride."

And she'd cry in a pretty childish pet,  
"Ah! then you must have whom you can get;  
I shall not marry for ages yet."

Then gravely he'd shake his head at this:  
But things went never so far amiss  
They were not righted at last by a kiss.

And so the seasons sped merry and fast,  
And the budding spring-time came, and passed,  
And the wedding day was set at last.

With never a quarrel, scarce a fear,  
They kept their wooing a whole sweet year.

In the village church where a child she was led,  
Where a maiden she sang in the choir o'erhead,  
There were Bethy and Robert wed.

Strong, yet tender and good looked he,  
As he took her almost reverently,  
And she was a pleasant sight to see.

And men and women, far and wide,  
 Came from village and country side  
To wish them joy and to greet the bride.

But whatever they gain or whatever they miss,  
The poor have no time in a world like this,  
To waste in sorrow or happiness.

For men who have their bread to earn  
Must plant and gather and grind the corn,  
And the miller goes to the mill at morn.

He blushes a little, it may be,  
As with jokes about his family  
The rough hands tease him merrily.

But lightly, gayly, as he replies,  
A braver, prouder light in his eyes  
Shows that he loves and can guard his prize.

And the voice o'er the roar of the mill-wheel heard,  
In the house is as soft in every word,  
As if the wife were some timid bird.

And he strokes her hair as we handle such  
Dear things that we love to pet so much,  
And yet are half afraid to touch.

And Bethy, pretty, young, and gay,  
Trying the strange new matron way,  
Seems to "make believe," like a child at play,  
In and out the whole day long,  
At work in the house, or her flowers among.

And Betty, her heart was soft you know,  
To herself, as she heard it, whispered low,  
"Who knows what sorrow has made him so?"

And looking away towards the gloomy hall,  
She said, "I wish he had come for all!"

Home through the green and shady lane,  
The way their childish feet had tane,  
They came as man and wife again.

Just to the low old cottage here,  
Among the friends and places dear  
(For the gardener was not dead a year).

And why, as the great do, should they range?  
They needs must find enough of change,  
They are come to a world that is new and strange.

Lovingly eventide comes on,  
The feast is eaten, the friends are gone,  
And husband and wife are left alone.

In kindly parting they have prest  
The band of every lingering guest,  
And now they shut us out with the rest.

Oh, joy too sacred to look upon,  
The very angels may leave alone,  
Two happy souls by love made one!
THE BABY.

O'er the miller's cottage the seasons glide,
And at the next year's Christmas-tide
We see her a mother, we saw a bride.
And Bethy, even more tender grown,
Says, almost with tears in her tone,
How he's growing old in his home alone.

But never trembled yet on her tongue,
So the miller and wife live on in their cot
Troubled, content with what they will.

The dream of the father

The FATHER.

Hushed is the even-song of the bird,
Naught but the kitten is heard,
And the sound of leaves by the night wind stirred.

Close wrapped in many a dainty fold,
She gave the mother her babe to hold.

And Bethy, the honest miller's wife,
Whom he loves as he loves his very life,
May be with him and herself at strife.

And he, from his hand she slips,
Leaves the mark on her waist of finger
Tips,
And powders her pretty face and lips.

For now, that her life is so bright and gay,
May have lain and dreamed on our bed

And of sorrowful women everywhere,
Who sit with empty hands to hold

So the law and order make their way
To the happy Miller of Dovecote Mill.

With him she waits for as night grows slow:

The wheel is still that has turned all day,
And the mill stream runs at its own pace,
Under the thin mist, cool and gray.

The Squire, who owns the Dovecote Mill,
Bears the mark on her waist of finger

The watchers, near him, whisper slow;
And of sorrowful women everywhere,
Who sit with empty hands to hold

And Bethy, even more tender grown,
Says, almost with tears in her tone,
How he's growing old in his home alone.

For now, that her life is so bright and gay,
May have lain and dreamed on our bed

And the child in the cradle, breathing slow;

The wheel is still that has turned all day,
And the mill stream runs at its own pace,
Under the thin mist, cool and gray.

And the little vine-clad home in the dell
With this quiet beauty suited well,
For it seems a place where peace should dwell.

And the friends who loved her used to say, —
"Hard and cruel and stern, alway;" —
And yet it might be all for the best!

And Bethy, even more tender grown,
Says, almost with tears in her tone,
How he's growing old in his home alone.

For now, that her life is so bright and gay,
May have lain and dreamed on our bed

And of sorrowful women everywhere,
Who sit with empty hands to hold

And Bethy, the honest miller's wife,
Whom he loves as he loves his very life,
May be with him and herself at strife.
Slowly the watchers shook the head,  
They knew that his poor wits wandered;  
"Yet, now let him have his way," they said.

So when the turn of the night has come,  
She stands at his bedside, frightened, dumb,  
Holding his fingers, cold and numb.

He has sent the watchers and nurse away,  
And now he is keeping death at bay,  
Till he rids his soul of what he would say.

"Now, hear me, Bethy, I am not wild,  
As I hope to God to be reconciled,  
I had wealth and honors, she had none.

"And when I wooed her, she answered me,  
"Nay, I am too humble to wed with thee,  
Let me rather thine handmaid be!"

"From home with me, for love, she fled,  
The night that in secret we were wed;  
And she kept the secret, living and dead.

"Serving for wages duly paid,  
In my home she lived, as an humble maid,  
Till under the grass of the churchyard laid.

"Twenty years has remorse been fed,  
Twenty years has she lain there dead,  
Since in dying he made them mine.

"How you came to the world was known  
But to the gardener's wife alone,  
Who took, and reared you up as her own.

"Though conscience whispered, early and late,  
Your child is worthy a higher fate,  
Still shame and pride said, always wait.

"But alas! a debt unpaid grows vast.  
And whether it come, or slow or fast,  
The day of reckoning comes at last.

"So, all there was left to do, I have  
And the gold and the acres I have won  
Shall come to you with the morning's sun.

"And may this stone; oh would that it might,  
And lessen the guilt of my soul tonight,  
For the one great wrong that I cannot right.

Scarcely the daughter breathed or stirred,  
As she listened close for another word;  
But "Mercy!" was all that she ever said.

"Last night," she says, "as I watched,  
Came those from the great house hurriedly,  
Who said that the master sent for me:

"That his life was burned to a feeble flame.  
But sleeping or waking all the same,  
And day and night he called my name.

"So I followed wondering, where they led,  
And half bewildered, half in dread,  
I stood at midnight by his bed.

"What matter, to tell what he said again;  
The dreams perchance of a wandering brain;  
Only one thing is sure and plain.

"Of his gold and land and houses fine,  
All that he had, to-day is thine,  
Since in dying he made them mine.

"I would that the gift were in thy name,  
Yet mine or thine it is all the same;  
And we must not speak of the dead with blame.

"And who but thee should be his heir?  
Thou hast served him ever with faithful care,  
And he had no son his name to bear!"

Slowly, as one who marvelled still,  
Answered the Miller of Dovecote Mill,  
"'Tis a puzzle, tell it how you will.

"Why his child could never fare  
Than thou, with wealth enough and to spare,  
For it is not I but thou who art heir.

"'Tis not so strange it should come to thee,  
Thou wert fit for a lady, as all could see,  
And rich or poor, too good for me."

MEEK before him she bowed her head;  
"I want nor honor nor gold," she said,  
"I take my lot as it is instead.

"Keep gold and lands and houses fine,  
But give me thy love, as I give thee mine,  
And my wealth shall still be more than thine!

"And if I had been in a mansion bred,  
And not in a humble cot," she said,  
"I think we two should still have wed.

"The wife."  
Brightly the morning sunshine glowed,  
As slowly, thoughtfully, Bethy trod  
Towards the mill by the winter road.

Now she sees the mansion proud and gray,  
And its goodly acres stretching away,  
And she knows that these are hers to-day.

Glad visions surely before her rise,  
For bright in her cheek the color lies,  
And a strange new light in her tender eyes.

"A BALLAD OF LAUDERDALE.

A SHEPHERD'S child young Barbara grew,  
A wild flower of the vale;  
While gallant Duncan was the heir  
Of the Laird of Lauderdale.

He sat at ease in bower and hall  
With ladies gay and fine;  
A BALLAD OF LAUDERDALE.

Now she is rich, and a lady born,  
Does she think of her last year's wedding morn,  
And the house where she came a bride, with scorn?

And to him, unfit for a lady, grand,  
To whom she gave her willing hand,  
Though he brought her neither house nor land.

How will she meet him? what is his fate,  
Who eager leans o'er the rustic gate  
To watch her coming? Hush and wait!

No word she says as over the sill,  
And into the cottage low and still,  
She walks by the Miller of Dovecote Mill.

Why does she tremble, the goodman's dame,  
And turn away as she speaks his name?  
Is it for love, or alas! for shame?

"So, all there was left to do, I have  
And the gold and the acres I have won  
Shall come to you with the morning's sun.

"And may this stone; oh would that it might,  
And lessen the guilt of my soul tonight,  
For the one great wrong that I cannot right.

Scarcely the daughter breathed or stirred,  
As she listened close for another word;  
But "Mercy!" was all that she ever said.

"Last night," she says, "as I watched,  
Came those from the great house hurriedly,  
Who said that the master sent for me:

"That his life was burned to a feeble flame.  
But sleeping or waking all the same,  
And day and night he called my name.

"So I followed wondering, where they led,  
And half bewildered, half in dread,  
I stood at midnight by his bed.

"What matter, to tell what he said again;  
The dreams perchance of a wandering brain;  
Only one thing is sure and plain.

"Of his gold and land and houses fine,  
All that he had, to-day is thine,  
Since in dying he made them mine.

"I would that the gift were in thy name,  
Yet mine or thine it is all the same;  
And we must not speak of the dead with blame.

"And who but thee should be his heir?  
Thou hast served him ever with faithful care,  
And he had no son his name to bear!"

Slowly, as one who marvelled still,  
Answered the Miller of Dovecote Mill,  
"'Tis a puzzle, tell it how you will.

"Why his child could never fare  
Than thou, with wealth enough and to spare,  
For it is not I but thou who art heir.

"'Tis not so strange it should come to thee,  
Thou wert fit for a lady, as all could see,  
And rich or poor, too good for me."

MEEK before him she bowed her head;  
"I want nor honor nor gold," she said,  
"I take my lot as it is instead.

"Keep gold and lands and houses fine,  
But give me thy love, as I give thee mine,  
And my wealth shall still be more than thine!

"And if I had been in a mansion bred,  
And not in a humble cot," she said,  
"I think we two should still have wed.

"The wife."  
Brightly the morning sunshine glowed,  
As slowly, thoughtfully, Bethy trod  
Towards the mill by the winter road.

Now she sees the mansion proud and gray,  
And its goodly acres stretching away,  
And she knows that these are hers to-day.

Glad visions surely before her rise,  
For bright in her cheek the color lies,  
And a strange new light in her tender eyes.  

A BALLAD OF LAUDERDALE.

A SHEPHERD'S child young Barbara grew,  
A wild flower of the vale;  
While gallant Duncan was the heir  
Of the Laird of Lauderdale.

He sat at ease in bower and hall  
With ladies gay and fine;
She led her father's sheep at morn,
At eve she milked the kine.
O'er field and fell his stead he rode,
The foremost in the race;
She bounded graceful as the deer
He followed in the chase.
Yet oft he left his pleasant friends,
And, missing, walked apart;
For vague unrest and soft desire
Were stirring in his heart.
One morn, when others merrily
Wound horn within the wood,
He on the hill-side strayed alone,
In tender, thoughtful mood.
And there, with yellow snooded hair,
And plaid about her breast,
Tending her pretty flock of sheep,
Fair Barbara sat and sang.
The very heath-flower bent to hear,
And clear the maiden sang
The song of "Leader Haughs."
THE THREE WRENS.

Mr. Wren and his dear began early one year—
They were married, of course, on St. Valentine's Day,—
To build such a nest as was safest and best,
And to get it all finished and ready by May.

Their house, snug and fine, they set up in a vine
That sheltered a cottage from sunshine and heat:
Mrs. Wren said: "I am sure, this is nice and secure;
And besides, I can see in the house, or the street."

Mr. Wren, who began, like a wise married man,
To check his mate's weak inclination to roam,
Shook his little brown head, and provingly said:
"My dear, you had better be looking at home.
"You'll be trying the street pretty soon with your feet,
And neglecting your house and my comfort, no doubt,
And you'll find a pretext for a call on them next:
If you watch to see what other folks are about.

Mr. Wren did not say she would have her own way,
In fact, she seemed wonderfully meek and serene;
But she thought, I am sure, though she looked so demure,
"Well I don't care: I think you're most awkward mean!"

Mr. Wren soon flew off, thinking, likely enough,
I could manage a dozen such creatures with ease;
She began to reflect, I see what you expect,
But if I know myself, I shall look where I please!

However, at night, when he came from his flight,
Both acted as if there was nothing amiss:
Put a wing o'er their head, and went chirping to bed,
To dream of a summer of sunshine and bliss.

I need scarcely remark, they were up by day,
And by noon they were tired of work without play;
And thought it was best for the present to rest,
And then finish their task in the cool of the day.

So, concealed by the leaves that grew thick to the eaves,
He shut himself in, and he shut the world out;—
"Now," said she, "he's asleep, I will just take a peep
In the cottage, and see what the folks are about.

Then she looked very sly, from her perch safe and high,
Through the great open window, left wide for the sun;

And she said: "I can't see what the use
And neglecting your house and my comfort, no doubt,
And you'll find a pretext for a call on them next:
If you watch to see what other folks are about.

There's your own home to see, and besides there is here,
And this visiting neighbor is nonsence and stuff!
You would like to know why? well, you'd better not try;—
I don't choose to have you, and there is enough!"

Mrs. Wren did not say she would have her own way,
In fact, she seemed wonderfully meek and serene;
But she thought, I am sure, though she looked so demure,
"Well, I don't care: I think you're most awkward mean!"

Mr. Wren soon flew off, thinking, likely enough,
I could manage a dozen such creatures with ease;
She began to reflect, I see what you expect,
But if I know myself, I shall look where I please!

However, at night, when he came from his flight,
Both acted as if there was nothing amiss:
Put a wing o'er their head, and went chirping to bed,
To dream of a summer of sunshine and bliss.

I need scarcely remark, they were up by day,
And by noon they were tired of work without play;
And thought it was best for the present to rest,
And then finish their task in the cool of the day.

So, concealed by the leaves that grew thick to the eaves,
He shut himself in, and he shut the world out;—
"Now," said she, "he's asleep, I will just take a peep
In the cottage, and see what the folks are about.

Then she looked very sly, from her perch safe and high,
Through the great open window, left wide for the sun;

And she said: "I can't see what the use
And neglecting your house and my comfort, no doubt,
And you'll find a pretext for a call on them next:
If you watch to see what other folks are about.

There's your own home to see, and besides there is here,
And this visiting neighbor is nonsence and stuff!
You would like to know why? well, you'd better not try;—
I don't choose to have you, and there is enough!"

Mrs. Wren did not say she would have her own way,
In fact, she seemed wonderfully meek and serene;
But she thought, I am sure, though she looked so demure,
"Well, I don't care: I think you're most awkward mean!"

Mr. Wren soon flew off, thinking, likely enough,
I could manage a dozen such creatures with ease;
She began to reflect, I see what you expect,
But if I know myself, I shall look where I please!

However, at night, when he came from his flight,
Both acted as if there was nothing amiss:
Put a wing o'er their head, and went chirping to bed,
To dream of a summer of sunshine and bliss.

I need scarcely remark, they were up by day,
And by noon they were tired of work without play;
And thought it was best for the present to rest,
And then finish their task in the cool of the day.

So, concealed by the leaves that grew thick to the eaves,
He shut himself in, and he shut the world out;—
"Now," said she, "he's asleep, I will just take a peep
In the cottage, and see what the folks are about.

Then she looked very sly, from her perch safe and high,
Through the great open window, left wide for the sun;
THE POEMS OF PHILBA CARY.

And the birds in the trees, like the fish
In the seas,
May be just as good ones as ever
Were caught.

"And if one in the hand, as all men
Understand,
Is worth twice in the bush," Mr. Wren
Gravely said,
"Then it seems to me plain, by that
Same rule again,
That a bird in the bush is worth
Two that are dead."

So he dropped his sad note, and he
Smooched down his coat,
Till his late-ruffled plumage shone
Glossy and bright;
And light as a breeze, through the fields
And never are guilty of like fickle
Change.

"And in no longer time than it takes for
My rhyme,—
Now would you believe it? and isn't it
Strange?
He returned all clate, bringing home a
New mate;
But birds are but birds, and are given
to change.

Of course, larger folks are quite crushed by
Such strokes;
And never are guilty of like fickle
Freaks;—
Ah! a bird's woe is brief, but our great
Human grief
Will sometimes affect us for days
And weeks!
But this does not belong of good right
to my song,
For I started to tell about birds and
Their kind;
So I'll say Mr. Wren, when he married
Again,
Took a wife who had not an inquiring
Mind.
For he said what was true: "Mrs.
Wren, number two,
You would not have had such good
Fortune, my dear,
If the first, who is dead, had believed
What I said,
And contented herself in her own
Proper sphere."

Now, to some it might seem like the
Very extreme
Of folly to ask what you know very
Well;
But this Mrs. Wren did, and behaved
As he bid,
Never asking the wherefore, and he
didn't tell.

Yes, this meek little bird never thought,
To set a crest,
Without craving leave in the proper
Est way:
She said, with the rest, "'Shall I sit on
My nest
For three weeks or thirteen? I'll do
Just as you say!"

Now I think, in the main, it is best to
Explain
The right and the reason of what we
Command;
But he would not, not he; a poor female
Was she,
And he was a male bird as large as
Your hand!
And one more thing, I find, is borne in
My mind,
Mr. Wren may be right, but it seems
to me strange,
That while both his grief and his love
Were so brief,
He should claim such devotion and
Trust in exchange!

And yet I've been told, that with birds
Young and old,
All the males should direct, all the
Females obey;
Though, to speak for a bird, so at least
I have heard,
You must be one,—as I never was,
I can't say!

DOROTHY'S DOWER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

"My sweetest Dorothy," said John,
Of course before the wedding,
As metaphorically he stood,
His gold upon her shedding,
Whatever thing you wish or want
Shall be hereafter granted.

PART II.

"Confound it, Dorothy!" said John,
I have n't got it by me.
You have n't, have you, spent that sum,
The dowry from Aunt Jerima?
No; well that's sensible for you;
This fix is most unpleasant;
But money's tight, so just take yours
And use it for the present.
Now I must go—to—meet a man!
By George! I'll have to borrow!
Lend me a twenty—that's all right!
I'll pay you back to-morrow!"

PART III.

"Madar," says John to Dorothy,
And past her rudely pushes,
"You think a man is made of gold,
And money grows on bushes!"

"T'was a small sum, my love,
My family is expensive.
I can't you now,
Get up some new disaster!
You and your children are enough
To break John Jacob Astor.
Where's what you had yourself when I
Was fool enough to court you?
That little sum, till you got me,
"'Twas what had to support you!"
"It's lent and gone, not very far;'
Pray don't be apprehensive."
"'Lent? I've had use enough for it;
My family is expensive,
I didn't, as a woman would,
Spend it on sugar-candy!"
"No, John, I think the most of it
Went for cigars and brandy!"

BLACK RANALD.

In the time when the little flowers are
Born,
The joyfulest time of the year,
Fair Maryon from the Hall rode forth
To chase the fleet red deer.
She moved among her comely maids
With such a stately mien
That they seemed like humble violets
By the side of a lily queen.
For she, of beauties fair, was named
The fairest in the land;
And love-born youths had pined and
died
For the clasp of her lady hand.

The fairest 

But never suitor yet had pressed
Her dainty finger-tips.
And never cheek that wore a beard
Had touched her maiden lips.
She laughed and danced, she laughed
And sang;
She bade her lovers wait;
Till the gallant Stuart Grame, one
Morn,
Checked rein at her father's gate.
She blushed and sighed; she laughed
No more;
She sang a low refrain;
And, when the bold young Stuart
Wooded,
He did not woo in vain.
And now, as to the chase she rides,
Across her father's land,
She wears a bright betrothal ring
Upon her snowy hand.
She loosed the rein, she touched the
Flank
Of her royal red-roan steed.
"Now, who among my friends," she said,
"Will vie with me in speed?"
She looked at Grame before them all,
Though her face was rosy red.
"He who can catch me as I ride
Shall be my squire," she said.
Away! they scarce can follow
Even with their eager eyes;
She clears the stream, she skins the
Plain
Swift as the swallow flies.
Alack! no charger in the train
Can match with hers to-day;

BALLADS AND NARRATIVE POEMS.

301
And she prays to every virgin saint
To help her in her strait;
For she sees her jailer cross the sill.
"Now, if you will wed with me," he said.
"Bold Ranald of the Tower," she said,
"With heart as black as your name,
I will only be the bride of Death
Or the bride of Stuart Graeme.
"I will make the coldest, darkest bed
Like the ringling clang of steel.
The bolts are snapped; the strong
door falls!
The Cram is standing there;
And a hundred armed men at his back
Are swarming up the stair!
Black Ranald put his horn to his lips
And blew a warning note.
"Your followers lie," brave Stuart said,
"Six deep within the moat!"
"Alone, a prisoner in your tower,
Now yield, or you are dead!"
Black Ranald gnashed his teeth in rage,
"I yield to none," he said.
They drew their swords. "Now die the death,"
Said Graeme, "you merit well."
A leak in the dike!  

The stoutest  

For he knows the smallest leak may  

And the bravest man in all the land  

'Tis a leak in the dike!  

He is but a  

He sees a stream not yet so large  

But hark! Through the noise of wa-  

ners  

You would like to spoil our lands and  

And my father tends them carefully,  

"Ah! well for us," said Peter,  

As the angry waters dashed themselves  

And across the dike while the sun was  

He was stopping now to gather flow-  

ers  

Unused to fearful scenes;  

As his slender, childish hand.  

And, stealing through the sand,  

Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;  

Her neighbors are bearing between  

Something straight to her door;  

Her child is coming home, but not  

As he ever came before!  

"He is dead!" she cries; "my dar-  

As his sister and brother,  

"T is many a year since then; but still,  

When the sea roars like a flood,  

They have many a valiant hero,  

Reminded through the years;  

But never one whose name so oft  

Is named with loving tears.  

"Give thanks, for your son has saved  

our land," the dogs and men cried.  

So, there in the morning sunshine  

They knelt about the boy;  

And every head was bared and bent  

In tearful, reverent joy.  

'T is many a year since then; but still,  

When the sea roars like a flood,  

Their boys are taught what a boy can do  

Who is brave and true and good.  

For every man in that country  

Takes his son by the hand,  

And tells him of little Peter,  

Whose courage saved the land.  

They have many a valiant hero,  

Reminded through the years;  

But never one whose name so oft  

Is named with loving tears.  

And his deed shall be sung by the  

And told to the child on the knee,  

Asleep in their safe warm bed;  

Divide the land from the sea!  

THE POEMS OF PHŒBE CAP W.  

3°4  

THE LANDLORD OF THE BLUE HEN.  

ONCE, a long time ago, so good stories  

begin,  

There stood by a roadside an old-fash-  

ioned inn;  

An inn, which the landlord had named  

"The Blue Hen,"  

While he, by his neighbors, was called  

"Uncle Ben;"  

At least, they quite often addressed  

him that way  

When ready to drink but not ready to  

pay;  

Though when he insisted on having the  

cash,  

They went off, muttering "Rummy,"  

and "Old Brandy Smash."  

He sold barrels of liquor, but still the  

old "Hen"  

Seemed never to flourish, and neither  

did "Ben;"  

For he drank up the profits, as every  

one knew,  

Even those who were drinking their  

profits up, too.  

So, with all they could drink, and with  

all they could pay,  

The landlord grew poorer and poorer  

each day;  

Men said, as he took down the gin  

from the shelf,  

"The steadiest customer there was  

himself."  

There was hardly a man living in the  

same street  

But had too much to drink and too little  

to eat;  

The women about the old "Hen." got  

the blues;  

The girls had no bonnets, the boys had  

no shoes.  

When a poor fellow died, he was borne  

on his bier  

By his comrades, whose hands shook  

with brandy and fear;  

For of course, they were terribly fright-  

ened, and yet,  

They went back to "The Blue Hen"  

to drink and forget!  

There was one jovial farmer who  

could'n't get  

The door of "The Blue Hen" without  

feeling dry;  

One day he discovered his purse grow-  

ing light,  

"There must be a leak somewhere," he  

said. He was right!  

Then there was the blacksmith (the  

best ever known  

Folks said, if he'd only let liquor  

alone)  

Let his forge cool so often, at last he  

forgot  

To heat up his iron and strike when  

't was hot.  

Once a miller, going home from "The  

Blue Hen," it was said,  

While his wife sat and wept by his sick  

baby's bed,  

Had made a false step, and slept all  

night alone  

In the bed of the river, instead of his  

own.  

Even poor "Ben" himself could not  

drink of the cup  

Of fire forever without burning up;
THE KING'S JEWEL.

'T was a night to make the bravest
Shrink from the tempest's breath,
For the winter snows were bitter,
And the winds were cruel as death.

All day on the roofs of Warsaw
Had the white storm sat rigid down
Till it almost hid the humble huts
Of the poor, outside the town.

And it beat upon one low cottage
With a sort of reckless spite
As if to add to their wretchedness
Who sat by its hearth that night;

Where Dorby, the Polish peasant,
Took his pale wife by the hand,
And told her that when the morrow came
They would have no home in the land.

No human hand would aid him
With the rent that was due at morn;
And told her that when the morrow came
They would have no home in the land.

The poor man took his Bible,
And read, while his eyes grew dim,
To see if any comfort
Were written there for him;

Then the poor man took his Bible,
And read, while his eyes grew dim,
To see if any comfort
Were written there for him;

When he suddenly heard a knocking
On the casement, soft and light;
To see if any comfort
Were written there for him;

Then he went and opened the window,
But for wonder scarce could speak,
As a bird flew in with a jeweled ring
Held flashing in the dark.

'Tis the bird I trained, said Dorby,
And that is the precious ring
That once I saw on the royal hand
Of our good and gracious King.

And if birds, as our lesson tells us,
Once came with food to men,
Who knows, said the foolish peasant,
But they might be sent again!

So he hopefully went with the morning,
And knocked at the palace gate,
And gave to the King the jewel
They had searched for long and late.

And when he had heard the story
Which the peasant had to tell;
He gave him a fruitful garden,
And a home wherein to dwell.

And Dorby wrote o'er the doorway
These words that all might see:
"Thou hast called on the Lord in trouble,
And He hath delivered thee!''

EDGAR'S WIFE.

I know that Edgar's kind and good,
And I know my home is fine,
If I only could live in it, mother,
And only could make it mine.

You need not look at me and smile,
In such a strange, sad way;
I am not out of my head at all,
For whether I wake, or whether I sleep,
I am far away to the time that was,
Or the time that never came.

It is always just the same;
That I live in, in my thought.
Is his, and here, as I ought;
But whatever it was, he was certainly
dead!
For suddenly on the world she frowned,
Till the birds grew still in their places,
And the blossoms turned their eyes on the ground
To hide their frightened faces.
And the light grew checkered where it lay,
Across the hill and meadow,
For she hid her sunny hair away
Under a net of shadow.
And close in the folds of a cloudly veil,
She lit the heart’s first vestal fire,
O “Mary, gone in life’s young bloom,”
Couldst thou not leave one hour the tomb,
To save her from that hapless doom,
So soon to sleep by thee?
Vain, vain, to say what might have been,
Or strive with cruel Fate;
Yet so cunning and subtle is the mesh
For the souls of the unwary laid,
And so strong is the power of the world and flesh,
That the very elect have been betrayed.
And therefore even our holy saint
Who fasted and prayed and watched were done,
Made often bitter and loud complaint
Of the avarice of the Evil One.
For he found that none may flee from his fire,
Or find a refuge and safe retreat,
In the time when Satan doth desire
To have and to slay the soul like wheat.
Good Saint Macarius, having passed
The long, hot hours of the day in the sun,
Roses once an hungered, after a fast
That was long for even a saint to bear.
And looking without, where the shadows fell,
That was a sight most rare in that lonely place—
Just at the door of his humble cell
He saw a stranger face to face,
Who greeted him in a tender tone,
That fell on his weary heart like rain.
As graciously from out his own
He dropped in the hermit’s open palm.

THE MAID OF KIRCONNEL

FAIR Kirtle, hastening to the sea,
Through lands of sunniest green,
But for thy tender witchery
As graciously from out his own,
We well may weep together!

And the holy father whom I seek,
By praying and fasting oft and long,
I fear me makes the flesh too weak
To keep the spirit brave and strong.

At the day-break Saint Macarius rose
From his peaceful sleep with con-

Though my lover is riding away from
"I sit here spinning, spinning,
She wound the flax on the distaff,
When she sung as it slipped through her

And took of the heavenly bread and
A self-denying man to the last,
And in the future, as in the past,
Not a single soul hath yielded to sin.

Such strength that, tempted as they
And cried aloud: "The saints be
And again the hermit had on his board
And lo ! the youngest monk of those

And, greeting his father in the Lord,
At the day-break Saint Macarius rose
To keep the spirit brave and strong.
And the holy father whom I seek,
I fear me makes the flesh too weak

FAIR ELEANOR.

When the shining skeins were finished,
And the loom its work had done,
Fair Eleanor brought her linen out
To spread on the grass in the sun.
She sprinkled it over with water,
She turned and bleached it white ;
And still she sung, and the burden
Was gay, as her heart was light:
"O sun, keep shining, shining!
O web, bleach white for me!
For now my lover is riding back
From his home by the hills of the sea."

When the sun, through the leaves of
Burned with a dull-red flame,
Fair Eleanor had made the robes
To wear when her lover came.
And she stood at the open clothes-
press, And the roses burned in her face,
As she strove with roses and lav-
ender
Her folded linen and lace;
And she murmured softly, softly:
"My bridgroom draws near to me,
And we shall ride back together
To his home by the hills of the sea."

When the desolate clouds of winter
Shrouded the face of the sun,
Then the fair, fair Eleanor, wedded,
Was dressed in the robes she had spun.
But never again in music
Did her silent lips part,
Though her lover came from his home
by the sea,
And clasped her to his heart;
Though he cried, as he kissed and
kissed her,
Till his sobs through the house
were heard —
Ah, she was too happy where she had
gone,
I ween, to answer a word !

BREAKING THE ROADS.

The task is done that patient hands
Through all the day have plied;
And the flax-wheel, with its loosened
braid,
Is idly set aside.

Above the hearth-fire's pleasant glare,
Sings now the streaming spout;
The housewife, at her evening care,
Is passing in and out.

And still as here and there she fits
With cheerful, bustling sound,
Musings, her daughter silent sits,
With eyes upon the ground.

A maiden, womanly and true,
Sweet as the mountain-rose;
No hairer form than hers ere grew
Amid the winter snows.

A rosy mouth, and o'er her brow
Brown, smoothly-haired hair,
Surely the youth beside her now
Must covet flower so fair.

For bashfulness she dare not meet
His eyes that keep their place;
So steadfastly and long in sweet
Praising of her face.

Herself is Lucy's only charm,
To make her prized or sought;
And Ralph hath but the goodly farm
Whereon his fathers wrought.

He, with his neighbors, toiling slow
To-day till sunset's gleam,
Breaking a road-track through the snow,
Has urged his patient team.
They came at morn from every home,
They have labored cheerily;
They have cut a way through the snowy foam,
As a good ship cuts the sea.

And when his tired friends were gone,
Their pleasant labors o'er,
Ralph stayed to make a path, alone,
To Lucy's cottage-door.

The thankful dame her friend must press
To share her hearth's warm blaze:
What could the daughter give him less
Than words of grateful praise?

The thankful dame her friend must press
To share her hearth's warm blaze:
What could the daughter give him less
Than words of grateful praise?

And now the board has given its cheer,
The eve has nearly gone,
Yet by the hearth-fire bright and clear
The youth still lingers on.

The mother rooses from her nap,
Her task while she keeps:
At last, with knitting on her lap,
Tired nature calmly sleeps.

Then Lucy, bringing from the shelf
Apples that mock her cheeks,
Falls working busily herself,
And half in whisper speaks.

And Ralph, for very bashfulness,
Is held a momont mute;
Then drawing near, he takes in his
The hand that pares the fruit.

Then Lucy strives to draw away
Her hand, yet kindly too,
And half in his she lets it stay —
She knows not what to do.

"Darling," he cries, with flushing
cheek.
"Forego awhile your task;
Lift up your downcast eyes and speak,
'T is but a word I ask:"

He sees the color rise and wane
Upon the maiden's face;
Then with a kiss he sets again
The red rose in its place.

The mother wakes in strange surprise,
And wondering looks about —
"How careless, Lucy dear;" she cries;
"You've let the fire go out!"

Then Lucy turned her face away,
She did not even speak;
But she looked as if the live coals lay
A-burning in her cheek.

"Ralph," said the dame, "you ne'er
before
Played such a double part;
Have you made the way both to my
door
And to my daughter's heart?"

"I've tried my best," cried happy
Ralph,
"And if she'll be my wife,
I'll make a pathway smooth and safe
For my darling all her life!"
Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
Stood each beside his chair;
The boys were comely lads, and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave
To all the birds of the air;
Such choice and dainty fare?
But her voice was low and sweet:
Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
So wild an hour ago?

"Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare?
"For it to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey?"

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, dear, Father overhead,
Feeds all the birds the same.
"He hears the ravens when they cry,
Keeps the fowls of the air;
And a single sparrow cannot lie
On the ground without his care."

"Yea, father, yea; and tell me this," —
Her words came fast and wild, —
Are not a thousand sparrows less
To Him than a single child?

"Even though it sinned and strayed
From home?"
The father groaned in pain
As she cried, "Oh, let our Hansel come
And live with us again!"

"I know he did what was not right" —
Sadly he shook his head;
"If he knew I longed for him to-night,
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride;
God! shield him tenderly!
For I hear the wild wind cry outside,
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it is a soul!" Oh, eagerly
The maiden answered then;
"And, father, what if it should be he,
Come back to us again."
This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt.
But when six rosy children
That night about him pressed,
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him, with the rest.
And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
Through all their noisy play;
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.
A wise and learned man was he,
Men called him good and just;
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
By that weak child's simple trust.
Now when the morn of Christmas came,
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun,
And hastened to his mother,
For though the gifts are yours, you
Know, you have them from my hand.
Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
He put the thought in your heart!"
A MONKISH LEGEND.

"I was but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand:
For though the gifts are yours, you know,
You have them from my hand."
Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
"Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
He put the thought in your heart!"

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

And I have not counted my beads, nor prayed
To the saints for aid!
Then, amazed he fled; but his horror grew,
For the path was strange, and the pathway new;
Yet, with trembling step, he hurried on,
Till at last the open plain was won,
Where, grim and black, o'er the vale around,
The convent frowned.
"Holy Saint Austin!" cried the monk,
And down on the ground for terror sunk;
For lo! the convent, tower, and cell,
Had passed away, and in their stead,
A ruin spread.

In that hour, while the rapture held
him fast,
A century had come and passed;
And he saw how the saints, with their
way, and knew what the vision meant;
For a mighty truth, till then unknown,
By that trance was shown.
Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
He put the thought in your heart!"

"Methinks if heaven shall only be
A Sabbath long as eternity,
And love, while eternity's ages move,
As he shut the volume he had read:
Its bliss will at last be a weary reign,
Where he tells of the city of God, that
best

"Then Gottlieb spoke with Terror.
"But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
He put the thought in your heart!"

So he wandered, musing under his
hood,
Far into the depths of a solemn wood;
When a bird was singing, so soft and clear,
That he passed and listened with charmed ear;
Listened, nor knew, while thus intent,
How the moments went.
But the music ceased, and the sweet
spell broke;
And as if from a guilty dream he woke,
That holy man, and he cried aghast,
"Mea culpa! an hour has passed,
And so sometimes I lie and think, till
my heart seems nigh to burst,
Of the hope that lit my future, when I
watched his coming first.
I wonder why it is that now he does not seem the same;
Perhaps my fancy is at fault, and he is not to blame;
It surely cannot be because he has me always near,
For I feared and felt it long before the
time he brought me here.
Yet still, I said, his wife will charm
each shadow from his brow,
What can I do to win his love, or
prove my loving now?
So I waited, studying patiently his
every look and thought;
But I fear that I shall never learn to
please him as I ought.
I've tried so many ways, to smooth his
path where it was rough,
But I always either do too much, or fail
to do enough.
And at times, as if it wearied him,
he pushed off my arm;
The very things that used to please
have somehow lost their charm.
Once, when I wore a pretty gown, a
gown he use to praise,
He never could have told,
For I feared and felt it long before the
A thousand years are but as a day;
Since bliss itself must grow from bliss,
And holiness from holiness;
And love, while eternity's ages move,
Cannot tire of love!

ARTHUR'S WIFE.

I'm getting better, Miriam, though it
frees me yet to speak;
And the fever, clinging to me, keeps
me spiritless and weak,
And love, while eternity's ages move,
Cannot tire of love!

I watched his coming first.
The very things that used to please
have somehow lost their charm.
Once, when I wore a pretty gown, a
gown he use to praise,
He never could have told,
For I feared and felt it long before the
A thousand years are but as a day;
Since bliss itself must grow from bliss,
And holiness from holiness;
And love, while eternity's ages move,
Cannot tire of love!

I cannot tell how anything I do may
seems to him.
Sometimes he thinks me childish, and
sometimes still and prim;
Yet you must not think I blame him,
dear; I could not wrong him so.
He is very good to me, and I am
happy, too, you know!
But I am often troublesome, and sick
too much, I fear.
And sometimes let the children cry
when he is home to hear;
Ah me! if I should leave them, with
no other care than his!
Yet he says his love is wiser than my
foolish fondness is.

I think he'd care about the babe. — I
called him Arthur, too —
Hoping to please him when I said, I
named him, love, for you!
He never noticed any child of mine, ex-
cept this one, so
the girls would only have to do as
they have always done.
Give me my wrapper, Miriam. Help
me a little, dear! When Arthur comes home, vexed and
tired, he must not find me
here. Why, I can even go down-stairs! I al-
ways make the tea. He does not like that any one should
wait on him but me.
He never sees me lying down when he
is home, you know, and I seldom tell him how I feel, he
hates to hear it so;
but we women always ask too much;
why, how foolishly I'm talking, when
I surely heard the door below; I hear
he does not show his feelings, but that
he never noticed any child of mine, ex-
cept this one.

As if, while she bound the rose,
Cometh in a happy hour
Bringing odorous leaf and flower
to a bruised vine she goes;
Tenderly she does her part,
Carefully she does her part.
As if, while she bound the rose,
She was binding up a heart,
Binding up a broken heart.
Doth she think but of care?
Bringing odorous leaf and flower
To her bird she comes elate,
Comes as one, with step elate,
Cometh in a happy hour.
To a true and tender mate.
Doth she think of such a mate?
Is she trimming cage and bow'er?

As she plants the scarlet pinks,
And I wonder what she thinks;
As if tasting royal wine?
What has made her day so bright?

And I wonder what she thinks;
As if tasting royal wine?
What has made the draught so fine,
Who her sweet thoughts shall divine,
What hath made her day so bright?

And I wonder what she thinks.

As she drawseth water up,
To her bird she comes elate,
Doth she think of such a mate?

As she walks beneath the moon.
Who has waked those piteous sighs,
Waked her touching, tender sighs?

From such cold insensate things?

As she seemed to me in my childish
always called her "poor Margaret,"
And spoke about her in mournful
phrase;
And so she came to my memory yet
As she seemed to me in my childish
days.

In a kiss that clings and clings.
Hath the maiden learned that kiss,
Learned that lingering, loving kiss,
From such cold insensate things?

In the power of its upright purity,
Over and over, every day,
Bleaching her linin in sun and rain,
We saw her turn it until it lay.
As white on the grass as the snow
had lain;
But we could not see how her Father's
smile,
Shining over her spirit there,
Was whitening for her all the while
The spotless raiment his people
wear.
She crimped and folded, smooth and
nice.
All our sister's clothes, when she
came to wed,
(Alas! that she only wore them twice,
Once when living, and once when
dead!) And we said, she can have no wedding-
day:
Speaking sorrowfully, under our
breath;
While her thoughts were all where they
give away
No birds to lovers, and none to
death.
Poor Margaret! She sleeps now under
the sod,
And the ills of her mortal life are
past;
But her with her Saviour, and heir of
God,
She is rich in her Father's House at
last.

LADY MARJORY.

Our Lady Marjory lay on her bed,
Though the clock had struck the
hour of noon,
And her cheek on the pillow burned as
red
As the bleeding heart of a rose in
June;
Like the shimmer and gleam of a golden mist
Shone her yellow hair in the chamber Clean;
And a fairer hand was never kissed
Than hers, with its fingers white and slim.

She spake to her women, suddenly,—
"I have lain here long enough," she said;
"Lain here a year, by night and day,
And I hate the pillow, and hate the bed.
So carry me where I used to sit,
I am not much for your arms to hold;
Strange phantoms now through my fancy flit,
And my head is hot and my feet are cold!"

They sat her up once more in her chair, And Alice, behind her, grew pale with dread As she combed and combed her lady's hair.
For the fever never left her head.
And before her, Rose on a humble seat Sat, but her young face wore no fear
And chafed them tenderly all the while.

"Once I saw," said the lady, "a saintly nun, Who turned from the world and its pleasures vain;—
When they clipped her tresses, one by one, How it must have eased her aching brain!
If it ached and burned as mine does now,
And they cooled it thus, it was worth the price:—
Good Alice, lay your hand on my brow, For my head is fire and my feet are ice!"

So the patient Alice stood in her place For hours behind her mistress' chair, Bathing her fevered brow and face, Parting and combing her golden hair; And Rose, whose cheek belied her name, Sitting before her, awed and still,
Kept at her hopeless task the same Till she felt, through all her frame, the chill.

"How my thoughts," the Lady Marjory said, "Go slipping into the past once more:—
As the beads we are stringing slide down a thread,
When we drop the end along the floor:
Only a moment past, they slid Thus into the old time, dim and sweet;
I was where the honeysuckles hid My head and the daisies hid my feet. I heard my Philip's step again; I felt the thrill of his kiss on my brow; Ah! my cheek was not so crimson then, Nor my feet in the daisies cold as now!

"Dizzily still my senses swim, I am far away in a fairy land;
To the night when first I danced with him.
And felt his look, as he touched my brow;
I heard his voice—"A ghost forlorn;"— I heard a something hiss in my ear, But I stood as the dead on the sea-sand, Did you think to hold him more than a day
In the feeble mesh of your yellow hair?

"Flowers or pearls in your tresses shine As your fancy suits you, smile or sigh;— Or give your dainty hand to be kissed By other lips, and he will not die: Hide your eyes in the veil of a nun, Weep till the rose in your check is dim; Or turn to any beneath the sun, Henceforth it is all the same to him!"

"This was before I took my bed;— Do you think a dream could make me ill, Could put a fever in my head, And touch my feet with an icy chill? Yet I've hardly been myself I know At times since then, for before my head The wildest visions come and go, Full of all wicked and cruel lies.

"Once the peal of marriage-bells, with out, Fell, or seemed to fall on my ear; And the nurse who had held him, a baby, said, "That you turned from my eager look away, And sadly bent your eyes on the ground. As if you said, 'tis his wedding-day, And her heart will break if she hears the sound."

"And dreaming once, I dreamed I woke, And heard you whisper, close at hand, Men said, Sir Philip's heart was broke, Since he gave himself for his wife's broad land; That he smiled on none, but frowned instead, As he stalked through his halls, like a ghost forlorn; And the nurse who had held him, a baby, said, He had better have died in the day he was born!"

So, till the low sun, fading, cast Across her chamber his dying beams, The Lady Marjory lived in the past, Telling her women of all her dreams. Then she changed:—"I am almost well," she said, "I feel so strangely free from pain; Oh, if only the fever would leave my head, And if only my feet were warm again! And something whispers me, clear and low, I shall soon be done with lying there, So to-morrow, when I am better, you know, You must come, good Alice, and dress my hair."

"We will give Sir Philip a glad surprise, He will come, I know, at morn or night; And I want the help of your hands and eyes To dress me daintily all in white; Bring snowy libes for my hair;— And, Rose, when all the rest is done, Take from my satin slippers the pair That are softest and whitest, and put them on. But take me to bed now, where in the past You have placed me many a time and oft;"
I am so tired, I think at last
I shall sleep, if the pillow is cool and soft.

So the patient Alice took her head, And the sweet Rose took her mistress' feet, And they laid her tenderly on the bed, And smoothed the pillow, and smoothed the sheet. Then she wearily closed her eyes, they say, On this world, with all its sorrow and sin; And her head and her heart at the break of day, Were as cold as ever her feet had been!

**THE OLD MAN'S DARLING.**

So I'm "crazy," in loving a man of three-score; Why, I never had come to my senses before, But I'm doubtful of yours, if you're thinking to prove My insanity, just by the fact of my love. You would like to know what are his wonderful wiles? Only delicate praises, and flattering smiles! 'Tis no spell of enchantment, no magic art, But the way he says "darling," that goes to my heart. Yes, he's "sixty," I cannot dispute with you there, But you'd make him a hundred, I think, if you dare; And I'm glad all his folly of first love is past, Since I'm sure of the two, it is best to be best. "His hair is as white as the snow-drift," you say; Then I never shall see it change slowly to gray; But I almost could wish, for his dear sake alone, That my tresses were nearer the hue of his own.

"He can't see;" then I'll help him to see and to hear, If it's needful, you know, I can sit very near; And he's young enough yet to interpret the tone Of a heart that is beating up close to his own. I must aid him;" ah! that is my pleasure and pride, I should love him for this if for nothing beside; And though I've more reasons than I can recall, Yet the one that "he needs me" is strongest of all.

So, if I'm insane, you will own, I am sure, That the case is so hopeless it's past any cure; And, besides, it is acting no very wise part, To be treating the head for disease of the heart. And if anything could make a woman believe That no dream can delude, and no fancy deceive; That she never knew lover's enchantment before, It's being the darling of one of three-score!

**A TENT SCENE.**

O'er generals sat in their tent one night, On the Mississippi's banks, Where Vicksburg sullenly still held out Against the assaulting ranks, They could hear the firing as they talked. Long after set of sun; And the blended noise of a thousand guns In the distance seemed as one. All at once Sherman started to his feet, And listened to the roar, His practiced ear had caught a sound, That he had not heard before.

"They have mounted another gun on the walls;" "This is now," he said, "I know; I can tell the voice of a gun, as a man Can tell the voice of his foe!"

"What! not a soul of you hears but me?" No matter, I am right; Bring me my horse! I must silence this Before I sleep to-night!"

He was gone; and they listened to the ring Of hoofs on the distant track; Then talked and wondered for a while,— In an hour he was back.

"Well, General! what is the news?" they cried, As he entered flush and worn; "We have picked their gunners off, and the gun Will be dislodged at morn!"

**THE LADY JAQUELINE.**

"False and fickle, or fair and sweet, I care not for the rest, The lover that knelt last night at my feet Was the bravest and the best. Let them perish all, for their power has waxed, And their glory wan'd dim; They were well enough while they lived and reigned, But never was one like him! And never one from the past would I bring Again and call him mine: — The King is dead, long live the King!" Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"In the old, old days, when life was strong And the world upon me smiled, A pretty, dainty lover I had, Whom I loved with the heart of a child. When the buried sun of yesterday Comes back from the shadows dim, Then may his love return to me, And the love I had for him!"

But since to-day hath a better thing To give, I'll ne'er repine: — The King is dead, long live the King!" Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"And yet it almost makes me weep, Aye! weep, and cry, alas! When I think of one who lies asleep Down under the quiet grass. For he loved me well, and I loved him again, And low in homage bent, And prayed for his long and prosperous reign, In our realm of sweet content. But not to the dead may the living cling, Nor kneel at an empty shrine: — The King is dead, long live the King!" Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"Once, caught by the sheen of stars and lace, I bowed for a single day, To a poor pretender, and base, Ufed for place or away. That must have been the work of a spell, For the foolish glamour fled, As the sceptre from his weak hand fell, And the crown from his feeble head; But homage true at last I bring To this rightful lord of mine, — The King is dead, long live the King!" Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"By the hand of one I held most dear, And called my liege, my own! I was set aside in a single year, And a new queen shares his throne. To him who is false, and him who is wed, Shall I give my fealty? Nay, the dead one is not half so dead As the false one is to me! My faith to the faithful now I bring, The faithless I resign: — The King is dead, long live the King!" Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"Yea, all my lovers and kings that were Are dead, and hid away, In the past, as in a sepulchre, Shut up till the judgment day. False or fickle, or weak or wed, They are all alike to me;
A flower, or a holly branch, to mark
A flimsy bit of lace for my neck,
But to be forgotten, Charlie!

Some pretty story of lovers true,
From the first June rose you pulled for
And all I ever had from you
If you only had brought me something
For every Christmas time till now —
Only a loving woman pained,
When you didn't know I wanted a
It was you that wanted to give, Charlie,
You wouldn't have talked a year ago,
Then bring me vine, and garlands
And mine eyes no more can be mis-

'Tis that that brings the tear;
Or a book of pleasant rhyme;
That I could keep or wear;
That you thought of me at all.

The King is dead, long live the King
'T is that that brings the tear;
Or a holly branch to mark
A flimsy bit of lace for my neck,
But to be forgotten, Charlie!

322

323
"But alas! there was no faintest spark
The night when he should have come;
And what had he, when the pane was dark,
To guide his footsteps home?

"But since, each night that comes and goes,
My beacon fires I burn;
For no one knows but he lives, nor knows
The time when he may return!"

"And a lonesome life you must have had,
Good neighbor, but tell me, pray,
How old when he went was your little lad?
And how long has he been away?"

"'T is thirty years, by my reckoning,
Since he sat here last with me;
And he was but twenty in the spring,—
He was only a boy, you see!

"And though never yet has my fire been low,
Nor my lamp in the window dim,
It seems not long to be waiting so,
Nor much to do for him!

"And if mine eyes may see the lad
But in death, 't is enough of joy;
What mother on earth would not be glad
To wait for such a boy!

"You think 't is long to watch at home,
Talking with fear and doubt!
But long is the time that a son may roam
Ere he tire his mother out!

"And if you had seen my good boy go,
As I saw him go from home,
With a promise to come at night, you would know
That, some good night, he would come."

"But suppose he perished where never pass
E'en the feet of the hunter bold,
His bones might bleach in the prairie grass,
Unseen till the world is old!"

"Aye, he might have died: you answer well
And truly, friend, he might;
And this good old earth on which we dwell
Might come to an end to-night!

"But I know that here in its place, instead,
It will firm and fast remain;
And I know that my son, alive or dead,
Will return to me again!

"So your idle fancies have no power
To move me or appall;
He is likelier now to come in an hour
Than never to come at all!

"And he shall find me watching yet,
Return whenever he may;
My house has been in order set
For his coming many a day.

"You were rightly shamed if his young feet crossed
That threshold stone to-night,
For your foolish words, that he might be lost,
And his bones be hid from sight!

"And oh, if I heard his light step fall,
If I saw him at night or morn
Far off, I should know my son from all
The sons that ever were born.

"And, hark! there is something strange about,
For my dull old blood is stirred:
That was n't the feet of the storm without,
Nor the voice of the storm I heard!

"'T is my boy! he is coming home, he is near
Or I could not hear him pass;
For his step is as light as the step of the deer
On the velvet prairie grass.
A WEARY HEART.

Ye winds, that talk among the pines,
In pity whisper soft and low;
And from my trailing garden vines,
Bear the faint odors as ye go;

Take fragrance from the orchard trees,
From the meek violet in the dell;
Gather the honey that the bees
Had left you in the lily's bell;

Pass tenderly as lovers pass,
Stoop to the clover-blooms your wings,
Find out the daisies in the grass,
And from my trailing garden vines,

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We tolerated by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on the home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hilis of paradise
For her children's coming feet!

COMING HOME.

O brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat?
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We tolerated by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on the home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hilis of paradise
For her children's coming feet!

HIDDEN SORROW.

He has gone at last; yet I could not see
When he passed to his final rest;
For he dropped asleep as quietly
As the moon drops out of the west.

And I only saw, though I kept my place,
That his mortal life was o'er,
By the look of peace across his face,
That never was there before.

Sorrow he surely had in the past,
Yet he uttered never a breath;
His lips were sealed in life as fast
As you see them sealed in death.

Why he went from the world I do not know,
Hiding a grief so deep;
But I think, if he ever had told his woes,
He had found a better sleep.

For our trouble must some time see
The light,
And our anguish will have way;
And the infant, crying out in the night,
Reveals what it hid by day.

And just like a needful, sweet relief
To that bursting heart it seems,
When the little child's unspoken grief
Runs into its pretty dreams.

And I think, though his face looks hushed and mild,
And his slumber seems so deep,
He will sob in his grave, as a little child
Keeps sobbing on in its sleep.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth.

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
And all my suffering struck out;
If I could have known in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal-wreath and ring in close;
And gained the one out of all the world,
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary
The shining row of their golden heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight
Or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness — its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less — you will understand;
THE POEMS OF PHŒBE CARY.

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from
And the sting of sin withheld from

Who knows his strength, by trial, will
And how temptation is overcome
If the smarting warned me back from
It was better I suffered a little pain,

328

Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
That city, whose inhabitants
Is the best — or it had not been, I

So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
Is the best — or it had not been, I

My wish was granted me, for lo!
She hath eternal life to-day.

DISENCHANTED.

Ten times has come, as I knew it must,
She said, when we should part,
But I ceased to love when I ceased to
And you cannot break my heart.

Nay, I know not even if I am sad,
And it must be for the best.
Since you only take what I thought I
And leave to me the rest.

Not all the stars of my hope are set,
Though one is in eclipse; And I know there is truth in the wide
If it be not on your lips.

And though I have loved you, who can
tell
If you ever had been so dear,
But that my heart was prodigal
Of its wealth, and you were near.

I brought each rich and beautiful thing
From my love's great treasury; And I thought in myself to make a king
With the robes of royalty.

But you lightly laid my honors down,
That the hands of love bestow.

And so, whatever you can from me,
And leave me as you will;
The dear romance and the poetry
Were mine, and I have them still.

I have them still; and even now,
When my fancy has her way,
She can make a king of such as thou,
Or a god of common clay.

ALAS!

Since, if you stood by my side to-day,
Only our hands could meet,
What matter that half the weary world
Lies out between our feet;

POEMS OF THOUGHT AND FEELING.

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
You by the pleasant Rhine? —
Our hearts were just as far apart
If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward
And standing here by the sea alone,
I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,
And I have no word to say;
Yet, alas! to be as we have been,
And to be as we are to-day!

MOTHER AND SON.

BRIGHTLY for him the future smiled,
The world was all untried;
He had been a boy, almost a child,
In your household till he died.

And you saw him, young and strong and fair,
But yesterday depart;
And you now know he is lying there
Shot to death through the heart!

Alas, for the step so proud and true
That struck on the war-path's track;
Alas, to go, as he went from you,
And to come, as they brought him back!

One shining curl from that bright young
head,
Heard sacred in your home,
Is all you will have to keep in his stead
In the years that are to come.

You may claim of his beauty and his
Youth
Only this little part —
It is not much with which to stanch
The wound in a mother's heart!

It is not much with which to dry
The bitter tears that flow;
Not much in your empty hands to lie
As the seasons come and go.

Yet he has not lived and died in vain,
For proudly you may say,
He has left a name, with never a stain
For your tears to wash away.

And evermore shall your life be blest,
Though your treasures now are few,
Since you gave for your country's good
The best

THEODORA.

By that name you will not know her,
But if words of mine can show her
In such way that you may see
How she cloth appear to me;
If, attending you shall find
The fair picture in my mind,
You will think this title meetest,
Gift of God, the best and sweetest.

All her free, impulsive acting,
Is so charming, so distracting,
Lovers think her made, I know,
Only for a play-fellow.

Coral lips, concealing pearls,
Hath she, 'twixt dark rows of curls;
And her words, drop soft and slowly,
Seem half ravishing, half holy.

She is for a saint too human,
Yet too saintly for a woman;
Something childish in her face
Bleed with maturer grace,
Shows a nature pure and good,
Perfect by motherhood; —

Eyes Madonna-like, love-laden,
Holier than belth a maiden.

Simple in her faith unshrinking,
Wise as sages in her thinking,
Showing in her artless speech
All she of herself can teach;
Hiding love and thought profound,
In such depths as none may sound;
One, though known and comprehended,
Yet with wondrous mystery blended.

Sitting meekly and serenely,
Sitting in a state most quiedy;
Knowing, though shrouded, disdained,
That her kingdom shall be found;
That her Father's child must be

Heir of immortality;
This is still her highest merit,
That she ruthless her own spirit.

Thou to whom is given this treasure,
Guard it, love it without measure;
And then sitting down at the summit,  
In tones that were touching and tender,  
We spoke of life, death, truth, and love.  
And while we were hopefully talking—  
Unaware, we had climbed to the summit  
And the pathway that led from the valley  
Was pleasant and soft to our feet:  
And the flowers, with soft, blushing faces,  
Looked love from their wide-open eyes.  
In and out, through the sunshine and shadow,  
We went where the odors are sweet;  
And the pathway that led from the valley  
Was pleasant and soft to our feet:  
And while we were hopefully talking—  
For our hearts and our thoughts seemed in tune—  
Unaware, we had climbed to the summit,  
And the sun of the morning, to noon.  

For my genial and pleasant companion  
Was so kind and so helpful the while,  
That I felt how the path of a life-time  
Might be brightened and cheered by his smile;  
And how best, with his care and his guidance,  
Some true, loving woman might be,—  
Of course never hoping or wishing  
Such fortune would happen to me!  
We spoke of life, death, truth, and love;  
Things hoped for, below and above,  
And then sitting down at the summit,  
We talked about loving, and love;  
And he told me the years of his lifetime—  
Till now had been barren and drear,  
In tones that were touching and tender  
As exquisite music to hear.

And I saw in the eyes looking on me,  
A meaning that could not be hid,  
Till I blushed—oh, it makes me so angry,  
Even now, to remember I did—  
As, taking my hand, he drew nearer,  
And said, in his tenderest tone,  
"I was like the dear hand that so often  
Had lovingly lain in his own.

And that, 't was not flattery only,  
But honest and merited praise,  
To say I resembled his sweetheart  
Sometimes in my words and my ways.  
That I had the same womanly feelings,  
My thoughts were as noble and high;  
But that she was a tripe, say, fairer,  
And a year or two younger than I.

Then he told me my welfare was dearer  
To him than I might understand;  
And he wished he knew any one worthy  
To claim such a prize as my hand;  
And his darling, I surely must love her,  
Because she was charming and good;  
But because she had made him so happy;  
And I said I was sure that I should—

That nothing could make me so happy  
As seeing him happy; but then  
I was wretchedly tired and stupid,  
And wished myself back in the glen.  
That the sun, so delightful at morning,  
Burned now with a merciless flame;  
And I dreaded again to go over  
The long, weary way that we came.

So we started to go down the mountain;  
But the wild birds, the poor silly things,  
Had finished their season of courting,  
And put their heads under their wings;  
And the flowers that opened at morning,  
All blushing with joy and surprise,  
Had turned from the sun's burning glances,  
And stealthily shut up their eyes.  
Everything I had thought so delightful  
Was gone, leaving scarcely a trace;  
And even my charming companion  
Grew stupid and quite commonplace.

He was not the same man that I thought him—  
I can't divine why; but at once,  
The fellow, who had been so charming,  
Was changed from a dear to a dunce.  
But if any young man needs advising,  
Let me whisper a word in his ear:  
Don't talk of the lady that's absent  
Too much to the lady that's near.  
My kindness is disinterested;  
So in speaking to me never mind;  
But the course I advise you to follow  
Is safe, as a rule, you will find.

You may talk about love in the abstract,  
Say the ladies are charming and dear;  
But you need not select an example,  
Nor say she is there, or is here.  
When it comes to that last application,  
Just leave it entirely out,  
And give to the lady that's present  
The benefit still of the doubt!

BEYOND.

When you would have sweet flowers to smell and hold,  
You do not seek them underneath the cold  
Close-knit sod, that hides away the mould;  
Where in the spring-time past  
The precious seed was cast.

Not down, but up, you turn your eager eyes;  
You find in summer the fair flowery prize  
On the green stalk, that reaches to the sky,  
Where it comes to that last application,  
Just leave it entirely out,  
And give to the lady that's present  
The benefit still of the doubt!

You do not seek the spot where she was born,  
The cavernous mountain chamber, dim,  
For the immortal bloom?  
The fellow, who had been so charming,  
Was changed from a dear to a dunce.  
But if any young man needs advising,  
Let me whisper a word in his ear:  
Don't talk of the lady that's absent  
Too much to the lady that's near.  
My kindness is disinterested;  
So in speaking to me never mind;  
But the course I advise you to follow  
Is safe, as a rule, you will find.

If, from the branches of a neighboring tree,  
A bird some morn were missing;  
That all the summer sang for ecstasy,  
And made your season seem  
Like a melodious dream,  
You would not search about the leafless dell;  
To find the white walls of her broken shell;  
Thinking your child of air,  
Your winged joy, was there!  
But rather, hurrying from the autumn gale,  
Your feet would follow summer's flowery trail  
To find her spicy grove, and odorous vale;  
Knowing that birds and song  
To pleasant climes belong.

Then wherenow, when you see a soul set free  
From this poor seed of its mortality,  
And know you sow not that which is to be,  
Watch you about the tomb,  
For the immortal bloom?  
Search for your flowers in the celestial grove,  
Look for your precious stream of human love  
In the unfathomable sea above;  
Follow your missing bird,  
Where songs are always heard!
FAVORED

Upon her cheek such color glows,
And in her eye such light appears,
As comes, and only comes to those,
Whose hearts are all untouched by years.

Yet half her wealth she doth not see,
Nor half the kindness Heaven hath shown,
She never felt the poverty
Of souls less favored than her own.

When all is hers that life can give,
How can she tell how dear it seems
To those, uncomforted, who live
In dreaming of their vanished dreams.

Supplied beyond her greatest need
With lavish hoard of love and trust,
How shall she pity such as feed
On hearts that years have turned to dust?

When sighs are smothered down, and lost
In tenderest kisses ere they start,
No melody was in her words;
And eyes are blind with waiting.

And if the mortal tarry still,
They fill their lamps, unyielding;
And till the midnight wait to hear
The "Heavenly Bridegroom" crying.

For while she lives, the best of them
Is less a saint than woman;
And when her lips ask love divine,
Her heart asks love that's human!

THE ONLY ORNAMENT.

Even as a child too well she knew
Her lack of loveliness and grace;
So, like an unpriized weed she grew,
Grudging the meanest flower its face.

Often with tears her sad eyes filled,
Watching the plainest birds that went
About her home to pair, and build
Their humble nests in sweet content.

No melody was in her words:
You thought her, as she passed along,
As brown and homely as the birds
She envied, but without their song.

She saw, and sighed to see how glad
Earth makes her fair and favored
Here, where she fell, when cast aside,
Pitying to the rocks.

Even little children felt the same;
Were shy of her, from awe or fear;
I wonder if she knew they came,
And scattered roses on her bier!

EQUAlITY.

Most favored lady in the land,
I well can bear your scorn or pride;
For in all truest wealth, to-day,
I stand an equal by your side!

No better parentage have you,—
One is our Father, one our Friend;
The same inheritance awaits
Our claiming, at the journey's end.

No broader flight your thought can take,—
Faith on no firmer basis rest;
Nor can the dreams of fancy wake
A sweeter tumult in your breast.

Life may to you bring every good,
Which from a Father's hand can fall;
But if true lips have said to me,
"I love you," I have known it all!

HEBB-TIDE.

When her white face full of agony,
I was her, breaking, restless sea,
Complaining to the rocks.

Helpless in her great despair,
She sheds her dazzling hair,
The bright woods dropping from her hand,
And the pale shells from her hand.

"T is pitiful thus to see her lie,
With her beating, heaving breast,
Here, where she fell, when cast aside,
Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas! for the foolish sea,
Why was there none to say:
The wave that strikes on the heartless stone
Must break and fall away?

Why could she not have known that this
Would be her fate at length;—
For the hand, unheld, must slip at last,
Though it clings with love's own strength?

HAPPY WOMEN.

Impatient women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear;

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradle sleep,
Or clinging to your perfect trust;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women, safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!
LOSS AND GAIN.

Life grows better every day,
If we live in deed and truth;
So I am not used to grieve
For the vanished joys of youth.

For though early hopes may die,
Early dreams be rudely crossed;
Of the past we still can keep
Treasures more than we have lost.

For if we but try to gain
Life's best good, and hold it fast,
We grow very rich in love
Ere our mortal days are past.

Rich in golden stores of thought,
Hopes that give us wealth untold;
Rich in all sweet memories,
That grow dearer, growing old.

For when we have lived and loved,
Tasted suffering and bliss,
All the common things of life
Have been sanctified by this.

What my eyes behold to-day
Of this good world is not all,
Earth and sky are crowded full
Of the beauties they recall.

When I watch the sunset now,
As its glories change and grow,
I can see the light of auna
That were faded long ago.

When I look up to the stars,
I find burning overhead
All the stars that ever shone
In the nights that now are dead.

And a loving, tender word,
Dropping from the lips of truth,
Brings each dear remembered tone
Over which they come and go.

As we journey in a dream.

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright,
To make my life a profit and delight.

I ask not, that for me, the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man,
Be nobly borne, and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
For I never find the pathway of the deep.

A path of safety for my feet;
But pray, that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
Not quickened, except it die.

And when, in spirit and in frame —
Wearied in soul and in frame —
We might have learned from the husbandman
To wait more patiently,
Since his seed of wheat lies under the snow.

And his feet on the hills were beautiful,
And of the least of her Saviour's little ones
She meekly ministered.

To the least of her Saviour's little ones,
She meekly ministered.

Publishing good news to the poor;
She came to their homes unsought,
And her feet on the hills were beautiful,
For the blessings which they brought.

Such a perfect life as hers, again,
In the world we may not see;
For her heart was full of love, and her hands
Were full of charity.

Oh woe for us! cried the weak and poor,
And the weary ones made moan;
And the mourners went about the streets,
When she went to her home alone.

And, seeing her go from the field of life,
From toiling, early and late,
We said, What good has she gained,
To show for a sacrifice so great?

We might have learned from the husbandman
To wait more patiently,
Since his seed of wheat lies under the snow.

And he who halts upon the way —
Wearied in spirit and in frame —
To call his roll of friends, will find
How few make answer to their name!

And those who share our youth and joy,
Not always keep our love and trust,
When days of awful anguish bow
Our heads with sorrow to the dust.

And as remembrance turns to slip
Through fingers fond the treasures rare,
To the least of her Saviour's little ones,
She meekly ministered.

The harmless luxury of dreams.

Her skies, of whom I sing, are hung
With sad clouds, dropping saddest tears.
Yet some white days, like pearls, are strung
Upon the dark thread of her years.

Her skies, of whom I sing, are hung
With sad clouds, dropping saddest tears.
Yet some white days, like pearls, are strung
Upon the dark thread of her years.

And as remembrance turns to slip
Through fingers fond the treasures rare,
To the least of her Saviour's little ones,
She meekly ministered.

The harmless luxury of dreams.

Therefore, though many another friend
With youth and youthful pleasure goes,
To the least of her Saviour's little ones,
She meekly ministered.
They left their last great enemy,
Yet when they set their country free
Though by the places where they
And shed no tear, though think you
Death, like a sullen sentinel,
Not there, but risen, redeemed, they
They fought to give us peace, and lo!
They gained a better peace than ours.

SUNSET.

AWAY in the dim and distant past
That little valley lies,
Where the clouds that dimmed life’s morning hours
Were tinged with hope’s sweet dyes.
That peaceful spot from which I looked
To the future — unaware
That the heat and burden of the day
Were meant for me to bear.
Alas, alas! I have borne the heat,
To the burden learned to bow;
For I stand on the top of the hill of life,
And I see the sunset now!
I stand on the top, but I look not back
To the way behind me spread;
Not to the path my feet have trod,
But the path they still must tread.
And straight and plain before my gaze
I see the sunset now!

Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride,
Your veterans from the war-path’s track;
You gave your boys, untrained, untried;
You bring them men and heroes back!
And shed no tear, though think you
With sorrow of the martyred band;
Nor does the sight of them, that died
Of every land the best —

WHITE RAIMENT ON THE HILLS OF PEACE.

O LAND, of every land the best—
O Land, whose glory shall increase;
Now in your whitest raiment drest
For the great festival of peace:
Take from your flag its fold of gloom,
And let it float undimmed above,
Till over all our vales shall bloom
The sacred colors that we love.

On mountain high, in valley low,
Set Freedom’s living fires to burn;
Till over all our vales shall bloom
The sacred colors that we love.

If I be found, when these shall
Be seen — and must —
When earth’s trials are done,
— and must —
And when I have brought a cloud of grief
To your sweet face unaware,
Its shadow covers all my sky
With the blackness of despair.
And if in your pillow I have set
A thousand memories captive,
And she has dreamed her last.
I grieve with your grief, I die in your
And the blow that it pained your heart to feel
I would break my own to give!

THE SHADOW.

SHE WAS so good, we thought before she died
To see new glory on her path decreed;
And could not tell, till she has gone inside,
Why there was darkness at her journey’s end.
And then we saw that she had stood, of late,
So near the entrance to that holy place,
That, from the Eternal City’s open gate,
The awful shadow fell across her face.
We have been in the bed of a cherished friend,
Pushing daily nearer and nearer, till
It stood at the very edge of the grave,
And we looked across and beyond it, still.
Aye, more than this—we have come and gone,
Down where that dear one's mortal part
Was lowered forever away from our sight;
And we did not die of a broken heart.
Are we blind? no, we know the world unknown
Is all we would make the present seem;
That our Father keeps, till his own good time,
The things we dream of, and more than we dream.
For we shall not sleep; but we shall be changed;
And when that change at the last is made,
We shall bring realities face to face
With our souls, and we shall not be afraid.

**MY LADY.**

As violets, modest, tender-eyed,
The light of their beauty love to hide
In deepest solitudes;
Even thus, to dwell unseen, she chose,
My flower of womanhood, my rose,
My lady of the woods!

Full of the deepest, truest thought,
Doing the very things she ought;
Stooping to all good deeds;
Her eyes too pure to shrink from such,
And her hands too clean to fear the touch
Of the sinfulest in his needs.

There is no line of beauty or grace
That was not found in her pleasant face,
And no heart can ever stir,
With a sense of human wants and needs,
To help a soul so fine;
So the lovingest angel among them all,
Whose touches fell, with the softest fall,
Has pushed my hand from thine!
And no useless creature escapeth
And he who has nothing to gather,
For the tree or the soul that is barren
O weary sun! O merciless sun!
W
By our fruits, whether good, whether
As the weeds grow, to choke up the
And sins, all unsought and unbidden,
But no good crop, our hands never
Has men gathered figs of the thistle,
Doth Providence send;
Chance-sown by the wind.
Sure watch must we keep,
When he is not here to need you?
O birds, that sail in the air like ships,
Can you think your light is tender,
Evil,
You would be ashamed of your singing!
O rose, from whose heart such a crim-
You could show your face again,
If you heard the sound of my lover's
And teli him, I die without him.
O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
You would be ashamed of your singing!
O rose, from whose heart such a crim-
You never could show your face again,
If you saw my lover's blushes!
O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
Can you think your light is tender,
When you steal it all from my lover's
And bring to me all its sweetness.
O birds, that sail in the air like ships,
Can you think your light is tender,
You would be ashamed of your singing!
O rose, from whose heart such a crim-
You never could show your face again,
If you saw my lover's blushes!
O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
Can you think your light is tender,
When you steal it all from my lover's
And bring to me all its sweetness.
O birds, that sail in the air like ships,
Can you think your light is tender,
You would be ashamed of your singing!
O rose, from whose heart such a crim-
You never could show your face again,
If you saw my lover's blushes!
O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
Can you think your light is tender,
When you steal it all from my lover's
And bring to me all its sweetness.
O birds, that sail in the air like ships,
Can you think your light is tender,
You would be ashamed of your singing!
O rose, from whose heart such a crim-
You never could show your face again,
If you saw my lover's blushes!
O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
Can you think your light is tender,
When you steal it all from my lover's
And bring to me all its sweetness.
O birds, that sail in the air like ships,
Can you think your light is tender,
You would be ashamed of your singing!
O rose, from whose heart such a crim-
You never could show your face again,
If you saw my lover's blushes!
O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
Can you think your light is tender,
When you steal it all from my lover's
And bring to me all its sweetness.
O birds, that sail in the air like ships,
Can you think your light is tender,
You would be ashamed of your singing!
O rose, from whose heart such a crim-
You never could show your face again,
If you saw my lover's blushes!
O hateful stars, in hateful skies,
Can you think your light is tender,
When you steal it all from my lover's
And bring to me all its sweetness.
POEMS OF NATURE AND HOME.

AN APRIL WELCOME.

Come up, April, through the valley,
In your robes of beauty drest,
Come and wake your flowery children
From their wintry beds of rest;
Come and overflow them softly;
With the sweet breath of the south;
Drop upon them, warm and loving;
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

Making love to all the blossoms
That o'erlean and kiss his face.

MY NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.

In the years that now are dead and gone —
Aye, dead, but ne'er forgot —
My neighbor's stately house looked down
On the walls of my humble cot.

I had my flowers and trees, 't is true,
But they looked not fine and tall
As my neighbor's flowers and trees,
That grew
On the other side of the wall.

Through the autumn leaves his ripe fruits gleamed
With richer tints than mine,
And his grapes in the summer sunshine seemed
More full of precious wine.

Through garden walk and bower I stray
Unhindered now and free;
For my neighbor long has passed away,
And his wealth has come to me.

I pace those stately halls at last,
But a darker shadow falls

Within the house than once it cast
On my lowly cottage walls.

I pluck the fruit, the wine I waste,
I drag through the weary hours;
But the fruit is bitter to my taste,
And I tire of the scent of flowers.

And I'd take my poverty instead
For my neighbor long has passed
Through garden walk and bower —
May be the richest lover!

THE FORTUNE IN THE DAISY.

Or what are you dreaming, my pretty maid,
With your feet in the summer clover?
Ah! you need not hang your modest head;
I know 't is about your lover.

I know by the blushes on your cheek,
Though you strive to hide the secret it discloses.
You are counting the petals, one by one,
Of your dainty, dewy posies,
That thrown across her placid brow
May be the richest lover!

You would see if he comes with gold and land —
The lover that is to woo you;
Or only brings his heart and his hand,
For your heart and your hand to sue
The thought that is unspoken.

You may wear your virtues as a crown
And grace your simple rustic gown
As you walk through life serenely;
And all that I have resign
The works of charitable love.

Ah! there never was power in gems alone
To blind a brow from aching;
Nor strength enough in a jeweled zone
To hold a heart from breaking.

Then be not caught by the sheen and glare
Of worldly wealth and splendor;
But speak him soft, and speak him fair,
Whose heart is true and tender.

A PICTURE.

Her brown hair plainly put away
Under her broad hat's rustic brim;
That threw across her placid brow
Its veil-like shadow, cool and dim:
Her shut lips sweet as if they moved
To find from their number, when 't is done,
The secret it discloses.

And I'd take my poverty instead
For pencil or for pen to paint;
The wondrous fitness to perform
The works of charitable love.

Such is her picture, but too fair
To hold a heart from breaking.

And I tire of the scent of flowers.

And grace your simple rustic gown
As you walk through life serenely;

And you never wear, in your shining hair,
A richer flower than daisies!
To One we could not see,
She told us all she was happier
Than we could ever be,
And we knew she thought how her feet,
That ne'er
On the good, green earth had trod,
Would walk at last on the lily-beds
That bloom in the smile of God!

FAITH.

DEAR, gentle Faith! on the sheltered porch
She used to sit by the hour,
As to her mind as the whitest rose
That graced the vines of her bower.
She watched the motes in the sun, the bees,
And the glad birds come and go;
The butterflies, and the children bright
That chased them to and fro.
She saw them happy, one and all,
And she said that God was good;
Though she never had walked on the sweet green grass,
And, alas! she never would!
She saw the happy maid fulfill
Her woman's destiny;
The trusting bride on the lover's arm,
As bends to the rain the rose.

FAITH.

We only know He knows!
"'Tis true, He knows all things,
As well as what to give!
And the very hairs of your precious head,
Are numbered by His love!

To an elf on a buttercup.

Cunning little fairy,
Where the breezes blow,
Rocking in a buttercup,
Spelling where the ewes feed
All the tender grass;
And making charmed circles,
Mortals dare not pass.

Ah! my little fairy,
With your mystic charms,
You have slipped the infant
In its place at night;
While you turned the mortal
To a tricky sprite.

Thus you mix folks up so,
Wicked, willful elf;
Never one of us can know
If he be himself;
And sitting here and telling
Of the tricks you do;
I wonder whether I am I,
Or whether I am you!

To an Elf on a Buttercup.

"Ah! what will become of the lily,
When the summer-time is dead?
Must she lay her spotless robes away,
And hide in the dust her head?"

"My child, the hand that bows her head
Can lift it up anew;
And weave another shining robe
Of sunshine and of dew."

"But, father, what will the sparrows do?
Though they chirp so blithe and bold,
When the shelter of the leaves is gone
They must perish with the cold."

"The sparrows are little things, my child,
And the cold is hard to bear;
Yet never one of them shall fall
Without our Father's care."

"But how will the tender lambs be clothed?
For you know the shepherd said,
He must take their fleeces all away
For us to wear instead."

"They are warm enough to-day, my child,
And soon their fleeces grow,
They each will have another one
Before they feel the snow."

"I know you will keep me, father;
That I shall be clothed and fed;
But suppose that I were lost from home,
Oh, suppose that you were dead!"

"My child, there is One who seeks you
No matter where you roam;
And you may not stray so far away,
That He cannot bring you home."

"For you have a better Father,
In a better home above;
And the very hairs of your precious head
Are numbered by His love!"

Old pictures, faded long, to-night
Come out revealed by memory's gleam;
And years of checkered dark and light
Vanish behind me like a dream.

I see the cottage, brown and low,
The rustic porch, the roof-tree's shade,
And all the place where long ago
A group of happy children played.

I see the brother, bravest, best,
The prompt to act, the bold to speak;
The baby, dear and honored guest!
The timid sister, shy and meek.

I see her loving face who oft
Watched, that their slumbers might be sweet;
And his whose dear hand made so soft
The path for all their tender feet.

I see, far off, the woods whose screen
Bounded the little world we knew;
And near, in fairy rings of green,
The grass that round the door-stones grew.

I watch at morn the oven come,
And bow their meek necks to the yoke;
Or stand, at noon-tide, patient, dumb,
In the great shadow of the oak.

I see, above the garden-beds,
The bee at work with laden wing;
The dandelions' yellow heads
Watched, that their slumbers might be sweet.

The little, sweet-voiced, homely thrush,
The field-lark, with her speckled breast;
The finches in the currant-bush;
And where the bluebirds hid their nest.
I see the comely apple-trees,
In spring, a-blow with blossoms sweet;
Or, bending with the autumn breeze,
Shake down their ripe fruits at our feet.

I see, when phantasiing o'er the air
The arrows of the winter fly,
And all the frozen earth lies bare,
And all the frozen earth lies bare,

I almost feel the stir and buzz
Of stories told and told again;
I see the pictures in the fire,
The fire-light pictures in the pane.

Then lo! it dies, as died our youth;
And things so strange about me
I know not what should be the truth,
And things so strange about me

A sad-faced man and woman,
And summer's burning heat;
So early tries his wings;
And treading through the dew!

We are hand in hand in the fields
And flowers were once more sweet
And heard your rough voice softened
To God my gratitude reveal;

Oh! for the friends that made so bright
Out of my loneliness I cry:
Nor the lines the artist drew,
When other souls despairing stand,

Two careless, happy children,
And flowers were once more sweet
As the darling playmate that I had
And you smiled a few short hours ago

But when I see the paths so hard
Kept soft and smooth in days gone by:
The lives that years have made or
And what am I, that my lines should be

THE PLAYMATES.
Two careless, happy children,
When I see the paths so hard
In the busy, restless mart,

THE POEMS OF PHCEBE CARY.
I see the comely apple-trees,
When spring-time called them out;
A group about the hearth draw nigh,
For the dead and buried hopes, that are

Helping the winds in winter
Gathering the early flowers,
Finding the place where the skylark
And called my little playmate up,

To toss the snows about;
Where the mowers mowed the hay;
Had hidden her nest away;
And called my little playmate up,

THE BAREFOOT BOY.
Ah! "Barefoot Boy!" you have led
O'er the waste of years profound,
To the still, sweet spots, which memory
And called my little playmate up,

From the western hills,
And would have my life again,
And called my little playmate up,
And called my little playmate up,

And live it over if I could.
And not the poet's "barefoot boy,"
And not the poet's "barefoot boy,"
And not the poet's "barefoot boy,"

Or him the artist drew,
Or him the artist drew,
Or him the artist drew,
Or him the artist drew,

As the darling playmate that I had
And lost, so long ago!
And lost, so long ago!
And lost, so long ago!

That made them lift their pretty heads
That made them lift their pretty heads
That made them lift their pretty heads
That made them lift their pretty heads

But alas! my playmate, loved and lost,
And the years of life as a day;
To the still, sweet spots, which memory
To the still, sweet spots, which memory

And one of these is my playmate,
And one of these is my playmate,
And one of these is my playmate,
And one of these is my playmate,

Is half so brave and bold and good,
And of the poet's "barefoot boy,"
And of the poet's "barefoot boy,"
And of the poet's "barefoot boy,"

Never could come and go.
As the poet's "barefoot boy,"
As the poet's "barefoot boy,"
As the poet's "barefoot boy,"

And one, alas! is me!
And one, alas! is me!
And one, alas! is me!
And one, alas! is me!

A sad-faced man and woman,
A sad-faced man and woman,
A sad-faced man and woman,
A sad-faced man and woman,

Leagues and leagues apart,
Leagues and leagues apart,
Leagues and leagues apart,
Leagues and leagues apart,

And one, alas! is me!
And one, alas! is me!
And one, alas! is me!
And one, alas! is me!

But can you the poet's "barefoot boy,"
A group about the hearth draw nigh,
To the still, sweet spots, which memory
And lost, so long ago!

THE MARCH CROCUSES.
O Fickle and uncertain March,
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;

March, March, March, March,
And called my little playmate up,
And called my little playmate up,
And called my little playmate up,

The tender smell of leaves and flowers
Kept soft and smooth in days gone by;
The tender smell of leaves and flowers
Kept soft and smooth in days gone by;

The sweetest promises of March
That the poet's "barefoot boy,"
That the poet's "barefoot boy,"
That the poet's "barefoot boy,"

To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;

When you smiled a few short hours ago,
The dead and buried hopes, that are more
The dead and buried hopes, that are more
The dead and buried hopes, that are more

March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,

To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;

The dead and buried hopes, that are more
The dead and buried hopes, that are more
The dead and buried hopes, that are more
The dead and buried hopes, that are more

March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,

To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;

March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,
March, March, March, March,

To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;
To God my gratitude reveal;

March, March, March, March,
To think how yesterday your smile
Made all the blossoms glad!
O trustful, unsuspecting flowers,
It breaks my heart to know,
That all your golden heads to-day
Are underneath the snow!

HOMESICK.

Comfort me with apples!
I am sick unto death, I am sad to despair;
My trouble is more than my strength to bear;
Back again to the green hills that first met my sight
I come, as a child to its mother, tonight;
— Comfort me with apples!

Comfort me with apples!
Bring the ripe mellow fruit from the early "sweet bough,"
(Is the tree that we used to climb growing there now?)
And "russets," whose cheeks are as freckled and dun
As the cheeks of the children that play in the sun;
— Comfort me with apples!

Comfort me with apples!
Gather those streaked with red, that we named "morning-light,"
Our good father set, when his hair had grown white,
The tree, though he said when he planted the root,
"The hands of another shall gather the fruit;"
— Comfort me with apples!

Comfort me with apples!
Go down to the end of the orchard, and bring
The fair "lady-fingers" that grew by the spring;
Pale "bell-flowers," and "pippins," all burnished with gold,
Like the fruit the Hesperides guarded of old;—
— Comfort me with apples!

Comfort me with apples!
Get the sweet "junietta," so loved by the bees,
And the "pearmain," that grew on the queen of the trees;
And close by the brook, where they hang ripe and bush,
Go and shake down the best of them all,—"maiden's-blush;"—
— Comfort me with apples!

Comfort me with apples!
For I am sick; I am sad and oppressed;
I come back to the place where, a child,
I was blest.
Hope is false, love is vain, for the old things I sigh;
And if these cannot comfort me, then I must die!
— Comfort me with apples!

"FIELD PREACHING."

I have been out to-day in field and wood,
Listening to praises sweet and counsel good
Such as a little child had understood;
That, in its tender youth,
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round my way,
Though they had nothing great or grand to say,
Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day;
Because his loving breath,
With soft persistence, won them back from death.

And the right royal lily, putting on,
Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,
Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun;
And thanked Him, soft and low,
And thanked Him, soft and low;
And thanked Him, soft and low.

And if these cannot comfort me, then I must die!
— Comfort me with apples!

Yet to the ocean joyously it went;
And rippling in the fullness of content,
Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant;
For all the banks were spread
With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly prest;
With surer spear-points bristling sharp and bright,
Shook out his yellow tresses, for delight,
To all their tawny length,
Like Samson, glorying in his lasty strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,
Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,
Sang in the wild insanity of glee;
That, in its tender youth,
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing;
The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing.
As if she understood
That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place;
To the Creator lift a smiling face,
Praising continually his wondrous grace;
As if the best of all
Life's countless blessings was to live at all!

So with a book of sermons, plain and true,
Hidden in my heart, where I might turn them through,
I went home softly, through the falling rain;
Still listening, rapt and calm,
To Nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned,
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,
The tree-tops, unconsulted, to flame were turned;
And I, in that great hush,
Talked with his angels in each burning bush!

GATHERING BLACKBERRIES.

Little Daisy smiling wakes
From her sleep as morning breaks,
Why, she knoweth well;
Yet if you should ask her, surely
She would answer you demurely,
That she cannot tell.

Careful Daisy, with no sound,
Slips her white feet to the ground,
Saying, very low,
She must rise and help her mother,
And be ready, if her brother needs her aid, to go!

Foolish Daisy, o'er her lips Only that poor falsehood slips,
"Truth is in her cheeks;" Her own words cannot deceive her,
"Her own heart will not believe her In a blush it speaks.

Daisy knows that, when the heat Dries the dew upon the wheat, She will be away;
She and Ernest, just another Who, she says, is like a brother, Making holiday.

For the blackberries to-day Will he ripe, the reapers say, Ripe as they can be;
And not wholly for the pleasure, But lest others find the treasure, She will be away;
She and Ernest, just another Who, she says, is like a brother, Making holiday.

Eager Daisy, at the gate Meeting Ernest, scarce can wait, But she checks her heart;
And she says, her soft eyes beaming With an innocent, grave seeming; "Is it time to start?"
Curious Daisy tries to go Very womanly and slow, And to act so well.
THE POEMS OF PHOEBE CARY.

That, if any one had seen them, With the dusty road between them, What was there to tell?

Happy Daisy, when they gain The green windings of the lane, Where the hedge is thick; For they find, beneath its shadow, Wild sweet roses in the meadow, More than they can pick.

Bending low, and rising higher, Scarlet picks their lamps of fire Lightly swing about; And the wind that blows them over Out of sight among the clover, For they find, beneath its shadow, Wake up restless from her slumber, Just for happiness?

Will the friend so kind to-day, Always push the thorns away, With which earth is rife? Will he be her true, true lover, Will he be the rose bright! Will he be her true, true lover, Will he be her true, true lover?

Blessed Daisy, will she be, If above mortality. Thus stands apart; Cursed, if the hand, unsparing, Will the thorns fly backward, tearing All her bleeding heart?

Periled Daisy, none can know What the future has to show; There must come what must; But, if blessings be forbidden, I remember now the plashing sound Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth, Where at night we loved to meet; There my mother's voice was always sweet, And there never was water half so sweet. And the damask rose, by the garden- fence, Where the unknown beds of such as sleep,

From the way-side dust aloof, I have twined them in my sister's locks, That to other eyes were lovelier Than the cherry-tree so near it grew, In the lonesome nights, I've heard the larks, What the early birds made glad, And the damask rose, by the garden- fence,

Now the path, that through the hollow Closely side by side they follow, Seemeth wide enough.

Hopeful Daisy, will the days That are brightening to her gaze Brighter grow than this? Will she, mornings without number, Wake up restless from her slumber, Just for happiness?

Will the friend so kind to-day, Always push the thorns away, With which earth is rife? Will he be her true, true lover, Will he be the rose bright! Will he be her true, true lover, Will he be her true, true lover?

Blessed Daisy, will she be, If above mortality. Thus stands apart; Cursed, if the hand, unsparing, Will the thorns fly backward, tearing All her bleeding heart?

Periled Daisy, none can know What the future has to show; There must come what must; But, if blessings be forbidden, I remember now the plashing sound Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth, Where at night we loved to meet; There my mother's voice was always sweet, And there never was water half so sweet. And the damask rose, by the garden- fence, Where the unknown beds of such as sleep,

From the way-side dust aloof, I have twined them in my sister's locks, That to other eyes were lovelier Than the cherry-tree so near it grew, In the lonesome nights, I've heard the larks, What the early birds made glad, And the damask rose, by the garden- fence,
THE POEMS OF PHCEBE CARV.

The poetry of Phœbe Cary is characterized by its spiritual and nature-inspired themes. Here are some excerpts from her works:

**The Book of Nature**

We scarce could doubt our Father's power,  
Though his greatness were untold  
In the sacred record made for us  
By the prophet-bards of old.  

We must have felt his watchfulness  
About us everywhere;  
Though we had not learned, in the Holy Word,  
How He keeps us in his care.

I almost think we should know his love,  
And dream of his pardoning grace,  
If we never had read how the Saviour came,  
To die for a sinful race.

For the sweetest parables of truth  
In our daily pathway lies,  
And we read, without interpreter,  
The writing on the sky.

The ravens, fed when they clamor,  
For the sweetest parables of truth  
How He keeps us in his care.

**Sugar-Making**

The crocus rose from her snowy bed  
As she felt the spring's caresses,  
And the willow from her graceful head  
Shook out her yellow tresses.

Through the crumbling walls of his icy cell  
Stole the brook, a happy rover;  
And he made a noise like a silver bell  
In running under and over.

The earth was pushing the old dead grass  
With lily hand from her bosom,  
And the sweet brown buds of the sassafras  
Could scarcely hide the blossom.

And breaking nature's solitude  
Came the axe strokes clearly ringing,  
For the chopper was busy in the wood  
Ere the early birds were singing.

All day the hardy settler now  
At his tasks was toiling steady;  
His fields were cleared, and his shining plow  
Was set by the furrow ready.

And down in the woods, where the sun appeared  
Through the naked branches breaking,  
His rustic cabin had been reared  
For the time of sugar-making.

And now, as about it he came and went,  
Cheerfully planning and toiling,  
His good child sat there, with eyes intent  
On the fire and the kettles boiling.

With the beauty Nature gave as her dowery,  
And the artless grace she taught her,  
The woods could boast no fairer flower,  
Than Rose, the settler's daughter.

She watched the pleasant fire aye,  
And her father coming and going,  
And her thoughts were all as sweet and clear  
As the drops his pail overflowing.

**For She Scarce Had Dreamed of Earthlyills**

For she scarce had dreamed of earthly ills,  
And she had never found her;  
She lived shut in by the pleasant hills  
That stood as a guard around her;  

And she might have lived the self-same way  
Through all the springs to follow,  
But for a youth, who came one day  
Across her in the hollow.

And he did not look like a wicked man,  
And yet, when he saw that blossom,  
He said, "I will steal this Rose if I can,  
And hide it in my bosom."  

That he could be tired you had not guessed  
Had you seen him lightly walking;  
But he must have been, for he stopped to rest  
So long that they fell to talking.

Also! he was a thirst, he said,  
Yet he feared there was no slaking  
The deep and quenchless thirst he had  
For a draught beyond his taking.

Then she filled the cup and gave to him,  
The settler's blushing daughter,  
And he looked at her across the rim  
As he slowly drank the water.

And he sighed as he put the cup away,  
For lips and soul were drinking;  
But what he drew from her eyes that day  
Was the sweetest, to his thinking.

I do not know if her love awoke  
Before his words awoke it;  
If she guessed at his before he spoke,  
Or not until he spoke it.

But howso'er she made it known,  
And howso'er he told her,  
Each unto each the heart had shown  
When the year was little older.
POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

AMY'S LOVE-LETTER.

Turning some papers carelessly
That were hid away in a desk
I came upon something yesterday
O'er which I pondered and mused:
A letter, faded now and dim,
And stained in places, as if by tears;
And yet I had hardly thought of him
Who traced its pages for years.

Though once the happy tears made
My eyes, and my blushing cheeks grew hot,
To have but a single word from him,
Fond or foolish, no matter what.
If he ever quoted another's rhymes,
Poor in themselves and commonplace,
I said them over a thousand times,
As if he had lent them a grace.

The single color that pleased his taste
Was the only one I would have, or wear,
Even in the girdle about my waist
Or the ribbon that bound my hair.
Then my flowers were the self-same
Kind and hue;
And yet how strangely one forgets —
I cannot think which one of the two
It was, or roses or violets!

But oh, the visions I knew and nursed,
While I walked in a world unseen before:
For my world began when I knew him first,
And must end when he came no more.

DO YOU BLAME HER?

Never lover spake in tenderer words,
While mine were calm, unbroken;
Though I suffered all the pain I gave
In the No, so firmly spoken.

I marvel what he would think of me,
Who called it a cruel sentence,
If he knew I had almost learned to-day
What it is to feel repentance.

For it seems like a strange perversity,
And blind beyond excusing,
To lose the thing we could have kept,
And after, mourn the losing.

And this, the prize I might have won,
Was worth a queen's obtaining;
And one, if far beyond my reach,
I had sighed, perforce, for gaining.
And I know — ah! no one knows so well,
Though my heart is far from breaking —
'T was a loving heart, and an honest hand,
I might have had for the taking.
And yet, though never one beside
Has place in my thought above him,
I only like him when he is by,
'T is when he is gone I love him.

SONG.

Laugh, out, O stream, from your bed of green,
Where you lie in the sun's embrace;
And talk to the reeds that o'er you lean
To touch your dimpled face;
But let your talk be sweet as it will,
And your laughter be as gay,
For my lover will come to-day!

SOMEBODY'S LOVERS.

Too neek by half was he who came
A-wooing me one morn.
For he thought so little of himself
I learned to share his scorn.

At night I had a suitor, vain
As the vainest in the land;
THE POEMS OF PHŒBE CARY.

Almost he seemed to condescend
In the offer of his hand.
In one who pressed his suit I missed
Courage and manly pride;
And how could I think of such a one
As a leader and a guide?
And then there came a worshiper
With such undoubting trust;
That when he knelt he seemed not
Upraising from the dust.
The next was never in the wrong,
So faultless and so good was he,
No angel do I seem to him —
But one, the last of all who came,
He hath such sins and weaknesses
That I may not offer thee
A heart, as needs I must, and say,
Love's might is right, and I yield at
All about thee will I gather,
Safe from harms
As I watered its grave with a rain of
And my lamb within my arms,
And the prettiest rose, that shone
Silent lip and downcast eye,
And the pretty words that passed
Like a lily softly trembled;
And the tender speech of kisses.
And I cried,
This was cruel, under the sun;
FAITHFUL.

FAINTEER and fainter may fall on my ear
The voice is sweeter than music to hear;
More and more eagerly then will I list,
That never a word or an accent be missed.
Slower and slower the footstep may grow,
Whose fall is the pleasantest sound that I know;
Quicker and quicker my glad heart shall learn
To catch its faint echo and bless its return.
Whiter and whiter may turn with each day
The locks that so sadly are changing to gray;
Dearer and dearer shall these seem to me,
The fewer and whiter and thinner they be.
Weaker and weaker may be the light chief
Of the hand that I hold so secure in my grasp;
Stronger and stronger my own to the last
Will cling to it, holding it tenderly fast.
Darker and darker above thee may spread
The clouds of a fate that is hopeless and dread;
Brighter and brighter the sun of my love
Will shine, all the shadows and mists to remove.
Envy and malice thy life may assail,
Favor and fortune and friendship may fall;
But perfect, and sure, and undying
Shall be
The trust of this heart that is centred in thee.

FAINTEER. 359

A WRETCHED farce is our life at best,
A weariness under the sun,
I am sick of the part I have to play,
And I would that it were done.
I would that all the smiles and sighs
Of its mimic scenes could fade;
That we could see the curtain fall.
On the last poor act, my friend!

Thin, faded hair, a beard of snow,
A thoughtful, furrowed brow;
And this is all the world can see
When it looks upon you now.
And I, it almost makes me smile,
'Tis counterfeit so true,
To see how Time hath got me up
For the part I have to do.

'Tis strange that we can keep in mind,
Through all this tedious play,
The way we needs must act and look,
And the words that we should say.
And I marvel if the young and gay
Believe us sad and old;
If they think our pulses slow and calm,
And our feelings dead and cold!
But I cannot hide myself from you,
To be the semblance e'er so good;
For under it all and through it all
We know the curtain falls and is done.
I would that all the smiles and sighs
Of its mimic scenes could fade;
That we could see the curtain fall.
On the last poor act, my friend!
THE POEMS OF PHŒBE CARY.

POEMS OF LOVE, AND FRIENDSHIP.

Let us go and lay our masks aside,
In that cool and green retreat,
That is softly curtained from the world.
By the daisies fair and sweet.

And far away from this weary life,
In the light of Love's white throne,
We shall see, at last, as we are seen,
And know as we are known!

TRUE LOVE.
I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light;
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part;
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light:
You do not see my friend at all,
Blinded I stood, as now you stand,

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
You see what hides him from your sight.

And lo! I worship at his feet!

THINK true love is never blind,
For, behold, he hath doves' eyes!

Doves' Eyes.
There are eyes that look through us,
With the power to undo us,
Eyes of the lovingest, tenderest blue,
Clear as the heavens and as truthful too;
But these are not my love's eyes,
For, behold, he hath doves' eyes!

There are eyes half defiant,
Half meek and compliant;
Black eyes, with a wondrous, witching charm,
To bring us good or to work us harm;
But these are not my love's eyes,
For, behold, he hath doves' eyes!

DOVES' EYES.

There are eyes to our feeling
Forever sealing:
Eyes of a helpless, pleading brown,
That into our very souls look down;
But these are not my love's eyes,
For, behold, he hath doves' eyes!

Oh eyes, dearest, sweetest.
In beauty completest;
Whose perfectness cannot be told in a word,
Clear and deep as the eyes of a soft, brooding bird;
These, these, are my love's eyes,
For, behold, he hath doves' eyes!

THE HUNTER'S WIFE.
My head is sick and my heart is faint,
I am wearied out with my own complaint.

Answer me, come to me, then;
For, lo! I have pleaded by everything
My brain could dream, or my lips could sing.
I have called you lover, and called you king,
And man of the race of men!

Come to me glad, and I will be glad
But if you are weary, or if you are sad,
I will be patient and meek,
Nor word, nor smile will I seem to crave;
But I'll sit and wait, like an Eastern slave;
Or wife, in the lodge of an Indian brave,
In silence, till you speak.

Come, for the power of life and death
Hangs for me on the lightest breath
Of the lips that I believe;
Only pause by the cooling lake,
Till your weary mule her thirst shall slake;
'T were a fearful thing if a heart should break
And you held its sweet reprieve!

Sleep lightly under the loving moon;
Rise with the morning, and ride till noon;
Ride till the stars are above!

There are eyes to our feeling
Forever sealing:
And as you distance the mountain birds,
And shame the flight of the summer birds,
Say softly over the tenderest words
The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a thousand miles
Away, I can see you press through the aisles
Of the forest, cool and gray;
And my lips shall be dumb till our lips have met.
For never skill of a mortal yet,
To mortal words such music set,
As beats in my heart to-day!

LOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS.
Fair youth, too timid to lift your eyes
To the maiden with downcast look,
As you mingle the gold and brown of your curls
Together over a book;
A fluttering hope that she dare not name
Her trembling bosom heaves;
And your heart is thrilled, when your fingers meet,
As you softly turn the leaves.

Perchance you two will walk alone
Next year at some sweet day's close,
And your talk will fall to a tenderer tone,
As you liken her cheek to a rose;
And then her face will flush and glow,
With a hopeless, happy red:
Outblossoming all the flowers that grow
As near in the garden-bed.

If you plead for hope, she may bashful drop
Her head on your shoulder, low;
And you will be lovers and sweethearts then
As youths and maidens go:
Lovers and sweethearts, dreaming dreams,
And seeing visions that please;
With never a thought that life is made
Of great realities;
That the cords of love must be strong
As death.

And as you distance the mountain birds,
And shame the flight of the summer birds,
Say softly over the tenderest words
The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a thousand miles
Away, I can see you press through the aisles
Of the forest, cool and gray;
And my lips shall be dumb till our lips have met.
For never skill of a mortal yet,
To mortal words such music set,
As beats in my heart to-day!

LOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS.

FAITH, AND CHARITY.

And as you distance the mountain birds,
And shame the flight of the summer birds,
Say softly over the tenderest words
The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a thousand miles
Away, I can see you press through the aisles
Of the forest, cool and gray;
And my lips shall be dumb till our lips have met.
For never skill of a mortal yet,
To mortal words such music set,
As beats in my heart to-day!

LOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS.

FAITH, AND CHARITY.

And as you distance the mountain birds,
And shame the flight of the summer birds,
Say softly over the tenderest words
The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a thousand miles
Away, I can see you press through the aisles
Of the forest, cool and gray;
And my lips shall be dumb till our lips have met.
For never skill of a mortal yet,
To mortal words such music set,
As beats in my heart to-day!

LOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS.

FAITH, AND CHARITY.

And as you distance the mountain birds,
And shame the flight of the summer birds,
Say softly over the tenderest words
The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a thousand miles
Away, I can see you press through the aisles
Of the forest, cool and gray;
And my lips shall be dumb till our lips have met.
For never skill of a mortal yet,
To mortal words such music set,
As beats in my heart to-day!

FAREWELL.

And as you distance the mountain birds,
And shame the flight of the summer birds,
Say softly over the tenderest words
The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a thousand miles
Away, I can see you press through the aisles
Of the forest, cool and gray;
And my lips shall be dumb till our lips have met.
For never skill of a mortal yet,
To mortal words such music set,
As beats in my heart to-day!

LOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS.

FAREWELL.

And as you distance the mountain birds,
And shame the flight of the summer birds,
Say softly over the tenderest words
The poets have sung of love.

You will come — you are coming — a thousand miles
Away, I can see you press through the aisles
Of the forest, cool and gray;
And my lips shall be dumb till our lips have met.
For never skill of a mortal yet,
To mortal words such music set,
As beats in my heart to-day!

LOVERS AND SWEETHEARTS.
Not daisy-chains, that snap in the breeze,
Or break with their weight apart;
For the pretty colors of youth's fair form
Fade out from the noonday sky;
And blushing loves, in the roses born,
Also with the roses die.

But the love, that when youth's morn is past,
Still sweet and true survives,
Is the faith we need to lean upon
In the crises of our lives:
The love that shines in the eyes grown dim,
In the voice that trembles speaks;
And sees the roses, that a year ago
Withered and died in our cheeks;
That sheds a halo round us still,
Of soft immortal light,
When we change youth's golden coro-
"nade, and dearer,
Oh to be back in the crimson-topped trees,
Watching the smiles that grew dearer
Of that old maple-tree down in the meadow;
Smoothing away from my forehead the tresses
That had been a bud till then.

**THE ROSE.**

The sun, who smiles wherever he goes,
Till the flowers all smile again,
Fell in love one day with a bashful rose,
That had been a bud till then.

So he pushed back the folds of the soft green hood
That covered her modest grace,
And kissed her as only the bold sun could,
Till the crimson burned in her face.

But woe for the day when his golden hair
Tangled her heart in a net;
And woe for the night of her dark despair;
When her cheek with tears was wet!

For she loved him as only a young rose could,
And he left her crushed and weak,
Striving in vain with her faded hood
To cover her burning cheek.

**ARCHIE.**

Oh to be back in the cool summer shadow
Of that old maple-tree down in the meadow;
Watching the smiles that grew dearer
Of that old maple-tree down in the meadow;
Smoothing away from my forehead the tresses
That had been a bud till then.

Oh for the time when I felt his ca-

|ressings Smoothing away from my forehead the tresses;
| When up from my heart to my cheek went the blushes,
| As he said that my voice was as sweet as the thrush's;
|

As he told me, my eyes were bewitch-

| ingly pretty,
| And I answered, 't was only my love made them pretty!

Talk not of maiden reserve or of duty
Or hide from my vision such visions of beauty;
Pulses above may beat calmly and even,
We have been fashioned for earth, and not heaven:
Angels are perfect, I am but a woman;
Saints may be passionless, Archie is not.

Say not that heaven hath tenderer
blisses
To her whose brow drops the soft
rain of kisses;

Pray, youth and maid, that your end
That will live for us, and bear with us
A love for sickness and for health,
When we change youth's golden coro-

| nade, and dearer,
| Oh to be back in the crimson-topped trees,
| Watching the smiles that grew dearer
| Of that old maple-tree down in the meadow;
| Smoothing away from my forehead the tresses
| That had been a bud till then.

**THE PRIZE.**

If fancy do not all deceive,
If dreams have any truth,
Thy love must summon back to me
The glories of my youth:
For if but hope unto my thought
May not fruition have the power
To change all outward things!

Cone, then, and look into mine eyes
Till faith hath left no doubt;
So shalt thou set in them a light
That never can go out;
Or lay thy hand upon my hair,
And keep it black as night;
The tresses that had felt that touch
Would shame to turn to white.

To me it were no miracle,
If, when I hear thee speak,
Lilies around my neck should bloom
And roses in my cheek;
Or if the joy of thy caress,
The wonder of thy smiles,
Smoothed all my forehead out again
As perfect as a child's.

My lip is trembling with such bliss
As mortal never heard;
My heart, exciting to itself,
Keeps singing like a bird;
And while about my tasks I go
Quietly all the day,
I could laugh out, as children laugh,
Upon the hills at play.

O thou, whom fancy brings to me
With morning's earliest beams,
Who walkest with me down the night,
The paradise of dreams:
I charge thee, by the power of love,
To answer to love's call:
Wake me to perfect happiness,
Or wake me not at all!

**A DAY DREAM.**

Hopes waves my bark, and round my way
Her pleasant sunshine lies;
For I sail with a royal argosy
To win a royal prize.

A maiden sits in her loveliness
On the shore of a distant stream,
And over the waters at her feet
The lilies float, and dream.

She reaches down, and draws them in,
With a hand that hath no stain;
And that lily of all the lilies, her hand,
Is the prize I go to gain.

Her hair in a yellow flood falls down
From her forehead low and white;
I would bathe in its billowy gold, and dream,
In its sea of soft delight.

Her cheek is as fair as a tender flower,
When its blushing leaves dispart;
Oh, my rose of the world, my regal rose,
I must wear you on my heart!

I must kiss your lips, so sweetly closed
O'er their pearly treasures fair;
Or strike on their coral reef, and sink
In the waves of my dark despair!

**A WOMAN'S ANSWER.**

"LOVE THEE?" Thou canst not ask of me
So freely as I fain would give;
'T is woman's great necessity
To love so long as she shall live;
Therefore, if thou dost lovely prove,
I cannot choose but give thee love!
"Honor thee?" By her reverence
The sweetest woman best is known;
She needs must honor where she finds
A nature loftier than her own;
I shall not turn from thee away,
Unless I find my idol day!

"Obye!" Doth not the stronger will
The weaker govern and restrain?
Most sweet obedience woman yields
Where wisdom, power, manhood reigns.
I'll give thee, if thou canst control,
The meek submission of my soul!
Henceforward all my life shall be
Moulded and fashioned by thine own;
If wisdom, power, and constancy
In all thy words and deeds are shown;
That the beaker shakes in her trem-
With the burden of its bliss.

All day she walks as in a trance;
And the thought she does not speak,
Burns out in her tell-tale cheek.
And often from her dreams of night
Seem like love's melodious words;
The tired lids with light caress;
That bold, bright rover of the skies,
With that shadowy hand of thine
Wakes her gently, mora!

WEARIED AND WON.
The maiden has listened to loving words
That has changed her world to a paradise,
Who dares to touch her closed eyes,
So, in the good life that shall follow this,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
I envy, on her neck of snow,
Among whose dismal threads her heart
Till its sweet drops overflow.
For it is mine, and I hold my treasure
That its smallest failings are revealed,
That is torture more than I can bear
And, never asking leave or grace,
To see the wanton summer air
How cruel in my sight to bless
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
Across whose dismal threads her heart
That is changed to consciousness,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
She has seen a heart like a flower
to be,
While blushingly she listened to the praise
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
Weaves melancholy stories out of woe,
Till its sweet drops overflow.
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That nestle oft in that dear place
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
That is torture more than I can bear
Between her pillow and her face,
Of him who talked of love in those sweet days
Does not the sweeter words we can speak:
Across whose dismal threads her heart
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And she, grown tired of life before
With the burden of its bliss.
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
That is torture more than I can bear
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
That is torture more than I can bear
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
That is torture more than I can bear
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
That is torture more than I can bear
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
That is torture more than I can bear
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
That is torture more than I can bear
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
That is torture more than I can bear
For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And yet she would almost hide its truth,
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
Yet even for such we need not quite despair
That was hope's spring-time; now its dead,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.
But yet I die of jealousy,
I would not, in her chamber fair,
The curious stars should see her, where
I, even in thought, may scarcely dare
For reverence to tread.
O maiden, hear and answer me
In kindness or in cruelty;
Tell me to live or let me die,
I cry, and cry again!
Give me to touch one golden tress,
Tell me to live or let me die,
Give me thy red, red lips to press,
And ease my jealous pain!

And though I think and dream of thee,
I dream of many things beside.
Most eagerly thy praise is sought,
'Tis sweet to meet, and sad to part;
But all my best and deepest thought
Is hidden from thee in my heart.
And still the while a charm or spell
Half holds, and will not let me go;
'Tis strange, and yet I cannot tell
If what I feel be love, or no!

DEAD LOVE.

We are face to face, and between us here
Is the love we thought could never die;
Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it — you or I?

No matter who — the deed was done
By one or both, and there it lies;
The smile from the lip forever gone,
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked;
So what does it profit to talk and rave,
Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or whether your cruelty dug its grave!

Why should you say that I am to blame,
Or why should I charge the sin on you?
Our work is before us all the same,
And the guilt of it lies between us two.

We have praised our love for its beauty and grace;
Now we stand here, and hardly dare
To turn the face-cloth back from the face,
And see the thing that is hidden there.
Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its last,
And the beautiful life of our life is o'er,
And when we have buried and left the past,
We two, together, can walk no more.

You might stretch yourself on the dead,
And weep;
And pray as the Prophet prayed, in pain;
But not like him could you break the sleep.
And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,
And shower my woe there, kiss on kiss,
But there never was resurrection-day
In the world for a love so dead as this:
And, since we cannot lessen the sin,
By mourning over the deed we did,
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to the chin,
Aye, up till the death-blind eyes are hid!

MY FRIEND.

O my friend, O my dearly beloved!
Do you feel, do you know,
How the times and the seasons are going;
Are they weary and slow?
Does it seem to you long, in the heavens,
My true, tender mate,
Since here we were living together,
Where dying I wait?

'T is three years, as we count by the spring-times,
By the birth of the flowers,
What are years, aye! eternities even,
To love such as ours?
Side by side are we still, though a shadow
Between us doth fall;
We are parted, and yet are not parted,
Not wholly, and all.
For still you are round and about me,
Almost in my reach,
Though little my life has accomplished,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Since you dropped off the darkening fillet
Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright!
Though little my life has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought;
I have lived what has seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought,
Since the time when our path grew so narrow,
So near the unknown,
That I turned back from following after,
And you went on alone.
For we speak of you cheerfuly, always,
As journeying on;
Not as one who is dead do we name you;
We say, you are gone.
For how could we speak of you sadly,
We, who watched while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty
Grew over your face!
Do we call the star lost that is hidden
In the great light of morning?
Or fashion a shroud for the young child
In the day it is born?
Yet behold this were wise to their folly,
When a soul, that is summoned, believing,
Enters into its rest!
And for you, never any more sweetly
Went to rest, true and deep.
Since the first of our Lord's blessed martyrs,
Having prayed, fell asleep.

What to you was the change, the transition,
When looking before,
You felt that the places which knew you
Should know you no more?
Did the soul rise exultant, ecstatic?
Did it cry, all is well?
What was it to the left and the loving
We only can tell.
'T was as if one took from us sweet roses
And we caught their last breath;
'T was like anything beautiful passing;
It was not like death!
A robe all transparent, and brightened
Though you wore something earthly
Till the light taken from them fell on
As when from some beautiful case-
Love can never be left, O belovéd,
And we scarce could believe it forever
The light of the soul flashed upon us,
So while we were watching and wait-
As sometimes, in the midst of the
From the sight of the eyes that are
Now seen and now lost in the distance,
Like the flight of a bird, when still
By the soul shining through :
That once we called you,
From out of the skies !
A hand takes the light;
Every relic our saint on her journey
Who that knew what your spirit,
Every thing which is best;
Our God, ever blest,
As when from some beautiful case-
Illumined at night,
While we steadfastly gaze on its bright-
A hand takes the light ;
And our eyes still transfixed by the splendor
Look earnestly on,
At the place where we lately beheld it,
Even when it has gone :
So we looked in your soul’s darkening
windows,
Those luminous eyes, 
Till the light taken from them fell on us
From out of the skies!
Though you wore something earthly about you
That once we called you,
A robe all transparent, and brightened
By the soul shining through :
Yet when you had dropped it in going,
T was but yours for a day,
Safe back in the bosom of nature
We laid it away.
Strewing over it odorous blossoms
Their perfume to shed,
But you never were buried beneath them,
And never were dead !
What we brought there and left for the darkness
Forever to hide,
Was but precious because you had worn it,
And put it aside.
As a garment might be, you had fash-
ioned
In exquisite taste ;
A book which your touch had made sacred,
A flower you had graced.
For all that was yours we hold precious,
We keep for your sake
Every relic our saint on her journey
Has not needed to take.
Who that knew what your spirit, though fettered,
Aspired to, adored,
When as far as the body would leave it
It mounted and soared ;
What soul in the world that had loved you,
Or known you aright,
Would look for you down in the dark-
ness,
Not up in the light ?
Why, the seed in the ground that we
Planted and left there to die,
Being quickened, breaks out of its prison,
And grows towards the sky.
The small fire that but slowly was kind-
ed,
And feebly begun,
Gaining strength as it burns, flashes upward,
And mounts to the sun.
And could such a soul, free for ascend-
ing
Could that luminous spark,
Blown to flame by the breath of Jebo-

va,
Go out in the dark ?
Doth the bird stay behind when the
Window
Wide open is set ?
Or, freed from the snare of the fowler,
Hasten back to his net ?
And you placed in the flesh, being bur-
den:
By its great weight of ills,
As a slave, who has tasted wild free-
dom,
Still pales for the hills.
And therefore it is that I seek you
In full, open day,
Where the universe stretches the far-
thest
From darkness away,
And think of you always as rising
And spurring the gloom ;
All the width of infinity keeping
‘Twist yourself and the tomb !
Sometimes in white raiment I see you,
Treading higher and higher
On the great sea of glass, ever shining,
And mingled with fire.
With the crown and the harp of the victor,
Exultant you stand ;
And the melody drops, as if jewels
Dropped off from your hand.
You walk in that beautiful city,
Adorned as a bride,
Whose twelve gates of pearl are for-
ever
Opened freely and wide.
Whose walls upon jasper foundations
Shall firmly endure;
Set with topaz, and beryl, and sapphire,
And amethyst pure.
You are where there is not any dying,
Nor rest in his love ;
Your portion of good,
Must help where your hand can be
Helpful,
But as from his essence and nature
Our God, ever blest,
Can not do anything for his children
But that which is best;
And till He hath gathered them to
Him,
In the heavens above,
Cannot joy over them as one singing,
Nor rest in his love ;
So you, who have drawn from his
Goodness
Your portion of good,
Must help where your hand can be
Helpful,
Can not rest if you would ;
For you seem to have fashioned the
heaven
That was fashioned for you !
You are set round by troops of white
Lilies,
In rank after rank.
And the loveliest things, and the fair-
est
That near you are seen
Seem as beautiful handmaidens, who
wait on
The step of a queen.
For always, wherever I see you,
Below or above,
I think all the good which surrounds you
Is born of your love.
And the best place is that where I find you,
The best thing you do ;
For you seem to have fashioned the
heaven
That was fashioned for you !
And as far as infinity reaches
He is freer than they who have bound
If his singing ascend at the midnight,
To him, who in thought and in spirit,
And what are the walls of the prison,
If his doors are swung back by the
Who walked through the billows of
And your white hand away— from the
Your face as the face of a seraph
Free, at least in his dreams and his
When the slave slipped his feet from
Surely they are led on by the angels,
Wherever in dark habitations
You come, as on wings of the morning,
To the sorrowful house, to the death—
You revisit the world and the people,
Yea, lost mortal, immortal forever!
And that he, whose dear smile for a
Gains the infinite comfort and sweet-
We feel, you can hold it and keep it
May travel the skies!

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

O Rosamond, thou fair and good,
And perfect flower of womanhood,
Thou royal rose of June,
Why didst thou drop before thy time?
Why wither in thy first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?
For looking backward through my tears
On thine, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'T were better far to-day.
O child of light, O golden head—
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
O friend so true, O friend so good—
That gave youth all its charms—
O friend so true, O friend so good—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
They live, embodied evermore,
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.
NEARER HOME.

Gliding about with noiseless tread,
Her white sheets on the ground she spread,
That weary men might go to bed.
No watch was there for me to keep,
Yet could I neither rest nor sleep.
A recent loss had struck so deep.
I felt as if Omnipotence
Had given us no full recompense
For all the ills of time and sense.
So I went, wandering silently,
Near where I slowly chanced to stray,
And fashioned out the life to be.
It was not drawn from book or creed,
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Where a great river sought the sea.
And I had asked others of their faith
That wearied men might go to bed.
Of the veiled face of cherubim,
Talked of a glory never dim,
Saw golden streets and glittering towers
Saw peaceful valleys, white with flow-
er, kept never-ending Sabbath hours.
Yet their discourse awoke again
Some hidden memories that had lain
Long undisturbed within my brain.
For oft, when bowed earth's care be-
One sick with mortal doubts and fears,
We put on immortality.
And what that better world could be,
One, who the cruel sea had crossed,
No watch was there for me to keep,
For oft, when bowed earth's care be-
Saw peaceful valleys, white with flow-
er, was lost.
Thus of the final voyage spake:
"Coming to heaven must be to make
Safe port, and no more journeys take."
And now their words of various kind
Come back to my bewildered mind,
And my faith staggered, faint and blind,
And exchanged it to heal the woe
Of some great sorrow, which below
Or fashioned it to heal the woe
Of some great sorrow, which below
That he had shaped and made his own
And each in his reply had shown
Or fashioned it to heal the woe
That he had shaped and made his own
By the best things which he had known:
Or fashioned it to heal the woe
Of some great sorrow, which below
It was his hapless lot to know.
A mother once had said to me,
Over her dead: "My heaven will be
An undivided family."
A youth, and old man, worn and gray,
Down through the silence took their way;
And the night brought within my reach,
As each made answer unto each,
Some portion of their earnest speech.
The patriarch said: "Of all we know,
Or all that we can dream below,
Of that far land to which we go,
"This one assurance hath expressed,
To me, its blessedness the best —
'He giveth his beloved rest.'"

MANY MANSIONS.

Men bending to their hopeless doom,
Tolling as in a living tomb,
Down shafts of everlasting gloom,
Out of the dark had answered me:
"Where there is light for us to see
Each other's faces, heaven must be."
An aged man, who bowed his head
With reverence o'er the page, and read
The words that ancient prophets said.
Talked of a glory never dim,
Of the veiled face of cherubim,
And harp, and everlasting hymn; —
Saw golden streets and glittering towers
Saw peaceful valleys, white with flow-
er,
Kept never-ending Sabbath hours.
One, who the cruel sea had crossed,
And seen, through billows madly tossed,
Great shipwrecks, where brave souls were lost.
Thus of the final voyage spake:
"Coming to heaven must be to make
Safe port, and no more journeys take."
And now their words of various kind
Come back to my bewildered mind,
And my faith staggered, faint and blind,
One moment; then this truth seemed
Plain,
These have not trusted God in vain;
To ask of Him must be to gain.
Every imaginable good.
We, erring, sinful, mortal, would
Give me beloved, if we could;
And shall not He, whose care en-
folds
Our life, and all our way controls,
Yet satisfy our longing souls?
Since mortal step hath never been,
And mortal eye hath never seen,
Past death's impenetrable screen,
Who shall dare limit Him above,
Or tell the ways in which He'll prove
Unto his children all his love?
Then joy through all my being spread,
And, comforted myself, I said:
O weary world, be comforted!
Souls, in your quest of bliss grown weak—
Souls, whose great woe no words can speak—
Not always shall ye vainly seek!
Men whose whole lives have been a sight,
Shall come from darkness to the light;
Wanderers shall halt the land in sight,
Old saints, and martyrs of the Lamb,
Shall rise to sing their triumph psalm,
And wear the crown, and bear the palm.

And the pale mourner, with bowed head,
Who, for the living lost, or dead,
Here weeps, shall there be gently urged
To feel, in that celestial place,
Whose banks are fair as those
Near it that stream doth pass
Whose waters, clear as glass,
Make glad the city of our God with song;
Whose banks are fair as those
Whereon stray milk-white does,
Feeding among the lilies all day long.

And friends who once were here
Abide in dwellings near;
While I, though warned to go,
Yet linger here below,
And wear the crown, and bear the palm.

'Tis such as angels use,
Such as good men would choose;
It hath all fair and pleasant things in sight;
Its walls as white as fine
As polished ivory shine,
And through its windows comes celestial light.

'Tis built fair and good,
In the similitude
Of the most royal palace of a king;
And sorrow may not come
Into that heavenly home,
Nor pain, nor death, nor any evil thing.

Till unrelenting Death
Blows with his icy breath
Upon my naked and unsheltered soul!

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.
I have a heavenly home,
To which my soul may come,
And where forever safe it may abide:
Firmly and sure it stands,
That house not made with hands,
And garnished as a chamber for a bride!

To this despiséd thing,
The life accomplished never seems
The blest fulfillment of its dreams.

The souls that now have come
Into a better home,
And sit in heavenly places with their Lord.
"Tis strange that I should cling
To this despised thing,
To this poor dwelling crumbling round my head:
Making myself content
In a low tenement
After my joys and friends alike are fled!

Yet I shall not, I know,
Be ready hence to go,
And dwell in my good palace, fair and whole,
Till unrelenting Death
Blows with his icy breath
Upon my naked and unsheltered soul!

A GOOD DAY.

EARTH seems as peaceful and as bright
As if the year that might not stay,
Had made a sweet pause in her flight,
To keep another Sabbath day.

And I, as past the moments roll,
Forgetting human fear and doubt.
Hold better Sabbath, in my soul,
Than that which Nature holds without.

Help me, O Lord, if I shall see
Times when I walk from hope apart,
Till all my days but seem to be
The troubled week-days of the heart.

Help me to find, in seasons past,
The hours that have been good or fair,
And bid remembrance hold them fast,
To keep another Sabbath day.

Help me to look behind, before.
To make my past and future form
A bow of promise, meeting o'er
The darkness of my day of storm.

Hymn.

How dare I in thy courts appear,
Or raise to thee my voice?
I only serve thee, Lord, with fear,
With trembling I rejoice.

I have not all forgot thy word,
Nor wholly gone astray;
I follow thee, but oh, my Lord,
So faint, so far away!

That thou wilt pardon and receive
Of sinners even the chief,
Lord, I believe,—Lord, I believe;
Help thou mine unbelief!

The life accomplished never seems
The best fulfillment of its dreams.

TOO LATE.

Blessings, alas! unmerited,
Freely as evening dews are shed
Each day on my unworthy head.

So that my very sins but prove
The sinlessness of Him above
And his unutterable love.

And yet, as if no ear took heed,
Not what I ask, but what I need,
Comes down in answer, when I plead.

So that my heart with anguish cries,
My soul almost within me dies,
'Twixt what God gives, and what I need.
My nights are peaceful all the while,  
Body, and heart, and soul, have been  
Yet from their graves immortal flow—  
And, though some human hopes of mine  
I see sweet places everywhere,  
For looking backward through the year,  
Throughout the seasons that have gone  
We have no refuge, but our trust.  
Whose name is Love, whose way is  
And bowing to Him, as we must,  
An empty house, with love unfilled,  
An empty heart, with cries unstilled,  
And lo! Fate builded up a tomb.  
We planned a fair and pleasant room,  
To have our dear one safe from gloom.  
As having almost power to save,  
The sunshine we then did crave,  
Keeps now the greenness of a grave.  
Only a little year ago.  
That which is mine to-day, I know,  
And the one dearest is not there.  
Had made a paradise below,  
That would have perfected my bliss!  
Therefore, when nearest happiness,  
I faint, I fail, I perish, without aid!  
I cannot go alone, I cried, dismayed, —  
Do we not say, forgive us, Lord,  
Let him that is without sin cast the first  
Mourn, because we fain  
Would keep the things we should resign.
And pray, because we cannot pray—
Not my rebellious will, but thine!

IN EXTREMITY.

Think on Him, Lord! We ask thy aid
In life's most dreaded extremity:
For evil days have come to him,
Who in his youth remembered thee.

Look on him, Lord! for heart and flesh,
Alack, must fail without thy grace:
Part back the clouds, that he may see
The brightness of his Father's face.

Speak to him, Lord! as thou didst talk
To Adam, in the Garden's shade,
And grant it unto him to hear
Thy voice, and not to be afraid.

Support him, Lord! that he may come,
Leaning on thee, in faith sublime,
Up to that awful landmark, set
Between eternity and time.

And, Lord! if it must be that we shall walk with him no more below,
Reach out of heaven thy loving hand,
And spare from treasures great
His precious little ones, the poor and low.

PECCAVI.

I have sinned, I have sinned, before thee, the Most Holy!
And I come as a penitent, bowing down lowly,
With my lips making freely their awful admission,
And mine eyes raising bitterest tears of contrition;
And I cry unto thee, with my mouth in the dust:
O God! be not just!

O God! be not just; but be merciful rather,
Let me see not the face of my Judge
But my Father:
A sinner, a culprit, I stand self-convicted,
Yet the pardoning power is thine unrestricted;

I am weak; thou art strong; in thy goodness and might,
Let my sentence be light!

I have turned from all gifts which thy kindness supplied me,
Because of the one which thy wisdom denied me;
I have bandaged mine eyes — yea, mine own hands have bound me;
I have made me a darkness, when light was around me;
And I cry by the way-side: O Lord that I might
Receive back my sight!

For the sake of my guilt, may my guilt be forgiven,
And because mine iniquities mount unto heaven!
Let my sins, which are crimson, be snow in their brightness;
Let my sins, which are scarlet, be wool in their whiteness.
I am out of the way, and my soul is dismayed without me.
I am lost, and afraid.

I have sinned, and against Him whose justice may doom me;
Insulted his power whose wrath can consume me;
Yet, by that best name by which angels adore Him —
That name through which mortals may dare come before Him —
I come, saying only, My Father above,
My God, be thou Love!

CHRISTMAS.

O time by holy prophets long foretold,
Time waited for by saints in days of old,
O sweet, auspicious morn
When Christ, the Lord, was born!

And He saith, Inasmuch as ye shall take
Good to these little ones for my dear sake,
In that same measure ye have brought it unto me!
Therefore, O men in prosperous homes who live,
May live one day for thee —
No room in any home, in any bed,
No soft white pillow waiting for the head,
And spare from treasures great
To help their low estate.

Mothers whose sons fill all your homes with light,
Think of the sons who once made homes as bright,
Now laid in sleep profound
On some sad battle-ground;
And into darkened dwellings come with cheer,
With pitying hand to wipe the falling tear,
Comfort for Christ's dear sake
To childless mothers take!

Children whose lives are blest with love untold,
Whose gifts are greater than your arms can hold,
Think of the child who stands
To-day with empty hands!
Go fill them up, and you will also fill
Their empty hearts, that lie so cold
And brighten longing eyes
With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have, at this blest season seek
His precious little ones, the poor and weak,
In joyful, sweet accord,
This leading to the Lord.

Yeah, Crucified Redeemer, who didst give
Thy soul, thy tears, thy life, that we might live,
Thy Spirit grant, that we
May live one day for thee!

COMPENSATION.

Crooked and dwarfed the tree must stay,
Nor lift its green head to the day,
Till useless growths are lopped away,
And thus doth human nature do;
It cannot grow up straight and true.
And other lips can never taste
A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

When to the mother's arms is lent,
That sweet reward for suffering sent
To her, from the Omnipotent,
I think its helpless, pleading cry
Touches her heart more tenderly,
Because of her past agony.

We learn at last how good and brave
Was the dear friend we could not save,
When he has slipped into the grave.

And after he has come to hide
Our lambs upon the other side,
We know our Shepherd and our Guide.

And thus, by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
God brings us compensating good.

For Faith is perfected by tears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And Love looks into heaven through tears.

And, sitting by the way-side, blind,
Is the nearest to the light,
Who crieth out most earnestly,
Yet have I been beloved and blessed
Perished untimely ere their birth,
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
What care I, while my soul can
Go down into the past
In him who hath but seldom heard
The magic of a loving word.

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What shall we speak our joy that
God brings us compensating good.

Lord, that I might receive my
A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

The world that round about him lies,
Only the wounded limb can heal.

A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

And other lips can never taste
A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

When to the mother's arms is lent,
That sweet reward for suffering sent
To her, from the Omnipotent,
I think its helpless, pleading cry
Touches her heart more tenderly,
Because of her past agony.

We learn at last how good and brave
Was the dear friend we could not save,
When he has slipped into the grave.

And after he has come to hide
Our lambs upon the other side,
We know our Shepherd and our Guide.

And thus, by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
God brings us compensating good.

For Faith is perfected by tears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And Love looks into heaven through tears.

And, sitting by the way-side, blind,
Is the nearest to the light,
Who crieth out most earnestly,
Yet have I been beloved and blessed
Perished untimely ere their birth,
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
What care I, while my soul can
Go down into the past
In him who hath but seldom heard
The magic of a loving word.

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What shall we speak our joy that
God brings us compensating good.

Lord, that I might receive my
A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

The world that round about him lies,
Only the wounded limb can heal.

A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

When to the mother's arms is lent,
That sweet reward for suffering sent
To her, from the Omnipotent,
I think its helpless, pleading cry
Touches her heart more tenderly,
Because of her past agony.

We learn at last how good and brave
Was the dear friend we could not save,
When he has slipped into the grave.

And after he has come to hide
Our lambs upon the other side,
We know our Shepherd and our Guide.

And thus, by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
God brings us compensating good.

For Faith is perfected by tears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And Love looks into heaven through tears.

And, sitting by the way-side, blind,
Is the nearest to the light,
Who crieth out most earnestly,
Yet have I been beloved and blessed
Perished untimely ere their birth,
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
What care I, while my soul can
Go down into the past
In him who hath but seldom heard
The magic of a loving word.

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What shall we speak our joy that
God brings us compensating good.

Lord, that I might receive my
A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.

The world that round about him lies,
Only the wounded limb can heal.

A draught like that he finds at last
Who seeks it in the burning waste.
THE POEMS OF PHOEBE CARY.

We cannot see nor know to-day,
For He hath made us of the dust;
When but wait his time, and say,
Even though He slay me, will I trust?

Swift to the dead we hasten now,
And know not even the way we go;
Yet quick and dead are thine, and thou—
Thou knowest all we do not know!

CHRISTMAS.

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day when Christ, the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity,

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
For little children everywhere
This holy day when Christ the Lord,

And each unconscious infant sleeps
Intrusted to his guardian care;
Hears his dear name in cradle hymns,
And lies it in its earliest prayer.

Thou blessed Babe of Bethlehem! Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—
Thou Brother, through whose poverty,
We have become the heirs of God;
Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—

And Lord, if to the sick and poor
We go with generous hearts to-day,
Or in forbidden places seek
For such as wander from the way,
And by our loving words or deeds
Make this a hallowed time to them;
Though we ourselves be found unmeet,
For sin, to touch thy garment's hem;
Wilt thou not, for thy wondrous grace,
And for thy tender charity,
Accept the good we do to these,
As we had done it unto thee?

And for the precious little ones,
Here from their native heaven astray.
Wherein the lowly Saviour lay,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.

And if we make thy natal day
A season always crowded full
Of sweet and pleasant memories;
Wilt thou not grant us to forget
Awhile our weight of care and pain,
Of early innocence again?
O holy Child, about whose bed
Of every human child to-day.

Repent, and come to yourself, and turn,
To win again his place:
The sharp, rough way of Calvary;
We raise the banner of the cross,
But if to gain his home he tried,
And He will call you son, and call you heir;
He fain would have fed with the very swine,
And seat you at the feast.

And He will call you son, and call you heir;
He fain would have fed with the very swine,
And seat you at the feast.

And the head he loves, for his dear sake
Was wounded once with a thorny crown.

Ah! men and brethren, Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—
Thou once didst deign to toil and
And pour thy blessings on their
And find his welcome sure.

St. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

And when his riotous living was done,
And his course of foolish pleasure run,
And a fearful famine rose,
He him would have fed with the very swine,

And no man gave him bread nor wine,
For his friends were changed to foes.

And I thought, when at last his state he knew
What a little thing he had to do,
To win again his place:
Only the madness of sin to learn,
To come to himself, repent, and turn,
And seek his father's face.

And then I thought however vile we are,
Not one of us hath strayed so far
From the things that are good and pure. 
But if we find his portal open wide,
And I thought, when at last his state he knew
What a little thing he had to do,
To win again his place:
Only the madness of sin to learn,
To come to himself, repent, and turn,
And seek his father's face.

And if any act that we can do,
If any prayer we lift to thee,
May find acceptance in thy sight,
For sin, to touch thy garment's hem;
Wilt thou not, for thy wondrous grace,
And for thy tender charity,
Accept the good we do to these,
As we had done it unto thee?

And if any thought of ours is right,
And if any word we say is true,
Our weight of care and pain,
Of early innocence again?
O holy Child, about whose bed
Of every human child to-day.

Repent, and come to yourself, and turn,
To win again his place:
The sharp, rough way of Calvary;
We raise the banner of the cross,
But if to gain his home he tried,
And He will call you son, and call you heir;
He fain would have fed with the very swine,
And seat you at the feast.

And the head he loves, for his dear sake
Was wounded once with a thorny crown.

Ah! men and brethren, Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—
Thou once didst deign to toil and
And pour thy blessings on their
And find his welcome sure.

St. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

And when his riotous living was done,
And his course of foolish pleasure run,
And a fearful famine rose,
He him would have fed with the very swine,

And no man gave him bread nor wine,
For his friends were changed to foes.

And I thought, when at last his state he knew
What a little thing he had to do,
To win again his place:
Only the madness of sin to learn,
To come to himself, repent, and turn,
And seek his father's face.

And then I thought however vile we are,
Not one of us hath strayed so far
From the things that are good and pure. 
But if we find his portal open wide,
And I thought, when at last his state he knew
What a little thing he had to do,
To win again his place:
Only the madness of sin to learn,
To come to himself, repent, and turn,
And seek his father's face.

And if any act that we can do,
If any prayer we lift to thee,
May find acceptance in thy sight,
For sin, to touch thy garment's hem;
Wilt thou not, for thy wondrous grace,
And for thy tender charity,
Accept the good we do to these,
As we had done it unto thee?

And if any thought of ours is right,
And if any word we say is true,
Our weight of care and pain,
Of early innocence again?
O holy Child, about whose bed
Of every human child to-day.

Repent, and come to yourself, and turn,
To win again his place:
The sharp, rough way of Calvary;
We raise the banner of the cross,
But if to gain his home he tried,
And He will call you son, and call you heir;
He fain would have fed with the very swine,
And seat you at the feast.

And the head he loves, for his dear sake
Was wounded once with a thorny crown.

Ah! men and brethren, Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—
Thou once didst deign to toil and
And pour thy blessings on their
And find his welcome sure.

St. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

And when his riotous living was done,
And his course of foolish pleasure run,
And a fearful famine rose,
He him would have fed with the very swine,

And no man gave him bread nor wine,
For his friends were changed to foes.

And I thought, when at last his state he knew
What a little thing he had to do,
To win again his place:
Only the madness of sin to learn,
To come to himself, repent, and turn,
And seek his father's face.

And then I thought however vile we are,
Not one of us hath strayed so far
From the things that are good and pure.

But if to gain his home he tried,
And He will call you son, and call you heir;
He fain would have fed with the very swine,
And seat you at the feast.

And the head he loves, for his dear sake
Was wounded once with a thorny crown.

Ah! men and brethren, Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—
Thou once didst deign to toil and
And pour thy blessings on their
And find his welcome sure.

St. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

And when his riotous living was done,
And his course of foolish pleasure run,
And a fearful famine rose,
He him would have fed with the very swine,

And no man gave him bread nor wine,
For his friends were changed to foes.

And I thought, when at last his state he knew
What a little thing he had to do,
To win again his place:
Only the madness of sin to learn,
To come to himself, repent, and turn,
And seek his father's face.

And then I thought however vile we are,
Not one of us hath strayed so far
From the things that are good and pure.

But if to gain his home he tried,
And He will call you son, and call you heir;
He fain would have fed with the very swine,
And seat you at the feast.

And the head he loves, for his dear sake
Was wounded once with a thorny crown.

Ah! men and brethren, Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—
Thou once didst deign to toil and
And pour thy blessings on their
And find his welcome sure.

St. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

And when his riotous living was done,
And his course of foolish pleasure run,
And a fearful famine rose,
He him would have fed with the very swine,

And no man gave him bread nor wine,
For his friends were changed to foes.

And I thought, when at last his state he knew
What a little thing he had to do,
To win again his place:
Only the madness of sin to learn,
To come to himself, repent, and turn,
And seek his father's face.

And then I thought however vile we are,
Not one of us hath strayed so far
From the things that are good and pure.

But if to gain his home he tried,
And He will call you son, and call you heir;
He fain would have fed with the very swine,
And seat you at the feast.

And the head he loves, for his dear sake
Was wounded once with a thorny crown.

Ah! men and brethren, Whose life we love, whose name we dwell—
Thou once didst deign to toil and
And pour thy blessings on their
And find his welcome sure.

St. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
Lo! thou hast not called for us in vain, And we shall not call in vain for thee!

THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

Or the precious years of my life, to-day I count another one; And I thank thee, Lord, for the light is good, And 'tis sweet to see the sun.

To watch the seasons as they pass, Their wondrous wealth unfold, Till the silvery treasures of the snow Are changed to the harvest's gold.

For kindly still does the teeming earth Her stores of plenty yield, Whether we come to bind the sheaves, Or only to glean in the field.

And dwelling in such a pleasant land, Though poor in goods and friends, We may still be rich, if we live content With what our Father sends.

If we feel that life is a blessed thing — A boon to be desired; And where not much to us is given, Not much will be required.

And keep our natures sweet with the sense Of fervent gratitude, That we have been left to live in the world, And to know that God is good!

And since there is naught of all we have, That we have not received; Shall we dare, though our treasures be reclaimed, To call ourselves bereaved?

For 'tis easy to walk by sight in the day; 'Tis the night that tries our faith; And what is that worth if we render thanks For life and not for death?

And so sing from my heart, at the break of day, A glad thanksgiving hymn:

| And no doubt thy love, though my earthly joys Were narrowed down to this one, So long as the sweet day shines for me, And mine eyes behold the sun. |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Heaven and the depths of agony All the anguish a mortal can, Than He, their blessed Master, bore. Is there no way to Him at last But that Where His bleeding feet have passed? Did He not to His followers say, "I am the Life, the Light, the Way?"

Whether by cross, or flood, or flame, Might knew they were called to bear no more. The bright and the depth of agony All the anguish a mortal can, Is there no way to Him at last But that Where His bleeding feet have passed? Did He not to His followers say, "I am the Life, the Light, the Way?"

The gate of life is the gate of death; Peace is the crown of faith's good fight; And the way of the cross is the way of light.

He was tempted? Yes, He sinned then All that hides in the hearts of men; And He kneweth, when we intercede, How to succor our souls in their need.

Why should they whom He called his own, Sinners and harlots here below? Not to the righteous did He come, But to find and bring the wanderers home.

He was tempted? Yes, He sinned then All that hides in the hearts of men; And He kneweth, when we intercede, How to succor our souls in their need.

Why should they whom He called his own, Sinners and harlots here below? Not to the righteous did He come, But to find and bring the wanderers home.

And the way of the cross is the way of light.

HEYM.

COME down, O Lord, and with us live! For here with tender, earnest call, The gospel thou didst freely give, We freely offer unto all.

Come, with such power and saving grace, That we shall cry, with one accord, "How sweet and awful this place, — This sacred temple of the Lord!"
Let friend and stranger, one in thee,  
Feel with such power thy Spirit move,  
That every man's own speech shall be,  
The sweet eternal speech of love.

Yea, fill us with the Holy Ghost,  
Let burning hearts and tongues be given,  
Make this a day of Pentecost,  
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven!

A man he was who loved the good,  
Yet strayed in crooked ways apart;  
Because of evil in his heart.

He saw men garner wealth and fame,  
And failed to gather what he sowed.  
And we stumble at last when we come  
To lose what we would find.

When we look back, and see our steps  
As if the souls that are born of his love  
Are just;  
And we stumble at last when we come  
To lose what we would find.

For love that never can change  
Nor fear to hide what we would keep,  
And love what we would find?

This is the day of Pentecost  
When the winter of sorrow comes to  
Our hearts, and the years of our life are dream.

For when in darkness and clouds  
The way of God is concealed,  
We doubt the words of his promises,  
And the glory to be revealed.

When shall we live to thee  
And die to thee, resigned,  
Nor fear to hide what we would keep,  
And love what we would find?

Oh, if this living soul, that many a time  
Above the low things of the earth doth climb,  
Up to the mountain-top of faith sublime,  
If she could only stay

In that high place,  
And hear, in reverence bowed,  
God's voice behind the cloud:

Or if descending to the earth again  
Its lesson in the heart might still re- 
main;  
If we could keep the vision, clear and plain,

And hear, in reverence bowed,  
God's voice behind the cloud:

Or if descending to the earth again  
Its lesson in the heart might still re- 

main;  
If we could keep the vision, clear and plain,
Ah! what a world were ours to journey through!
What deeds of love and mercy we should do:
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
That in our face would shine
The light of love divine,
Showing that we had stood
Upon the mount of God.

But earthy of the earth, we downward tend,
From the pure height of faith our feet descend.
The hour of exaltation hath its end.
And we, alas! forget,
In life's turmoil and fret,
The pattern to us shown,
When on the mount alone.

Yea, we forget the rapture we had known,
Forget the voice that talked to us alone.
Forget the brightness past, the cloud,
Descends on my shelterless head,
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in the path.
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and dread,
When my soul is encompassed with fears,
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my bed.
And water my pillow with tears;
When love is lost, and tenderness is gone;
Little by little my strength is spent.

Through the devious paths of the world we may judge,
Till its trials, and its dangers are past;
If I walk through the furnace, be thou by my side,
Be my rod and my staff to the last.
When my cruelest enemy presses me hard
To my last earthly refuge and rest —
Put thy arms underneath and about me.

Ah! what a world were ours to journey on,
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do,
Not by the pattern in the vision seen
But earthy of the earth, we downward tend,
We come down from the height where we have been,
And build our tabernacles low and mean.

Not by the pattern in the vision seen,
Remembering no more,
When once the hour is o'er,
Then she clasped her anguish, crying,
When her very heart was broken,
But earthy of the earth we travel on;
The shadow of the Lord hath passed us by.

A CANTICLE.

Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase
Of the riches that make it complete;
When, favored, I walk in the pathway of peace,
That is pleasant and safe to the feet:
Be with me and keep me, when all the day long
Delight hath no taint of alloy;
When my heart runneth over with laughter and song,
And my cup with the fullness of joy.

Be with me, O Lord, when I make my complaint
Because of my sorrow and care;
Take the weight from my soul, that is ready to faint.
And give me thy burden to bear.
If the sun of the desert at noonside, in wrath
Descends on my shelterless head,
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in the path.
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and dread,
When my soul is encompassed with fears,
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my bed.
And water my pillow with tears;
When love is lost, and tenderness is gone;
Little by little my strength is spent.

Through the devious paths of the world we may judge,
Till its trials, and its dangers are past;
If I walk through the furnace, be thou by my side,
Be my rod and my staff to the last.
When my cruelest enemy presses me hard
To my last earthly refuge and rest —
Put thy arms underneath and about me.

Ah! what a world were ours to journey on,
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do,
Not by the pattern in the vision seen
But earthy of the earth we travel on;
The shadow of the Lord hath passed us by.

A CANTICLE.

Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase
Of the riches that make it complete;
When, favored, I walk in the pathway of peace,
That is pleasant and safe to the feet:
Be with me and keep me, when all the day long
Delight hath no taint of alloy;
When my heart runneth over with laughter and song,
And my cup with the fullness of joy.

Be with me, O Lord, when I make my complaint
Because of my sorrow and care;
Take the weight from my soul, that is ready to faint.
And give me thy burden to bear.
If the sun of the desert at noonside, in wrath
Descends on my shelterless head,
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in the path.
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and dread,
When my soul is encompassed with fears,
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my bed.
And water my pillow with tears;
When love is lost, and tenderness is gone;
Little by little my strength is spent.

Through the devious paths of the world we may judge,
Till its trials, and its dangers are past;
If I walk through the furnace, be thou by my side,
Be my rod and my staff to the last.
When my cruelest enemy presses me hard
To my last earthly refuge and rest —
Put thy arms underneath and about me.

Ah! what a world were ours to journey on,
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do,
Not by the pattern in the vision seen
But earthy of the earth we travel on;
The shadow of the Lord hath passed us by.

A CANTICLE.

Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase
Of the riches that make it complete;
When, favored, I walk in the pathway of peace,
That is pleasant and safe to the feet:
Be with me and keep me, when all the day long
Delight hath no taint of alloy;
When my heart runneth over with laughter and song,
And my cup with the fullness of joy.

Be with me, O Lord, when I make my complaint
Because of my sorrow and care;
Take the weight from my soul, that is ready to faint.
And give me thy burden to bear.
If the sun of the desert at noonside, in wrath
Descends on my shelterless head,
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in the path.
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and dread,
When my soul is encompassed with fears,
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my bed.
And water my pillow with tears;
When love is lost, and tenderness is gone;
Little by little my strength is spent.

Through the devious paths of the world we may judge,
Till its trials, and its dangers are past;
If I walk through the furnace, be thou by my side,
Be my rod and my staff to the last.
When my cruelest enemy presses me hard
To my last earthly refuge and rest —
Put thy arms underneath and about me.

Ah! what a world were ours to journey on,
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do,
Not by the pattern in the vision seen
But earthy of the earth we travel on;
The shadow of the Lord hath passed us by.

A CANTICLE.

Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase
Of the riches that make it complete;
When, favored, I walk in the pathway of peace,
That is pleasant and safe to the feet:
Be with me and keep me, when all the day long
Delight hath no taint of alloy;
When my heart runneth over with laughter and song,
And my cup with the fullness of joy.

Be with me, O Lord, when I make my complaint
Because of my sorrow and care;
Take the weight from my soul, that is ready to faint.
And give me thy burden to bear.
If the sun of the desert at noonside, in wrath
Descends on my shelterless head,
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in the path.
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and dread,
When my soul is encompassed with fears,
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my bed.
And water my pillow with tears;
When love is lost, and tenderness is gone;
Little by little my strength is spent.

Through the devious paths of the world we may judge,
Till its trials, and its dangers are past;
If I walk through the furnace, be thou by my side,
Be my rod and my staff to the last.
When my cruelest enemy presses me hard
To my last earthly refuge and rest —
Put thy arms underneath and about me.

Ah! what a world were ours to journey on,
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do,
Not by the pattern in the vision seen
But earthy of the earth we travel on;
The shadow of the Lord hath passed us by.

A CANTICLE.

Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase
Of the riches that make it complete;
When, favored, I walk in the pathway of peace,
That is pleasant and safe to the feet:
Be with me and keep me, when all the day long
Delight hath no taint of alloy;
When my heart runneth over with laughter and song,
And my cup with the fullness of joy.

Be with me, O Lord, when I make my complaint
Because of my sorrow and care;
Take the weight from my soul, that is ready to faint.
And give me thy burden to bear.
If the sun of the desert at noonside, in wrath
Descends on my shelterless head,
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in the path.
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and dread,
When my soul is encompassed with fears,
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my bed.
And water my pillow with tears;
When love is lost, and tenderness is gone;
Little by little my strength is spent.

Through the devious paths of the world we may judge,
Till its trials, and its dangers are past;
If I walk through the furnace, be thou by my side,
Be my rod and my staff to the last.
When my cruelest enemy presses me hard
To my last earthly refuge and rest —
Put thy arms underneath and about me.

Ah! what a world were ours to journey on,
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do,
Not by the pattern in the vision seen
But earthy of the earth we travel on;
The shadow of the Lord hath passed us by.

A CANTICLE.

Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase
Of the riches that make it complete;
When, favored, I walk in the pathway of peace,
That is pleasant and safe to the feet:
Be with me and keep me, when all the day long
Delight hath no taint of alloy;
When my heart runneth over with laughter and song,
And my cup with the fullness of joy.

Be with me, O Lord, when I make my complaint
Because of my sorrow and care;
Take the weight from my soul, that is ready to faint.
And give me thy burden to bear.
If the sun of the desert at noonside, in wrath
Descends on my shelterless head,
Be thou the cool shadow and rock in the path.
Of a land that is weary to tread.

In the season of sorest affliction and dread,
When my soul is encompassed with fears,
Till I lie in the darkness awake on my bed.
And water my pillow with tears;
When love is lost, and tenderness is gone;
Little by little my strength is spent.

Through the devious paths of the world we may judge,
Till its trials, and its dangers are past;
If I walk through the furnace, be thou by my side,
Be my rod and my staff to the last.
When my cruelest enemy presses me hard
To my last earthly refuge and rest —
Put thy arms underneath and about me.

Ah! what a world were ours to journey on,
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do,
Not by the pattern in the vision seen
But earthy of the earth we travel on;
The shadow of the Lord hath passed us by.
When earth, in all her innocent beauty, stood
Near her Creator, and He called her good —
He who had weighed the planets in his hand,
And dropped them in the places where they stand,
Built a little temple white and fair,
And of a workmanship so fine and rare.
Even the star that led to Bethlehem
Had not the value of this wondrous gem.

Then, that its strength and beauty might endure,
He placed within, to keep it clean and pure,
A living human soul. To him He said:
"This is the temple which my hands have made.
To be thy dwelling-place, or foul or fair,
As thou shalt make it by neglect or care.

Mar or deface this temple's sacred wall,
To be thy dwelling-place, or foul or fair.

He that loving them again
With all to lose, or all to win,
With such as tread the downward path;
My dear offended Lord must wear;
Fixing my everlasting choice
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lips had never spoke before,
As words had never spoken before,
As lip
THE HEIR.

An orphan, through the world
Unfriended did I roam,
I knew not that my Father lived,
Nor that I had a home.

No kindred might I claim,
No lover sought for me;
Mine was a solitary life,
Set in no family.

I yielded to despair,
I sought night and morn —
I cried, "Ah! good it were for me,
If I had not been born!"

At midnight came a man —
He knocked upon my door;
He spake such tender words as man
Was never known to bear?

A little child He suffered long ago
To come unto his arms, and keeps there!
I choose the good or from the ill
To know that He who for us died,

A lamp was shining in his hand,
He spake such tender words as man
Ne'er spake to me before.

"From me thou couldst not flee;
Nor that I had a home.
Unfriended did I roam,
Orphan, through the world,

With mansions grand and fair.
And thou shalt share with me!

And thou shalt share with me!
My clearest way is that which faith
Hath known,
Is that which passeth knowledge,
Oh, for the honor won by her,
Who early to the sepulchre
Who giveth his beloved rest
To tell to Peter and the rest,
To whom He gave his high behest,
The wiser, the better, the true.

Doth thou at midnight seek?
I scarce for awe might speak;
I shook with fear and dread;
I knew not that my Father lived,
Nor that I had a home.

I yielded to despair,
I sought night and morn —
I cried, "Ah! good it were for me,
If I had not been born!"

The Comforter, ye may not see
Except I go away.

"I love thee, but I am not worthy,
Who, when He sat at meat,
Lest when my spirit mount on high,
"Tmoth shalt thou not seek!

The Comforter, ye may not see
Except I go away.

But if such heights I may not gain,
Oh, for a Peter's fiery zeal,
His conscience always quick to feel,
"Thou art the royal heir of heaven —
Thou hast a Father and a home,
"For me thou hast not sought,
"Though thou hast strayed," He said,
"Though thou hast strayed," He said,
Listening, for her comfort heard,
"When the pang, the strife is past,
"Suffered and borne as well
"That while he saw with raptured eyes
"Oh, for the vision that sufficed
"For your battles fought and won,
"Oh, for the vision that sufficed
"When the day of their work is
"By the love of God and the world,
"For the blessedness which was given to you,
"And nobly borne your parts;
"To whom He gave his high behest,
"When the day of their work is
"When the pang, the strife is past,
"Oh, for the honor won by her,
"When the voice and cloud dismayed,
"A hand to work more earnestly
"And laid your burdens softly down,
"That which doubting Thomas knew,
"The Comforter, ye may not see
Except I go away.

THE REALITIES.

Things that I have to hold and keep,
Are not the treasures to my heart
Most dear;

Thou art the royal heir of heaven —
Thou hast a Father and a home,
"For me thou hast not sought,
"Though thou hast strayed," He said,
"Though thou hast strayed," He said,

"And you art thou," I cried;
"I scarce for awe might speak;
I shook with fear and dread;
I knew not that my Father lived,
Nor that I had a home.

I yielded to despair,
I sought night and morn —
I cried, "Ah! good it were for me,
If I had not been born!"

At midnight came a man —
He knocked upon my door;
He spake such tender words as man
Ne'er spake to me before.

"From me thou couldst not flee;
Nor that I had a home.
Unfriended did I roam,
Orphan, through the world,

With mansions grand and fair.
And thou shalt share with me!

And thou shalt share with me!
My clearest way is that which faith
Hath known,
Is that which passeth knowledge,
Oh, for the honor won by her,
Who early to the sepulchre
Who giveth his beloved rest
To tell to Peter and the rest,
To whom He gave his high behest,
The wiser, the better, the true.

Doth thou at midnight seek?
I scarce for awe might speak;
I shook with fear and dread;
I knew not that my Father lived,
Nor that I had a home.

I yielded to despair,
I sought night and morn —
I cried, "Ah! good it were for me,
If I had not been born!"

"A hand to work more earnestly
"To know that He who for us died,
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,
Lives, and is with us here.

Oh, for the blessing shed upon
That humble, loving, sinful one,
Who, when He sat at meat,
With precious store of ointment came;
Hid from her Lord her face for shame,
And laid it on his feet.

Oh, for that look of pity seen
By her, the guilty Magdalene,
Who stood her Judge before;
And listening, for her comfort heard,
The tender, sweet, forgiving word:
Go thou, and sin no more!

Oh, to have stood with James and John,
Where brightness round the Saviour shone,
Whiter than light of day;
When my spirit mount on high,
"And laid your burdens softly down,
That which doubt Thomas knew,
A faith assured and clear:
To know that He who for us died,
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,
Lives, and is with us here.

Oh, for the blessing shed upon
That humble, loving, sinful one,
Who, when He sat at meat,
With precious store of ointment came;
Hid from her Lord her face for shame,
And laid it on his feet.

Oh, for that look of pity seen
By her, the guilty Magdalene,
Who stood her Judge before;
And listening, for her comfort heard,
The tender, sweet, forgiving word:
Go thou, and sin no more!

Oh, to have stood with James and John,
Where brightness round the Saviour shone,
Whiter than light of day;
When by the voice and cloud dismayed,
They fell upon the ground afraid,
And wist not what to say.

Oh, to have been the favored guest,
That leaned at supper on his breast,
And heard his dear Lord say:
He who shall testify of Me:
Oh, for a Peter's fiery zeal,
His conscience always quick to feel,
And instant to repent!

Oh, for a faith more strong and true
Than that which doubting Thomas knew,
A faith assured and clear:
To know that He who for us died,
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,
Lives, and is with us here.

Oh, for the blessing shed upon
That humble, loving, sinful one,
Who, when He sat at meat,
With precious store of ointment came;
Hid from her Lord her face for shame,
And laid it on his feet.

Oh, for that look of pity seen
By her, the guilty Magdalene,
Who stood her Judge before;
And listening, for her comfort heard,
The tender, sweet, forgiving word:
Go thou, and sin no more!

Oh, to have stood with James and John,
Where brightness round the Saviour shone,
Whiter than light of day;
When by the voice and cloud dismayed,
They fell upon the ground afraid,
And wist not what to say.

Oh, to have been the favored guest,
That leaned at supper on his breast,
And heard his dear Lord say:
He who shall testify of Me:
Oh, for a Peter's fiery zeal,
His conscience always quick to feel,
And instant to repent!

Oh, for a faith more strong and true
Than that which doubting Thomas knew,
A faith assured and clear:
To know that He who for us died,
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,
Lives, and is with us here.

Oh, for the blessing shed upon
That humble, loving, sinful one,
Who, when He sat at meat,
With precious store of ointment came;
Hid from her Lord her face for shame,
And laid it on his feet.

Oh, for that look of pity seen
By her, the guilty Magdalene,
Who stood her Judge before;
And listening, for her comfort heard,
The tender, sweet, forgiving word:
Go thou, and sin no more!

Oh, to have stood with James and John,
Where brightness round the Saviour shone,
Whiter than light of day;
When by the voice and cloud dismayed,
They fell upon the ground afraid,
And wist not what to say.

Oh, to have been the favored guest,
That leaned at supper on his breast,
And heard his dear Lord say:
He who shall testify of Me:
Oh, for a Peter's fiery zeal,
His conscience always quick to feel,
And instant to repent!

Oh, for a faith more strong and true
Than that which doubting Thomas knew,
A faith assured and clear:
To know that He who for us died,
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,
Lives, and is with us here.

Oh, for the blessing shed upon
That humble, loving, sinful one,
Who, when He sat at meat,
With precious store of ointment came;
Hid from her Lord her face for shame,
And laid it on his feet.

Oh, for that look of pity seen
By her, the guilty Magdalene,
Who stood her Judge before;
And listening, for her comfort heard,
The tender, sweet, forgiving word:
Go thou, and sin no more!

Oh, to have stood with James and John,
Where brightness round the Saviour shone,
Whiter than light of day;
When by the voice and cloud dismayed,
They fell upon the ground afraid,
And wist not what to say.

Oh, to have been the favored guest,
That leaned at supper on his breast,
And heard his dear Lord say:
He who shall testify of Me:
Oh, for a Peter's fiery zeal,
His conscience always quick to feel,
And instant to repent!

Oh, for a faith more strong and true
Than that which doubting Thomas knew,
A faith assured and clear:
To know that He who for us died,
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,
Lives, and is with us here.
POEMS OF GRIEF AND CONSOLATION.

EARTH TO EARTH.

His hands with earthly work are done,
His feet are done with roving;
We bring him now to thee and ask,
The loved to take the loving.

Part back thy mantle, fringed with green,
Brodered with leaf and blossom,
And lay him tenderly to sleep,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom.

Thy cheerful birds, thy liberal flowers,
Thy woods and waters only
Gave him their sweet companionship
And made his hours less lonely.

Though friendship never blest his way,
No wind withheld her kisses.
No flower concealed her face from him,
From the warm bosom where they lay.

What tears down Pity's cheek have run
For poets singing in the sun,
Stopped suddenly, their song half done.
Yet sitting mute in their despair,
What human lip that does not moan,
Their song half done.

THE UNHONORED.

Alas! alas! how many sighs
Are breathed for his sad fate, who dies
With triumph dawning on his eyes.

What thousands for the soldier weep,
From his first battle gone to sleep
That slumber which is long and deep.

But who about his fate can tell,
Who struggled manfully and well;
Yet painted on the march, and fell?

Or who above his rest makes moan,
Who dies in the sick-bent alone —
"Only a private, name unknown!"

What tears down Pity's cheek have run
For poets singing in the sun,
Stopped suddenly, their song half done.
Yet sitting mute in their despair,
What human lip that does not moan,
Their song half done.

But for the hosts of souls below,
Who to eternal silence go,
That her unutterable woe
And make such suffering its own?

Yet, sitting mute in their despair,
With the praise that was his due —
And martyrs, with no martyr's crown?

Who never knew, nor understood,
Not to us is fully shown,
Who to eternal silence go,
That which is woman's greatest good.

But putting down their hopes and fears,
Claiming no pity and no tears,
They live the measure of their years.

They see age stealing on apace,
And put the gray hairs from their face,
No children's fingers shall displace!

Though grief hath many a form and show,
I think that unloved women know
The very bottom of life's woe!

And that the God, who pitying sees,
Hath yet a recompense for these,
Kept in the long eternities!
COWPER’S CONSOLATION.

He knew what mortals know when tried
By suffering’s worst and last ex-
treme;
He knew the ecstasy allied
To bliss supreme.

Souls, hanging on his melody,
Have caught his rapture of belief;
The heart of all humanity
Has felt his grief.

In sweet compassion and in love
Poets about his tomb have trod;
And softly hang their wreaths above
The hallowed sod.

His hymns of victory, clear and strong,
Over the hosts of sin and doubt,
Still make the Christian’s battle-song,
And triumph shout.

Tasting sometimes his Father’s grace,
Yet for wise purposes allowed
Seldom to see the “smiling face”
Behind the cloud;

Surely when he was left the prey
Of tortments only Heaven can still,
“God moved in a mysterious way”
To work his will.

Yet many a soul through life has trod
Untroubled o’er securest ground,
Nor knew that “closer walk with
God”
His footsteps found.

With its great load of grief to bear,
The creed, though bruised, might not break;
God did not leave him to despair,
Nor quite forsake.

The pillow by his tear-drops wet,
The stormiest couch that heard his cries,
Had near a golden ladder set
That touched the skies.

And at the morning on his bed,
And in sweet visions of the night,
Angels, descending, comforted
His soul with light.

Standing upon the hither side,
How few of all the earthly host
Have signaled those whose feet have trod
The heavenly coast.

Yet his it was at times to see,
In glimpses faint and half-revealed,
That strange and awful mystery
By death concealed.

And, as the glory thus discerned
His heart desired, with strong desire;
By seraphs touched, his sad lips burned
With sacred fire.

As ravens to Elijah bare,
At morn and eve, the promised bread;
So by the spirits of the air
His soul was fed.

And, even as the prophet rose
Triumphant on the flames of love,
The fiery chariot of his woes
Bore him above.

Oh, shed no tears for such a lot,
Nor deem he passed uncheered,
 alone;
By seraphs touched, his sad lips burned
With sacred fire.

As ravens to Elijah bare,
At morn and eve, the promised bread;
So by the spirits of the air
His soul was fed.

And, even as the prophet rose
Triumphant on the flames of love,
The fiery chariot of his woes
Bore him above.

Oh, shed no tears for such a lot,
Nor deem he passed uncheered,
 alone;
By seraphs touched, his sad lips burned
With sacred fire.

As ravens to Elijah bare,
At morn and eve, the promised bread;
So by the spirits of the air
His soul was fed.

And, even as the prophet rose
Triumphant on the flames of love,
The fiery chariot of his woes
Bore him above.

Oh, shed no tears for such a lot,
Nor deem he passed uncheered,
 alone;
By seraphs touched, his sad lips burned
With sacred fire.
I thought the winter was here,
That the earth was cold and bare,
But I feel the coming of birds and flowers,
And the spring-time in the air.

I said that all the lips
I ever had kissed were dumb;
That my dearest ones were dead and gone,
And never a friend would come.

But I hear a voice as sweet
As the fall of summer showers;
And the grave that yawned at my very feet
Is filled to the top with flowers!

As if 't were the midnight hour,
I sat with gloom opprest;
When a light was breaking out of the east,
And shining unto the west.

I heard the angels call
Across from the beautiful shore;
And I saw a look in my darling's eyes,
That never was there before.

Transfigured, lost to me,
She had slipped from my embrace;
Now lo! I hold her fast once more,
With the light of God on her face!

WAITING THE CHANGE.

I have no more to make,
No bitter tears to shed;
No heart, that for rebellious grief,
Will not be comforted.

There is no friend of mine
Laid in the earth to sleep;
No grave, or green or heaped afresh,
By which I stand and weep.

Though some, whose presence once
Sweet comfort round me shed,
Here in the body walk no more
The way that I must tread,
Not they, but what they were
Went to the house of fear;
They were the incorruptible,
They left corruption here.

The veil of flesh that hid
Is softly drawn aside;
More clearly I behold them now
Than those who never died.

Who died? what means that word
Of men so much abhorred?
Caught up in clouds of heaven to be
Forever with the Lord!

To give this body, racked
With mortal ills and cares,
For one as glorious and as fair,
As our Redeemer wears;
To leave our shame and sin,
Our hunger and disgrace;
To come unto ourselves, to turn
And find our Father's face;
To run, to leap, to walk,
To quit our beds of pain,
And live where the inhabitants
Are never sick again;
To sit no longer dumb,
Nor halt, nor blind; to rise —
Praised by the Healer with our tongue,
And see him with our eyes;
To leave cold winter snows,
And burning summer heats,
About the golden streets.
Thank God! for all my loved,
That out of pain and care,
Have safely reached the heavenly heights,
And stay to meet me there!

Dickens.

"One story more," the whole world cried:
The great magician smiled in doubt:
"If I am so tired that, if I tried,
I fear I could not tell it out."

Personal Poems.

READY.

Loaded with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid,
When sudden the enemy opened fire,
From his deadly ambushade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
No slavish soul had he;
"Somebody's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side:
Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free; —
But there was n't a man of them that day
Who was fitter to die than he!
Yet who would miss that tale half told,
The "mystery" trembling on his lips
400
THE POEMS OF PHCEBE CARY.

And he kept her memory to the last
The great magician, loved of all,
Has sunk to slumber, tired to death!
His human eyes in blind eclipse
Are from the world forever sealed;
The "mystery" trembling on his lips
Shall never, never be revealed.
Yet who would miss that tale half told,
Though weird and strange, or sweet and true;
Who care to listen to the old,
If he could hear the strange and new?
Alas! alas! it cannot be;
We too must sleep and change and rise.

To learn the eternal mystery
That dawned upon his waking eyes!

THADDEUS STEVENS.

An eye with the piercing eagle's fire,
Not the look of the gentle dove;
Not his the form that men admire,
Nor the face that tender women love.
Working first for his daily bread
With the humblest toilers of the earth;
Never walking with free, proud tread—Crippled and halting from his birth.
Wearing outside a thorny suit
Sweet at the core as sweetest fruit,
Or inmost heart of fragrant flower.

The Prince of Glory for sinners bled;
His soul was bought with a royal price;
And his beautified feet on flowers may tread
To-day with his Lord in Paradise.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Great master of the poet's art!
Surely the sources of thy powers
Lie in that true and tender heart
Whose every utterance touches ours.
For, better than thy words, that glow
With sunset rays or noon-tide heat,
That count the treasures of the snow,
Or paint the blossoms at our feet,
Are those that teach the sorrowing bow
To lay aside their fear and doubt.

And in submissive love to bow
To love that passeth finding out.
And thou for such hast come to be
In every home an honored guest—Ev'n from the cities by the sea.
To the broad prairies of the West.
Thy lays have cheered the humble home
Where men who prayed for freedom kneel;
And women, in their anguish dumb,
Have heard thee utter what they felt.
And thou hast battled for the right
With many a brave and trenchant word.
And shown us how the pen may fight
A mightier battle than the sword.
And therefore men in coming years
Shall chant thy praises loud and long;
And woman name thee through their tears
A poet greater than his song.
But not thy strains, with courage rife,
Nor holiest hymns, shall rank above
The rhythmic beauty of thy life,
Itself a candle of love!

THE HERO OF FORT WAGNER.

Fort Wagner! that is a place for us
To remember well, my lad!
For us, who were under the guns, and know the bloody work we had.
I should not speak to one so young,
Perhaps, as I do to you;
But you are a soldier's son, my boy,
And you know what soldiers do.
And when peace comes to our land again,
And your father sits in his home,
You will hear such tales of war as this,
For many a year to come.
We were repulsed from the Fort, you know,
And saw our heroes fall,
Till the dead were piled in bloody heaps
Under the frowning wall.

Yet crushed as we were and beaten back,
Our spirits never bowed;
And gallant deeds that day were done
To make a soldier proud.
Brave men were there, for their country's sake
To spend their latest breath;
But the bravest was one who gave his life
And his body after death.
No greater words than his dying ones
Have been spoken under the sun;
Not even his, who brought the news
On the field at Ratisbon.
I was pressing up, to try if yet
Our men might take the place,
And my feet had slipped in his oozing blood
Before I saw his face.

His face! it was black as the skies o'erhead
With the smoke of the angry guns;
And a gash in his bosom showed the work
Of our country's traitor sons.
Your pardon, my poor boy! I said,
I did not see you here;
But I will not hurt you as I pass;
I'll have a care; no fear!
He smiled; he had only strength to say
These words, and that was all:
"I'm done gone, Massa; step on me;
And you can scale the wall!"

GARIBALDI IN PIEDMONT.

He stood against the hosts of the Austrians,
No succor at hand,
Adown the green passes of Piedmont,
That beautiful land,
Moves a patriot band.
Two long days and nights, watchful, sleepless,
Have they ridden nor yet
Checked the rein, though the feet of their horses,
In the ripe vineyard set,
By its wine have been wet.
What know they of weariness, hunger,
What good can they lack.
While they follow their brave Garibaldi,
Who never turns back,
Never halts on his track?
By the Austrians outnumbered, surrounded,
On left and on right;
Strong and fearless he moves as a giant,
Who rouses to fight
From the shumbers of night.
So, over the paths of Orfano,
His brave horsemen tread,
Long after the sun, halting wearied,
Hath hidden his head
In his tent-folds of red.
Every man with his eye on his leader,
Whom a spell must have bound.
For he ideth as still as the shadow,
That keeps step on the ground,
In a silence profound.
With the harmony Nature is breathing,
His soul is in tune;
He is bathed in a bath of the splendor
Of the beautiful moon,
Of the air soft as June!
But what sound meets the ear of the soldier;
What menacing tone?
For look! how the horse and the rider
Have suddenly grown
As if carved in stone.
Leaning down toward that fair grove of olives
He waits; doth it mean
That he catches the tramp of the Austrians,
That his quick eye hath seen
Their bayonets' sheen?
Nay! there, where the thick leaves about her
By the music are stirred,
Sits a nightingale singing her rapture,
And the hero hath heard
But the voice of a bird!
A hero! aye, more than a hero
By this he appears.
A man, with a heart that is tender,
Unhardened by years;
Who shall tell what he hears?
Not the voice of the nightingale only,
Floating soft on the breeze,
But the music of dear human voices,
And blended with these
The sound of the seas.
Ah, the sea, the dear sea! from the cradle
She took him to rest;
Leaping out from the arms of his mother,
He went to her breast
And was softly caressed.
Perchance he is back on her bosom,
Safe from fear or alarms,
Crasping close as of old that first mistress
Whose wonderful charms
Drew him down to her arms.
By the memories that come with that singing
His soul has been wiled
Far away from the danger of battle;
Transported, beguiled,
He again is a child,
Sitting down at the feet of the mother,
Whose prayers are the charm
That ever in conflict and peril
Has strengthened his arm,
And kept him from harm.
Nay, who knows but his spirit that moment
Was gone in its quest
Of that bright bird of paradise, vanished
Too soon from the nest
Where her lover was blest!
For unerring the soul finds its kindred,
Below or above;
And, as over the great waste of waters
To her mate goes the dove,
So love seeks its love.
Did he see her first blush, burning softly
The eveness beneath;
Or her dear look of love, when he held her
...
Go down to death as thou didst go,
And up from death to glory.

OUR GOOD PRESIDENT.
Our sun hath gone down at the noon-day,
The heavens are black;
And over the morning, the shadows
Of night-time are back.

Step the proud boasting mouth of the cannon;
Hush the mirth and the shout; —
God is God! and the ways of Jehovah
Are past finding out.

O! the beautiful feet on the mountains,
That yesterday stood,
The white feet that came with glad tidings
Are dabbled in blood.

The Nation that firmly was settling
The crown on her head,
Sits like Rizpah, in sackcloth and ashes,
And watches her dead.

Who is dead? who, unmoved by our wailing,
Is lying so low?
O my Land, stricken dumb in your anguish,
Do you feel, do you know,
That the hand which reached out of the darkness
Hath taken the whole;

Yea, the arm and the head of the people,—
The heart and the soul?
And that heart, o'er whose dread awful silence
A nation has wept;
Was the truest, and gentlest, and sweetest,
A man ever kept.

Why, he heard from the dungeons, the rice-fields,
The dark holds of ships
Every faint, feeble cry which oppression
Smothered down on men's lips.

In her furnace, the centuries had welded
Their fetter and chain;
And like withes, in the hands of his purpose,
He snapped them in twain.

The truest, and gentlest, and sweetest,
A man ever kept.

When some shall be far away from your home,
And some shall be gone forever;
By all you will have to feel at the last,
When you stand alone and think of the past,
That you speak unkindly never!

Words spoken only in thoughtlessness,
Nor kept against you after;
If they made the face of a mother sad,
Or a tender sister's heart less glad,
Or checked a brother's laughter;
Will rise again, and they will be heard,
And every thoughtless, foolish word
That ever your lips have spoken,
After the lapse of years and years,
Will wring from you such bitter tears
As fall when the heart is broken.

May you never say of a brother dear,
"Did I do enough to aid and cheer,
Did I try to help and guide him?
Now the snares of the world about him lie,
And if unhonored he live and die,
I shall wish I were dead beside him!"

Dear little innocent, precious ones,
Be loving, dutiful daughters and sons,
To father and to mother;
And, to save yourselves from the bitter pain
That comes when regret and remorse are vain,
Be good to one another!

GRISELDA GOOSE.
Near to a farm-house, and bordered round
By a meadow, sweet with clover,
There lay as clear and smooth a pond
As ever a goose swam over.
The farmer had failures in corn and hops,
From drought and various reasons;
But his geese had never failed in their crops
In the very worst of seasons.

And he had a flock, that any day
Could defy all sneers and slanders;
They were certainly handsome,—that is to say,
They were handsome for geese and ganders!

And, once upon a time, in spring,
A goose hatched out another,—
The softest, cunningest, downiest thing,
That ever gladdened a mother.

There was never such a gosling born,
So the geese cried out by dozens;
She was praised and petted, night and morn,
By aunts, and uncles, and cousins.

She must have a name with a lofty sound,
Said all, when they beheld her;
So they proudly led her down to the pond,
And christened her, Griselda!

Now you think, no doubt, such love and pride,
Must perfectly content her;
That she grew to goosehood satisfied
To be what Nature meant her.

But folk with gifts will find it out,
Though the world neglects that duty,
And a lovely female will seldom doubt,
Though others may, her beauty!

And if she had thought herself a fright,
And been content with her station,
She would not have had a story to write,
Nor I, my occupation.

But indeed the truth compels me to own,
Whoever may be offended,
That my heroine's vanity was shown
Ere her goosey days were ended.

When the mother tried to teach the art
Of swimming to her daughter,
She said that she did n't like to start,
Because it ruffled the water.

"My stars!" cried the parent, "do I dream,
Or do I rightly hear her?
Can it be she would rather sit still on
The stream,
Than spoil her beautiful mirror?"

Yet, if any creature could be so fond
Of herself, as to reach insanity,
A goose, who lives on a glassy pond,
Has most excuse for such vanity!

And I do not agree with those who said
They would glory in her disgraces;
Hers is n't the only goose's head
That ever was turned by praises.

And Griselda swallowed all their praise;
Though she said to her doting mother,
"Still, I am a goose, to the end of her days,
From one side of the world to the other!"

And as to my name it is well enough
To say, or sing, or whistle;
But you just wait till I'm old and tough,
And you'll see they will call me Gristle!"

So she went, for the most of the time,
On a secret expedition.
Because she was such a scoffer;
And, awful to tell! she was nearly
Slipped away, and started out
A broad lake spread before her.

And some she had jilted were heard to say,
"I do not understand her;
If she never got a gander!"

And she said so all could overhear,—
And she hoped their ears might tingle,—
"If she could n't marry above their sphere,
She preferred remaining single!"

She was praised and flattered to her face,
And blamed when she was not present:
And between her friends and foes, her place
Was anything but pleasant.

One day she learned what gave her a fright,
A fit of deep dejection;
Her claims to a foreign mission,
The thing shall be attempted.
And the younger ones, left out, supposed
She would cut the whole connection.

The farmer's wife to the geese proposed
Their spending the day in the staid
And the younger ones, left out, supposed
She would set an extra table.
So they watched and waited till day was done,
With curiosity burning;
For it was n't till after set of sun
That they saw them back returning.
Slowly they came, and each was bowed
As if some disgrace was upon her;
They did n't look as those who are proud
Of an unexpected honor!
Each told the naked truth: "t was a shock,
But who that saw, could doubt her?
They had plucked the pluckiest goose
In the flock.
Of all the down about her.
You're an aunt of mine, I think, but I...

"Madam," she said, "I am glad you're straight up she went to the biggest...

Thought she, the brave deserve to win, Griselda Goose! that sounds so tame Then she fumbled, and said, "I've lost...

For she knew the secret of getting on So she made her plan, and sailed right...

And here's the pen," and she raised...

Then to herself the old swan said, "Of course you never heard of me, As I'm rather below your station; She was left out altogether.

And then she would take a haughty tone, As if she scorned them, maybe; And, cried like a homesick baby.

One day when she had gone to her room, With the plea that she was ailing, With the weapon she takes I'll meet...

They asked some rather gay birds to come For the day, and try the sailing. But they said, "She will surely hear the stir, So we'll have to let her know it.

So one of them went to her, and said, With a sort of stately rustle: "I suppose you would rather spare your head Than join in our noise and bustle!"

"If you wish to send the slightest excuse, I'll be very happy to take it; And if you've not such a little goose As to hesitate to make it!"

"Blanch Swan! I think I'll take that name, Nor be ashamed to wear it; Griselda Goose! that sounds so tame And low, I cannot bear it!" Thought she, the brave deserve to win, And only can do it: So she made her plan, and sailed right...

Determined to go through it. Straight up she went to the biggest swan, The one who talked the loudest; For she knew the secret of getting on Was standing up with the proudest.

"Madam," she said, "I am glad you're home, And I hope to know you better; You're an aunt of mine, I think, but I come With an introductory letter." Then she fumbled, and said, "I've lost the thing! No matter! I can quote it; And here's the pen," and she raised her wing, With which Lord Swansdown wrote it.

"Of course you never heard of me, As I'm rather below your station; But a lady famed like yourself, you see, Is known to all creation."

Then to herself the old swan said, "Such talk's not reprehensible; Indeed, for a creature country-bred, She's very shrewd and sensible." Griselda saw how her flattery took, And cried like a homesick baby.

"I suppose you would rather spare your head Than join in our noise and bustle!"

"If you wish to send the slightest excuse, I'll be very happy to take it; And if you've not such a little goose As to hesitate to make it!"
Though I heard her friend say yesterday,
And yet in truth I'm bound to say
As if 't was a limited partnership,
They spoke of it with scornful lip,
So she married him, but do you know,
But he sung out as cheerful and gay as
you please.
"Why, Jenny, dear Jenny, how are you to-night?"
It made her more angry to see him so calm,
While she suffered all that a bird could endure;
And she answered, "'How am I?'
who cares how I am?
It is 'I,' you, Robin, for one, I am sure!
"You know I've been tied here day in and day out,
Till I'm tired almost of my home and my life,
While you — you go carelessly roving about,
And singing to every one else but your wife."
Then Robin replied: "Little reason you've got
To complain of me, Jenny; wherever I roam
I still think of you, and your quieter lot,
And wish 't was my place to stay here at home.
"And as to my singing, I give you my word,
'T is in concert, and always in public,
For excepting yourself, there is no lady-bird
Knows the softest and lovingest notes I have tried.
"And, Jenny," — and here he spoke tenderly quite,
As with head drooped aside he drew nearer and stood,—
"I heard some sad news as I came home to-night,
About our poor neighbors that live in the wood.
"You know Nelly Jay, that wild, thoughtless young thing,
Who takes in her children and home no delight,
But early and late is abroad on the
To chatter and gossip from morning till night,—"
Then I'll stay with you, Jenny, and sing the old song,
I sang when I courted you — shall I, my dear?

RAIN AND SUNSHINE.
I was out in the country,
To feel the sweet spring,
I was out in the country,
To hear the birds sing;
To bask in the sunshine,
Breathe air pure and sweet,
And walk where the blossoms
Grew under my feet.

So at morning I woke
While my chamber was dark,
And was up — or I should have been —
Up with the lark,
Only no lark was rising;
And never a throat
Of bird since the morning
Had uttered a note.

It was raining, and sadly
I gazed on the skies,
Saying, "Nothing is left us
But the rain or the gloom;
And no pleasanter sound
Than this drip on the pane!"

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bow'd her,
She has risen again, and grown
Lifted and prouder.

If you try, you will succeed;
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

THE GOOD LITTLE SISTER.

That was a bitter winter
When Jenny was four years old
And lived in a lonely farm-house —
Bitter, and long, and cold.

The crops had been a failure —
In the barns there was room to spare;
And Jenny's hard-working father
Was full of anxious care.

Neither his wife nor children
Knew lack of fire or bread;
They had whatever was needful
Were sheltered, and clothed, and fed.

But the mother, alas! was ailing —
'T was a struggle just to live;
And they scarce had even hopeful
Words or cheerful smiles to give.

A good, kind man was the father,
He loved his girls and boys;
But he whose hands are his riches
Has little for gifts and toys.

So when it drew near the season
That makes the world so glad —
When Jenny knew 'twas the time for
Gifts,
Her childish heart was sad.

For she thought, "I shall get no pres-
' en;
When Christmas comes, I am sure;
Ah! the poor man's child needs early
Just what it means to be poor.

Yet still on the holy even
As she sat by the hearthstone
Bright,
And her sister told good stories,
Her heart grew almost light.

For the hopeful skies of childhood
Are never quite o'ercast;
And she said, "Who knows but some-
how,
Something will come at last!"

Lo, before she went to her pillow,
Her pretty stockings were tied
Slightly together and softly hung,
Close to the chimney side.

And though her gifts may be humble,
Let no little child, I pray,
Find only an empty stocking
On the morn of the Christmas Day!

"Tis years and years since that sister
Went to dwell with the just;
And over her body the roses
Blossom and turn to dust.

And Jenny's a happy woman,
With wealth enough and to spare;
And every year her lap is filled
With presents fine and rare.

But whenever she thanks the givers
For favors great and small,
She thinks of the good little sister
Who gave her more than they all!

Now.

If something waits, and you should now
Begin and go right through it,
Don't think, if it's put off a day,
You'll not mind to do it.

Waste not moments, no nor words,
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul,
That makes our duty pleasure.

The Chicken's Mistake.

A little downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her:
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I;
Are they any bigger or better?"?

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chickly wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
"Such stories can't deceive her,"
She muttered lower and lower,
And so I think I'll show her.

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she had n't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child, my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding,
That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well,
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing,
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going!

Effie's Reasons.

Tell me, Effie, while you are sitting,
Costly beside me here,
Talking all about your brothers,
Which you like the best, my dear.

"Tom is good sometimes," said Effie,
"Good as any boy can be;
But at other times he does n't
Seem to care a bit for me.

"Half the days he will not help me,
Though the way to school is rough;
Nor assist me with my lessons,
When he knows them well enough.

"But, of course, I love him dearly—
He's a brother like the rest,
Though I know he's not the best one;
And I do not love him best.

"Now there's Charlie, my big brother,
Oh! he's just as kind as all;
All day I may ask him questions,
And he does n't seem to mind.

"He with every lesson helps me,
And he's sure to take my part;
So I think I ought to love him—
And I do with all my heart.

"But there's a cunning little Neddy—
Well, he's not so any good;
But he never seems to mean it
When he answers cross or rude.

"Sometimes, half in fun, he strikes me,
Just, I mean, a little blow;
But he'd never, never do it
If he thought it hurt, I know.

"Then again he's nice and pleasant,
Coaxing me and kissing me;
When he wants to ask a favor,
He's as good as he can be.

"He can't help me with my lessons,
He has hardly learned to spell;
But in everything I help him,
And I like it just as well.

"He is never good as Charlie;
Naughtier oft than Tom, I know;
But for all that I love him,
Just because I love him so!"

Feathers.

You restless, curious little Jo,
I have told you all the stories I know,
Written in poem or fable;
I have turned them over, and let you look
At everything like a picture-book
Upon my desk or table.

I think it's enough to drive one wild
To be shut up with a single child,
And try for a day to please her.
Oh, dear me! what does a mother do,
Especially one who lives in a shoe,
And has a dozen to tease her?

"Aha! I've found the very thing,"
I cried, as I saw the beautiful wing
Of a bird, and I said demurely:
"Now, if you'll be good the rest of the day,
I'll give you a bird with which to play;
You know what a bird is, surely?"

"Oh, yes!" and she opened wide her eyes,
"A bird is alive, and sings and flies;"
Then, folding her hands together,
She archly shook her wise little head,
And said with very innocent, said,
"I know a bird from a feather!"

Well! of all the smart things uttered yet
By a baby three years old, my pet,
It's enough to frighten your mother.
Why, I've seen women — yes, and men,
Who have lived for three score years and ten,
Who didn't know one from the other!

Now there is Kitty, past sixteen —
The one with the soldier beau, I mean —
When he makes his bayonet rackle,
And acts so bravely on parade,
She thinks he would n't be afraid
In the very front of battle.

But yet, if I were allowed to guess,
I should say her soldier was all in the dress,
And you'll find my guess is the right one.

If ever he has to meet the foe,
The first, and only feather he'll show
That day will be a white one.

There's Mrs. Pie, in her gorgeous plumage;
Why, half the folks who visit her rooms,
Because she is dressed so finely and ten,
And holds herself at the highest price,
Pronounce her a bird of paradise,
And say she sings divinely;

While many a one, with a sweeter lay,
Because her feathers are plain and gray,
The world's approval misses,
And only gets its scorn and abuse;
She is called a failure, and called a goose,
And her song is met with hisses.
The Poems of Phoebe Cary

416

**THE POEMS OF PHOEBE CARY.**

Men will stick as many plumes on their head
As an Indian chief who has bravely shed
The blood of a hostile nation,
When all the killing they’ve done or seen
Was killing themselves—that is, I mean
In the public estimation.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

**THE POEMS OF PHOEBE CARY.**

Snaps brittle and dry
His white, tent-like wagon
Through all the long day,
Under the traveler’s feet,
Moves slow on its way.

But when she fell, she had gone so high,
That any woman could borrow;
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

**THE POEMS OF PHOEBE CARY.**

The horses are rearing
And snorting with fear,
And over the prairie
Come flying the deer
With bob smoking haunches,
And eyes rolling back;
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their track.

The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;
And the father speaks low
As the red light mounts higher:
“We are lost! we are lost!
’Tis the prairie on fire!”

The boys, terror-stricken,
He has lighted the grass,
He has seen in a moment
That any woman could borrow.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Tom to his pretty wife was wed,
“She’s fuss and feathers,” people said,
That any woman could borrow;
And sure enough, her feathers fell.
Though the fuss was the genuine article,
As Tom has found to his sorrow.

When Mrs. Butterfly, who was a grub,
First got her wings, she was such a
She was smashed as flat as a flounder.
As Tom has found to his sorrow.
Where a little woman was making
And yet you may learn a lesson
They tell them a curious story —
And the children look like bear's cubs
And the nights are so long in winter,
Where they harness the swift reindeer
Therefore she kneaded another,
And being faint with fasting,
Once, when the good Saint Peter
Are yet too large to give away."
For she said, "My cakes that seem too
Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
He came to the door of a cottage,
And every country school-boy
And this is the lesson she teaches :
And all the rest of her clothes were
Black as a coal in the flame.
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
But it looked, when she turned it
And as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.
Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it
As large as the first had done.
Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer —
But she could not part with that.
For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away,"
So she put them on the shelf.
Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.
And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.
"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring.
All day in the hard dry wood."
Then up she went through the chim-
ney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.
She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were
Burned
Black as a coal in the flame.
Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
What will you do to-day ?
As the golden bee is teaching ?
For see, as she floats on her airy wings,
How she sings and works, and works
And sings,
Never stopping nor staying ;
Showing us clearly what to do
To make of duty a pleasure, too,
And to make our work but playing.
Do you suppose that a book can tell
Maxims of prudence, half so well
As the golden bee is teaching?
If we will but heed its showing.
Whatever a story can teach to you
Of the good a little thing may do,
The hidden brook is showing,
Whose quiet way is only seen
Because of its banks, so fresh and green.
And the flowers beside it growing.
If we go where the golden lily grows,
Where, clothed in raiment fine, she
Glows
Like a king in all his glory,
And ponder over each precious leaf,
We shall find there, written bright and clear,
The words of a wondrous story.
THE CROW'S CHILDREN.
A HUNTSMAN, bearing his gun a-field,
Went whistling merrily:
When he heard the bleakest of black crows,
Call out from a withered tree:
"You are going to kill the thievish birds,
And I would if I were you;
But you mustn't touch my family,
Whatever else you do!"
"I'm only going to kill the birds
That are eating up my crop;
And if your young ones do such things,
"Alack, alack!" said the mother,
"How good and fair her children are,
There's none but a parent knows!
"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter,
"But not as you do, quite;
It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white!"

HIVES AND HOMES.
When March has gone with his cruel wind,
That frightens back the swallow,
And the pleasant April sun has shined
Out through her showery clouds, we find
Pale blooms in the wood and hollow.
But after the darling May awakes,
The stings of life they give away,
And leave behind the bitter.
And wherever you stay, or wherever you roam,
In the days while you live in clover,
You should gather your honey and bring it home,
Because the winter will surely come,
When the summer of life is over.

NORA'S CHARM.
'T was the fisher's wife at her neighbor's door,
And she cried, as she wrung her hands,
"O Nora, get your cloak and hood,
And hiss with me o'er the sands."
Now a kind man was the fisherman,
And a lucky man was he;
And never a steadier sailed away
From the Bay of Cromarty.
And the wife had plenty on her board,
And the babe in her arms was fair;
And Nora took her cloak and hood,
And softly by the hand
She led the fisher's wife through the night,
Across the yellow sand.

And making work as pleasant as play,
The stings of life they give away,
And only keep the honey.

For the fairies have stolen my pretty babe,
And left me an ugly sprite.

"My pretty babe, that was more than all
The wealth of the world to me;
With his coral lips, and his hair of gold,
And his teeth like pearls of the sea!"

"I went to look for his father's boat,
When I heard the stroke of the oar;
And I left him cooing soft in his bed,
As the bird in her nest by the door.
And there was the father fair in sight,
And pulling hard to the land;
And my foot was back o'er the sill again,
Ere his keel had struck the sand.

"But the fairies had time to steal my babe,
And leave me in his place
A restless imp, with a wicked grin,
Against the fisher's door.
For wicked things may gibe and grin
With his Devil's eyes, and his hair of black,
And the salt tear in the eye.
And the fairies had time to steal my babe,
And leave me in his place
A restless imp, with a wicked grin,
Against the fisher's door.
For wicked things may gibe and grin
With his Devil's eyes, and his hair of black,
And the salt tear in the eye.

Yet it often happens, you know,
True to the very letter,
That youths and maidens, if any of you
Should think (though, of course, you never do)
Of love, and home, and duty —
And you've killed them every one.
They did n't think.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
Almost made him sneeze;
An old rat said, "There's a danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight:
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink.
Catching mousey fast there,
Cause he did n't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Would n't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I 'm not a baby,
Here I am half-grown;"
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink;
Cause she was so headstrong
That she would n't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And gave his tail a fling.
And hop upon the floor
Near where the intruder stayed;
He never answered when we called,
'Cause he would n't touch his bone;
'T was more than he could bear to have
A rival near his throne.
And then he rose; he would not stay
Nearer where the intruder stayed;
He took the other side of the house,
And though that was in the shade.
And never answered when we called,
He would not touch his bone;
'T was more than he could bear to have
A rival near his throne.
We tried to soothe his wounded pride
By every kindly art;
And if ever creature did, poor "Jax"
Died of a broken heart.
Alas! he would not learn the truth,
And then must give it up!
Now for moving she has her wings,
That keeps the good from our homes
And the doleful sigh are the sin
That keeps the good from our homes and hearts,
And lets the evil in!"
And be as hoarse, if doomed to tramp
About all day where her feet got damp.

As the world is managed, I do declare,
Things do not seem exactly fair:
For instance, here on the ground I lie,
While the birds live up there, high and dry.

Some frogs may not care, perhaps they don't,
But I can't stand such things and I won't:
So I'll see if I can't make a rise.
Who knows what he can do till he tries?

So this cunning frog winked his eye,
He was lying low and playing sly;
For he did not want the frogs about
To find his precious secret out:
But when they were all in the mud-a-bed,
And the thrush in her wing had hid her head,
Then Mr. Bull his legs uncurled,
And began to take a start in the world.

Why what with the rain, and with the dews,
I've heard these frogs in the spring:
First high it rose, and then it sunk:
Began at once this song to sing:
For each bug that I get,
Doesn't make your food sweet,
In spite of what some folks may say:
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
When sick upon his bed he lay,
Who picked up her food here and there:
While biddy had wheat
And all nice things to eat.

Saw that he looked a little queer,
And knew his lessons well.
And perhaps she will ask me to stay;
For each bug that I get,
And no child in Sunday-school
Was half so quick as he,
To tell who blessed the children once
And when at last the sun was gone,
To get himself in trim for school

And the summons came, that
Poor little, happy, hunchbacked Joe,
Was ready for the call.

"It is really too bad!"
She exclaimed — she was mad —
To go out when it is raining this way!
And to earn what you eat,
"It is really too bad!"
She exclaimed — she was mad —
To go out when it is raining this way!
And to earn what you eat,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

Though he said, "I don't believe what
I've heard
That a frog in a tree won't be a bird."

But soon the sun rose higher and higher,
And froggy's back got drier and drier.
Till he thought perhaps it might be better,
If the place was just a little wetter:
But when he felt the mid-day glare,
He said "high life was a poor affair!"
No wings on his back were coming out,
He didn't feel even a feather sprout;
He couldn't sing; and began to see
He was just a bull-frog up a tree:
But he feared the sneers of his friends in the bog.
For he was proud as any other frog;
And he knew, if they saw him coming down
He would be the laugh and jest of the town.
So he waited there, while his poor dry back
Seemed burning up, and ready to crack.
His yellow sides looked pale and dim.
And his eyes with tears began to swim,
And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Poor little Joe was ready first,
And knew his lessons well.
And then upon bread
And not a child in Sunday-school
Was half so quick as he,
To tell who blessed the children once
For he could not run and catch the ball
Nor join in the noisy play.
And first or last he would not share
In a quarrel or a fight.
But he was prompt enough to say,
"No, boys, it is n't right!"
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

When the rest were blithe and gay;
For he could not run and catch the ball
No, boys, it is n't right!
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And not a child in Sunday-school
Was half so quick as he,
To tell who blessed the children once
For he could not run and catch the ball
Nor join in the noisy play.
And first or last he would not share
In a quarrel or a fight.
But he was prompt enough to say,
"No, boys, it is n't right!"
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

When the rest were blithe and gay;
For he could not run and catch the ball
Nor join in the noisy play.
And first or last he would not share
In a quarrel or a fight.
But he was prompt enough to say,
"No, boys, it is n't right!"
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
"I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round;
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

And he said, "You learn when you're too old to roam.
That nature is nature, and home is home."
And when at last the sun was gone,
And the shadows cool were stealing near,
Next morning, those who were sitting near
Saw that he looked a little queer.
So they asked, hoping to have some fun
To tell who blessed the children once
And when a lad o'er a puzzling "sum"
Perplexed his head in doubt,
THE HAPPY LITTLE WIFE.

"Now, Gudhand, have you sold the cow? You took this morn to town? And did you get the silver groats in your hand, paid safely down?

"And yet I hardly need to ask; You hardly need to tell, For I see by the cheerful face you bring, That you have done right well."

"Well! I did not exactly sell her, Nor give her away, of course; But I'll tell you what I did, good wife, I swapped her for a horse."

"A horse! Oh, Gudhand, you have done Just what will please me best, For now we can have a carriage, And ride as well as the rest."

"Nay, not so fast, my good dame, We shall not want a gig: I had not ridden half a mile Till I swapped my horse for a pig."

"That's just the thing," she answered, "I would have done myself: We can have a flitch of bacon now To put upon the shelf."

"And when our neighbors come to dine With us, they'll have a treat; There is no need that we should ride, But there is that we should eat.""

"A dock! Alack!" said Gudhand, "I fear you'll change your note, When I tell you I haven't got the pig — I swapped him for a goat."

"Now, bless us!" cried the good wife, "You manage things so well; What I should ever do with a pig I'm sure I cannot tell."

"If I put my bacon on the shelf, Or put it in the pot, The folks would point at us and say 'They eat up all they've got!'"

"But a good milk goat, ah! that's the thing, I've wanted all my life; And now we'll have both milk and cheese." Cried the happy little wife.

"Nay, not so fast," said Gudhand, "You make too long a leap; When I found I couldn't drive my goat, I swapped him for a sheep."

"A sheep, my dear! you must have tried To suit me all the time; I would plague me so to have a goat, Because the things will climb!"

"But a sheep! the wool will make us clothes To keep us from the cold; Run out, my dear, this very night, And build for him a fold."

"There, Gudhand, I am so relieved; It almost made me sick To think that I should have the wool To clip, and wash, and pick!"

"Tis cheaper, too, to buy our clothes, Than make them up at home; And I haven't got a spinning-wheel, Nor got a carding-comb."

"But a goose! I love the taste of goose, When roasted nice and brown; And then we want a feather bed, And pillows stuffed with down."

"Now stop a bit," cried Gudhand, "Your tongue runs like a clock; The goose is neither here nor there, I swapped him for a cock."

"Dear me, you manage everything As I would have it done; We'll know now when to stir our stumps, And rise before the sun."

"A goose would be quite troublesome For me to roast and stuff; And then our pillows and our beds You know, are soft enough."

"Well, soft or hard," said Gudhand, "I guess they'll have to do; And that we'll have to wake at morn, Without the crowing, too!"

"For you know I couldn't travel All day with naught to eat; So I took a shilling for my cock, And bought myself some meat."

"That was the wisest thing of all," Said the good wife, fond and true;
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>About the cottage, cold and white</td>
<td>An old, old house by the side of the sea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>312</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A boy named Peter</td>
<td>An orphan, through the world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>270</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A breath, like the wind’s breath, may</td>
<td>A poor blind man was traveling one day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>159</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carry</td>
<td>Away in the dim and distant past</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Across the German ocean</td>
<td>Away, away in the Northland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>273</td>
<td>417</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A cunning and curious splendor</td>
<td>A wretched farce is our life at best</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>174</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A farmer, who owned a fine orchard,</td>
<td>A weaver sat one day at his loom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>one day</td>
<td>417</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>262</td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After the cloud and the whirlwind</td>
<td>A wretched farce is our life at best</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>253</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Again, in the Book of Books, to-day</td>
<td>At noon-time I stood in the doorway to see</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>382</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A half-score years have sped away</td>
<td>At the dead of night by the side of the sea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>287</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! “Barefoot Boy!” you have led me back</td>
<td>At the north end of our village stands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>227</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, could I my poet only draw</td>
<td>Away, away in the Northland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>185</td>
<td>336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! how the eye on the picture stops</td>
<td>Away with all life’s memories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, she was not an angel to adore</td>
<td>Blessings, blessings on the beds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>268</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! there are mighty things under the sun</td>
<td>Blessings, alas unmerited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>172</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A huntsman, bearing his gun a-field</td>
<td>Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>320</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah! what will become of the lily</td>
<td>Blessings, alas unmerited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>345</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah yes, I see the sunshine play</td>
<td>Beauties, beauties, beauties on the beds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>239</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A laugh, it is a dismal night</td>
<td>Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>130</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alas, alas! how many sighs</td>
<td>Beneath the cottage the mill-creek flowed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>394</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little boy who, strange to say</td>
<td>Be not much troubled about many things</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>447</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little downy chicken one day</td>
<td>Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>414</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All by the sides of the wide wild river</td>
<td>Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All in a dreary, April day</td>
<td>Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>257</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All in the gay and golden weather</td>
<td>Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>330</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All these hours she sits and counts</td>
<td>Because I have not done the things I know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>339</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All the time my soul is calling</td>
<td>Behind the cottage the mill-creek flowed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>444</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All upon a summer day</td>
<td>Be not much troubled about many things</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>457</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alone within my house I sit</td>
<td>Be with me, O Lord, when my life hath increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Along the grassy lane one day</td>
<td>Beneath the cottage the mill-creek flowed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A man he was who loved the good</td>
<td>Blessings, blessings on the beds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>496</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Among the pitfalls in our way</td>
<td>Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>246</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And why are you pale, my Nora?</td>
<td>Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And why do you throw down your hoe by the way?</td>
<td>Beautiful stories, by tongue and pen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>361</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An eye with the piercing eagle’s fire</td>
<td>Beautiful stories, by tongue and pen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>400</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
T was a lonesome couch we came to .......................... 134
The solemn word had spread .................................. 242
The smoke of the Indian summer ............................. 134
The stone upon the wayside seed that .......................... 157
The story books have told you ................................. 268
The stream of life is going dry ................................. 247
The sun, in his whose summer morning .......................... 330
The sun, who smiles wherever he goes ......................... 352
The time has come, as I knew it must ......................... 328
The truth lies round about us, all .............................. 170
The waving-women walk at her feet ......................... 126
The waves, they are wildly heaving ......................... 220
The west shines out through the lines of jet ................. 219
The wild and windy March once more ....................... 203
The wind blows where it listeth .............................. 158
The wind is blowing cold from the west ..................... 126
The window just over the street .......................... 144
The winter goes and the summer comes .................... 205
The year has lost its leaves again ......................... 238
They set me up, and make me stand ..................... 153
Things that I have to hold and keep ......................... 366
T is a sad truth, yet 't is a truth ......................... 332
Think on him, Lord! we ask thy aid ...................... 378
'T is all right, as I knew it would be .......................... 422
'T is the fisher's wife at her neighbor's door .............. 421
'T is the fisher's wife at her neighbor's door .............. 421
This is the place, O Lord! we ask thy aid ............... 378
Though Nature's lonesome, leafless bower ............... 347
Though never shown by word or deed ..................... 162
Though sin hath marked thy brother's brow ............... 239
Though we were parted, or though he had died .......... 360
Thou givest Lord, to Nature law ............................ 245
This is the place, O Lord! we ask thy aid ............... 378
This extent hath freedom's ground .......................... 165
'Tis a sad truth, yet 't is a truth ......................... 332
'Tis a sad truth, yet 't is a truth ......................... 332
'Tis a sad truth, yet 't is a truth ......................... 332
'T is the fisher's wife at her neighbor's door .............. 421
'T is the fisher's wife at her neighbor's door .............. 421
'T is the fisher's wife at her neighbor's door .............. 421
'T is the fisher's wife at her neighbor's door .............. 421