

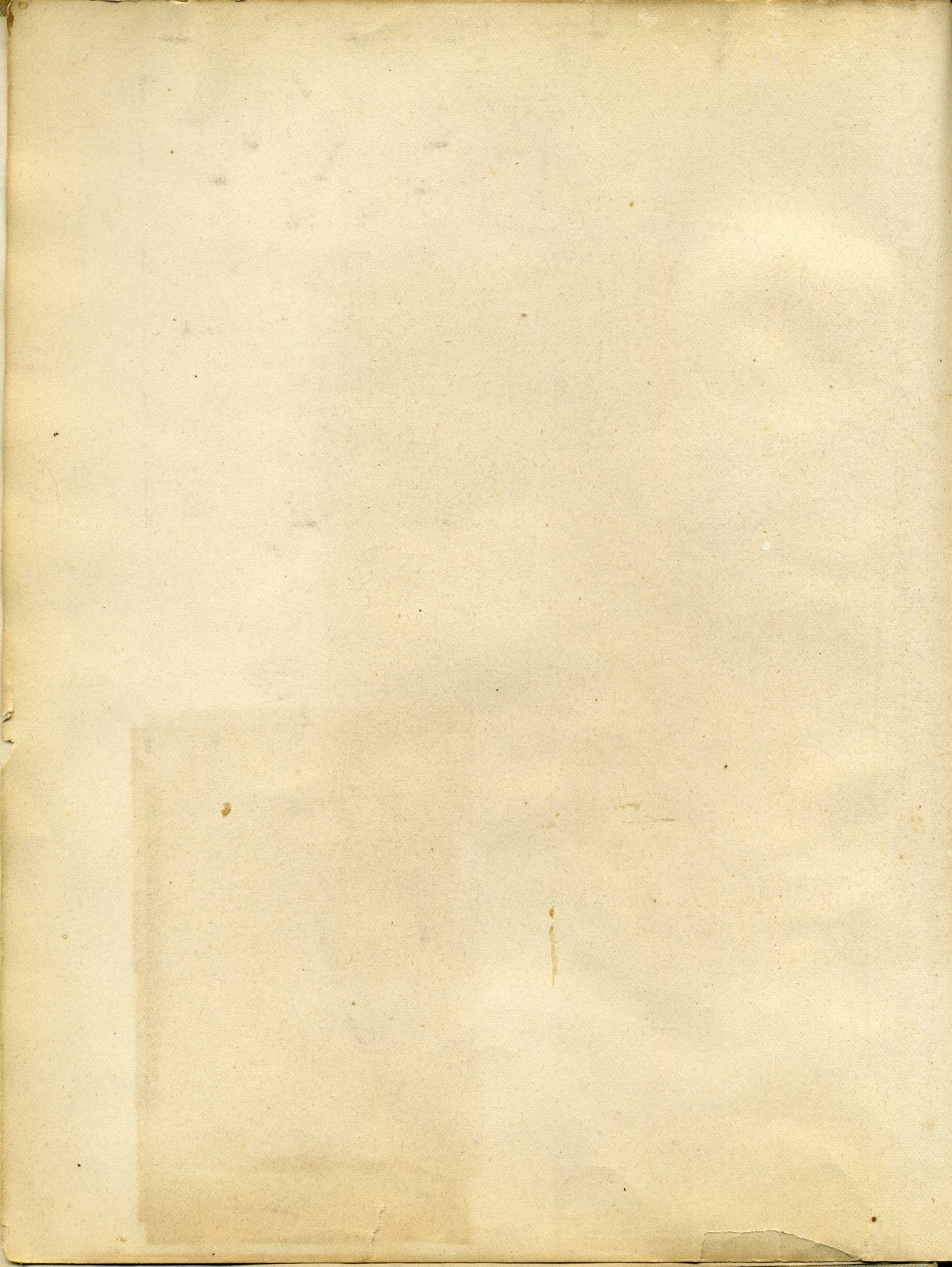
SCRAP



ALBUM

Viola, "Happy Christmas!"

From "Aunt Sue".



DANIEL WEBSTER'S ONLY POEM.

Webster, it is said, during his whole literary life, wrote but one poem, and that was upon the death of his infant son. This son was born on Summer street, in Boston, December 31, 1822, and died in December, 1824. The poem has not appeared in print for some years. It bears this title:

LINES ON CHARLES' DEATH.

My son, thou wast my heart's delight;
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night;
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But, ah! thy little life is done;
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken ere those years came o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen.
But thou art in the grave before me.

Thou raisest to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And standest in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessor's part—
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven, and showed it clear:
But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher learning here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And, ah, to thy world welcome me
As first I welcomed thee to this!

Thy father, I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son, my father, guide me there!

I WOULD DREAM OF MOTHER.

Come, sweet sleep and close my eyelids,
I am weary of the day;
Take me on thy wings to dreamland,
Show me loved ones passed away;
Show me one I loved in childhood,
Dearer even than a brother—
Come sweet sleep and close my eyelids;
I would love to dream of mother.

Then with magic words transport us
Back to that old home of ours,
Where in youth I learned to prize her
In my childhood's happy hours;
Let me feel her kind caresses,
Let me hear her speak to me—
Come sweet sleep I long to slumber,
Then in dreams with mother be.

Bring me naught but dreams of gladness,
Banish every thought of care;
Place her by the old east window,
In her high-back rocking chair;
Then for ages let me slumber,
Dreaming dreams that have no end,
For 'twas love like hers that tells me
Mother was my dearest friend.

NOT THAT WAY.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest
thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless
thing
As a child might have asked for a toy—
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your dinner should always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts should be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and
Shirts—
I want a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you can not do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

The poem is from the pen of Dr. Addison Alexander, and it was a great favorite with a former generation. The whole poem is as follows:

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.
There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
Oh, where is this mysterious borne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost!

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where doeth hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?
An answer from the skies is sent—
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called today repent,
And harden not your heart.

"True friends are like diamonds,
Precious but rare;
False one's like autumn leaves,
Found everywhere."

A DAY OF TEARS.

BY H. A. D.

A day of tears, a weeping day,
How oft they come to us in life!
What pain they give us while they stay;
What gloom, what sorrow mixed with strife.

A weeping day will sadden hearts,
Destroy the hopes that once gave joy,
Repress the loves we should impart
To those whose friendships never cloy.

A weeping day, a day of tears;
Who has not known a day like this,
When sweetest hopes were lost in fears,
And darkness shadowed all our bliss?

A weeping day it is with us,
Although the sun may brightly shine,
Where sin drives far away from us
A Savior's love, a love divine.

I knew a day, a day of tears—
A weeping day it was indeed;
The clouds were dark, compelling fears;
The way obscure—no hope to plead.

No hope to plead! Oh! can this be,
Since Christ has given himself for us?
Will sin forever hide from thee
The sinner pleading in the dust?

O Jesus, wilt thou not forgive,
Though sin has stained me o'er and o'er?
May we not look to thee and live
And taste thy pardoning love once more?

These weeping days, these days of tears,
Tell thee the penitence we feel.
O come and save us from our fears
While humbly at thy feet we kneel.

May we but hear thy welcome voice,
Once more thine own indwelling know,
How gladly will our hearts rejoice,
While tears of love forever flow.

These weeping days and days of tears
Will not prevent communion sweet;
Nor quench our hopes in future years,
Though sorrows lead in waters deep.

—Ex.

NO DRUNKARDS THERE.

There is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
But no drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait.
Where the room is cold and the hour's late;
No pale-faced wife with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear;
The hearts are free from pain and care—
No drunkards are there.

All the long day, in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand;
And down on the edge of the water's brink
Those white-robed beings wander nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare,
For no wine is there.

—Sel.

GARFIELD.

Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to
love,
Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to
trust,
No blossom of hope shall spring from out his
dust,
No flower of faith shall bloom his sod above.

Although the sod by sorrowful hands be
drest,
Although the dust with tenderest tears be
drenched,
A feebler light succeeds the new light
quenched,
And weaker hands the strong hands crossed
in rest.

A soldier of the camp, we knew him thus;
No saintly champion high above his kind,
To follow with devotion mad and blind,
He fought and fared, essayed and erred, with
us.

And so half-hearted went we where he led,
And following whither beckoned his bright
blade,
Learned his high will and purpose
undismayed,
And brought him all our faith—and found him
dead.

Is of the sacred pall, that once of yore
Draped Lincoln, dead, one moldering
fragment left,
Spread it above him—knight whose helm
was cleft
Fair in the fight, as his who fell before.

Aye, who less worthy now may take that
chair,
If our first martyr's spirit on one hand,
And this new ghost upon the other stand,
Saying: Betray thy country if thou dare.

NEVER LOST.

A gentle word is never lost!
Oh, never then refuse one!
It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed,
And lulls the cares that bruise one;
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
And turns our thorns to roses;
It changes weary night to day
And hope and love discloses.
A gentle word is never lost—
Thy fallen brother needs it,
How easy said! how small the cost!
With peace and comfort speeds it!
Then drive the shadow from thy cheek—
A smile can well replace it;
Our voice is music when we speak
With gentle words to grace it.

—Selected.

