

The Romance of Pittsburgh
or Under Three Flags

and

Other Poems

by

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Pittsburgh

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This volume is dedicated to
the memory of
My Wife.
A. S. F.



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THE ROMANCE OF PITTSBURGH,

or

UNDER THREE FLAGS

Sometimes the miner in his weary round
The glistening ore amid dull rocks has found;
And oft the divers from the dark sea raise
The pearl which raptured eyes will praise.
So, 'neath this darkened sky and smoky gloom,
Some golden memories may find room,
And e'en near thunderous forge and mill
We dream of days when all this land was still.

As he who loved to sing Old Scotia's lays
Found in her rudest past the knightly days,
And cried, as gazing on Auld Reekie's crown,
"This is mine own romantic town!"
So may we draw aside the veil of years,
Till the bright light of other days appears,
And once more feel the thrill of joy or pain,
Wrought by the clash of arms, the bugle strain.

I stood at noonday on the smoke-grimed hill
Which bears the glorious name
Of him whose life thro' peace or war
Has won immortal fame.
I heard the city utter its refrain
Like some huge giant, groaning in his pain;
The ceaseless roar punctured with notes more shrill,
The steamer's blast, the rattling train and mill.

Far down below, the river rolled
Its sister stream to greet,
And on its bosom bore the bark
Of labor's mighty fleet.

I saw thro' drifting clouds of smoke
The huge, tall structures rise,—
Our modern Babel towers, which try
To reach the bending skies.

And as I watched, the sunset glow
Fell on the towers and spires;
While on the banks of cloud and smoke
There shone the furnace fires.

Those great Auroras of our land,
The lining of each cloud,
To cheer the faltering steps with light
And bid dull hearts be proud.

As Northmen see in gleaming lights,
Which o'er their skies are cast,
The flame of giant gods at war,
The flash of heroes passed,

So may we mark the victories
Of man with toil at war,
The powers of mind more regnant than
The glittering sword of Thor.

And, musing there, I saw a change .
Come o'er that busy scene;
And where the crowded city lay
Appeared a forest green.

Gone were the many-windowed piles,
The roaring marts of trade,
And everywhere were tree-clad slopes
And silent forest shade.

I heard no more the siren blast,
The roar of train or mill;
Only the notes of fearless birds,
The tinkle of the rill.

The trees hung o'er the river's bank,
And in that shade so still
The wild fowl fearless built their nest,
The stag might drink his fill.

Up this broad stream the Indian pushed
His fragile bark canoe;
And dusky lovers trod the path
So old, but ever new.

For even savage hearts have felt
That bright celestial fire;
And wigwams knew, perhaps, the joy
Which palaces desire.

The squirrel chattered fearlessly,
The lynx dozed in his lair;
And soft-eyed pigeons cooed above
The haunts of wolf and bear.

We call those times the *savage* days,
And this a *savage* land;
While far across the seas saints groaned
Beneath oppression's hand.

The stately rooms of Versailles saw
The strife of pride and lust.
The streets of Paris oft were marred
With blood stains of the just.

The flippant Charles, the recreant James,
Trod rudely on their vows;
And Scotland mourned her noble dead,
The prey of Claverhouse.

We watched the Indian sally forth
And strike his sleeping foe;
But Charles the Ninth still dreams of blood
And dying Huguenot.

So king and Indian still may feel
The lusts that lead to crime;
And still the sounds of wrong are heard
Mingled with Abbey chime.

“We change the sky”—so said the sage—
“But not the inner mind;”
The brutish part is master still,
Wherever dwell mankind.

The scene has changed, and now
The spectral trees and leafless bough
Utter November’s chill refrain.
A stalwart youth, alert and strong,
Stands near yon point, and gazes long
Upon this silent plain.

The wide, clear brow, the noble eye
Which looked beyond defeat to victory,
Foretold his prime when years had run.
The body nourished by a temperate life,
The mind so trained by peace and strife,—
This, this was Washington!

And musing there, ’tis said he saw
Where then the winter’s blast so raw
Swept over wood and streams,
A city grow to wealth and power,
Where then the wild birds made their bower,
Surpassing all his dreams.

Out of that silent forest glade,
As yet untouched by plow or spade,
He saw a city rise.
Oh, dreamer, how the years have wrought
With toil of men to make thy thought
Prophetic, real and wise!

Perhaps his thought, as past him glide
These rivers strong and full and wide,
And murmur o'er their strand,
Went with them to those fancied isles
Where endless summer blooms and smiles,
To Cortez' Golden land.

Immortal dreamer! tho' thy life
Were spent mid distant scenes of strife,
And gained a name sublime,
Our fancy paints thee near this strand;
A youth heroic, here thou 'lt stand
Untouched, unchanged by time.

Time presses on; no more, no more
The wildbird from these haunts shall soar;
The old life dies, another race intrudes
To break the silence of primeval woods;
The first low murmur of the final roar,
The billowy crest and tide of war.

I hear the bugle ringing,
The cheerful workers singing,
Men from across the seas
Before whose woodmen's stroke
The chestnut and the oak
Sank down,—primeval trees.

I see a fortress rise
To guard a nation's prize—
The lands these rivers bound.
From bastion and redoubt
The gleaming guns peer out,
While sentries walk their round.

From the tall staff the flag of France flies free,
The symbol of a power beyond the sea,
The royal lilies which have led the host
Of Louis to this Western coast.

From Quebec's height they cast their thrall,
And claim the slopes of Montreal.
By the great stream their path they take,
And Champlain's name adorns the lake.

With dusky allies fiercely on they pressed,
And claimed a realm by France possessed.
While far-off courtiers, pausing in the dance,
Heard the brave tidings of the fair New France,
The triumphs of La Salle, the glories of Champlain,
And pledged the power of Fort Duquesne.

And shall the lilies fair
Bloom in this Western air,
And in their bright advance
Spread wide the fame of France?
Strong be the hands that would maintain
The flag which floats o'er Fort Duquesne!

Its folds are shining in the gleam,
They lie reflected in yon stream;
The panther startled shuns the sight,
With angry eye and heart in pain,
Looks on the flag of Fort Duquesne.

On yonder hill the startled deer
Thro' the dense branches soft-eyed peer,
And hear the morning drumbeats rise
That greet the royal flag that flies;
While the shrill fife with sharp refrain
Salutes the flag of Fort Duquesne.

Near the dark walls and at the frowning gate,
Alert and painted Indians crowd and wait,
While in the fort about the broad parade
The silent, stolid leaders are arrayed.
For thro' the forest, over stream and vale,
The keen-eyed runners bring the startling tale
Of Braddock's march, so keen to gain
The royal prize of Fort Duquesne.

The council, roused to frenzied mood,
Frenchman and Indian hasten to the wood.
No words of Beaujeu do such warriors need
To spur to battle or incite to speed.

No need to tell how terribly they meet
Till Braddock sounds the sad retreat;
Or how the victors from the dire turmoil
Bear bloody scalplocks and the battle spoil.
Those pious hearts which ever love to see
The hand of God control man's destiny,
Believing He thro' suffering, storm or fire
Reserves a chosen soul for something higher,
Have found in Washington the signal proof
Of God's wise pattern in His warp and woof.
For e'en the Indians striking at his heart
Believed him chosen for a nobler part;
Despite their aim, they saw him move unharmed,
A life divinely kept, a body charmed!

The months pass on, but still no peace!
The sentry guards the hill and river
Where sunbeams glance and moonbeams quiver,
For Britain's rage shall never cease.

One morning when the woods were still,
Grant and his men with peering eyes,
To give their foe a dread surprise,
Creep to the crest of yonder hill.

Then pausing there, beneath them lies
The unfurled flag of royal France,
Waving to battle *a l'outrance*,
This New World's mastery the prize.

Then suddenly, the wood's aflame,
From tree and shadow foes rush out
And hopes of triumph change to rout,
As Frenchmen jeer at England's claim.

Backward they rush in headlong flight:—
But not the wounded lying there,
Nor prisoners shaken with despair!
For them there glooms an awful night.

At tree and stake the captives bound
Are tortured with the knife and brand,
Till even from the taunting band
They beg with tears the fatal wound.

Upon the horrors of that bloody scene,
The awful laughter, shriek and yell,
The orgies of an earthly hell,—
We let the curtain fall—the screen.

We judge them not, those savage souls,
But on thee, Beaujeu, and thy sword
The shame shall rest, and thy reward
When the great Judgment Book unrolls!

'Tis night, now fort and village sleep,
No shrieks re-echo from the hills,
Only the cry of whippoorwills,
While warriors rest in slumber deep.

Far off along the Susquehanna's shore
There wait for some the cabin's open door.
In many a home along the Eastern slope
Mother and wife shall watch with straining hope,
And thro' the dim light of the flickering fire
The children whisper of their absent sire.
The sad-eyed maiden waits with love-taught ear,
Yet waits in vain the sound of footfalls dear;
Checks the low sob, and freshens all her charms
And longs the pressure of her lover's arms.
And farther yet the horror of this scene
Shall cross the seas, and even dim the green
Of England's meadows and the cottage sweet
Which soldier sons shall never greet.

From Devon's lanes, from Warwick's bowers to die
They passed, unburied 'neath this Western sky.
Oh! such a harvest! who the pangs can gauge,
When in the pride of battle kings engage!

Perhaps the violets that later grew
From such a soil have gained a deeper blue,
The rose that sprang from such a bloody bed
Will blush forever with a lovelier red,
The dandelions have a brighter gold
When grown from ashes of these heroes bold.

Sleep, heroes, sleep! as worthy of our tears
As those who fell at Cressy, Poitiers,
Or Agincourt, or later rushed and sank
At Balaclava, rank on rank.

Sleep, heroes! from the blood-stained ground,
From fiery torture, and from gaping wound,
A triumph greater than your largest dreams
Shall rise beside these Western streams!

No splendid statue yet your deed proclaims,
No granite shaft records your humble names;
Your graves have vanished with the trees,
Your ashes scattered far by every breeze.
But scattered still they are the martyr's seed.
Your anguish nerved men to a nobler deed:
To tread these wilds and make the final stroke
Which France's pride and sceptre broke.
Defeated, dying, still you led the van
Of those who give the world the rights of man,
And, all unknown to Cabinet or Crown,
Thro' forests struggled and past mountains frown.

You left each earthly pleasure,
Your life-blood freely poured,
To baffle claims of monarch
And feudal over-lord.

To keep this land untrammelled,
To make this New World free
And shed o'er hill and valley
The light of liberty.

As oft the ebbtide leaves the shore
To hush far off its sullen, baffled roar,
Then turns in might to shout its old refrain
And dash in passion on the rocks again;
So to men's hearts the old desire returns,
And unquenched passion stronger burns.
Once more the call is heard, the path is sought
Which to so many bitterness has brought.
And now on Washington the task is laid
To bring the prize so painfully delayed.
The march is ended; cautiously and still
His soldiers reach the fatal, bloody hill,
And find the fort is won without a stroke,
For o'er it rolls the heavy pall of smoke.
The crackling flames, the falling, fiery beams,
The gentle lapping of the rolling streams.
Only these sounds awoke this plain,
Where dies the hope of Fort Duquesne.
Frenchmen and Indians—Dark-eyed Delaware,
Mingo and Shawnee, down *la belle riviere*—
Flee in the gloom of chill November's sky,
Onward they float, low singing as they fly.

“Sadly, yet gladly, journey we forth,
To the wide prairies or plains of the North.
Failure behind us, but the wings of our feet
Are thoughts of the dear ones we hasten to meet.
Where the St. Lawrence flows vast to the sea,
There in our hearts we are longing to be.
In fancy we tread bright Canada's hills,
And hear in this Southland the song of her rills.
Why should we perish a crown to uphold
Whose honors and favors are purchased with gold?

Why should we suffer or battle in pain
Far from the banks of the Loire or the Seine?
So let us leave with one backward glance
This emerald torn from the bright crown of France.”

As once in Spain the Moor in flight
Turned ere he left the final height,
An exile now, to breathe a sigh,
Since nevermore his kindling eye
Should mark the grace of his dear Spain,
The land he ne'er should roam again;
So, turned the Indian chief to gaze
Upon the scene of happier days,
And tearless strove his grief to tell
In the sad song which bids farewell.

“Loved Vale of the Rivers! so sadly we leave
The graves of our fathers, our chieftains' low mounds,
The scenes of our triumphs, our broad hunting grounds.
There have our children in gladness oft played
In the hemlock's sweet fragrance, the hillside's deep shade.
Now to the prairies our footsteps we guide,
Or seek a new home the broad lakes beside.

“Loved Vale of the Rivers! remembered afar,
How oft from our wigwams we've watched the great lights
Stream up the skies in the long wintry nights.
Ah! where shall the Indian peacefully roam?
Where shall the Delaware find such a home?

“Loved Vale of the Rivers! our camp fires are cold,
Our villages ruined, we wander forlorn,
And dreams of our wigwams and bright fields of corn,
While the Englishman spares not the child or the squaw—
A foeman more fierce than the dread Iroquois!”

Now twilight falls, and day is done;
Beside the fort stands Washington,
Leader of men who trust his skill
And follow with a deathless will.
Once more he treads this long-sought plain,
But oh! the sorrow of the sad refrain!
The thought of all this victory cost;
The anguish and the brave men lost!
The trees with crimson banners high,
The grass where heroes' ashes lie,
Recall the hopes of earlier years,
But hopes now stained by grief and tears!
With roll of drum and bugle notes
The flag of England skyward floats,
And shouts which echo from the gorge
Greet the red banner of St. George.

The old name dies,—'tis now Fort Pitt,
As Forbes suggests, a name most fit
Since 'tis the link he sought to forge
To hold the land for royal George.

Untitled statesman! thus thy name
Has here received a world-wide fame.
No leadership of Parliaments,
No cheers which greet thy eloquence,
No statue in the city's square
Which frenzied hatred cannot spare,*
Nor e'en the honor of a grave
Beneath the Abbey's arched nave
Shall deck you with fame's glorious robe,
And send your name around the globe.
This fortress on the river's bank
Shall lift to more than royal rank,
And in this city's growth shall spring
A name more deathless than of king!

* (Pitt's Statue at Charleston, S. C.)

This flag which in the sunshine streams
Recalls the past like vivid dreams.
The names of victors leap to thought,
The battles 'neath its colors fought;
Bright Agincourt and Flodden Field
And Calais long a casket sealed,
On Marston Moor it proudly waved.
Where friend 'gainst friend war's perils braved,

At Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet
It led to victory in the fray.
At sea its shadow touched the wake,
The foaming course of Captain Drake;
It heard the tempest's wild refrain
As Raleigh crossed the Spanish Main;
Proud Spain's Armada flung its might
Against that flag to dim its light,
And still untouched above the smoke
To braver deeds each heart it woke.
So listening here I hear the bugle strain
Of victory rise o'er Quebec's battle plain.
And as it streams above the foemen's flight
The dying Wolfe sinks to his long, long night.

Thus here men dream the English power shall grow,
These vales and rivers, and these hills arow,
These forests vast, these verdant solitudes,
O'er which deep mystery silent broods,
This fortress dark on which the hills look down
Shall be another jewel in the English crown.

As billows roll thro' walls of narrow strait
To find beyond a sea more wide and great,
So thro' this vale and past this fortress' side
Shall roll of human life and hopes the tide:—
The waves of men that seek a wider sea
Of power and growth and shoreless liberty,

But King and Commons then could never know
To what vast fullness all this life should grow.
'Tis far away, and seas and lands can hide
Such future from the eyes so dim with pride.
The nobles' scandals and the foolish Court
Can take no measure of this distant fort;
Can hear no sound of that great multitude
Which rears its cities where so lately stood
The Indian wigwam and the silent wood,
The haunt of deer, the wild fowl's fearless brood.
On the dark sky of empire, dim and far,
This little fortress glistens like a star.
But hearts so dull can never know
The glow and radiance it at last shall show.

Time passes on; the months and years swift glide
Like the strong rivers at this fortress' side.
In the vale's shadows lurks the Delaware,
Alert to reach his victim unaware,
Strike some lone trapper and his scalplock gain,
And whet his vengeance in the whiteman's pain.

Behind yon hill the Shawnee cuts the boughs
On which he slumbers till the moonbeams rouse,
Then bright with war paint, serpent-like and still,
Glides thro' the shade some loiterer to kill.
Far off he hears the wolf's repeated howl
And overhead the nightbird's chirp, the mournful owl.
The Mingo from the thicket's screen
In savage lust surveys the moonlit scene,
Lists while some lover tells his serenade,—
The eternal passion of the man and maid.
Then when the singer, musing, turns alone
The knife is plunged, he falls without a groan!

As some tall headland, rock-bound, firm,
Guards the fair life of farm and shore
From the fierce sea which circling 'round
Assails with billow's stroke and sullen roar,

So stands this fortress firm to meet the shock
Of sleepless foes, the savage swift attack,
While round it surge the tides of death,
The bloody league of wily Pontiac.
The banks of Bushy Run are echoing still
The shrieks of soldiers dying in the wood,
And there the violet takes a pallid hue,
The sumach crimsons with the far-flung blood.

Across yon mountains in the summer haze
Thro' the deep shade of hemlock, pine and oak,
I hear the tramp of men whose quivering hearts
To newer dreams and hopes oppression woke.
At Concord Bridge men lit the tiny flame
Which fanned afresh at bloody Lexington;
Has leaped o'er Laurel Ridge and shall fulfill
The youthful dreams of Washington.

Again the sounds of strife are heard,
Men's hearts by bugle notes are stirred.
Like giant moving in his sleep
Across the land the tremors creep,
And yet again the cannon's roar
Breaks the sweet silence of this shore.

"Woe to the land whose king's a child!"
So spake the prophet of the ancient age.
Woe for a king thro' power and folly wild
Careless of justice in his haughty rage.

Oh, England! whose bright vision fills
Our hearts with gladdening memories
Of castled heights, of woodlands green, and hills
And lonely crags caressed by murmuring seas!

Oh, England! rich and strong and great!
Had justice passed from out thy thought
When selfish nobles in the plans of state
Their wilful, careless ends so rudely sought?

So from the hands that basely hold
This Western land goes free;
And swiftly pass the beckoning hopes
From eyes that will not see.

Again the fortress gate unbars,—
The silent guards pass out.
Again a rising flag evokes
The victor's pent-up shout.

Oh, glorious banner, born 'mid pangs
Of man's great struggle to be free!
Thou from the battlesmoke didst rise
Like Venus, radiant from the sea.

Oh, glorious flag! thy crimson stripes
Are rich with blood of heroes shed,
And justice gave the stripes so white
The unstained truth which wrong shall dread.

Oh, glorious flag! the eternal stars
Fight in their courses in the blue,
And bid men follow heavenly light
And to celestial truths be true.

Unfurl the banner, let its gleam
Pass down this river to the sea,
And bring to every shore its grace,
Glad freedom's sign and panoply.

The legends tell us of a city lost
Sinking beneath the dark sea wave;
Its streets swept by the foam storm-tost,
Its old life hid in ocean grave.

The surges swept its belfry towers
Still chiming as of old the hours,
Like mermaid music, far off singing,
The tides with muffled notes were ringing.

There, there far out of sight it lies
And never more from sleep to rise.

But here from out the bygone days
A city slowly rises to our gaze.
I see it leave its cloudlike past
And reach its large, full growth at last.

The hill so mindful of the bloody hour
Is crowned with Justice's Temple's tower;
And where some nameless soldier lies
Springs the dark, dreaded Bridge of Sighs;
While the old fort lies buried evermore
Beneath the church, the office and the store.
As yonder river in its flood-time free
Bears the great inland riches to the sea,
Past wooded heights with verdant crown,
And peaceful hamlets and each busy town,
Past fields and vineyards with the harvest smile,
And whispers low to Blennerhassett's Isle.
Far, far it glides till distant shores it laves
And mingles with the broad Atlantic's waves;
Thus from our city streams such power
As toil can give of ceaseless thought the flower.
On, on it glides, and of its riches sends
To far-off nations, to the wide world's ends;
The fullness of its toil on other lands it pours,
The Darkest Continent, the hostile shores.

Gone is the music of that buried past,
Silent the echoes of the shrill-voiced fife;
No more beside yon blockhouse rolls the drum,
No more the bugle wakes the thought of strife;
No more the wierd monotony of Indian chants,
Or growing fierceness of the wild war dance;
No more the song of soldiers' idle hour,
Careless of danger or the lurking power.

The hour is witching, and the bell's clear chime
Calls back the warriors of that older time.
A ghostly throng I see in magic glass
In silence gather, and so slowly pass.
Here brave Brebeuf and timid Contrecoeur are found,
And Jumonville with gaping, fatal wound.

There Forbes undaunted by his dying frame;
And Mercer crowned with Princeton's fame;
Beside them Trent and Grant and brave Bouquet,
Stand ageless in the light of that old day.
But brighter still,—for these are moon to sun,—
Looms the proud form of Washington.

I hear the murmurs of the crowded streets,
The minor chords of busy wharf and shore,
The far-off cadence of the hurrying feet,—
A nobler anthem than the songs of war,—
The ceaseless organ roll of forge and mill.
The trumpet blasts of steamers moving still,
With throbbing engines and the rhythmic beat
Of the huge wheels which add their strains
To the deep undertone of distant trains.

As some fair maid by gauzy veil oft tries
To hide her charms, her dark, resplendent eyes,
Yet lifts the veil in softer, kindlier mood
And thus alluring, hints she may be wooed;
So our great city, tho' a cloud may hide
Her brightest beauty and her stately pride,
Still lifts her veil on breezy, brighter days
And shows the beauties which excite our praise.

The daylight passes, evening breezes rise,
The shadows lengthened fall across the town;
The curling smoke-wreaths blur the myriad lights
And over all the questioning moon looks down.
In the dim light I see the barges wide

Move 'neath the bridges to the darker night,
While the great steamer with incessant stroke
Guides its huge burden with the strong searchlight.
Yet, day and night the wondrous song is heard,
The music rising to that flag unfurled,
The rhythmic sounds of Art and Labor's March,
The Anvil Chorus of this Western world.

“WITHIN IS MORE!”

In famous Bruges—quaint old Flemish town—
On which the lofty belfry tower looks down,
There stands with fair and stately front a house
Whose legend ever must the thought arouse,
For this strange motto long it proudly bore,
Carved on its doorway beam: “Within is more;”
And he who reads it feels this cryptic word
His eager questioning has deeply stirred.

Yet may we not to this strange mystery
Find at our hand the long-sought key?
Fair is the front—without it charms the eye—
But home’s great charm and treasure inside lie.
No outside gaze can measure all the store
Of joys so hidden, for “Within is more.”

And so I love to think as to our eyes
The golden walls and domes of Heaven arise;
Tho’ fair is all now seen, and blest the view,
That still for us the ancient words are true.
And when in Love’s good time we pass the door,
Entranced we shall confess, “Within is more.”

JOHN CALVIN'S GRAVE

In fair Geneva, near the arrowy Rhone,
John Calvin sleeps,—his grave without a stone.
Unmarked, unknown, yet near the busy street
Which echoed often to his hurrying feet.
While far away he saw those peaks of snow,
The Alps, so radiant in the sunset glow,
And watched Mt. Blanc's upsoaring dome,
Like some huge billow with its crest of foam,
Fit type of him, whose vast majestic mind
In moral grandeur towers o'er mankind.
Around that peak the tempests whirl and lower
And crackling lightnings blaze in hateful power,
Yet pass, and leave it stainless, strong and pure.
So from his foes his fame emerged secure;
And tho' against his work fierce hatred ranged,
Unmoved he stood, in power and aim unchanged.
Frail was his body, and, though racked with pain,
On, on he toiled, ne'er pausing to complain.
Strong were his friendships, pure his love and home;
Christ filled his heart, and not foul passion's foam.
No fear of Pope,—no dread of earthly kings
Turned his calm eyes from truth and heavenly things.
Humbled he spoke of God's wide sovereignty,
Yet taught the lowliest peasant to be free;
And while he bowed before God's boundless plan,
To souls oppressed he taught the rights of man.

Oh, clear-eyed student of the Holy Word,
Thy plea for freedom tyrants trembling heard!
Oh, wide-browed thinker of God's lofty thought,
What growth of nations have thy strong words wrought!
Thine was the task to magnify God's laws,
And trace for each event its first and only cause,
Breaking man's pride by views of God's control,
Yet sure God's child was every human soul.
And he who knelt most humbly to his God,

Secure in faith could walk unblanched abroad.
Thy words made gentle women fear no shame,
They nerved the martyr to await the flame.
From heart to heart they passed around the world,
Till kings were faced, or from their thrones were hurled.
Rest, noble Calvin, take thy well-earned sleep.
Thy fame far time shall undiminished keep.
In that low grave thy fragile body lies,
But God has writ thy name across the skies!

COULD WE BUT KNOW

Could we but know, just how or where
Our vanished loved ones in the silence fare,
To what new tasks they give the eager thought
Which here with us each duty wrought—
 Could we but know!

Could we but know, amid what light
They spend the hours, and through what scenes so bright
Those feet are moving which with us have trod
The paths of earth, which led them up to God—
 Could we but know!

Could we but know what paths they take
Whose tender love such blessed memories make,
And to what visions lift those smiling eyes
In which we saw the love that never dies—
 Could we but know!

Could we but know where, where they roam;
If in that land they find a restful home;
If knowledge gained by life's hard battles here
Finds in the Spirit World a larger sphere—
 Could we but know!

Can we not know? Our Lord has told
Of the fair land where man grows never old;
His Father's house, toward which He turns our eyes,
Where man may find the bliss for which he sighs.

Can we not know?

Can we not know? Where Jesus dwells
Is greater joy than here the bosom swells.
On earth He lingered, left His Father's side,
To tell us where the heart is satisfied.

Can we not know?

Can we not know? This life so real
Is but the glass by which God would reveal
The brighter world, the richer, radiant sphere,
Where lie the joys we only dream of here.

"Yea, Lord, we know!"

IS THIS ALL?

Swift pass the childhood years,
So flecked with smiles and tears;
And swift the boyhood days
Sink in the realm of haze.
Then manhood's larger life,
With its brief time of strife;
And age, so weary and so worn,
Is to its rest unweeping borne.

And is this all?

Some days of laughter and of song,
Some care of weakness by the strong,
Some marriage bells, some joys of home,
And anxious thoughts for those who roam.
Some lighted torch upon the way
Trod by the heart in sorrow's day;
And then an end to noble thought,
To visions by affection wrought.

And is this all?

Some loving deeds, some noble dreams,
Which pass like sunshine on the streams;
Some delving in the mysteries
Of earth and sky, of air and seas;
Some building of our splendid towers,
Some training of our highest powers,
Then to a silence voiceless, deep,
The long, unbroken, endless sleep.
And is this all?

This is not all! 'Tis but the time
Which fits man for his glorious prime.
This is not all! 'Tis but the hour
Which swells the bud into the flower.
'Tis but the school where we may find
The training of the heavenly mind.
And eyes now dim with welling tears
Shall smiling view the Eternal Years.

This is not all! Life's problems wait
Their answer in a higher state;
The souls distressed, the hearts in pain,
Shall find their joys return again.
This is not all! God never played
With hopes and hearts that He had made.
And in His presence, at His side,
The heart can cry: "I'm satisfied!"

THE STARRY HEAVENS

When I consider Thy Heavens, O Lord!
Those wondrous skies where stream afar
The light of countless suns and worlds,
The rays of blazing moon and star,
The sight of all Thy power hath wrought
O'erwhelms my mind and stifles thought.

When I consider Thy Heavens, O Lord!
And think how through the ages gone,
While myriad souls have lived and died,
These worlds unchanged have nightly shone;
At such a vision of the skies,
Despair is strong, and fond hope dies.

When I consider Thy Heavens, O Lord!
Oh! What is man 'mid scenes so vast!
An insect on the torrent's foam,
A leaf upon the highway cast,
A grain of sand upon the shore,
Forgotten in the ocean's roar.

When I consider Thy Heavens, O Lord!
My heart finds there the glorious sign
Of all Thy Wisdom, Power and Love
Which makes the Life Eternal mine.
The stars no longer teach despair,
My Father's hand has placed them there!

When I consider Thy Heavens, O Lord!
I see a power naught can resist,
A hand divine. Thy might, O Lord,
Which loves Thy children to assist.
Thou, Who didst set the Pleiades,
Will do for me far more than these.

When I consider Thy Heavens, O Lord!
I know that these shall pass away.
For Thou shalt roll them like a scroll,
But Thy true Word shall meet that day;
And in the tempest of that fire
All but Thy promise shall expire.

When I consider Thy Heavens, O Lord!
So radiant in the midnight air,
I hear a whisper: "Fear no more,
Around you is a greater care;
For He Who set those stars aflame
Has called you by His children's name."

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

“God, my Maker, Who giveth songs in the night.”
(Job 35:10.)

Songs in the night Thou givest,
The heart-consoling songs
To which the peace divine belongs;
Their music by Thy Word is made
As when angelic harps are played;
And sleepless hearts the wearied face
Turn to their joy in Thy embrace.
O songs of trust!

Songs in the night Thou givest,
Praise in deep sorrow's gloom
The songs which light life's darkened room.
So once at midnight prison walls were ringing
With songs Thy saints were joyful singing;
And in the song forgot the cell and chain,
And listening sad ones heard the glad refrain.
O songs of hope!

Songs in the night Thou givest;
The long, long night of fear
Hastes to its dawn, for Thou art near;
And anxious thoughts are lulled by Thy sweet song,—
So sweet, so cheering, for Thy love is strong.
The dreariest heart oppressed with its alarms
Sings as it feels the Everlasting Arms.
O songs of peace!

Songs in the night Thou givest,
Those heavenly melodies
By which we face life's darkest mysteries;
Then when our restless hearts are drifting
To doubt and fear, Thou sendest hopes uplifting;
Singing we walk, though every star is gone,
Thy hand still leading, and Thy hand alone.
O songs divine!

THE CHRIST CHILD

Dark was the night o'er Bethlehem,
The stars alone were shining,
And hushed the sound of toil and strife,
Of laughter or repining.
The shepherds on the silent plain
Beside their flocks were sleeping;
But in the skies the angel host,
Their loving watch were keeping.

For in that little town so still,
A little child is waking
Whose heart and voice and life, the hope
Of this lost world are making.
Amid the slumber of the world,
The angels see the glory
Of that dear child, whose love and power,
Become the world's great story.

Dark was the night o'er Bethlehem,
But thro' the child there sleeping,
No night need evermore be dark,
No heart feel hopeless weeping;
A peace divine is offered all
In sorrow, pain and danger,
And faith and love kneel gratefully,
To Jesus in the manger.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

Far, far above a darkened world
The heavenly music falls,
And from the radiant midnight air
The sweet voiced angel calls:—
“Hark, hark, ye shepherds, love divine
Speaks to a world forlorn;
God’s peace is offered to your hearts,
For Christ the Lord is born.”

No home was found for Mary then
In Bethlehem’s crowded town,
And ’mid the wondering lowing herd
They laid the Christ Child down.
To-day, O Lord, the homes of earth
Would welcome Thee and Thine,
And ’mid unnumbered loving hearts
Thou hast a throne divine.

The years are gone, the stars are dark,
No music greets the ears;
The shepherds hear no heavenly song
To wake to rapturous fears.
But still the chant of heavenly choir
Each Christmas-tide is heard,
And by the sight of heavenly love
The hearts of men are stirred.

THE BELLS OF IS

There is a legend of the happy town
Of Is, by storm and cruel waves swept down;
Now over busy street and church and home
The billows ever roll and toss their foam.
Far out of sight the little city lies,
And yet at times 'tis said there sweetly rise
The murmuring music of its hidden bells.
Through the dark sea it ever floats and swells.
And where the waves forever surge and roll,
The bells, unseen, ring on, and chime or toll,
Swinging unceasing in the restless sea.
Oh, Bells of Is! Oh, sweet toned Bells of Is!

In Time's dark ocean, deep and broad and vast,
There lies the buried city of our Past;
Beneath those mighty waves our by-gone years
Have sunk in silence, with our smiles and tears.
Upon the shore we sometimes listening hear
The gentle echoes of each buried year.
Still from those surgeful depths we catch at times
The swelling music of the far-off chimes,
The vesper notes, the joyous wedding peal,
The Sabbath call, up through the silence steal,
Ringing forever in the unresting sea
The blended music of each memory.

THE SWEET INFLUENCE OF THE PLEIADES

Job 38:31

There is a magic in the starry skies,
The stately planets wield a witching power.
To him who skyward looks with trusting eyes.
A peace descends as in a golden shower.
Unchanged, unchanging through the endless years,
Above the earthquakes and the billowy seas,
They tell of Him who sends to quell our fears
Sweet influence of the Pleiades.

When darkness falls, and all the stars shine out,
The heavenly powers seem sweetly to distill
The balm for care, the peace of heart for doubt,
Till tumult dies and tossing souls grow still.
The stars upon our hearts so softly call;
And twilight brings for toil its gentle ease;
While on the troubled spirit seems to fall
Sweet influence of the Pleiades.

SURSUM CORDA!

(To Mrs. J. C.)

Fast falls the snow, the trees are bare,
And cold and dark the plain;
Courage, sad heart, sometime, somewhere,
The flowers shall bloom again.

Mists hide the sky, the clouds hang low,
The fields are drenched with rain;
Courage, sad heart, and wait the bow;
The sun shall shine again.

The ship reels on thro' billows' foam,
The tempest sweeps the main;
Courage, faint heart, howe'er we roam
The calm shall come again.

Grief fills the eyes and glooms the life,
The heart aches with its pain;
Courage, dear heart, beyond this strife
The dead shall live again!

STAR OF THE EAST

Star of the East! on this dark world
Send thy far shining heavenly ray,
As thou didst guide the groping hearts
To where the infant Saviour lay.

Star of the East! no other light,
Can lead the wise but wandering feet
To that bright spot of larger hope,
Where we the world's Redeemer greet.

Star of the East! all other beams
Fall hopeless on this shadowed earth;
Our wisdom falters till thy gleam
Signals the promised Saviour's birth.

Star of the East! thy light has paled
In the yet brighter Gospel Sun;
And in the radiance of Christ's truth
Our fear is calmed—our hope begun.

BEYOND THE ALPS

“Beyond the Alps lies Italy!”

Thus to his faltering troops the warrior cried,
To help them face the frowning mountain side;
To dare the glacier and the gloomy path
Where threatening snow-capped peaks look down in wrath;
To see the sunny plains, the cities great and fair,
And palaces so rich with art and jewels rare.
In the great splendor of that perfect prize
Toil is forgotten, and each murmur dies.

“Beyond the Alps lies Italy!”

O words of cheer, when on life's tortuous way
We meet the baffling toils like mountains gray;
The dreaded tasks, the barriers rising high,
Facing our hopes like peaks against the sky.
But they who struggle till the crest is passed,
Nerved by a vision which no pain can blast,
Look down on all the glory of a scene
Which hides the struggle and the toil between.

THOU KNOWEST, LORD!

“Thou knowest, Lord!” O blessed word
For hearts beset by pain and fear!
By it the fainting soul is stirred,
And faith revives when Thou art near.

“Thou knowest, Lord! Then we are sure
That every step is watched by Thee.
Through life’s great storms we sail secure,
Trusting Thy knowledge ’mid all mystery.

“Thou knowest, Lord!” A sweet relief
Fills the tired heart with such a thought;
Our needs are known; each pain, each grief,
Finds by such knowledge comfort wrought.

“Thou knowest, Lord!” Then each heart’s load
For each day’s need gains each day’s strength,
Since Thou dost mark the longest road
And promised rest shall come at length.

FOR GRANDMA

On Her Hundredth Birthday

(The following verses were read at the centennial gathering on the birthday of the writer's grandmother, Mrs. Hester Von de Linde Brinkerhoff Jackson, Newark, N. J., January 30, 1882.)

A flower we know that long in silence grows,
Beneath the hot rays of the southern clime,
And still each lingering year that comes and goes,
Perchance in vain looks for its flowering time.

Its barren stalk alone stands in the torrid air,
And men approach with mingled hopes and fears,
But find no opening of the flower so fair,
Till nourished by the sunshine of a hundred years.

Then all the past springs into life again:
Then open wide the clusters of rich flowers;
The blossoms of a century's wind and rain,
The fruitage of unnumbered summer hours.

But fairer than the century plant renowned
Is this long life, whose praises now we sing;
With all the love and honor of a century crowned,
The gentle queen who mourns her absent king.

Not to one splendid blossom has this long life grown;
Not from a barren past the present gladness springs,
Not by one harvest long in patience sown;
Not for one swan note, as one dying sings.

Perennial flowers have decked each bygone year;
Each flying month thro' all the century round,
Bestowed some charm, beheld some grace appear,
And made this life in joy and light abound.

Deep in our hearts we shrine this gentle form;
With loving hands we crown this blessed head,
This fragile flower, swept hard by many a storm—
And round this mother life our praises spread,

Love lights its torch to guide these trembling feet;
Love brings to-day its richest meed of praise,
And longs for voice to tell its joy complete
At this glad circling of these many days.

Accept our thanks for all the bygone joys,
The happy hours now flying from our hands:
The years when we were boisterous girls and boys,
Like children playing on some ocean strand.

Up to thy heart as sunbeams to the sun
Our happiest mem'ries glowing with that light
To-day turn quickly and in gladness run
As if in thee to find the source so bright.

May heaven surround thee with its tendrest love;
May flowers divine upon thy path be strewn,
And God's own hand lift thee at last above,
Where years of time and sorrow are unknown.

THE BLOCKHOUSE

Encircled by the smoke-grimed mill and store,
The noisy engines and the rumbling train,
The Blockhouse, relic of the days of yore,
Stands dreaming of its years of strife and pain.
Heir of the tragic times of Fort Duquesne,
At Fort Pitt's side the guard and sentinel,
How oft thy walls have heard the sad refrain,
The battle roar, the Indians' murderous yell!
Thy grass plot often sown with blood so red
Became sometimes the dying warrior's bed.

Through tiny loopholes startled watchers saw
The skulking savage cross from yonder shore;
Then noiseless, stealthy, near his victim draw,
Strike the swift blow and lift the scalplock's gore.
Oh, tell again the story of thy day,
Repeat the names of those whose race is run;
Call back the heroes gone, the brave Boquet,
The dauntless Forbes, and our great Washington.
There may'st thou stand till human strife shall cease,
And war and passion yield to joys of peace!

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE TREVI

In ancient Rome beside the busy street
The Trevi Fountain pours its waters sweet.
But more than beauty hides within this pool,
More than a moment's gladness in the waters cool;
For as you watch the rushing stream so clear,
A fairy voice speaks to your listening ear,
Telling again the legend often told,—
That casting in some silver coin or gold
You stoop and lift whence these pure waters burst
A little draught to quench your passing thirst.
Then, though you widely roam or journey far
'Neath Southern Cross or changeless Polar Star,
Where icebergs chill or Southern sunbeams burn,
 You shall return; you shall return.

So if beside the unstained Well of Truth
The man has lingered in his careless youth,
And made his offering to the wondrous stream
And drunk its fullness ere he turned to dream,
To wander aimless and to journey wide
O'er mountain, prairie or the ocean tide,
Still shall the memory live, the longing rise,
The heart be empty, 'neath the fairest skies.
The thirst is ceaseless, still his heart shall yearn,—
 He shall return; he shall return.

GARDEN OF MEMORY

Come walk with me in my Garden fair,—
No flowers so lovely as those growing there;
Never such roses as these brightly bloom,
Never such lilies as these shed perfume.
Come tread the paths where the bright fountains play,
And the clear shining brook ripples fast on its way.
Never such birds as sing in each tree,
For this is my Garden of Memory.

Here is the sunshine of childhood and youth,
Here are the hearts which symbolized truth,
Here are the faces where pure love-light lies,
The smile and caress, the tender glad eyes.
No earth-planted flower such beauty is showing
As these faces and hearts where affection is glowing;
And over it all floats a strange melody,
For this is my Garden of Memory.

Listen! the laughter and song are here treasured,
The voices of children, love's richness unmeasured;
The faces so lovely, the hands we have pressed,
Our dearest and noblest, caressing, caressed.
Those brave loyal souls who walked in the light
And gave to our childhood its visions so bright.
Let us dream mid such grace, such soft minstrelsy,
For this is my Garden of Memory.

THE TEACHER'S WORK

I saw the statue 'neath the sculptor's hand
Take on the semblance of the form divine
The rounded limbs, the mien so grand,
The touch of genius in its slightest line,
Art's perfect handi-work—so bright, so fair
A statue worthy of Pygmalion's prayer.

I watched the artist with his pencil true
Trace on the canvas earth's bright glory—
A foaming stream—some mountain 'view
Or battle famed in song and story,
And near such beauty we may truly ask:
Where than the artist's is there nobler task?

I heard the singer with his harp so sweet
Pour out his burning thought in perfect song
And as men listened in the camp or street,
Hope grew more regnant, and their courage strong,
Blind Milton telling his celestial dreams:
Or Robbie Burns entranced by Scotland's streams.

I saw a lad beneath the Teacher's care
Leave his dull childhood, and with eager eyes,
Led by the Master, and his ideals fair,
Rise to a noble manhood, life's great prize,
Now tell me if the artist's, poet's thought
Can show such beauty as the Teacher wrought?

THE SHOWER OF ROSES OF HELIOGABALUS

(Heliogabalus, Emperor of Rome, is said to have smothered his guests with roses at a banquet.)

Bright is Rome's palace hall where, at the king's behest,
The lovely maid, the stalwart youth, is each a royal guest;
The flaming torch, the gilded lamp, light up the splendid throng,
While through the soft and perfumed air float jest and happy
 song.

Around the radiant festal board the jeweled forms recline,
Tasting each dish of luxury, each cup of rarest wine;
While from above in royal state the Emperor looks down
With smiling face, with sensual thoughts unworthy of a crown.
Like panther lurking in the shade, he waits with cruel eyes,
For Heliogabalus has the power his purpose to disguise.
Then as the wine cups circle fast around and still around,
And hearts beat wilder yet at music's kindling sound;
While shining eyes grow languorous with love and sweet desire,
And cheeks are flushed with pleasure, or gleam of passion's fire;
When glee and mirth are loudest, the Emperor lifts his hand,
And from their hiding place moves out the servant band,
And cast upon the revelers a giant mass of flowers,
Which falls so thick and fast that resistance it o'erpowers.
Like snowflakes swiftly falling, the rose leaves sink and rest
On eyes aflame with wonder, on trembling lips and breast.
At first astir with pleasure, they laughed with glad surprise,
And in the rich, soft fragrance their grateful shouts arise;;
But still the roses fall and fall so ceaseless and so fast,
Till mirth gives place to terror, and love aside is cast.
They rise and struggle vainly, for now the lamps are out,
As in the whirling snowdrifts men blindly turn and shout.
The doors are shut and barred, with panting voice they call,
The strong tread on the weaker, while still the roses fall.
The air is full of perfumes, the night is calm and sweet;
Still, still the flowers are falling, and rose with rose lips meet.
A silence comes at last, and hushed are sobs and crying,
While youth and loveliest maid beneath the flowers are lying.

The struggle ends, the heaving breast has ceased its sobbing
breath

And roseclad forms alone reveal the tragedy of death.

Smothered with roses sweet! Is it an ancient, by-gone tale,
Only a far-off horror which turns our cheeks so pale?

Death through rare flowers! Must we look back or roam

Amid the fallen splendors and tragedies of Rome,

To find such ruin wrought by some soft petaled rose,

And see no blossoms now to cause such kindred woes?

Ah, lovely maid and eager youth have dreamed in revel's hour

That life was one long banquet, this world a festal bower;

But pleasure has its peril, the fragrant sin its blows,

And hearts have passed to terror, to the ruin of the rose.

Have we ne'er seen such beauty in the bright, gleeful hours

Sink to its tragic slumber, crushed by sin's fragrant flowers?

Gone is the cruel monarch; he too has had his day,

His round of flower-like pleasure brought terror and decay.

Yet still earth's revelers find the rose with which they toy

Can smother man's high purpose, can quench his hope and joy.

TO THE FRIEND WHOSE NEW YEAR'S GREETING WAS
"I LOVE OLD BOOKS—OLD FRIENDS"

Thanks for your kindly New Year's word—
"I love Old Books—Old Friends."
The best things dearer grow as time
Its ripeness gives, its fullness lends.
Not in the acorn is the oak's strength seen;
Not in the seed the golden fruit appears;
Time only shows the mighty trunk and arms,
And the full harvest needs the strength of years.
The books we joyous read so long ago
Are treasured still for every noble thought;
We hold them gently with caressing hands
And dream again the splendid dreams they wrought.
Some poet's lark-like song, some tragic tale,
Some quickening truths, some scene of mirth or tears,
Are treasured in each yellowed page,
The argosies of our adventurous years.
Perhaps each page recalls some loving eyes
Which shared with us each noble truth,—
Eyes opened now to radiant Heavenly views,
Undimmed by age in God's eternal youth.
The hearts long tried, the friendship true,
Unchanged by joys, or loss, or many tears,
The sweeter grow at last, and brighter shine,
As hopes are fairer after stormy fears.
So clasp we still the friends whom time has tried,
And feel the pressure of each loving hand;
And read again the old, old book divine,
Love's changeless story of blest Friendship's land.

THE DREAM OF THE DAYS

The winter twilight slowly deepens,
The shadows lengthen over vale and hill.
While through the spectral trees the evening wind
Moans loud and casts a frostier chill
Within, where o'er the picture walls,
On books and flowers the firelight plays,
You watch the cheerful flame in musing mood,
And dream of other days.

So while the greater stars come out
And lights from distant mills stream up the sky,
Within the silence deepens, and the flame
Curls round the logs, while ashes fall and die.
Forgot the empty chair, the solitude,
The past is calling in this magic hour,
For bygone years dance in the restless flame
And live again like some swift blooming flower.
Ah, mystic flame, that while you speechless gaze,
You dream of other days.

Oh, days of happy toil, bright plans and cares,
Of anxious cares relieved by song and jest,
When hopes were bright and courage high,
When morning brought new strength and evening rest;
When loving children gathered at your knees
And cheered with laughter, or shed childish tears,—
The ever-shifting drama of our mortal life,
The life of man complex with hopes and fears.
Now while the past so gently moves and sways,
You dream of other days.

MILTON DICTATING PARADISE LOST
AND HIS DAUGHTER

(Munkacsy's Picture)

Blind are his eyes, yet can his great soul gaze
Through the past ages to the far-off days;
He sits in darkness, 'mid the present world,
Yet sees God's throne, and Satan downward hurled.
His the rapt vision of man's blessedness,
Of wedded love, life's crown of happiness;
The toil so sweet, the life without a fear,
Days without weariness, and eyes without a tear.
And as he sings of that lost Paradise
His face illumed as glorious visions rise,
She who would pen this bright, celestial story
Forgets her task amid that vanished glory;
Listening to him whom thoughts divine inspire,
She dreams of Eden and the sword of fire.

Oh, happy eyes! though closed to this world's light,
Yet gaining thus the higher, heavenly sight,
Teach us the power, when in life's darkened room,
To look beyond the anguish and the gloom:
Like thee, to fill the soul with visions blest,
And seeing God, upon His Word to rest;
Help us to see, though joys be here denied,
The Paradise where hearts are satisfied.

THE LION OF LUCERNE—FORGOTTEN HEROES

From the bright vision of blue Lake Lucerne
And snowy Alps, oft does the traveler turn
To where the touch of great Thorwaldsen's hand
Has carved the requiem of that hero band;
So loyal still—unchanged with gasping breath;
So true to vows and faithful unto death.
Like the great wounded lion with the closing eyes,
Guarding the lilies, unfaltering, tho' he dies.
There on the rock the leaders' names are traced,
High on the Roll of Honor known and placed.
But, oh, the irony of life and fame,—
Of all the private soldiers not one name!
For France they fought and met the mob's fierce might,
Facing on palace stairs a cruel death for right!
Yet in their memory on this storied stone
No name is cherished: they have died unknown!

So oft the heroes in this world's great strife
Meet in the noblest spirit every pang of life;
Then sink unnoted to an unmarked grave,
Forgot as soon as writ upon the wave;
So brave, so true, so steadfast in love's call,
Forgetting self, for right they perilled all.
Not theirs the statue's pomp or blazoned name;
Not theirs the right the record bright to claim.
Their sacrifice so great, their claim so clear,
Yet on their names no eye shall drop a tear;
Unknown, yet not unknown,—there is a heart
Which ne'er forgets the true heroic part;
For He Who sees the tiny sparrow's fall
Holds in His thought the life and name of all;
And tho' on earth no laurel crown is given,
Their names are blazoned in the Book of Heaven.

HIGHLAND CROFT—WHITE MOUNTAINS

Littleton, N. H.

From the calm vale where Ammonoosuc flows,
So bright with summer bloom—so locked by winter's snows,
The eager traveler, if he looks aloft,
May catch a distant glimpse of Highland Croft,
Where the tired guest, who journeys from afar,
Up the long road is borne by autocar;
Beneath its roof and at its broad fireside
Finds warm hearts waiting and a welcome wide.

On its broad porch I sit and silent gaze
At the great mountains soft with purple haze.
I hear the cawing crow perched on some loftier tree—
A call from out the wood's dark mystery;
While from the shadows of the lovely Dells
The still air bears the sound of tinkling bells,
Where the calm herds browse on the distant slope,
Content with all, and ask no larger hope.

So lingering there, with rapt, uplifted gaze,
I hear the Psalmist's cry—that mighty phrase
Which years can never lessen in its power,
In any land where men see mountains tower;
For he who cried—"I lift mine eyes unto the hills,"
Had felt the presence of a hope which thrills,
And on their crest had seen the help which waits
All those who Heavenward look in life's hard straits.

Like giants forms held in a long, long sleep,
Those mountains speak of slumber—dreamless, deep;
And when across their crests there roll the clouds,
They seem enswathed in lovely, glistening shrouds.
Yet when there rise the tempest and the storm,
Each slumbering Anak seems to stir his form,
And swords of lightning flash in battle fierce—
Each thunder roll the warrior's shout to pierce
The heart of mighty foes with awful fears,
Till on the vanquished, Heaven lets fall its tears.

Still musing there I look beyond the seas
To where old Scotia's Highlands charm and please,
And where the heather blooms o'er field and hill;
The humble croft is seen beside the rill,
And though so lowly—dark with thatch of straw,
Its curling smoke-wreaths some fond heart can draw.
So in the New World on this far-off height,
The Highland Croft shines with a richer light,
And mountains loftier than Ben Nevis' crown
Their sunrise shadows on the vales cast down.

Are there two voices—one of mount and sea?
There, as the twilight falls the mountain speaks to me,
And bids me bear to other skies and scenes
These visions fair when distance intervenes;
Still cheered by thoughts of yonder mighty range,
To trust the power Divine which knows no change.
Far off—'neath skies made bright by forge or mill,
Amid the noise of street and workshop never still,
Oft shall return this vision—peaceful, fair,
And the sweet balsam of this mountain air;
Once more tired ears shall hear the music soft,
Which murmurs round the slopes of Highland Croft.

THE LOST RIVER
White Mountains, N. H.

From the great mountain's crest in solitude
 Within a cavern dark, this river springs;
And gliding forth thro' shadows of the wood,
 O'er mossy stones, it leaps and softly sings.
Thro' twisting caves, round broken, rocky walls,
 It swirls, tossed into foam, yet ever clear.
As from a granite ledge, the tiny cataract falls.
 Its wayward course we trace, its music hear,
Far down the vale, where ice and tempest-tossed
 The mighty rocks to baffle this clear stream,
Until far out of sight it sinks—a river lost,
 Vanished and silent, like the happiest dream.

And yet, tho' lost awhile, the streamlet clear
 In distant valley, or thro' fertile plain,
May rise and flow, may songful reappear,
 And near men's homes may murmur its refrain;
And, whispering day and night the mountain's mystery,
Shall softly glide to reach at last the sea.

And has not life its current clear and sweet,
 The streams of hope, of purpose, efforts wise,
Which, born above, this river's course repeat,
 And, flowing on with richness from the skies,
Run thro' the tortuous maze, and strive and press,
 Turning tho' checked thro' shaded days and bright,
Till on the course of love and pure success
 The shadow falls, the hope has sunk from sight?

Perhaps no purpose true sinks into endless night.
 The vanished river thro' men's hearts may glide:
The loving plan, the words so true and right,
 Still out of sight may in the memory bide.
Here all seems lost; but look, far off, you see
Your vanished efforts flowing clear and free.

THE MUSICAL SANDS

There's a wonderful shore in the Northern lands
Known far and near as the Musical Sands.
When the storm winds lift the billows to foam
And the timid sailors seek their harbor home;
When the sands are swept by the wilder breeze,
The listener hears mystic melodies,
As if spirit hands struck celestial lyres
And music fell from invisible choirs.

Sometimes beside life's billowy sea
The path we tread awakes to minstrelsy;
The shore on which the waves forever glide,
Ebbing and flowing with the changeful tide,
Lies dull and silent till the stormful breeze
Calls from the sand the plaintive melodies.
So storms we dread, the tempest fierce and shrill,
May yet the anxious heart with music fill.

Some sunlit lives are songless all their days;
Some hearts unswept by trial yield no praise;
But oft life's tempest hours give rise to song
While faith has tuneful grown 'neath blows of wrong.
The prison cell has loveliest music known,
And souls thro' conflict have the richer grown.
The storms of life the languid silence break,
As master hands the harps to music wake.

THE WEIGHTED PALM TREE

'Tis said the palm when weighted faster grows,—
Its very burden gives it power to rise;
'Twould seem that hardship greater strength bestows,
And weight and conflict help it seek the skies.

Some hearts are palmlike in their moods,—
The storm calls out their latent power;
In ease, in calm, the spirit idly broods,—
Only in trial do they grow and flower.

How oft the life unburdened, stunted, shows
No purpose high, content with lower things;
Till burdens come, till conflict 'gainst it flows,
Then high desire is born, and manhood upward springs.

IF THOU HADST KNOWN

“If thou hadst known the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes.”—Luke 19:42.

If thou hadst known a listening child
Your careless words had robbed of faith in truth,
Your laughing doubt and worldly selfish aims
Had stained the trustful innocence of youth;
But now! the past returns not at your cries,
Forevermore 'tis hidden from your eyes!

If thou hadst known a stricken heart
So sorely needed sympathy and cheer;
But you passed heedless, bent on self alone,
Sparing no kindly word, nor wiped away a tear.
But now! though that last chance you deeply prize,
Forevermore 'tis hidden from your eyes!

If thou hadst known your thoughtless ways
Wrought in a loving heart a sense of pain,
The kindly deed and word unspoken and undone,
And you so blind, since she would not complain;
But now! though wakened, sad regret oft tries,
That door is hidden from your weeping eyes!

If thou hadst known the things you most desire
Fade in an hour, nor yield the lasting peace;
Unblest by God, life has no perfect bliss,
The shadows deepen, mortal hopes shall cease;
Where is the peace on which the soul relies?
Forevermore 'tis hidden from your eyes!

“MICKY FISHER”

A Fox Terrier. Died 1911

Dear little dog, the longer life
Of many a man has less of charm,
Of friendship, brightness, and a freedom from
The things that harm.

Dear little dog, upon the stair
I hear the patter of thine eager feet,
The leap of joy, the rushing welcome to
The friend you greet.

Kind little dog, in sport, in play
The children's comrade, ready at each call,
Tireless in romp, so swift to race or catch
The far-flung ball.

Brave little dog, thy slender form
Had courage greater than defeat or blows;
A dauntless spirit, fearless still to brave
The greatest foes.

Sunny thy memory, not one sad
Or hateful deed has left a stain or blot;
Ah, happy life of man without a wrong
To be forgot!

Thou couldst not speak with human tongue,
But, ah, thy speaking eye was eloquent
In joy or pain; thy friends well knew
All that was meant.

And if the sparrow in its fall
Is noted by the Heavenly thought,
In its own way thy pleasant, lowly life
God's purpose wrought.

WHO PAINTS THE FLOWERS?

What gives the flowers their beauty rare,
The violet's exquisite blue,
The pansy with its velvet eyes,
The roses, with their peerless hue?

Not in the seed from which they grow,
Not in the stalk to which they cling,
Lies hid the secret of their bloom,
The charm of each returning spring.

Hide them in darkness, far from light,
In unsunned caverns, like a tomb,
And colors vanish like the dew,
Only a pallor decks the bloom.

The sunlight is the touch divine,
The magic artist of each flower.
The radiance from the arching skies
Creates this beauty by its power.

And does not every earthly joy
Need for its richness something high
Above its own swift coursing life,
The truths which stream from yonder sky?

How dull the hopes from man alone!
How pale the wealth untouched by love!
Gone is the beauty of our life
When hidden from the light above.

Unless, O God, Thy light shall rest
On every joy which here we gain,
Life's radiance pales, its glory dies,
Our fondest hopes grow dim and wane.

Freedmen's Poems

"WE IS RISING"

(Not long after the close of the Civil War, Gen. O. O. Howard addressed one of the Freedmen's schools, and at the close expressed a desire to carry some message to the northern people. "What shall I tell them from you?" and a little black boy rose quickly and said, "Tell 'em, Massa, we is rising.")

Out of the gloom of slavery's years,
Where helpless we lay in the long night of fear;
Out of the gulf where manhood seemed lost—
The depth of despair by hope never crossed;
Where the past held no comfort, the future no balm,
And the present day passed in a desert-like calm;
"We is rising."

Into the life of song-sweetened toil
Into the harvests of liberty's soil
Where knowledge is sought and our minds can expand
To the thoughts of the greatest—the ideals planned
By Christ our Redeemer, the truths He has taught
Into Godgiven duties by us to be wrought,
"We is rising."

Out from the life where like beasts of the field
Homeless and thoughtless, no labor could yield
The treasures of freedom, and dull-eyed we passed
From waking to slumber, to the grave at the last,
Into the battle for God and the right
Into the service where Christ is our Light.
"We is rising."

THE OLD AND NEW CHRISTMAS

Gone are the days of children's glee,
The laughter and the song,
When from the dark, rude cabin door
Burst forth the eager throng,
To seek in the bright Christmas morn
Some sweetness in a life forlorn.

But now the life of freedom brings
A richer joy, a holier light
No more they ask the meaner things,
They seek the joys by Christ made bright
The Christmas gift each most desires
A loving heart which Christ inspires.

A LONELY GRAVE

“At the close of the war, the moral and intellectual poverty and need of his people gripped his heart. He was not highly educated, nor had he money or influence, and he was lame. But he knew that the negroes in this hill country of the South would sink into savagery unless they were taught of God. So he toiled on, and so faithfully and wisely did he labor, that when he died, whites and blacks together united in his funeral, which expressed their affection, respect, and confidence in his trueness of heart. His memory is still precious.”

After his happy toil, he sleeps
Where sunlight falls and shadow lies;
And in the silence we may hear
A voice whose music never dies.

A voice which wakens us from self
And woos us to glad sacrifice,
To give those poor and burdened men
The Peace of God beyond all price.

So still he lies, yet from that grave
He calls us on to deeds of love;
Though buried there, he beckons still
His struggling race to heights above.

'Tis said the tiniest star, which seems
To our dull eyes, a meagre light,
By angel gaze is seen to be
An orb of glorious, radiant light.

Somewhere it shines amid the gloom;
In darkest sky it patient glows;
And wandering spirits find again
The God it serves, the Heaven it shows.

So to our thought the life so small,
The task so mean, the name so low,
May to the angels seem divine,
And, 'neath Christ's blessing, radiant grow.

Shine on, kind, lowly heart, shine on!
Unnoted by the busy world below!
Thy gentle power, thy loving spell,
Until the Judgment men can never know.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY

Coarse is the clay in the hands of the potter,
Clay often trodden by beast or by man;
Yet on his wheel he moulds it to beauty,
Shaping it lovely by skill to his plan.
Then with the charm of the great artist's power,
Slender the vase—completed by fire—
Stands in its loveliness, exquisite, pure;
But the clay is forgot in the vase we admire.

Out of the sand from the pits of the hillside,
Swept by the tempest and drenched by the rain,
Man can create the goblet so precious
Or mirror for beauty, to answer again.
The pebbles we crush in our footsteps so careless
Genius can change into lenses of light.
Who will consider, when stars grow the clearer
The sand which has given the visions so bright?

Rude are the souls born in slavery's shadow,
Dull the black faces unlighted by God,
Clay from the meadow and sand from the desert,
Image of lives long by earth's passions trod.
Truth is the potter and love is the fire,
Changing the beastlike to beauty and grace,
Souls made translucent, or polished like brass
Fitted for heaven, reflecting God's face.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Oh, lovely night! Oh, sacred night!
When Bethlehem seemed so still
And every heart was sleeping,
Save shepherds their watch keeping.
No sound was heard,
Only a baby's first low cry
Only a mother's grateful sigh.
And then the night air stirred
With angel music falling.
And angel voices calling
To hearts that mourn—
That "Christ is born;"
And at that holy name
The skies are radiant and aflame.

Oh, holy child, with power so mild
Thou break'st the despot's arm!
No more shall men enslaved and fettered stand
Within our transformed land.
Bereft of knowledge, hope and power,
Forbidden thought and taught to cower.
Peace, peace on earth, the dear Christ's birth
Has brought good-will to men.
The dark face glows with holy light
For all are equal in His sight.
The shepherds knelt within the stall;
The wise men brought their richest gifts of all.
Then let us at His feet our treasure lay,
And show our gladness on this Christmas Day.

No more the angels sing their wondrous song,
No more their music floats the sky along,
But hearts redeemed may answer to the skies,
And from enraptured souls perpetual anthems rise.

THE TRUE FREEDOM

Lord, who didst break the chains of earth,
Who gave the slaves their liberty,
Now from the bondage of their sin,
Oh, set them free! Oh, set them free!

As thou didst give them hope and faith
In darkest hours of slavery,
From the false joys of freedom now,
Oh, set them free! Oh, set them free!

May we be glad at any cost
To help these souls so blind to see;
And from the snares of lust and wrong
To set them free! To set them free!

Help them to long for holiness
And gaze and gaze on Calvary.
From evil hearts and wayward lives,
Oh, set them free! Oh, set them free!

Help us to give them of our joys
And wake the wish for purity.
So from the curse of selfishness,
Oh, set us free! Oh, set us free!

THE SONGS OF SLAVERY

Oh, strange and quaint are the slaves' sad songs,
Rising from hearts so weary and forlorn,
Sung in the twilight—where rude cabins shelter
Cheering the toiler 'mid cotton and corn.
Some flowers when bruised a rich fragrance yield.
Quartz that is smitten may flash with fine gold.
Chords that are stretched will ring with sweet music,
Hearts that are crushed, heaven's secrets unfold.
Listen! the slaves in their darkness are singing.
Listen! the dark lips seem touched from above.
Solemn and sweet floats the slaves' wondrous chanting
Chant of rapt hearts with their glimpse of God's love.

“Swing low, sweet chariot,—comin’ for to carry me home,”
Here ’mid earth’s sorrow and awful injustice,
Here where no hope beckons where’er they roam,
Still do they dream of chariots so radiant
Flashing to earth to bring them safe home.

“Swing low”—for low are the hearts that are waiting,
Worn hearts and bodies God’s chariot must bear,
Stoop to such rudeness, lift the tired toilers
Up from the slaveland to the angels’ kind care.

“Send down dem golden slippers!” hear the cry
Of hearts that long to walk the streets of gold,
Feet that are sore with life’s thorny way

Yearn for the ease and the comfort untold.
Feet clothed in beauty shall walk the fair city.
Limbs now so halting shall spring with delight.

“Lord, send down those slippers, give hope to our eyes
And help us to pass from this gloom to thy light!”

“Steal away, Steal away to Jesus!”

When the toil is ended, when the tasks are done,
The worn face brightens at the day’s long close.

This the song they’re singing, and sweet peace is found
Softly seeking Jesus—for He knows.

No more the songs of slavery fill the evening air
No more the weird, sad music floats across the field.

And yet the old, old longings rise and call
And still the same old truths their promise yield.

May those who sang such songs in a strange land
Give to the world a grander music still,

And touch the world’s dull lips with nobler song—
The song of those who trust and do God’s will.

TWO PICTURES

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"

1865

Across the cotton fields the evening sun lies low
The smoke curls up from cabins rude and poor.
With shuffling feet the slaves return so slow
Where only food and sleep their hearts so dull allure.

Their brighteyed children, tattered, naked roll
Across the cabin floor with shout and laugh;
But they shall never know the enriched soul;
For child and mother are but cow and calf.

So toil they on, with unrewarded years
Uncheered by hope, the mind's clear eyes put out,
And Samson-like, they turn the mill with tears,
Too blind to struggle and too dull to doubt.

1915

Now look again, mark how 'neath freedom's bloom
The scene is changed, tho still the same the skies,
The pleasant cottage, with its double room,
To which the toiler turns, where wait the loving eyes.

There stands the little church amid the trees,
Where week by week men hear Christ's story told,
Where song or prayer each troubled spirit frees.
Life sweetened here, and there, the street of gold!

Within the home the well-thumbed Bible tells
Of children taught the life of faith and truth.
The cheerful song at evening time oft swells—
The hymns so dear alike to age and youth.

There too, the school-house with its childish throng,
Where patient teachers guide the questioning mind.
Instilling love of goodness, hate of wrong,
The virtuous longings and the hopes refined.

For this men suffered: from this bloodstained soil
These joys have risen; church and home and school,
And hearts set free, seek each day's happy toil,
A race renewed, as at Bethesda's pool.

Such is the change thro freedom's gracious spell
Where friends in kindness came to teach and guide.
Unselfish hearts their task they wrought so well!
Oh! Give them honor at the hero's side!

THE PASTORATE

Swissvale

1870-1905

Turn, turn again the hour-glass of the years,
Push back the shadow on time's dial,
And give us once again those hopes and fears,
Those days of confidence in joy or trial.

It is a story dear to many a heart,
This memory of the life around that Vale;
The friendships, joys and everwidening thought,
And loves enduring, though the stars grow pale.

We see again the pleasant homes so fair;
And statelier homes mid groves of mighty oak,
Where fell the sunlight on the Indian's trail,
Trees round which once curled up the wigwam's smoke.

The modest cottage with its welcome sweet,
And bright-faced children playing at its side;
The miner's home, tho still so simply reared,
Felt the same radiance as the house of pride.

I look upon the sunny table land
Fringed round with slopes adorned with lovely homes,
Like necklace bright with gleaming pearls, to which
Oft turns the longing thought of him who roams.

And through it runs the quiet, deep ravine,
The vale with wooing shade and gentle mystery;
Where legends call, and savage spectres pause
With tomahawk to blaze the roadside tree.

Around the barn whose walls of stone were pierced,
So story said, with ports for fierce defence,
At twilight hour the Indians seemed to glide,
And night bird's call stirred children's fear intense.

There dwelt awhile the strange, ill-mated pair;
The one content with narrow, routine life;
While she with keen and restless mind sought fame
And power, the zest of this world's wordy strife.

So parted they; and he dwelt near the graves
Which filled the plot where his forefathers rest;
While she still kept the quaint log cabin home,
There to return when age and sorrows pressed.

Beyond the hill the city lay unheard;
No noise of mills, no furnace smoke uprose.
It was the eddy in the world's great stream,
The bright, yet sheltered nook touched with repose.

In a green field in loneliness were seen,
The gentle knolls known as the Indian Mound,
Where sleep some warriors of that vanished race,
Some chieftain dreaming of his Hunting Ground.

And peace lay over all, for silence reigned;
Only the valley heard the streamlet's noise,
When melting snows gave it a torrent's sound,—
A place of wild romance for venturous boys.

There the young Preacher came at earnest call
Of hearts devout who here had sought a place
Where reverent worship might increase their faith,
And God in Christ could show His glorious face.

There set apart by men of Christ-like aim,
Ordained to "right divide the word of truth,"
So weak he stood, yet in the promised grace,
Fearless of men, who might "despise his youth."

There in her radiant youth he led his bride,
Whose grace drew round her loving, deep souled friends;
The old found in her smile a happier light,
The young her fair life drew to lovelier ends.

To make a home the place of perfect rest,
With welcome glad and love's true music heard;
While round her knees the children stood and learned
The deeper meanings of the sacred Word.

Type of the precious lives this Vale has held,
Souls with a radiance like a perfect star,
Which, though it moves to other skies unknown,
Still sends its light unbroken from afar.

There, like the orb round which the bright stars turn,
Stood the loved Church, aglow with sacred thought,
To shine on every home a lovelier grace,
Each blessing with a nobler purpose fraught.

To give to humblest tasks celestial worth,
To wealth or power high Heaven's appeal;
To think of Him Who left a larger wealth
That all our joys might lure to loving zeal.

We hear again the sweet-toned bell ring out
The joyous Sabbath call o'er hill and dale,
Bringing from each blest home the willing feet
To worship Him Whose mercies never fail.

There one great household in the holy Faith,
Cheerful, yet reverent, in the House of God,
The world forgot, they find in praise and prayer
Each hope renewed, the strength for life's great load.

A master's touch is on the organ keys,
Which fill the place with calm inspiring tone;
A touch no art can give, no practice gain,
Naught but the sense that we are not our own.

So sang we oft the hymns so rich and sweet,
The precious hymns God taught His saints to sing;
And glad with faith the full-voiced music rose
And seemed upborne as on an angel's wing.

There, led by youthful voices sweet and clear,
The Faith which rivals skill of splendid choir,
Gave to the words a touching melody,
And sadness vanished as tired hearts aspire.

Through many a year the child shall oft recall
These precious hymns, though other songs may die;
And in temptation's hour, or stress of care,
Shall sing again these words, and look on high.

Pastor and people found their faith renewed,
Their courage heightened by the Holy Word;
Their hearts awakened by the warnings clear,
Their conscience roused, and holier purpose stirred.

Like one great circle with its mutual joys,
Its needs, its checkered lives of plans and fears,
Each found a friend, each knew a brother's heart,
For joys stirred joy, and tears reflected tears.

There the grave man of wealth or large affairs
Greeted the miner in his humble state;
While the poor widow in her loneliness,
Found a true sisterhood 'mong those called great.

Here came the merchant with his load of care,
The great employer with his plans so vast,
The modest workman with his anxious heart,
And found in Christian love God's peace at last.

The judge and lawyer here in worship found
Man's laws forgotten, or the strenuous plea,
And gained a vision of eternal laws,
Justice divine, the Heavenly equity.

And best of all, children and parents there
Sat side by side, while young hearts slowly gain
Deep reverence for God's will and law—that truth
Which guides the heart past sins which wreck or stain.

Here, too, the babe brought for baptismal grace,
In wonder watching every mystic act and word,
In after years has asked for his loved child
The same great promise which our Faith has heard.

Oh! what a bright procession seems to pass
Of children in their rich glad infancy,
Learning to tell with lisping speech of Him
Who walked from Bethlehem to sad Calvary.

Not like the Piper Pied whose music led
The eager children to the dream-filled cave,
Through the full years did he who taught these hearts
Give them earth's phantom hopes, but those that save.

And many a man to-day in joyous home,
Or mother watching growing boys and girls,
Grateful recalls that kind and earnest care,
The truths there learned, when passion lures and swirls.

Two of this throng passed thro such childhood's light.
And in the years to grace and knowledge grew
Then hand in hand to India went to give
The truths sad Buddha never dreamed or knew.

Again returns the songful Christmas tide,
The cheerful gatherings of the eager youth,
To deck the sanctuary with pine and fir,
*For Beauty vies with Strength in Temple as in Truth.

No child of all those days will e'er forget
The nights of practice for the festal morn.
That like the angels they might gladly sing
With love tuned voices that "the Christ is born."

So as they met, those laughing girls and boys,
To pluck and bind the spicy evergreen.
They bound each rope and wreath with happy thoughts,
Since Bethlehem's Child had brought a faith serene.

*Psalm 96:6.

Joyful the hour when with such sparkling eys.
They saw the prizes and the sweetmeats pure.
No hand went empty, and the aged found,
A kind remembrance helped their faith endure.

Bright are the memories of the social hours,
The pleasant union in the cheerful Fair,
The narrower plans forgot, the visions gained,
To quicken friendship, and each burden bear.

*Who shall forget the strange and anxious time,
When on the Vale a silence fell for days;
All traffic ceased, no sound of passing trains,
While o'er the hills arose the smoke and blaze,

Of buildings fired by lawless, desperate men,
And costly trains wrecked by the mob's wild craze:
A city helpless with all laws defied;
Its fearful rulers uttering only timid phrase?

When on the stillness of the evening air,
We heard the coming of the armored train,
Mad riot's hour was past, the lawless horde,
Like vermin sought their cellar homes again.

!Some will recall the tearful Sabbath mron,
Which followed night of death and torturing pain,
When scores of happy souls lay crushed and torn,
As ponderous engine crashed on waiting train.

What sad, sad vacancies in Church and home!
What hopes swept down, what joys pressed into tears,
As in their girlhood, manhood rich and full
They passed through anguish to the endless years!

How strange the paths, how far the changing course
Which some had followed, led by Power divine,
To find these cheerful homes, this broader life,
This fellowship and friendship lasting, fine!

*The Railroad riots of 1877.

!The 28th St. disaster P. R. R. 1880.

Two from Green Erin sailed long, long ago,
Unknown, unknowing to this Western shore,
To meet as strangers, then with blended lives
In wedded love to walk, light-faced forevermore,
And in this Vale they spent their sunset days,
At children's side, in peaceful reverent ways.

Another from that isle where hangs the silent harp
Came in his bright young manhood, and soon gave
His every hope at Freedom's need and call,
Smiling at wounds to dig dark Slavery's grave;
Then hiding scars, and bidding vengeance cease,
He turned from War to victories of Peace.

From where old Scotia hears the murmuring Clyde
Another came in her sad widowhood,
To gain the purer faith and wider thought,
And seek through brightened years the noblest good,
While children's children felt her hopes inspire,
Guide and Protector like the pillared fire.

Two others came from the Dark Continent
Their fathers sought when great Coligny fell,
When lovely forms sank down in awful death
As on that night rang out St. Germain's bell.
That faith their children kept in every clime,
Unbent by suffering and undimmed by time.

How oft from pleasant porch or path we saw
Across the houses nestling in the trees,
*The isleless river with its wooded banks
Move in its silence to the Southern Seas.

But friendship with its magnet power of thought
From other lives draws not alone a song—
It thrills in manly deed, in faithfulness,
In struggling toil by which brave souls grow strong.

*Monongahela, "River without an island"—Indian term.

Along these pleasant paths at early morn
The young lad hurried to his long hard toil,
Oft wondering what the future held for dreams
Of books and art beyond the dark turmoil:—
Youth's visions seen in furnace fire and smoke,
The splendid dreams which a fresh courage woke.

In legislative halls one friend, so earnest, wise,
Sought for this State a large and prosperous life;
While in the Nation's forum's higher sphere
Another's statesmanship waged noble strife.

His voice was heard across the land
In firm debate 'gainst specious theories;
His richest years unstained by greed, he spent
Unmoved by clamor, or the wish to please.

Across those scenes there walks in careless garb
The loved physician, with an intuition sure,
Taught by experience wide, whose kindly smile
Wrought with his skill to work the longed for cure.

Wise without boasting, without pretense strong,
No love of money was his heart's great lure;
Through darkest nights, in stormy days he came,
Nor heard the rich more than the moaning poor.

His step was music to the anxious ear;
His searching eye gave courage to the heart;
For, like his Master, in his touch was strength,
And in his garment's hem a healing art.

Ah, vanished type, the gentle art now lost!
The Family Doctor, welcomed Christian friend,
Who stood beside us at the babe's first cry,
And wrought in courage till the fatal end.

Ah, boasted progress, science cold and hard,
That seeks rewards alone of power and gold!
The Christian faith and love are needed still;
Your gains shall rust; their treasures ne'er grow old.

Life's greatest richness lies in light and shade;
Our households' charm springs from variety;
So our Vale's music had its minor chords,
Our smiles were stirred at eccentricity.

Still can we see the lives uncouth and rude
Whom Fortune, blind, enriched with sudden gain;
Like Midas with his magic touch of gold;
And deaf, like Midas, to its music strain.

Enriched they walked, with empty hands and hearts,
Unblessed by giving, or the highest good;
Dreading all friends, unmoved by wise desire,
They lived aloof in deadening solitude.

A tragic note disturbs the gentle tune,
A sad-faced mother seeks a wandering son;
From port to port in tireless quest she moves,
In frenzied hope renewed each rising sun,
Still asking if her boy may farther roam,
Or, where her vessel glides, sleeps 'neath the foam.

Yet in our land change is the baffling law,
And Progress has two faces—dark and bright.
Dark, for tho' wealth increase, some joys decay,
Yet ruled by God, it paints a future bright.

Down verdant slopes, o'er vineyards, gardens, homes,
The lava tide crept from Vesuvius' fires
So moved the flood of mill and blazing forge,
And in its path that gentle past expires.

Not "a deserted village" now with silence deep,
But lawns built o'er with crowding shop and store,
The wave of traffic sweeps where pansies bloomed,
And, 'stead of blue bird's songs, a ceaseless roar.

No more the lovers on the high bluff watch,
The moonlight quiver on the river's tide.
No more the eager children wildflowers seek
In groves where gnarled trees stretch their branches wide.

No King Canute can stop this broad onrushing wave
Which changed those scenes, and brought new people strange
No beauty wins or turns aside man's greed;
The flowers are crushed by giants' feet of Change.

In some great picture as you far off gaze,
Instead of clouds, sweet faces crowd the sky;
And as you look your heart yields to the spell:
Entranced you pass to silence, and love's sigh.

So, in this picture of our bygone years,
The sky is radiant with a company,
Forever smiling, since beyond earth's tears;
Those priceless treasures of our memory.

Gone are some noble forms, some lustrous souls—
Gone hours of happy friendship, mirth and song—
The bridal scene, the shrouded days and those
Where sire and infant led the happy throng.
But He Who gave that past can give much more:
No backward step is ours, but all before.

The Pastor musing on this still loved scene,
If some dear heart misled by sin shall stray,
That truths he spake such heart to God may turn,
Shall always long and hope, shall always pray.