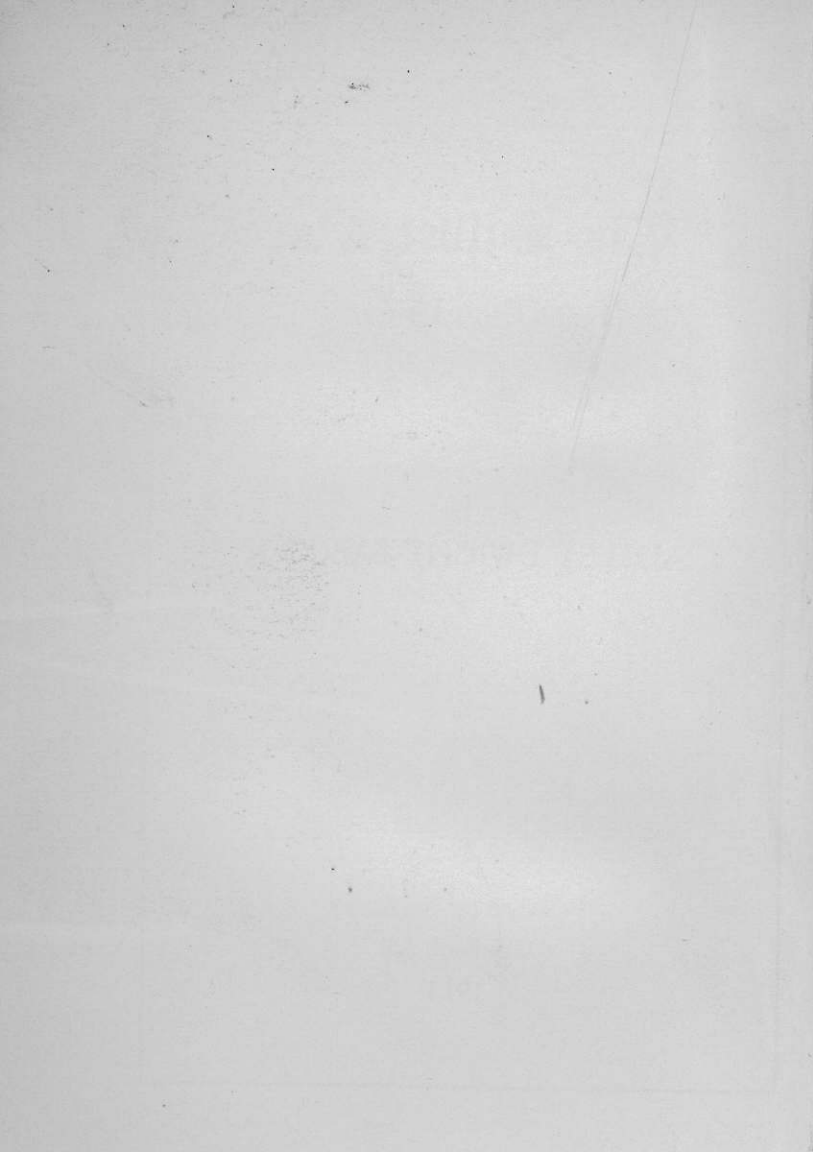


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The Silver Bar

and Other Poems

By

AUGUST DWIGHT BABCOCK

WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY

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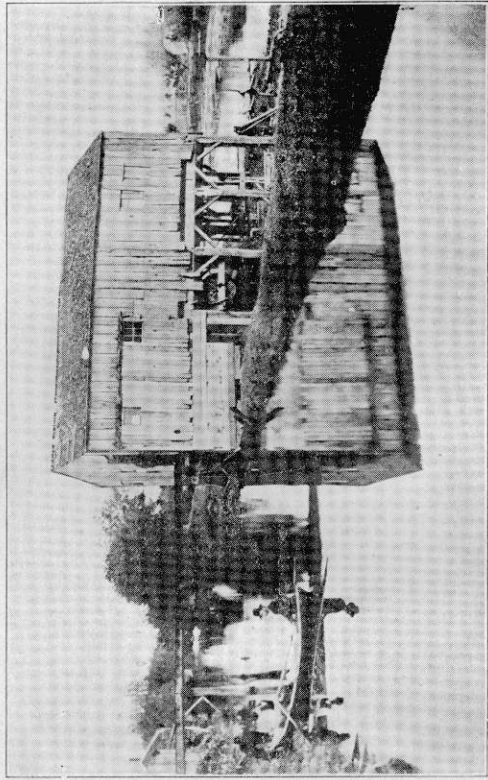
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These thoughts of woods and streams, of life and love and hope, are dedicated to the memory of my mother whose love and care and faith are holy memories.—The Author.



The Old Sawmill at Rensselaer Near the Author's Old Home.

COULD WE KNOW.

Could we know of the anguish of those we pass by,
Of the pain that escapes in the half-smothered
 sigh,
Of the pricking of conscience that stings like a
 goad,
We'd be kinder to those that we pass on the road.

If we knew, only knew, of the heaven within,
Of the awful, deceitful, delusion called sin,
Of the self-deceived mortals who carry life's load,
We'd be kinder to those that we meet on the road.

Could we know all their sorrows, their grief and
 despair,
Of the ghosts of the past, stalking home to
 their lair,
Of their awful, unbearable, sin-laden load,
We'd be kind to the people we pass on life's road.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

There's a beautiful home just across the way,
In God's heavenly sun-lit land,
Where angels and archangels watch and pray,
In temples not made by hand.

There is music unlawful for mortals to hear,
In this heavenly love-lit land,
And joy and peace that are void of fear,
'Mong God's angelic band.

There is heaven and harmony, health and hope,
On this beautiful golden strand,
Where sin and sickness, disease and death,
All vanish at His command.

In this beautiful home just across the way,
We are slow to understand,
That man in God's image is not made out of clay,
But fashioned by His right hand.

COULD I WRITE WITH THE PEN OF AN
ANGEL.

Could I write with the pen of an angel,
Would the cruel old world stop and read,
A moment, as onward it rushes,
On its mission of crime and of greed?

Could I picture the beauties of heaven,
Or paint all the horrors of hell,
Would women and men stop and listen
To even the funeral knell
Of the lost and the dammed and the dying?
When to gain this old world is the meed
For which every man is contending;
When corruption and vice is the seed
That is planted by men and by women,
And watered with tears every day;
Do you think men would then stop and listen,

16 COULD I WRITE WITH THE PEN OF AN ANGEL

Or pause for a moment to pray,
Do you think they would care about heaven;
Do you think they would ponder on hell;
When the height of noblest ambition
Is to own all the land where they dwell?

Could I touch the soft cords of the lyre,
With a touch that was surely divine,
Would women look up from the mire,
Who are digging and delving like swine,
In unspeakable sin and corruption,
In crime and in lust and in greed;
Would they wake for a moment to listen,
Or pause for a moment to heed
A message from God and the Savior
They could hear in this life could they read?

If Christ should again speak to mortals,
As he did by the blue Galilee,
When the beauty of heavenly portals
Was reflected on land and on sea,
Would women believe on His mission,
And turn from the past in disgust,
Or would they keep sowing and reaping
A harvest of sin and of lust?

No, women and men will not listen,

As they stand on the tottering brink
Of the chasm that leads to destruction,

Nor pause for a moment to think
Of the terrible fate that awaits them,

Nor wait for one moment to heed,
As they hurry to death and destruction,

Down the highways of lust and of greed.

THANKSGIVING.

Down deep in the soul of every sane man,
Who walks on earth's weary clod,
Is anchored a faith that will ne'er give way,
That we are the children of God.

That in some mysterious, marvelous way,
That we fail to understand,
We are guarded and guided, day by day,
'Long the road to a better land.

We thank Thee, dear Lord, for the beautiful sky,
For a faith that is rainbow-spanned,
For the love that shines down from Thy guiding
eye,
As we walk 'neath Thine outstretched hand.

We thank Thee, our Father, for these beautiful
lands,

For the harvest the old earth yields,
For home and for friendship united by bands
That were forged in Elysian fields.

We thank Thee, dear Lord, that God is our life,
And that we in His image shall stand,
When we wake from this day-dream of sorrow
and strife,
At home in a heavenly land.

We thank Thee, dear Father, for health and for
hope,
And for minds that will still understand,
When the sun in the heavens grows cold with
old age,
That God rules this beautiful land.

THINE ALL PROTECTING CARE.

Father, thine all protecting care
Guides me each hour and day
Along the journey of this life,
Whene'er I watch and pray.

Thy presence, Lord, around me shines,
And lights the darkest way
Along the dreary road of life,
Whene'er I watch and pray.

Thy hand upholds me, Lord of Hosts,
And guides me 'long the way,
As I stagger 'neath sin's awful load,
Whene'er I watch and pray.

Father, when soon this night of life
Is turning into day,

When I shall hear Thy "welcome home,"
May I still watch and pray.

Father, if sin, disease, and death
Are dreams that fade away,
Teach me to comprehend Thy law
As I now watch and pray.

Blessed Being, Father, God of all,
Show me the narrow way;
And may I in Thy footsteps walk
And always watch and pray.

A PRAYER.

Lead me, Father, gently lead me,
Down the weary road of life,
Through the sunshine, through the shadow,
Through the old world's maddening strife.

Guide me, Holy Father, guide me,
Through life's wondrous fairy-land,
And should sin and death o'ertake me,
Hide me 'neath Thy strong right hand.

Keep me, Father, pure and holy,
Through this awful dream of life,
Robed in matter, born in sorrow,
Filled with pain, disease and strife.

Save me, Holy Father, save me,
When life's sands have ebbed away;

May I in Thy image waken,
When I lose this dream of clay.

Holy Father, keep and guard me,
Through the night and through the day,
May Christ's presence be beside me,
Ever while I watch and pray.

Guard me, guide me, Holy Father,
'Long life's cruel, treacherous way,
Through the sunshine, through the shadow,
Into Thy eternal day.

THE LAND OF YESTERDAY.

Have you heard of the land called yesterday,
Do you know of the country old,
Where the vices and sins of the ages past,
Now rot and decay and mold?

Do you live in the land called yesterday,
Where sorrow, disease and care,
Draw a canopy, black as the shades of death,
O'er the cavern called despair?

Do you know that the learning of yesterday
Is ignorance and knowledge combined,
In such a curious intricate way
As to baffle the human mind?

Do you know that God's knowledge of yesterday
Heals sin, disease and strife,

That the law that was taught by His only Son
Brings health and eternal life?

If you know these truths, these wonderful truths,
You're not living in yesterday,
For the sunbeams of God shine down on the road,
As you travel Life's beautiful way. /

YOU ARE LEAVING HOME TONIGHT, JIM.

You are leaving home tonight, Jim,
And the tears in these old eyes
Speak volumes of the past, my boy,
That you should not despise.
For I am very weary,
And my sight is growing dim,
And I had hoped to lean on you
When I grew feeble, Jim.

I hope and trust and pray, my boy,
That God your lamp will trim;
That the love of Christ will fill your cup
With pleasures to the brim;
That you may know the peace and joy
That comes from following Him
Along the thorny road of life,
When you are honest, Jim.

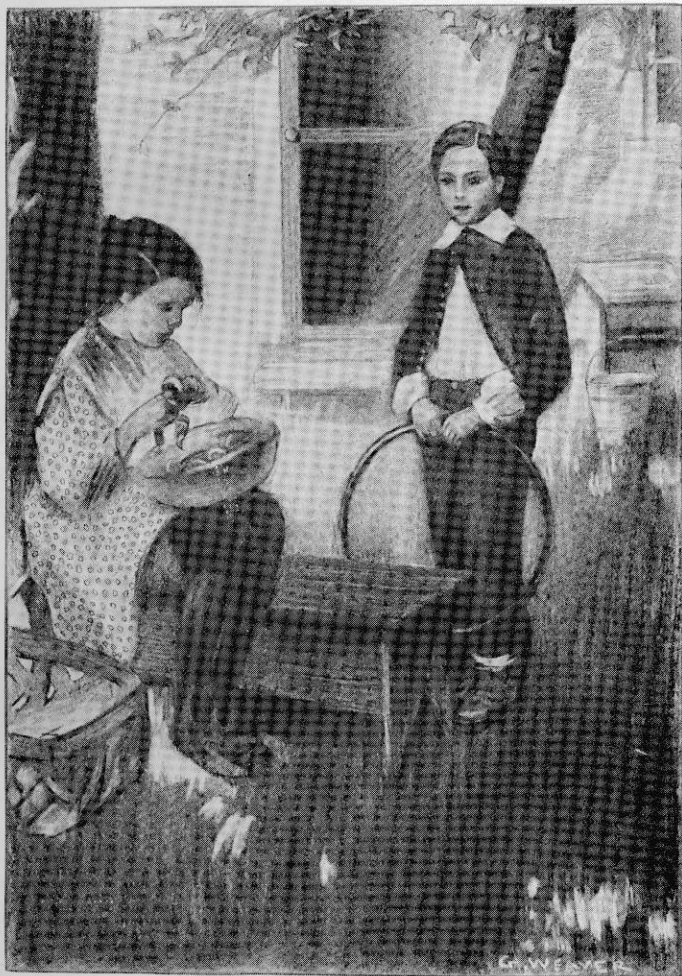
I am old and very tired,
And the way is growing dim,
But often in my dreams at night
I catch a glimpse of Him
Who trod the shores of Galilee,
'Mid pain and anguish grim,
That you and I might live in peace,
If we are faithful, Jim.

I am old and very tired,
And the light is growing dim
As I stagger down the road of life,
Side by side with sorrow grim;
But the angels 'long the highway
Seem to beckon up to Him
Who never has forgotten me,
When I've been honest, Jim.

MY CHILDHOOD.

I am dreaming to-night of my childhood,
Of the days that have long since flown by,
Of the flowers and birds in the wildwood,
And the beautiful blue of the sky;
Of the angelic face of my mother,
When her love all my being would thrill,
When heaven seemed always to hover
O'er the cabin that stood on the hill.

Yes, I'm dreaming to-night of my childhood,
When life had no burdens to bear,
When God, in his infinite wisdom,
Hid me from all sorrow and care;
When angels would linger at twilight,
And point to a world upon high,
And beckon and beg me to meet them
In a wonderful home in the sky.



"Childhood."

When I, in my dreams, would oft listen
To hear the faint sound of their wings,
And know all the rapture and goodness
That heaven and harmony brings
To a child, ere the knowledge of sorrow
Has chilled the warm current of life,
And revealed to his wonderful nature
The ghastly old world and its strife.

Surely heaven with all of its goodness,
Its raptures and songs of delight,
Will not far excel in its grandeur
The dreams that my fancy touched bright.
When the love of my beautiful mother
All my being so often would thrill,
Like a foretaste of God and His mercy,
In the cabin that stood on the hill.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY

May I tell to you a story
That was one day told to me,
By a wounded, dying soldier,
On the banks of the Tennessee?

Would you care to hear a story
Of the war that made men free,
When the giants were in conflict,
In the fall of sixty-three?

Then listen to this story,
As the same was told to me,
By a wounded, dying soldier,
On the placid Tennessee.

When the war gods rushed to battle,
Disguised as Grant and Lee;

When the cannon's red breath
Painted hell on the sky,
On the wine-colored Tennessee;
When the angel of death
Spread his wings o'er the land
And mocked at carnage and pain,
When the rifle's blast and the trumpet's call
Sang a requiem o'er the slain;
When the heart of the nation refused to beat,
And only a mother's prayer
Could be heard in heaven,
As she knelt each night
In anguish and despair,
And pleaded with God to save her boy,
With His wisdom and His care.
At such a time on a blood-soaked field,
On the banks of the Tennessee,
A dying soldier, full of pain,
Looked up and said to me:

"I am dying, comrade, dying,
Soon the night will fade away,
Soon, full soon, my soul will waken
In the realms of endless day.

Write unto the home-folks, comrade,
Tell them, in this awful fight,
Every soldier did his duty—
Fought for God and for the right.

Tell them when the shot and shrapnel
Sang their death songs o'er this field,
That ten thousand Union veterans,
Dared to die, but would not yield.

Tell them that the charge was awful,
When the blue beat down the gray.
On this blood-splashed field of battle
Where men threw their lives away.

Write unto my stern old father,
Speak to him a word of cheer,
Tell him of my thoughts of manhood,
Filled with hope and faith and fear,

Tell him, when his heart was bleeding,
And I trampled his command
In the mire of disobedience,
That I did not understand.

Tell him, comrade, write and tell him,
When we faced that sheet of flame,
That broke forth from rebel rifles,
I did not disgrace his name.

Tell him, when the bugle sounded
And the batteries belched forth hell,
When the hills and vales and valleys,
Echoed with the rebel yell,

That one soldier in the battle,
Bleeding, wounded unto death,
Prayed that God would guard and guide him,
With a soldier's dying breath.

Write a letter to my mother,
Tell her that I long to rest,
As I often did in boyhood,
On her gentle, loving breast.

Tell her, comrade, that I love her,
Tell her all the loved and blessed—
No, you need not, need not tell her,
God will tell her all the rest.

There's another I would have you
Write and tell about this day,
But she would not understand you,
And would only weep and pray."

Then his mind began to wander,
Back along his boyhood days,
And he said he heard the angels,
Chanting their Creator's praise.

But the pen dropped from my fingers,
And my soul was filled with dread,
As I knelt to hear his message,
And beheld him lifeless, dead.

TWO MINDS.

One evening as I journeyed down
A shady, star-lit road,
A summer night when nature seemed
In unison with God,
Two persons 'long the highway,
Spake out in accents clear,
The one, like music 'mong the trees,
The other weird and drear;
Recounted things unearthly,
About an endless strife
That seemed to rage forever
Within each human life;
A hellish power of evil
That never seemed to rest,
In conflict with the good and true
In every human breast.

FIRST VOICE.

Man, whose home is in the valley,
And whose feet have never trod
On the mount transfiguration,
In the presence of his God,
But has crawled along the low-lands,
In the mire and in the dust,
And has breathed the foul miasma
Of a life of greed and lust;
Who has dragged his weary body
Through the slime of sin and strife,
Can he, when his journey's ended,
Enter into endless life?
Will he stop, and look, and listen,
When the end is drawing near,
And from out the gathering darkness
Looms a ghastly funeral pyre?

SECOND VOICE.

Endless life man now is living,
Life so lovely and so grand,
As he stands upon the border
Of a holy spirit land,

He may know the dream of matter,
With its discord, hell, and strife
Is delirium, rank delusion,
But the counterfeit of life.

FIRST VOICE.

Life, a life of poisoned passion,
Choked with sickness, pain, and death,
Full of error, discord, horror,
Passing with each passing breath,
Such is life, an empty bubble,
Doomed to endless pain and death,
Through a world of doubt and trouble;
Dying daily with each breath.

SECOND VOICE.

Man, the beautiful and holy,
Man, the image of his God,
Never sinning, never dying,
Not of kindred to the clod.
Radiant with reflected beauty,
Praising God for that blessed day
That he learned the road to heaven
Was not through the miry clay.

Still the voices are contending,
As I walk life's star-lit road,
Still, in discord never ending,
Speak their views concerning God.
But I know His love and mercy
Lights the darkened star-lit way,
For beyond the heights supernal
Floats the glorious orb of day.

ONLY A FALLEN WOMAN.

Only a fallen woman,
Only a lump of clay,
Soiled, dishonored and ruined,
Moaning her life away;
Nobody thinks of her sorrow,
Nobody heeds her cry,
Nobody comforts her anguish,
Nobody cares if she die.

Hell rings loud with laughter,
Angels weep and pray,
Devils and demons mock her,
And the world rushes on its mad way;
For she's only a fallen woman,
Only an earthen clod,
Lost, disgraced, and ruined,
Fearing to meet her God.

Out on the streets at midnight,
Facing the sleet and the rain,
Alternately cursing and praying,
Ladened with sorrow and pain;
For she's only a fallen woman,
Only a clod of earth,
Seeking to hide her ruin and shame,
From the mother who gave her birth.

Down in the gutter at midnight,
Drenched with the sleet and the rain,
Full of unspeakable horror,
Bearing her burden of pain;
Dames draw their robes close around them,
And cross to the opposite street,
Men stride boldly by her,
And spurn her from under their feet.

For she's only a dying woman,
Only a child of clay,
Turned from His mercy and goodness,
To follow the sin-cursed way.

Listen to the heart's last echo,
As the spirit escapes from the clay,
Listen to the curse on her dying breath,
'Gainst the man who first led her astray;
Listen, Oh! Christ, bend and listen,
For angels now kneel and pray,
That God for Thy sake will forgive all her sins,
And lead her in life's true way.

God, up in heaven, receive her,
Signal to her from above,
Thy message of peace and forgiveness,
She was but longing for love;
Pick her up gently and kindly,
Fold her wet hands on her breast,
May she know that Christ's blood will cleanse
her,
Grant her Thy eternal rest.

Asleep in the arms of Christ Jesus,
Sunk 'neath the chastening rod,
Of the Holy Father in glory,
Gone to account to her God;

With a smile on her lips like an angel,
That will never more breath forth a sigh,
With her face turned from earth unto heaven,
As the hellish old world rushes by.

THE HOPE OF TO-MORROW.

If I should live tomorrow,
Will the lessons I've learned to-day
Bring joy and peace, or sorrow,
As I travel along life's way?

If God lets me live to-morrow,
Will I follow the narrow way,
With a firmer step and a stronger faith
Than I have done to-day?

Can I hope to live to-morrow
In a pure and beautiful way,
If I follow the paths of sin and death,
As I have done to-day?

Then why should I live to-morrow,
To sin as I've sinned to-day,

In pain and grief and sorrow,
As I travel life's weary way?

To learn that God's love of to-morrow
Shines down through His Son to-day,
And awake from the dream of disease and death
As I walk in life's beautiful way.

TO A CHILD.

Child, thy God is very near thee,
Nearer than you dream this day,
Like a sea His love enfolds thee
As you kneel to Him and pray.
You are nearer, child, than I am
To this mighty God of day;
Then in mercy beg a blessing
To fall on me when you pray.

Little maiden, coy and bashful,
Building castles in the air,
I can learn from you a lesson,
That the good are everywhere.
Full of love and hope and goodness,
Strewing flowers along life's way,
May the angels guide thy footsteps
To the realms of endless day.

You can see the heavenly mansions,
And the flowers of Eden nod,
Where the Seraphim and angels
Chant their praises unto God.
I can see no further, Father,
Than to the bend that's in the road,
At the point along life's highway
Sinners seem to lose the load,
Called, "The Dream of Life in Matter,"
With its vagaries, death and strife,
And awaken in God's image
To the true, eternal life.

I can see no further, Father,
Than just the bend that's in the road,
But the child that stands before me
Sees throughout Thy blessed abode.
I can see no further, Father,
Than to the bend that's in the road,
But I know beyond my vision
Stretch the endless realms of God.

THE MAN OF GALILEE.

Arrows of gold shot out from the sun,
Were piercing the land and the sea,
As the beautiful Christ in a halo of light,
Knelt and prayed by the blue Galilee.

There were rustling wings by the people unheard,
On that holy Sabbath day,
As the Savior of men knelt down in the sand,
And in sorrow began to pray
That men might be led to know their God,
And to follow the narrow way.

Then the scoff of the Pharisee broke on the air,
And the lawyer's laugh was heard,
As the Master of men concluded His prayer
And reverently read from God's word
That one must die for the sins of the world,
And suffer disgrace and pain,
Ere the law of God would be fulfilled,
And Christ o'er the world would reign.

But the lawyer's laugh died low on his lips,
On that holy Sabbath day,
As a leper came forward and knelt at Christ's feet,
And in anguish did beg and pray.
That the Son of man would heal his disease,
And lead him in life's true way.

Angels of beauty and health and hope,
Flit through the golden sheen,
When Christ laid his hand on the leper's head,
And said, in God's name, "be clean."

Arrows of harmony, health and hope,
Shot out from the throne above,
Are piercing their way through shields of clay
To the man in God's image and love.

DOES GOD HEAR ME WHEN I PRAY.

When the evening shadows gather
At the close of winter's day,
And the children swarm around me
To pass the time away;
When God's altar is erected,
And His book thereon doth lay,
I, in doubt, have asked the question,
"Does God hear me when I pray?"

"Yes, in shame, I've asked the question,
Is heaven so far away
That the holy God of nature
Cannot hear me when I pray?"

Then a spirit stood before me,
Bright as heaven's celestial day,
And in accents soft as music
Answered, "God will hear you pray."

“Peace, my child, be still and listen,
God is love, and love is free,
Even while you wait and wonder,
Angels now are calling thee
To receive the holy message
Of His never-dying love,
And a welcome to His kingdom,
In the regions up above.

Peace, my child, be strong and quiet,
God is mind and mindeth thee,
Even while you wait and wonder,
Angels are approaching thee
To proclaim the glorious tidings,
That His grace is full and free.

Peace, my child, be brave and patient,
Angels now on bended knee ,
Chant the story of salvation,
That Christ's blood makes all men free.”

MISTS AND SHADOWS.

Sometime the mists and shadows
 Will forever roll away,
Sometime the light of Heaven
 Will proclaim eternal day,
Sometime the truth will conquer
 And all error fade away;
For God is marching on.

Sometime Christ's reign will usher in,
 And all delusions, pain and sin,
Will vanish from the earth.
 Sometime the angels will proclaim
The love of God to every name
 Among the tribes of men.

Sometime, my brother, you and I
 Will know that we will never die,
But roam the azure, vaulted sky
 Among the sons of God.

Sometime we'll join that happy throng
In one eternal, endless song
Unchastened by His rod.

Sometime, my brother, Ah! but when,
Will God's own love light up each glen
On this sepulchral clod?

Sometime, you say,
God haste the day
When every sunbeam, every ray
Of light that falls upon this earth,
Will bring a blessing at its birth
To sin-sick mortals in despair,
To show His love is everywhere.

Sometime, sometime, sometime, sometime
Will heaven and hell ring out the chime
Of peace on earth, good will to men,
While every valley, glade and glen
Will echo back the rythmic rime,
Sometime, sometime, sometime, sometime.

I AM FOLLOWING AFTER THEE.

I am striving, Holy Father,
Day by day to follow Thee,
Though the way be dark and dreary
I still plead my cause with Thee.

Following after Thee, my Father,
Striving, striving to be free
From the dream of life in matter
I am following after Thee.

Lonely, lonely, God in heaven,
I am homesick now for Thee,
But I pray that strength be given
That I may still follow Thee.

Lonely, heart-sick, tired, bleeding,
Hoping, trusting to be free;
Dangers lurk at every corner
On the road that leads to Thee.

I am sick and weary, Father,
Dying on life's treacherous sea,
But I pray that Christ may heal me
And may guide me safe to Thee.

Following after Thee, my Father,
Simply following after Thee,
Braving storms and tempest's fury
Just to follow after Thee.

WHAT THOUGH YOU KNOW YOU HAVE
GENIUS.

Dedicated to W. W. Haller.

What though you know you have genius,
When your heart is as heavy as lead
Can you translate the songs of the angels—
When your children are crying for bread?

What though the beauties of heaven
Shine 'round you from over your head,
Will you hear all the music of muses—
When your children are begging for bread?

Will you see the soft rainbow of beauty,
That spans the blue sky overhead,
When poverty calls you to duty—
And children are calling for bread?

Can you see all the beauties of heaven,
 And hear the faint echoing tread
 Of angels who are walking life's highway—
 When babies are dying for bread?

Would you trample your gifts in the mire,
 And divorce the fair muse that you wed,
 When poverty sets you on fire—
 And children are asking for bread?

Yes, if you knew you had genius,
 And could live when all living are dead,
 You would cast it aside with sorrow—
 When your children are crying for bread.

GALILEE.

Manifest Thy glory, Father,
Keep me pure and make me free,
May Christ's presence be beside me,
While I walk in Galilee.

Holy God, I crave a blessing
That will set my spirit free
As the sunbeams and the shadows
That kiss the waves of Galilee.

Gracious God, smile down upon me,
Let Thy blessings fall on me,
Wash away my sins and sorrows
In Christ's tears in Galilee.

Say you that the winds are roaring,
And the storm god mocks with glee,
Can't you see the Savior smiling,
As He points to Galilee?

Don't you hear the God-like prayer
That He uttered on the tree,
When the powers of hell united
To blast the hopes of Galilee?

Galilee, thy joys and sorrows
Speak of love and life to me,
Where the angels watch and linger
'Long thy shores, Oh, sacred sea.

God, when pain and sorrow haunt me,
And from sin and death I flee,
Hide me, Holy Father, hide me,
In Thy love in Galilee.



“The Little Stranger,”

THE LITTLE STRANGER

Heaven bless the little stranger,
Fill his soul with love and joy,
Laughing, romping, mischief-making,
Bright-eyed, barefoot baby boy.

In the world's unceasing battle,
'Mid its roar and 'mid its strife,
When the shot and shell and shrapnel
Weave the web and woof of life,
When the wicked seem to conquer,
And the earth is void of joy,
Where will you stand in this battle,
Bright-eyed, laughing, barefoot boy?

Ah, you bright-eyed, barefoot baby,
How you fill my soul with dread,
As I see the vipers creeping
'Long the pathway you must tread,

When I see this blood-stained pathway,
Void of hope and love and joy,
Then I pray that God will keep you,
Bright-eyed, laughing, barefoot boy.

Will the God of battle guard you,
In the hour of death and strife,
When temptations gather round you,
And to yield means loss of life;
Will His guardian angels shield you,
When with sin and death you toy,
Can you conquer in life's battle,
Careless, laughing, barefoot boy?

Soon the clouds may over-shadow
All the love and all the joy
That made life an endless blessing,
Blue-eyed, laughing, barefoot boy,
Soon the poisoned barbs of malice
May pierce the iron mail of right,
Will your courage still be with you,
Will you conquer in the fight?
When the demon, drink, assails you,
And your soul is filled with dread,
Will you conquer in this battle,
Or be numbered with the dead?

Oft, in dreams, I hear your prattle,
Oft, in dreams, I hear the tread
Of your little feet at midnight,
Gently creeping to my bed.
Then you fold your arms around me,
And with love without alloy,
Tell me all your hopes and sorrows,
Bright-eyed, laughing, baby boy.

May the God of Heaven save you.
When you grow to man's estate,
May His presence be beside you
Ever while you watch and wait.
For His mercy and His goodness,
That will fill your soul with joy,
As you walk life's thorny highway,
Careless, thoughtless, barefoot boy.

I AM TIRED OF LIFE'S BATTLE.

I am tired of life's battle
I am a weary of the din,
Of the flash and roar and rattle
Of the musketry of sin.
Yet I am trusting that the righteous
Will conquer in the fight
That is waged forever round me
By the wrong against the right.

I am weeping for the wounded,
I am thinking of the dead,
As I hear the phantom footfalls
And the never ending tread
Of the army that now bivouacs
In the region of the dead
Killed in battle that surrounds me
And now fills my soul with dread.

I am hoping for the future,
With a hope that's filled with dread
As I see the hosts of sin advance
And hear the steady tread
Of the army of the damned and lost
Who too often have been lead
To victory and perdition
By the captains of the dead.

I am praying that the cross of Christ
Will conquer in the strife
Where the issue is salvation
And the goal eternal life.
I am hoping, I am trusting,
With a heart that's turned to lead
As I hear the ghostly footfalls
Of the dying and the dead.

I am walking down life's highway,
Full of hope and full of dread,
As I hear the phantom footfalls
Of the army of the dead,
But sometimes in my dreams at night
I have been gently lead

To hear the cry of victory,
From the dying and the dead.

And so I sit and ponder,
With a heart that weighs like lead
And hear the phantom echoes
Of the footfalls of the dead.
And 'tis my dearest wish to know
That the never-ending tread
Will reach the gates of heaven,
'Long the highway of the dead.

March 6th, '12.

THE RIVER ROAD.

There's a road along the river of Life
That leads to a blessed abode,
And the dearest thing in this world's mad strife,
To me, is that river road.

There are castles gray on this broad highway,
Where angels watch and wait
To clasp the hands of the pilgrim bands
Who enter the narrow gate.

There are wonderful stories of love and hope
That are told to the passers by,
Of a home of harmony, beauty and truth,
At the end of the road in the sky.

There are crystal springs on this dust strewn
road,
Where health and purity flow,

And the sinner who drinks at their moss-cover-
ed brinks,

Finds his garments made whiter than snow.

There are mortals who travel this wonderful road

Who are blind to the river's flow,

And refuse to drink at the crystal brink

Where Christ, health, and happiness glow.

Oh, a wonderful road is the river road

As it follows the river of life,

Where health and harmony, peace and love

Banish care, disease, and strife.

There's a road leads away from the river road,

Away from the blessed abode,

Away from beauty, and love and truth,

Away from the fields of God.

There are haunted castles on this haunted road,

'Mid the regions of despair,

Where the wails of the dying, damned and lost

Startle the midnight air.

There are haunted pictures on haunted walls,
In these castles grim and old,
And the mortals who dare gaze on hell and despair
Find age steeped in crime uncontrolled.

Oh! a horrible road is this sin-cursed road,
That leads from the presence of God,
And mortals who travel this blood-stained way
Are acquainted with pestilence, death, and
decay,
'Neath His awful avenging rod.

IN A DREAM.

In a dream, I stood one morning
At the door of death called sin,
And beheld the nations' passing,
Going out and coming in.

All the world a stage before me:
War and death and hell and din,
With the nations marching by me,
Going out and coming in.

Oh, the horror of these people,
Full of lust and death and sin,
As the millions passed before me,
Going out and coming in.

Rank deception, murder, treason,
Lust and malice, wine and gin,
Swaggering by me in derision,
Going out and coming in.

Falling into line of battle,
 'Mid the awful shout and din,
And the fearful flash and rattle,
 Of the musketry of sin.

Falling in without a murmur,
 Knowing they must die or win,
Never dreaming of the future,
 Marching out and marching in.

Here a child that's born this morning,
 Free from pain and free from sin,
There its father, old and dying,
 Going out and coming in.

Going out to help the reapers
 Glean within the fields of God,
Coming in with heavy burdens,
 'Long the pathway Christ has trod.

Going out to death, the many,
 Coming into life, the few,
Will you, in that awful discord,
 Stand among the good and true,

Going out to life eternal,
Leaving all the noise and din,
For the land that is supernal,
Going out and coming in.

Coming in to mad disorder,
Coming in to hell and strife,
Coming in to cares and sorrows,
Going out to endless life.

Going out upon life's ocean,
Storm tossed, weary, sick of sin,
Hoping, praying for salvation,
Going out and coming in.

THE LAST LEAF IS FALLEN.

The last leaf is falling from the oak to the earth,
To rest on the bosom that gave it it's birth,
To wither and die, and return to the clod,
Ere it wakens again in the glory of God.

It flutters and falls from its home in the sky,
To wither and fade, to sicken and die,
To turn into dust on which men have trod,
Ere it wakens again to the glory of God.

No more will the sunbeams with limner's soft
 grace,

In crimson and gold emblazon thy face,
Thou art lost and forgotten, akin to the clod,
Till you waken again in the glory of God.

The sunbeams will still kiss thy grave on the
earth,
And flowers will spring from thy mould, and
give birth
To the smiles of the angels, as onward men plod,
Till they hear in thy death knell the glory of God.
Is this, then, a lesson to thee, mortal man,
Are three score and ten years the length of
the span
That you are permitted this old world to trod
Ere you waken again in the image of God?

Nov. 18, 1912.

CHILDREN OF MY PEN.

Children, beautiful children,
The children of my pen,
I meet you in the forest,
And in the tangled glen;
You visit me each evening,
Within the twilight haze,
And speak to me of holiness,
In my declining days.

I feel the loving pressure
Of a gentle, child-like hand,
As you walk with me along the road
Toward a better land,
And tell me God is holy,
And men so wondrous fair,
That they are but reflections
Of His love that's everywhere.

I hear the chimes of music
In your voices on the breeze,
As the melody of paradise
Floats out among the trees,
And echoes through the woodland,
From mountain top and glen,
When the angels are rejoicing
With the children of my pen.

Beautiful, holy children,
The children of my pen,
You speak to me as plain to-night
As do the sons of men,
Your faces shine with gladness,
Your forms so wondrous fair,
That men mistake for madness,
Your presence everywhere.

There is a holy beauty
That lives within each life,
That sometimes seems to be obscured
By sin, disease and strife,

But still God's love is shining
 Within the hearts of men,
To show Thou art the Father
 Of the children of my pen.

My beautiful, beautiful children,
 Yes, children of my pen,
When God shall call this wand'rer home
 To be with Him, and when
The earth shall vanish like a scroll,
 I pray Thee, Father, then,
That I may see Thy glory
 In the children of my pen.

Dec. 4th, 1912.

I WOULD WRITE.

I would write, O God, of a beautiful land,
Of a home beyond the sky;
Where the souls of men in bliss and peace
Live on and will never die;
Where the skies are sown with diamonds, thick
As the fields of earth with grain;
And the love of God flows down from His throne
Like the falling summer's rain;
Where His glory is seen in the flight of worlds
And His love fills earth and sky;
Where man in His image in sweet content
Lives on but can never die;
Where life is love and love is life,
And the star-decked dome on high
Shows forth the glory of man's home
In a sunburst in the sky.

I WOULD SPEAK TO THEE, MY FATHER.

I would speak to Thee, my Father,
Yes, I fain would speak to Thee,
As a child speaks to its parents
I would hold converse with Thee.

I would ask Thee, holy Father,
To reveal that law to me
That the Savior manifested
When He healed in Galilee.

If I were permitted, Father,
To stand forth and speak to Thee,
I would beg a blessing, Father,
That would set all mankind free.

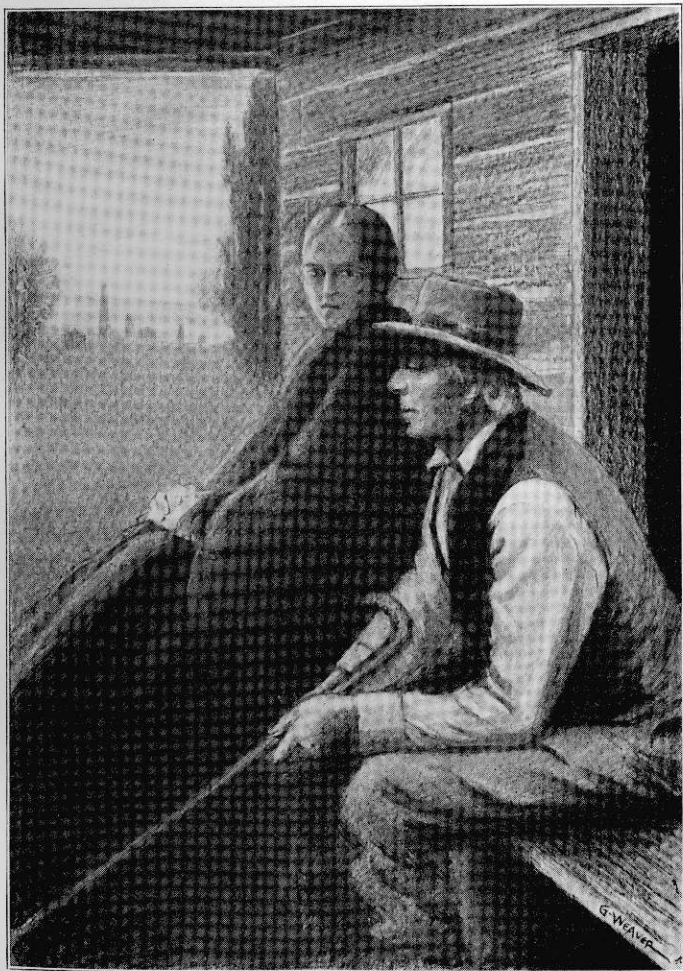
When I launch upon life's ocean,
Free from sin, from error free,
May I, in sublime devotion,
Still look up and speak to Thee.

Speak to me, O God, my Father,
Speak the words of life to me
That will guide my bark, my Father,
O'er life's dark and dangerous sea.

When this bark is launched, my Father,
May I, standing in the lee,
Know that Christ is still my pilot
O'er life's dreary midnight sea.

May I hear the prayer He uttered,
When He groaned upon the tree,
As I follow in His footsteps,
When I hear Thee speak to me.

Speak to me, O God, my Father,
Let Thy blessings fall on me,
When the clouds and darkness lower
O'er life's fearful, dangerous sea.



"You and I."

YOU AND I

YOU AND I.

You and I, wife, long have traveled,
Down the weary road of life,
Through the sunshine, through the shadow,
Through the old world's maddening strife.
We have seen our children marry,
We have seen our children die,
We have known both joy and sorrow
As the years have hurried by.

Over on the hillside yonder
Sleeps our baby girl Lucile,
There was anguish in that parting,
But it was the Father's will.
When we knelt beside the casket,
And kissed her a long good-bye,
Then a cry that pierced the heavens
Broke the hearts of you and I.

Hand in hand we've walked together,
As the mile-stones glided by,
Oft in storms and oft in sunshine
We have wandered, you and I.
Hoping, trusting, weeping, praying,
As the years flew swiftly by,
We have longed to hear the summons
That is peace to you and I.
When we learn the wondrous lesson,
In the future by and by
That the love of God in heaven
Fills all space beneath the sky.

Time has not effaced your beauty,
Try as hard as time can try,
For you always did your duty
As the years have hurried by.
With the patience of an angel
You have bid me trust and try
Not to waver in the battle
That means life to you and I.

You have also gently led me
To the cross of Christ on high,
And with weary hands have pointed
To a home beyond the sky,
Where my sins will be forgiven
Through the prayers of you and I,
If I do the will of heaven,
As the old world rushes by.

Lead us, Father, gently lead us,
To Thy kingdom upon high,
May we in Thy image waken,
As we speak the last good-bye;
Hide us, Father, from that error
Men call death, and therefore die.
When the angels beckon upward,
May we wake without a sigh
To a knowledge of that halo
That envelops you and I.

THE HOUSE CLOCK TICKS UPON THE WALL

The house clock ticks upon the wall
Of the old log hut to-night,
While the mists and shadows of evening fall
And drive away the light
Of the waning moon through the foliage green,
In the gathering shades of night.

There's a cheering sound in the wind that blows,
As the rain begins to fall,
And my heart keeps time with the falling drops,
As the clock ticks on the wall.
And so I sit and nod, and doze,
While the shades of evening fall,
And my heart keeps time with the wind that
blows,
While the clock ticks on the wall.

There's a melancholy murmur
In the tear drops of the rain,
Like the cries of angels weeping
O'er the hosts in battle slain,
And it fills my soul with horror
As I hear each phantom call,
That is echoed through the cabin,
As the clock ticks on the wall.

There is beauty in each rain drop
That falls upon the earth,
From that primeval heaven
Where angels have their birth.
And I listen to their melody,
And hear the gentle call
That is echoed through the cabin,
As the clock ticks on the wall.

There is horror in the tempest,
And in the midnight rain,
As the thunder bellows in the sky,
And in its zigzag train
The lightning deals destruction;
As I hear the storm gods call,

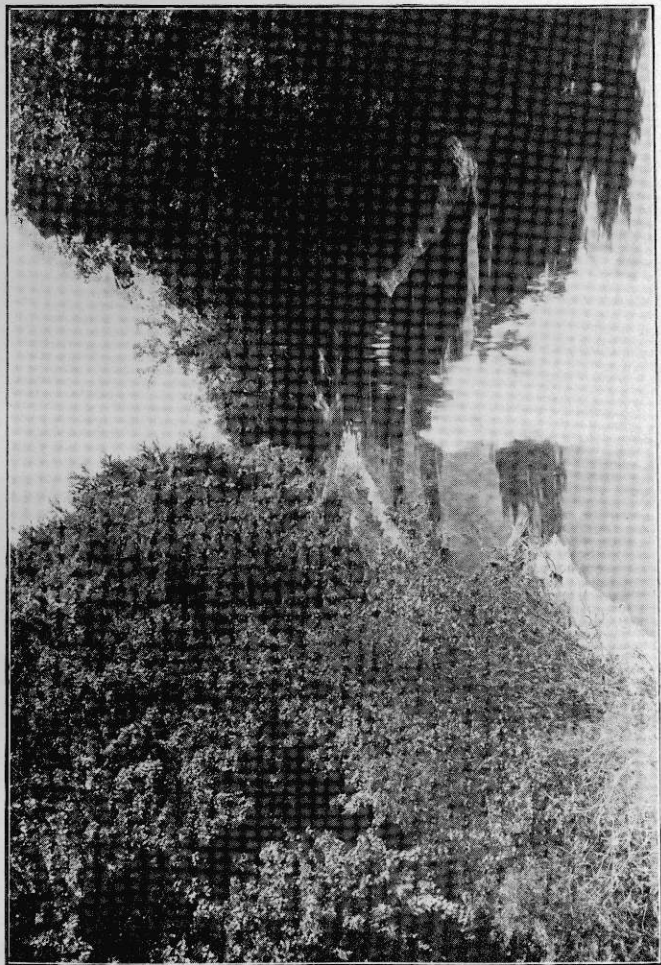
87 THE HOUSE CLOCK TICKS UPON THE WALL

Among the ghostly echoes,
Of the clock ticks on the wall.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, the clock ticks on the wall,
Recording now the death of men,
And now a nation's fall.

Eternity is passing by,
God's love shines over all,
His mercy is now written
In each clock-tick on the wall.

Nov. 25, 1912.



View on the Iroquois.

TO THE IROQUOIS.

Iroquois, there is a magic
In thy cruel, war-like name,
Breathing always of the tragic,
In the deeds of blood and shame
Of a people, long departed,
Who impressed on thee their name.
In the morning of creation,
E're the finger of our God
Marked thy course upon this planet,
Mastodon and mammoth trod
Through the marshes now forgotten,
Long the borders of thy bed,
Lived and breathed, performed their mission,
And are sleeping with the dead.

Nymphs and fairies long have wandered
In the rainbow tinted shade
Of the foliage 'long thy borders,

While each valley, glen and glade
Echoed with their merry footfalls
As they danced along thy shore,
Filling all the land with music,
That will live for evermore.

You have seen the warriors gather,
In the deepening shades of night,
And have heard their war-crys echo,
In the early morning light;
Many a council fire in ashes,
On thy banks burst into flame,
As men rushed to death in battle,
At the magic of thy name.

On thy banks an Indian maiden
Listened to a tale of love
From a bronzed and bleeding warrior,
While the flute notes of a dove
Echoed 'mong the evening shadows,
And the angels up above
Bent to catch each holy accent
Of an oath of endless love.
Chieftain brave and savage, cruel,
Met in council on thy shore,

Where thy waters, rushing seaward,
Still do leap and plunge and roar,
Over precipice and boulder,
In a hateful deadly strife,
Like a warrior armed in battle,
Yielding only with his life.

Here the wild duck 'mong the rushes
Hid her young upon thy wave,
There the hunter in the forest
Found within thy depths a grave;
Now thy grandeur is forgotten,
Rustics change thy very bed,
Warrior, chieftain, glory, honor,
All are numbered with the dead.
Still I love thee, noble river,
Namesake of the brave and free,
Rushing on and on forever
Toward thy home within the sea;
As a child I played beside thee,
When my life was pure and free,
And I love thee, noble river,
Rushing onward to the sea.

BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the dewdrop,
 And beauty in the rain,
There is beauty in the forest
 And beauty on the plain,
There is beauty in the rosebud
 And in the sun-lit air.
Oh, the world is full of beauty,
 For God is everywhere.

There is beauty in God's mercy,
 And beauty in his grace,
There is love within Christ's message,
 That the grave can not efface,
There is hope within His promise,
 That our burdens He will bear;
Oh, the world is full of beauty,
 For His love is everywhere.

WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

There's a spirit world around us
So lovely and so grand
That we fail to comprehend it,
And we do not understand
The beauty and the glory
Of the home that God has planned
In the spirit world around us
That we fail to understand,

There is beauty all around us
Throughout the realms of God.
On the mountain top of glory,
In the valleys Christ has trod,
On the ocean, mid its billows,
In the seashore's golden sand,
There is harmony and heaven
That we fail to understand.

The little shining dewdrop
That sparkles in the grass,
Is but a token of God's love
To the mortals as they pass
Along the road of spirit,
Through a strange and wond'rous land,
Called the heavenly world around us
That we fail to understand.

The flower, indeed, is beautiful,
A whisper of Thy love
That will echo in the hearts of men
Throughout the worlds above,
But the mind that formed the flower
Is so holy and so grand,
That we fail to comprehend it
And we do not understand.

We do not understand Thee, Father,
No, we do not understand
That all is love and peace and joy
At home in this blessed land,
In which we now are living
By Thy direct command,

In the spirit world around us
That we fail to understand.

But we soon will understand, Father,
Yes, we soon will understand,
That God is love, and love is all,
In this happy spirit land,
And that we now are safe at home
On heaven's golden strand,
In the holy land of spirit
That we fully understand.

WHEN THE LILACS ARE IN BLOSSOM.

When the lilacs are in blossom,
And the work of the day is done,
When the shades of twilight gather,
And the haze of the setting sun
Spreads a glamour o'er the landscape,
When the bees come home at night,
When fields and forests ever
Seem sinking from my sight,
When I hear the birds a scolding
Before they go to sleep,
And the hush of gathering darkness
Seems falling from its deep
Primeval home in heaven,
When I lie down to rest
On the earth, my mother's bosom,

And know that I am blessed,
Then I feel that God is near me
At eve—at set of sun,
When the lilacs are in blossom,
And the work of the day is done.

When the lilacs are in blossom,
And the roses are in bloom,
When they rob the earth of fragrance
And the air of its perfume,
When they steal the shining sunbeams
And the dew from off the land,
I have often paused to wonder
What Christ wrote upon the sand
When the woman stood before Him,
Full of sorrow and of gloom.
Was He writing of the lilies
And the roses then in bloom?
Was He thinking of the flowers
In His home beyond the tomb,
Where the lilacs never wither,
And the roses always bloom?

When the pansies are in blossom,
And the lilies are in bloom,
When the angels swarm from heaven,
And there is no place or room
For other living beings
Upon this sun-kissed earth,
When I feel the joy and gladness,
That precedes the second birth,
Then I know that God is near me
And will drive away all gloom
When the pansies are in blossom,
And the lilies are in bloom.

When the roses are in blossom,
And the lilacs are in bloom,
Then I have no fear of evil,
And no horror of the tomb,
For the breath of angels ever
Fill with incense all my room,
Reflected from the roses
And the lilacs then in bloom.

THE FAIRIES.

When the shadows of the evening
Change the daylight into night,
And the golden arrows of sunset
Have lost their power of flight,
When I sit and see the beauty
Of the early evening haze
That reflects God's love and mercy,
And the glory of His ways:
When my soul is filled with prayer,
As the daylight leaves the sky,
And all nature seems to worship
The only God on high,
Then a troupe of heavenly fairies
Comes to visit me each night,
And recount the wondrous beauties
Of a land of living light.

And among these lovely fairies
Is a child so wondrous fair
That I wait each night to see her
As the sunlight leaves the air;
For I know she'll come to see me,
And in a sweet embrace,
Will tell me that she loves me,
And lay her little face
Upon my aching forehead
And drive away despair,
That fills her father's being
As the sunlight fills the air.

Men say I am old and foolish,
That my child has been dead for years,
That I cover her grave with flowers
And water their roots with tears,
But I know they are all in error
For she comes to me each night
With a bevy of heavenly beings
All robed in a mist of white.

And sometimes, in these visions,
I for a moment see

The beautiful face of a God-like man
Who walked in Galilee,
And see her kneeling at His feet,
And hear her pray for me
That I may learn the way of life
And be from sin set free.

And so I sit and ponder,
And each phantom fairy trace,
While the sunbeams and the shadows
Are busy, weaving lace
That will decorate these angels
When they walk upon the earth
And chant the joyous message
Of the wondrous second birth.

And so I bless the fairies
That come to me each night
In robes of wondrous beauty
And crowns of starry light,
And I hear their echoing footfalls,
And their phantom forms I trace,
While the sunshine and the shadows
Are busy, weaving lace.

THE OLD MAN IS DREAMING TO-NIGHT.

The old man is dreaming, is dreaming to-night,
As the sun sinks to sleep in the west,
Of the days of his childhood so lovely and bright,
When he slept on his own mother's breast.
The old cabin home stands out in plain view,
And the birds sing their songs of delight,
While the roses climb over the moss covered walls,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.

His silver-white hair on his old withered crown,
Streams down o'er his forehead so white,
As he thinks of the days of his youth that are gone,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.

A maiden stands by him with eyes that are blue,
As blue as the sky, and as bright
As the rays of the sun in their splendor at noon,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.



"The Old Man Is Dreaming To-night."

His children creep over the old puncheon floor,
And the fire-flies send forth their light
To illumine the darkness that steals o'er the land,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.

He can hear the faint song of a mother who's
gone

To a land that's eternally bright,
As she kneels at the head of the old trundle bed,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.

Again in his visions he sees the high chair
At the old dinner table to-night,
And soft baby fingers are pulling his hair,
For the old man is dreaming tonight.

The old fashioned flowers perfume the soft breeze,
In the ghostly and fading twilight,
'Mid the flutter of birds and humming of bees,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.

Yes, the old man is dreaming of days that are
gone,
Of time that has taken its flight,
Of the scenes of his youth that will never return,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.

The old man is dreaming, is dreaming to-night.

But an angel keeps watch at the door
Of the old cabin home in the fading twilight,
And points to the opposite shore

Of the river of life that flows at his feet,
So beautiful, grand and so bright,
That all of his sorrows have vanished away,
For the old man is dreaming to-night.

THE OLD SCRAP BOOK.

Yes, my old scrap book,
What a tale you could tell,
Of sorrow and joy, of heaven and hell,
Of dreams in the dust on which I ne'er look
Except when I revel
In this old scrap book.

Could you read, 'twixt the lines,
All the anguish and strife
Of sin's volcanic fires
That burned out a life
That God had intended
On angels to look,
You would read with more care
This old scrap book.

Ragged and dirty,
Dog-eared and torn,

Much like its author,
Battered and worn.
Yet, unpolished diamonds
And gems from each nook
Peep out from the leaves
Of the old scrap book.

Yes, my old scrap book,
I love you the best
Of all the volumes
Save one I am blessed,
For much of my life
And my being it took
To mold and to fashion
This old scrap book.

Soon, like your owner,
You will turn into dust,
Soon, yes, full soon,
All your treasures will rust.
In night's dark oblivion,
Without one single ray
To point to the truth
Of an eternal day.

But if spirits may read,
I trust I may look
On the yellow, faded leaves
Of this old scrap book.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

A hellish, mirrored palace;
A young man at the bar,
Whose palsied limbs and haggard face
Showed he had traveled far
Along the road that leads to death;
You could hear the siren-call
Of a demon there reflected
From his shadow on the wall.

'Twas the shadow on the wall that spoke,
Within that mirrored hall,
That had turned into a demon,
And had perched upon the wall,
And in words that sounded like the wail
Of a spirit that is lost,
With mocking jeers and curses deep
Recounted there the cost

Of a life that only leads to death
Within that sin-cursed hall,
While the groans of hell were echoed
From the shadow on the wall.

Yes, the shadow on the wall,
Yes, the demon on the wall,
With a finger long and bony,
Was pointing to a pall
That was moving slowly down the room,
You could hear the footsteps fall,
Of the ghostly funeral cortege,
As they echoed through the hall;

You could hear the footfalls echo,
As they passed along the bar,
Where the young man, in a tremor,
Showed he had traveled far
Along the road of sin and death,
You could hear the mocking call
Of the demon there reflected
In the shadow on the wall.

A theatre, a wine room,
A young girl standing near

The road that only leads to death,
Without a thought or fear
Of harm that might befall her;
You could hear the plaintive call
Of a guardian angel near her,
From its shadow on the wall.

Yes, the shadow on the wall,
Yes, the angel on the wall,
Was listening to a funeral dirge
That echoed through the hall,
While the outlines of a demon
Seemed to pass along the bar,
And the rolling, creaking rumble
Of a ghastly funeral car
Was echoed through the gates of hell,
You could hear the frantic call
Of the demon there reflected
From his shadow on the wall.

THE FIRST MAN.

He stood before his Maker
On Eden's rose-strewn sod,
No mark of sin upon his brow,
Unfelt the chastening rod
That disciplines his children;
No kindred to the clod,
But a pure and holy being
In the image of his God.

He stood before his Maker,
His face was radiant bright,
Reflected from that heaven
Where God alone is light.
No thought of sin or sorrow
Had ever crossed his brain,
Unknown to doubt, disease and death,
Unknown to grief and pain.

A spirit, pure and beautiful,
He stood upon the earth,
A creature fresh from heaven,
Where angels have their birth.
En rapport, pure and holy,
He knelt on Eden's sod,
And in accents sweet as music
Spake face to face with God.

He gazed on Eden's landscape,
And saw the lilies nod,
And roses bloom, with rare perfume,
Within the fields of God.
No living human being
Upon the earth had trod,
As he knelt down upon the ground
And magnified his God.

He stood before his Maker,
Where angels oft had trod,
In peace and joy and sweet content,
Within the realms of God.
No thought but good possessed his soul,
No knowledge of the clod
Led him astray that holy day,
As he bowed and worshiped God.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
For He often speaks to me
Of a home of beauty and health and hope
Beyond a crystal sea,
Where there is no night, there is no death,
For love reigns full and free.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
For He often comes to me,
And leads me gently by the hand
To a land beyond the sea,
That mirrors the presence of hope and faith,
As God's love frees the free.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And that some day I will be
At peace and rest upon His breast,

In that home beyond the sea,
That will ebb and flow with health and hope
Through all eternity.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And that some day as He stands
Beyond that crystal sea of love,
I will, kneeling, clasp His hands,
And He will speak the words of hope
To me on that blessed day,
And guide me 'long the road of life
Through heaven's sun-light way.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And living , lives for me,
To guide me gently to that home
Beyond a crystal sea,
Where life is love and love is life,
And peace and joy are free.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

There's a vacant seat at our old hearth stone
But nobody seems to care,
Save mother, who will sometimes weep and moan,
As she sits by that vacant chair.

She is old and feeble and her head is white,
And her face is furrowed with care,
But often it shines, like an angel's bright,
As she kneels by that vacant chair.

Her boys are thoughtless, profane, and coarse
And will often curse and swear,
'Till they hear a sob that sometimes sounds
Like an echo of fell despair,
As she pleads with God to save her sons,
Beside that vacant chair.

It was there that my father would kneel in prayer
When the work of the day was done,
And plead with God with a steadfast faith
For a wayward, ruined son.
And now that he's gone to a land that is fair,
As fair as the heavens of light,
Why, mother now kneels at his vacant chair
And prays for the boy tonight.

Yes, there's a vacant seat at the old hearth stone,
But nobody seems to care,
But God I am sure will look down from above
To hear an honest prayer,
As mother, heart-broken drops down on her knees
Beside that vacant chair.

Yes, mother is praying, is praying tonight
While her face and the room and the air
Seem lit with the glory of heavenly light
As she kneels by that old armed chair.

There's a rustle of wings in the old cabin home,
And the angels seem only to care,
As they hover around the old, tired form
At an altar, a vacant armed chair.

OPINIONS OF DAD.

I don't know what we'll do with Dad,
Fer all he'll do is work,
He haint got no refinement,
And is always sure to shirk
When it comes to social functions,
And it seems so dreadful sad
He should ruin all our prospects;
That's what Ma says of Dad.

But Dad just browses with the stock,
And always keeps at work
A plowin' corn and cuttin' weeds,
And never seems to shirk,
Exceptin' when it comes to church—
It makes the preacher glad
To know that he will go to hell;
That's what he thinks of Dad.

But Dad just keeps a plowin',
And a plantin' every year,
And doesn't fume, or fuss, or fret,
And don't pretend to keer
Just what they say or what they do.
It seems so very sad
That he should always act the fool;
That's what I think of Dad.

Sal is out on dress parade,
A wearin' out her clothes
A trampin' up and down the street
A catchin' of her beaus;
Mother's at the neighbor's,
A gleanin' up the news,
And Dad is home a maulin' rails
To drive away the blues.

John is playin' checkers,
And Bill is playin' ball,
While Jim is sound asleep in bed,
And Jane's gone out to cail
Upon some heathens in this town;

And thinks its mighty sad
That she should waste her talents
On sich a fool as Dad.

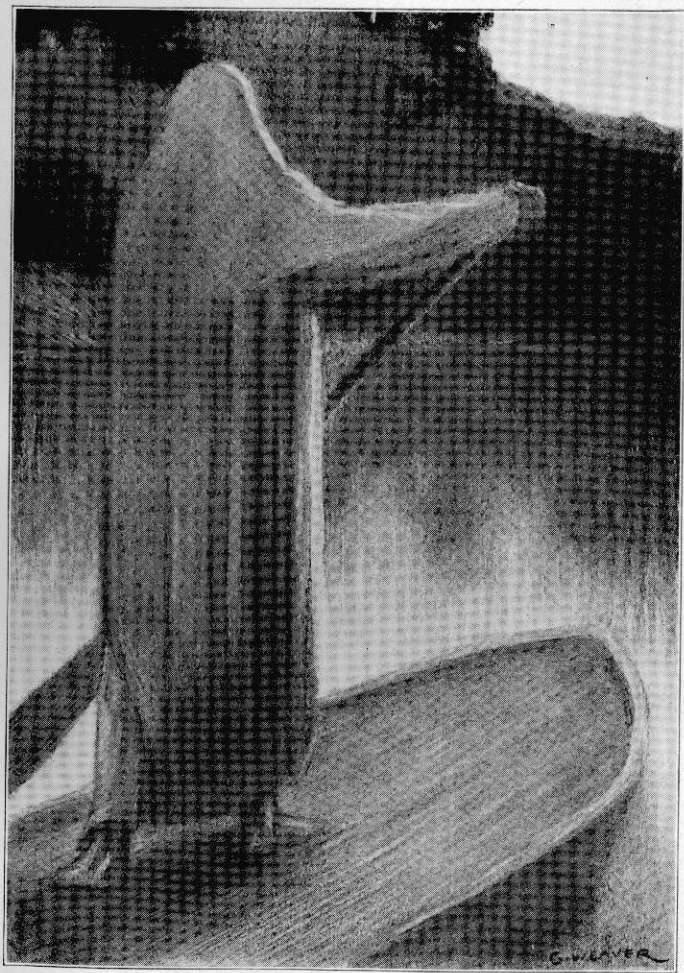
Yes, Dad is choppin' cord wood,
And hurryin' to the mill;
He doesn't owe a cent on earth,
Except the grocer's bill;
His children all have learnin',
And it seems so dreadful sad
That they must spend their time on earth,
In company with Dad.

There aint no use in talkin',
It's gettin' mighty bad
For mother and us young ones
To live at home with Dad.
Of course, he makes the money,
Or it wouldn't seem so sad
For the doctor to administer
Some chloroform to Dad.

THE SILVER OAR.

Gently down life's stream I'm gliding
Toward a distant unknown shore,
As the sun of life is setting
I can see the silver oar
Of the boatman, pale, beside me,
Dip within the shining wave
Of life's river flowing onward,
Onward to an unknown grave.

Thinking always of the flowers
That are blooming 'long the way,
Dreaming ever of the roses,,
Rich and fragrant, when decay
Stamps upon their glowing petals
That dread word that men call death;
Hoping, trusting, never doubting,
God will raise them with His breath.



"The Silver Oar."

When He warms the earth in springtime
With His glory from above,
I will see my flowers blooming,
The reflection of His love.

Silently my sun is sinking
In life's ocean far away,
Silently the evening shadows
Gather at the close of day.
Silently my bark is floating
Down life's silver, crystal stream.
'Mid the music of the angels,
In the rapture of a dream,
I can hear their voices echo
'Long the river's peaceful shore,
While within the rippling waters
Gleams the boatman's silver oar.

We are nearing now the harbor,
'Tis the end of mortal day,
And I feel the chill of evening
In the air and in the spray
That is falling ever o'er me
From the river's misty shore,
As I view the waters dripping
From the boatman's silver oar.

Drifting, drifting down life's ocean,
Toward a distant, unknown shore,
While the storms of life are breaking,
And the splashing silver oar
Of the boatman, pale, beside me,
Pushing onward o'er the wave,
Onward, onward, ever onward,
To a lonely, unmarked grave.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

I would I were a child again,
Companion of the flowers,
'Mong birds and bees and whispering trees,
While all the golden hours
Of life, ran like a shining thread
Among the sands of time;
In harmony with love and truth,
And nature's laws sublime.

A thoughtless, wayward, careless child,
At play among the flowers
In sunny lands, 'mong angel bands,
In Eden's golden bowers;
A gentle, trusting, loving child,
In tune with God above;
Baptized with incense from on high,
A mother's changeless love.

I would I were a child again!
I long to be a child,
And dream the dreams no mortal pen
Can write, of forests wild,
Where glassy brooks and shady nooks
Are mirrored in the air;
Where God is love, and love is life,
And peace is everywhere.

I would I were a child again!
I long to be a child,
And hear the flowers sing the praise
Of God in forests wild;
A gentle, truthful, loving child,
In prayer at mother's knee,
And hear her tell the story old,
Of Christ in Galilee.

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

A spirit passed before me,
Its face was radiant bright,
And as I gazed upon it,
My form was lost in light;
It seemed that earth had melted
With all sin's dark abode,
And one vast flood of sunshine
Burst from the throne of God.

Upon the wind light's herald
Proclaimed the coming day,
And night and death, twin brothers
Had vanished far away;
And light and glory glistened
Around God's golden throne,
And beauty bright as heaven
Lit up the darkest zone.

The forms of men were altered,
Their faces now divine
Reflected God's own image,
And with His love did shine;
And as I stood in wonder
In this strange spirit world,
I saw the christian banner
Before the gates unfurled.

And a low sounding murmur
Rose from that heavenly throng,
It seemed not earthly music,
But sure it was a song;
And such strange thrilling rapture
Filled heaven's utmost bound,
That all the harmony of earth
Seemed but discordant sound.

Oh, holy, holy, heaven,
How can I ever tell
The joy and bliss and gladness,
That lights Thy deepest dell;

Where strife and envy perish
In one deep sea of love,
And angels worship only
The God of truth above.

A thousand streams of gladness
Burst from the verdant hills,
And heaven's choicest melody
Each blessed valley fills;
While youth and beauty wander
Along each changing glade,
Or basks beneath love's canopy,
In Eden's cooling shade.

I saw my Savior standing,
So beautiful and mild,
And as I gazed upon Him,
He looked on me and smiled;
And said "come home to heaven,
Too long you've gone astray,
Your sins are all forgiven—
Then turn from earth away."

Just then the vision faded
From my weak, sinful sight,
And I was left in sorrow,
To mourn sin's deadly blight;
But still will I remember,
As hope lights up earth's gloom,
My Savior's wondrous beauty,
And my home beyond the tomb.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

I am sitting in the shadow
Of this aged child of time,
Thinking over tragic warfare
In many a distant clime;
When a picture steals before me,
Full of gentleness and trust,
So I leave the mail-clad warriors
In their loathsome homes of dust.

What a contrast in the pictures,
That have lately filled my brain,
One, the vision of a battle,
With its countless thousands slain;
And the other calm as heaven,
When angels bend to pray,
And like the bloom of paradise
That floods the fields of May.

'Tis the picture of my mother,
Yet I scarce can trace a line,
In that fair young face before me
That will now with her's combine;
And I sit and think, in sadness,
Of the ruin time has made,
And of beauty once in sunshine,
Now hid deep within the shade.

Oh, my mother how I've grieved you
In the days of long ago,
And if sorrow and repentance
Can repay the debt I owe,
I am sure it has been cancelled
On the records up above,
And if not, I know you'll blot it
With your pure parental love.

Then whatever may betide me
Whether rich or whether poor,
Still the picture of my mother
Locked in memory is secure;
And when I reach that city
Though not cleansed of every sin,
And show it to my Savior,
I am sure He'll let me in.

ONLY A LITTLE GIRL BABY.

Dedicated to Baby Mary Frances Mavity.

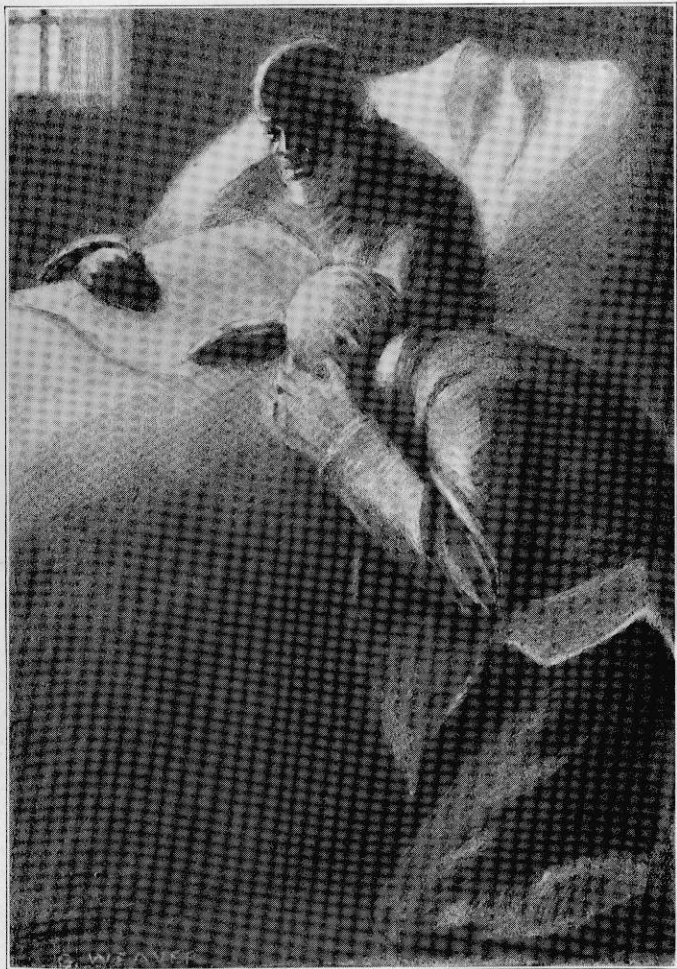
She was only a little girl baby
With dimples and brown, curly hair,
Who had fallen from the portals of heaven
When the angels neglected to care;
And watch o'er their darling in day time.
Yes, she fell from the sky to the earth;
But she dropped into the heart of her father
From the land where the spirits have birth.

She was only a little girl baby
For whom angels neglected to care,
And guide through the bright fields of glory,
When they were absorbed in their prayer.
So she slipped from her home up in heaven
And fell from the sky to the earth,

And the angels wept long when they missed her
From the land where her spirit had birth.

Yes, they missed her in glory one morning
When the angels assembled to pray,
For the Father in heaven had willed it,
And so she wandered away.

But the world was made better that morning,
When an anthem, of heavenly birth,
Proclaimed the glad news they had found her
In the heart of her father on earth.



“Plant Some Old Kentucky Blue Grass on My Grave.”

PLANT SOME OLD KENTUCKY BLUEGRASS
ON MY GRAVE.

Georgia's sun was slowly sinking
To his home far in the west,
And the haze of gathering twilight
Whispered words of endless rest,
As a slave lay in his cabin,
Flushed with fever, racked with pain,
And these words in whispered accents
Muttered o'er and o'er again :

"I am dying, master, dying,
And one promise I would crave,
When I'm dead and buried, master,
Plant some bluegrass on my grave.
Bluegrass, master, from Kentucky,
'Tis the only boon I crave;
When I'm dead and buried, master
Plant some bluegrass on my grave."

"I have always loved you, master,
And have been a faithful slave;
So when I am safe in heaven
Plant some bluegrass on my grave,
Bluegrass, master, from Kentucky,
Let it grow, and bloom and wave,
For I'd sleep a little sounder
With some bluegrass on my grave.

Only last night I was dreaming
Of our old Kentucky home,
Where, 'mid fields and forests teeming
With God's love, we oft would roam
When we were but boys together,
Though a master and a slave.
We were happy and contented;
Now for sake of Him who gave
Life itself for you, my master,
In His name this boon I crave:
When I'm dead and buried, master,
Plant some bluegrass on my grave."

"Through the forests, through the meadows,
'Long the river's shelving shore,

With its water-falls and lilies,
We will wander nevermore;
But those days to me were heaven,
Now this boon is all I crave,
When I'm dead and buried, master,
Plant some bluegrass on my grave."

"Then I know the angels will not
Miss me when the startled earth
Echoes with their holy anthems,
As unto the second birth
God is calling forth his children
From the ground and ocean's wave,
If they see Kentucky bluegrass
Growing, master, on my grave."

"Men could never understand us
In the days of long ago,
When the flash of northern cannon
Filled the earth with want and woe;
But I promised then your father,
Bleeding, wounded unto death,
I would always serve you, master,
Who, with weak and dying breath,

Prayed that God would keep me steadfast,
Now this boon is all I crave:
When I'm dead and buried, master,
Plant some bluegrass on my grave."

Silently the tears were falling
Down the master's hardened face
As he knelt within the cabin,
And with gentle, kind embrace
Drew the bondsman to his bosom,
And in anguish and despair,
Poured his soul out to his Maker
In an earnest, fervent prayer.

Silently the shades of evening
Fall upon the sunset's glow,
Silently the gathering shadows
Mingle with the river's flow;
Silently the twilight darkness
Creeps around the bondsman's bed,
While an angel standing near him
Mutters in a whisper—dead.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE FRIENDLY, BILL.

When you and I were friendly, Bill,
In the days of long ago,
When life flowed like a river, Bill,
And there was no want or woe;
When we lived down on the old rock farm,
In the cabin on the hill;
And climbed the trees, and robbed the birds,
When we were friendly, Bill.
Then life was one continued joy,
And every purling rill
Was full of heaven's melody,
When we were friendly Bill.

When we stole old Tiner's apples, Bill,
Along the river road,
And never worried 'bout the crime,
Or cared about the load

Of sin and death we carried,
 While hurrying up the hill,
 When life was full of beauty,
 And we were friendly, Bill.

We never dreamed that we would meet
 As we have met today;
 And pass each other on the road
 Without a word to say
 About the days of long ago,
 And the moonshine and the mill,
 Where we have often met at night
 When we were friendly, Bill.

But greed for gold broke friendship's chain,
 And when we saw that angel slain,
 We tottered onward down the hill
 Without a thought of kindness, Bill.
 I saw the demon, time, oft trace
 The furrowed death mask on your face,
 And still forgot, as sinners will,
 The days when we were friendly, Bill.

But we are nearing now the goal,
Yet somehow, deep within my soul,
The fires of friendship smoulder still,
That blazed when we were younger, Bill.
Yes, Bill, I hope and trust and pray,
That God will usher forth the day
When you and I may meet and still
Forget the past in friendship, Bill.

THE GIRL THAT I LOVED IN MY YOUTH.

When the sorrows of life have o'ercome me
And despair, like the fiend of death's night,
Draws a canopy, black and foreboding,
To darken the heavens of light,
A picture so gentle and loving
To me 'tis an angel of truth,
Comes often to comfort and cheer me;
'Tis the girl that I loved in my youth.

Sure heaven with all of its beauty,
Its rapture and songs of delight,
Will not far excel in its grandeur
The dreams that my fancy touched bright;
And often, as memory lingers
To cull the bright jewels of truth,
I welcome the dear apparition
Of the girl that I loved in my youth.

To me, what is life but a bubble
That breaks with the first touch of air,
Its cares and its trials and trouble
Oft bury me deep in despair;
But still, through the night of my sorrow,
A form not less lovely than truth,
Points out the bright joys of the morrow,
'Tis the girl that I loved in my youth.

And still, in my dreams, I remember
The bright days of childhood to-night,
Though age like the storms of December
Has blasted my hopes with its blight;
And when I arrive up in heaven
I would not, I could not, in sooth,
Be happy unless I can welcome
The girl that I loved in my youth.

JIM IS HOME FROM COLLEGE.

Jim is home from college,
And has larned the college yell,
He isn't much on figures,
And he don't know how to spell,
But you talk to him o' foot-ball
And you'll find he is a sage,
And they say he leads cotillions
Like a master on the stage.

Yes, Jim is home from college,
And has larned the college yell,
It took four years to do it,
But that's doin' mighty well.
If it ever comes to readin' books
You'll find he is a shirk,
And you're sure to hurt Jim's feelin's
If you even hint o' work.

We are mighty proud o' Jimmy,
And his yaller, speckled vest,
As he sits among the bleachers,
Dressed in his Sunday best
You can hear his voice, like thunder
Above the deafenin' roar,
That will pierce the very heavens
When the home team drives a score,
Fer with lungs that's made o' leather
The atmosphere he jars,
And we know he'll make a barker,
In the depot, fer the cars.

He is mighty shy on Latin,
And quite innocent o' Greek,
And when it come to hist'ry
He would always take a sneak
And travel fer tall timber
Fer to save his tarnal hide.
In four long years o' study
He never could decide
Why Ceasar crossed the Delaware,
And Hannibal give Lee
Sich a devil of a beatin'
On the ragin' Tennessee.

I got a letter late last fall
From that President at Yale,
Fer me in haste to come at onct—
Sed Jim was now in jail.
He couldn't larn a tarnal thing,
With knowledge all galore,
But beat up all the tother nine
When the home team failed to score

He got so mad last winter,
In that there bloody school,
He telled the old man in the class
He was a bloomin' fool.
He didn't keer for larnin',
Ner want to be a sage,
He'd ruther make a hundred rails
Than read a single page.

It cost me just a farm last year,
And all my ready cash,
To pay his fines and board and keep
So he could take a smash
At some o' them there city dudes—
It was agin the law

In that there sissy school o' Yale
To smash 'em on the jaw.

So Jim is home from college,
And has larned the college yell;
He isn't much on grammer
And he don't know how to spell—
He nearly broke his devilish neck
Fallin' over Latin roots,
But can dance just like the mischief
In the old man's cow-hide boots.

There is a feller in our town;
I hear his neighbors said
Could write a book without no hands,
Fer he wrote without a head.
And he is a blood relation
To Jim, now some folks say,
And big and awkward as a mule—
It's queer that Jim's that way.
But the old man never went to school,
But done his level best
To become a polished speaker
Cussin' oxen in the west.

'TIS FINISHED.

In Memory of John Ade.

'Tis finished, 'tis finished, away, soul, away,
Thou art now no longer in bondage to clay.
Thy slavery is ended, thy fetters now lay
In the earth's darkened bosom, speed onward,
away.

Away from the cares and the strife of this earth,
Away to the land where thy spirit had birth,
Away to commune with thy Savior to-day,
On thy God-given mission speed onward, away.

'Tis finished, 'tis finished, away, soul, away,
Thou art now no longer surrounded by clay.
Thy dreams in the past will to-morrow prove
true,

Christ's love that you longed for be given to you.
Life's journey is ended; away, soul, away,
To bask in life's sunshine, speed upward to-day.

Press onward, press onward, thy trials are done,
Thy journey is ended, thy race has been run.
The hope of the past is to-day proven true,
God's glory at last is revealed unto you.
Speed onward, speed onward, away, soul, away,
On thy beautiful mission, speed homeward to-day.
May 4, 1914.

THOUGH YOUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO
SILVER.

Though your hair has turned to silver
You are all the world to me,
Just the same true, kind and loving wife
That you were wont to be,
On that far away May morning
Before we both grew old;
When my locks were like the raven's wing,
And your's were rings of gold.

Yes, your hair has turned to silver,
But the beauty of this life,
Has not been dimmed or clouded
Since you became my wife.
And God's glory up in heaven
Seems forever to unfold,
As time turns your hair to silver
That was one day burnished gold.

Though your hair has turned to silver,
That was one day gleaming gold,
As the years are hurrying onward,
Like a tale that has been told;
Still you are very dear to me
As in the days of old,
Ere your hair had turned to silver
That was beautiful as gold.

Ah, your hair has turned to silver,
With the drudgery and the strife,
That too often is the portion
Of an honest, faithful wife;
But I know the angels hover 'round
To guide you to their fold,
Where your hair that now is silver
Will then hang in rings of gold.

THE END