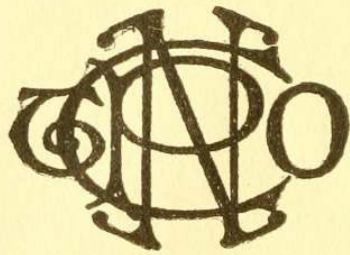




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WILD ROSES

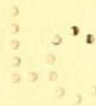




# WILD ROSES

BY

JANIE SCREVEN HEYWARD



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## WILD ROSES

---

When God sowed the seed  
He knew they would be  
Only wild roses  
But fragrant and free.

He sent them His rain  
And His sunshine, too,  
And freshened their leaves  
With heaven's own dew.

Each bud, each blossom  
That blows in the breeze,  
Each tendril and spray  
Which the South winds tease

Will whisper of love  
Both tender and true;  
Only wild roses—  
But gathered for you.





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## CONFEDERATE REUNION 1899

---

Homeward he came from the war and the strife,  
Discharged from prison with naught but his life  
And a deathless love for a flag that was furled  
And a cause that was lost—in the eyes of the  
world.

Too true it was lost, but it lives again,  
And ever will live in the hearts of the men  
Who wore the gray, and at freedom's call  
Marched bravely forth to win—or fall.

And many a battle they fought and won,  
But the Northern hosts were as ten to one.  
O'erwhelmed, not conquered, still loving the  
right  
They yielded at last to the conqueror's might.

Now, many years have passed away,  
And the bugle calls these men in gray  
To meet and talk of the years gone by  
With glowing heart and kindling eye.

The hosts in gray with peaceful mien  
March through the streets; and here are seen  
The battle-flags like veterans scarred—  
For they, like the Southern boys, died hard.

He marches with them, our soldier lad ;  
In a new gray suit his form is clad.  
He carries a banner, his face is bright ;  
He knows the cause which was lost is right.

His comrades are here on every hand ;  
They have gathered from far, the old command.  
And lo! The years have passed away,  
And he marches once more the boy in gray.



## WHICH?

---

I thought her simply charming—  
I met her at a dance,  
And lost my heart completely  
At her bewitching glance.

Next day I chanced to see her  
Far from the giddy whirl,  
A picture of sweet dignity—  
A little typist girl.

Maiden fair, I query, are  
You butterfly or bee?  
Whatever be your answer,  
You are the girl for me.

## PAST AND FUTURE

---

Oh! the weary, weary waiting  
For the days that come no more!  
Oh! the hungry hearted yearning  
For the dimly distant shore,  
Where asleep, but never dying,  
Lie the memories of the Past.  
Rise, O Soul! and face thy Future,  
Let them slumber, sweet and fast.

Living now within the Present  
To thine eye two shores appear,  
Backward see the "Past," of all things  
To a woman's heart most dear.  
But it draws us back with yearning,  
And our hearts would surely break  
If we lingered there forever,  
Living but for memories' sake.

See, the future lies before thee.  
Live it bravely, and perchance  
When 'Tis Present Thou mayst love it  
*Dearly* as the years advance.  
Live it so that memories sweeter  
E'en than those already born  
May be thine to bear thee onward  
To the everlasting morn.

## OUR BLOSSOM

---

Two precious years since the angels brought her  
Down from the skies to be our own.  
Our blessing and sunshine is our daughter!  
Ah, but the years have quickly flown.

With the flowers came our little bluebell.  
Our Blossom she is. Violets sweet  
Are softer and sweeter than April showers  
When sunshine and teardrops meet.

Her cheeks are roses. In one a dimple  
Lurks until laughter brings it in view.  
But you 'd never suspect for a moment  
That the puss is laughing at you!

Her cute little nose turns daintily up  
In a comical sort of way;  
And she has two of the tiniest feet  
That dance about all the long day.

When her prayer time comes in the evening,  
Hands clasped and eyes shut up tight,  
Make me think of the beautiful flowers  
That close their sweet petals at night.



## THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS

---

As I harken to the rhyming and the chiming of  
the bells,  
To the bells of old St. Michael's! Ah, my heart  
the story tells  
Of the days when first they pealed out, "Freedom,  
Brothers, we are free!  
And no longer pay we tribute to the land across  
the sea!"

In my mind I see the concourse, beaux and belles  
of long ago,  
Gathered there to hear the story which they tell  
of fallen foe.  
They peal out the nation's gladness, they tell its  
people's sadness;  
When the city's heart is singing, they ring with  
merry madness.

And they tell of "Yankee Doodle" with his fa-  
mous little nag,  
Of "Peter Parker," "Taffy," and our dear, blue  
bonnie Flag.  
Of "Sis' Caline," "Annie Rooney," and "My  
Country, 'tis of thee;"  
And they set the pace for heart-beats in the "City  
by the Sea."



So when Sunday comes, triumphantly their tones  
ring loud and grand,  
Familiar hymns, dear to each heart, "There is a  
Happy Land,"  
"Shall we gather at the river, shining like a  
crystal sea?"  
Or the cry of those who sorrow, "Rock of Ages,  
cleft for me."

To the breeze they give their message and it  
seems to coax us there  
To give thanks for our blessings, or to crave an  
answered prayer.  
So we listen, as our fathers, to the story that it  
tells,  
And we dearly love the rhyming and the chiming  
of the bells.

## SOME ONE'S DEAR SWEETHEART

---

She 'd the look of one enjoying  
Some delicious, happy dream—  
From her face an inner radiance  
Seemed to shine and glow and gleam.

She was neither plain nor pretty,  
But the light upon her face  
Made me wonder what her story—  
Raised her from the commonplace.

We were sitting in a street-car,  
Flying on at break-neck speed;  
In her hand she held a letter  
(All absorbed she seemed to read).

Kind Fate came to my assistance,  
Put into my hand the key—  
Helped me to explain the radiance  
Which around her seemed to be.

Was it very wrong, I wonder,  
For me to accept the chance?  
"My dear little Sweetheart," saw I  
These words in an instant's glance.

Now I knew why she was pretty,  
When she really shouldn't be—  
She was some one's "Little Sweetheart,"  
She was some one's wife to be.

Love—Magician, King, and Wizard!—  
Had illumined by his touch,  
Thrown around her head a radiance—  
To be happy means so much!

I am glad she had that letter.  
May she never have to part  
From the happy, tender knowledge  
She is some one's "Dear Sweetheart."



## WHAT MAUMA THINKS OF FREEDOM

---

Dey tek we from we shelter,  
An' dey say, "Go long—you 's free!"  
Me ain' call dat no freedom,  
To tek we home from we.

I 'se happy in de ole times,  
Wid Miss an' my ole Maussa.  
Sich a chillun as I nuss—  
Bes' you ebber saw, sah!

Dey 's berry good to me now,  
Dey ain' fergit dere Mauma;  
But w'en I gits to Hebben  
I hope de wedder 's warmer.

I miss dem nice warm winter clo's,  
An' I miss dat roarin' fire,  
Wid oak an' pine an' light'ood  
To make de blaze rise higher.

I sit sometimes an' tink upon  
Dem plate piled high wid bittle!  
I cook all what I got now  
In dis ole iron kittle.

I tink upon dat physic too,  
And all dem pill an plaster;  
Wen we wuz sick, we jis sen wud  
To tell ole Miss and Master.



Ef dis is freedom—God forbid!—  
I calls it simply knabery.  
An' when I gits to Hebben, Lord,  
I hope I 'll find it 's “slabery.”

## THE CHILDREN

---

How oft when I 'm busy sewing,  
Or have snatched a minute to read,  
The children come with their questions,  
Or with some little childish need!

I throw down the book or garment  
Which, perhaps, I was hurrying through.  
Oh, the little troublesome darlings!  
There 's no end to what "Mother" can do.

How often I 'm cross and impatient  
I am almost ashamed to say.  
Yet the house seemed very empty  
And this, *such* a wearisome day.

The children are off on a frolic  
To be gone the whole long day;  
And gaily I thought of all I should do  
With the mischievous ones away.

But my plans are all a failure  
And the day such a dismal one,  
Sad thoughts keep time to my needle  
'Till I long for the set of sun.

No "troublesome interruptions,"  
No bright little speeches to cheer,  
Ah me! with the sunshine absent  
The house seems empty and drear.

I felt so gloomy and doleful,  
With longings for days that are past,  
My needle failed to distract me,  
So I threw down my work at last.

And I took up my best loved volume,  
To spend with its words some hours,  
But I missed e'en here the little hands  
Bringing me their weeds and flowers.

My thoughts kept wandering to them ;  
Were they happy and well and good ?  
And were they gathering flowers  
In the grand old shady wood ?

'Twas useless ; my day was a failure,  
I needed the music sweet  
Of the queer little lispings questions,  
And the pattering, rosy feet.

How happy I felt, when at evening  
I heard their steps at the gate,  
For I *know* that without the children  
My life would be desolate.

Ask endless questions, my darlings,  
You shall never call me in vain ;  
For without your merry voices  
My life would be one long pain.



## TO THE VETERANS

---

Veterans are they! Oh, ring them in!  
Bring in the men who wore the gray;  
Give them a welcome, we who revere them—  
Who is there greater on earth to-day?

Honor them, children, they fought for their coun-  
try;  
Strong were their hearts and great was their  
pride;  
Lost was their cause, but the principle lingers,  
So not in vain our heroes have died.

“They died for their country!” Did you hear the  
men say it?  
Straight, straight to the throne of the Father  
above  
Those words must have risen and added a meas-  
ure  
E’n to the glory of Eternal Love.

Oh, comrades, you ’re welcome! You ’re wel-  
come, I say,  
To the city which first cried for freedom or  
death;  
The first was denied us, but naught shall di-  
vide us,  
We ’re comrades in Gray to the very last  
breath.



Come again and again! Your welcome awaits  
you,  
We want you to tell us of days that have  
passed.  
“They died for their country!”—the glorious  
story  
Will live in our hearts while the heart-beats  
shall last.

## THE PINES OF GLEN CANNON

---

Sweet musicians of the forest,  
Would I could your language know;  
Know the precious words you utter  
As your boughs waft to and fro.

Tall, majestic, grand, you pine trees,  
With your branches to the sun,  
Whispering with sweetest cadence,  
Singing still when day is done.

Are you worshipping the Sun God,  
Raising leafy arms in prayer?  
Pay you to the winds your tribute?  
Or is Love what woos them here?

Surely there are dear caresses  
Passing through you, soft and low;  
I can hear them in the whispering  
And the rustling of each bough.

I can fancy a sweet union  
'Twixt the pine trees and the breeze;  
Leafy lace-work, bridal garments;  
Turquoise sky, a ring for these.

Comforting, beloved, caressing,  
Soothing all who need your aid  
With your sweet harmonious whispers  
And the magic of your shade.

Like some grand dame, tall and stately  
Who, though fashioned to command,  
Stoops to soothe away a sorrow,  
Are the pine trees of our land.

Earth seems very near to heaven  
Through the vista of these trees,  
And methinks the notes of Angels  
Mingle with the summer breeze.



## WHY SUMMER GIRLS ARE FICKLE

---

Love was weary and needed rest,  
So, building for himself a nest,  
    Into it crept.  
He had worked all winter and fall;  
"Slain his thousands" at dinner and ball—  
    Now he slept.

One day his brother crept along,  
Hushed on his lips his merry song—  
    For Love slept.  
Stole his arrows and stole his bow;  
When "Sir Fancy" was ready to go—  
    Off he crept.

At the seashore, on the mountain,  
By the stream and splashing fountain,  
    Vigil kept.  
Where sojourned a youth and maiden,  
'There his quiver he 'd unladen—  
    Never slept.

Made them think he was his brother,  
Told them to "Love one another,"  
    Then he leapt  
High with wild glee, while summer girls,  
All sunburned cheeks and blowing curls,  
    Their tryst kept.

This is why the Love-of-Summer  
Changes for the latest comer—

Cupid slept!

When he wakes—you could not blame him  
(*Fancy* has done much to shame him)

If he wept.

## HE WILL RETURN

---

The time seems long, Dear Heart, since our good-  
bye!

The tears were very near, though eyes were dry.

But oh, this lesson is so hard to learn!

To master it I 'm striving and praying!

All the while an inner voice keeps saying,

“He will return—some day, he will return!”

Ah me! without those blessed words of cheer

My life would darker be and very drear.

To hopeful thoughts as to the sun I turn.

When we our parts have learned, and how to bear

What now sees dark—but that day will be clear!

Then you 'll return! Ah, then you will return!

Your gladsome step proclaims your heart is light.

So keep it, dear—I 'd have you ever bright,

Though I must wait and patient be and yearn—

Still, let us strive Dear Heart, to nobler be,

Ere that glad day when you will come to me.

Thank God, thank God—you will one day re-  
turn!



## THE LIGHT IN OLD ST. PHILIP'S

---

High up in old St. Philip's,  
Between the earth and sky,  
A beacon-light shines clear and bright  
To tell the passers by

Of a haven safe and peaceful.  
Ships enter there by night  
If at their helm a captain stands  
Whose eye is on the light.

The crew may be weary  
From trips to distant lands;  
But they reach the harbor safely  
Heeding their chief's commands.

They have longed for the land  
Where dwell their loved people  
'Neath the light which shines from  
Old St. Philip's steeple.

It welcomes the stranger  
By the light of its beams  
To find a home where breezes blow  
Soft as summer night dreams.

This light, like word of God,  
Travels o'er land and sea,  
And calls to those who are weary  
And wrecked: "Come unto Me!"

Storm-tossed souls find comfort,  
And ships seek harbor there,  
Where the beacon light shines so bright  
From o'er the House of Prayer.

It calls us to worship,  
Guards those fallen asleep.  
'Neath that gold cross lie those whose loss  
The South had cause to weep!

Shine forth, Starry Beacon!  
Shed light o'er sea and land;  
Say to the saint and the sinner,  
"Your help is close at hand."

## LOVE AND DEATH.

---

Oh, dearest, could I but keep you here!  
You, far dearer to me than life is dear.  
Why are my arms so strong for the fight  
If they cannot hold you from Death to-night?

Why is my tongue so ready with praise  
If it cannot lengthen by one your days?  
What is my love? And how can I pray,  
When I feel that you are slipping away?

What is a man, when he cannot keep  
The wife of his heart from her last long sleep?  
Stay with me, sweetheart, comrade, and friend—  
Merciful God! Oh! can this be the end?

I loosen my hold, and lay you down—  
For me is the cross, for you is the crown.  
Oh, woe is a man, when he cannot keep  
The love of his life from her last long sleep!



## DROP 'O MERCY

---

“Drop of mercy in the cup,”  
So we call our baby.  
Just because he don't kick up—  
Nowhere hurts him, maybe.

He is such a jolly boy,  
Spends his time a-cooing.  
Rosy fist his dearest toy—  
Hear him now a-gooing!

“Drop of mercy in the cup”  
Full to overflowing.  
When he wants a bite or sup  
Just lies there a-crowing!

God used sunshine, pure and fine—  
Caught the sunbeams, maybe;  
Mixed them well with smiles divine,  
Then turned out this baby.

“Drop of mercy in the cup”  
Which we thought o'erflowing—  
I could almost eat him up  
While he lies there growing.

He is such a blessed joy  
We are proud to claim him;  
“Drop 'o Mercy, Little Boy,”  
That is how we name him.

## THE MELODIOUS PINES

---

*Oh, the soughing and the bowing  
Of the tall pine trees!  
How they whisper high above us  
In the soft South breeze!*

What the words they sing, we know not,  
Whether welcome or good-bye;  
But to ears attuned to hear it  
'Tis the sweetest lullaby.

As a child I sat beneath them  
Building castles in the air,  
And my life stretched out before me  
Like a landscape, bright and fair.

As a youth I led the darling  
Of my heart beneath their shade;  
For there as little children we  
Together oft had played.

And I told her there the story  
Of a love sincere and true;  
And away up 'mong the branches  
The pine trees whispered too.

I am sure they murmured blessings  
With each nod of stately head.  
Oh, they made the sweetest music  
On the night that we were wed!



I would go to rest at evening  
That when daylight softly dies  
I might fall asleep and rest me,  
Soothed by their lullabies.

They will whisper, as a mother  
Croons beside her child at rest;  
And will shed their shining needles  
As a covering for my breast.

When my best beloved have left me,  
And the pines alone remain,  
They will murmur, whispering softly,  
Sweet and low, their sad refrain.

*Oh, the souging and the bowing  
Of the tall pine trees!  
How they whisper, high above us  
In the soft South breeze!*



## TWO POINTS OF VIEW

---

“How horribly empty the streets are!”  
Said May with a cross little frown.  
“Wish I ’d known there ’d be nobody out—  
There seems not a creature in town!”

“*I* thought it a glorious evening!  
And the street seemed crowded to me,”  
Said Bess, with a smile and happy look.  
“All were there whom I wanted to see!”

Yes, *here* was exactly the difference—  
The *street* was the same to the two,  
But one saw “*Someone*,” and one did *not*—  
Which altered their point of view.

## THE LAND OF BUMBYE

---

When we all were little children,  
In the old plantation days,  
How we loved our dear old Mauma,  
With her quaint, persuasive ways.

I can see her, brown and wrinkled,  
Turbaned head and eagle eye.  
Hear her answer to our pleadings  
For more dainties, "Wait—Bumbye."

I can smell those roast potatoes  
Soft and sweet; and to our cry  
"Just one more," can hear her answer,  
"Dahlin,' wait until Bumbye."

Or perhaps it was a pleasure  
Oft' postponed by cloudy sky;  
Then she 'd cheer us with the promise,  
"Sun is sure to shine Bumbye."

Beauteous stories she would tell us,  
With the pine blaze leaping high.  
All about Brer Wolf, Brer Rabbit,  
Tar baby; and then, Bumbye

She would tuck her little nestlings  
In their beds, and sit close by,  
Chanting hymns, sweet and melodious,  
Of the Land we 'll reach "Bumbye."

Dear old Mauma! tender memories  
Flood my heart, and fill my eye,  
And I trust we 'll meet in Heaven,  
In the fair Land of "Bumbye."



## CUPID'S TRICK

---

Go away! you naughty Cupid,  
For you can not enter here,  
I am happy and contented  
And your cruel darts I fear.

Take away your bow and arrows,  
Do not pierce me with your dart;  
Well I know your tricks, Dan Cupid—  
Stop that knocking at my heart.

No—you need not stand there waiting,  
Locked my heart and lost the key.  
What! you bring one that will fit it!  
Where 'd you find it? Let me see.

You are “weary, sick, and footsore,”  
Come in then and I will try  
By my arts to heal and rest you,  
Then we two must say “Good-by.”

What! “Too late!” You naughty Cupid!  
'T is by aid of magic art  
You have grown from elf to giant,  
Filling every inch of heart.

You deceived me, naughty Cupid!  
Farewell now to “Peace and Rest,”  
For to these I 'll be a stranger  
While *you* dwell within my breast.

## A WOMAN'S PRAYER

---

Guard him, oh God ; no love of mine  
Can shelter him from ill.  
Encircle with Thy grace divine  
And guide him by Thy will.

Send sweetest dreams, and quiet rest  
To calm his troubled mind,  
That he may lean upon Thy breast,  
And peace and comfort find.

Send him Thy strength to evil fight,  
Subdue in him all wrong,  
That in the battle for the right  
His be the victor's song.

Temptations crowd his path by day,  
I would it were not so,  
That in the straight and narrow way  
He might forever go.

My love is powerless and weak ;  
I pray The voice divine  
Will to his heart a message speak  
Of stronger love than mine.

Protect him, guard him, every hour ;  
I leave him in Thy care.  
Thine is the will, and Thine the power ;  
Mine is the earnest prayer.



## INS AND OUTS OF LOVE

---

I 've been called a "capital fellow"  
By men whom I 've known all my life,  
And really, I shared their opinion  
Till I thought of getting a wife.

But now all of this has been altered,  
By neither a fairy nor elf—  
I 'm *in* love with the dearest of women  
And quite *out* of love with myself.

She thinks I am good—Heaven bless her!  
She ne'er made a greater mistake,  
But I swear she never shall know it,  
I 'll *be* what she thinks for her sake.

I know that a "capital fellow"  
Is not always noble and wise;  
Small things look as black as the blackest  
In the light of a pure woman's eyes.

No longer a "capital fellow,"  
By "the boys" I 'm laid on the shelf,  
I 'm *in* love with the dearest of women,  
And am quite *out* of love with myself.



## MY SWEETHEART BOY

---

Oh Sweetheart Boy with sunny curls  
And velvet eyes of softest brown,  
What thoughts run riot in your head?  
And why that funny, puzzled frown?

This world is all so new and strange,  
And grown-ups say such funny things.  
Big words I cannot understand  
That 's why I have such wonderings.

But most of all, I 'm wondering  
Why time won't go any faster,  
And why my birthday does not come?  
Mamma says whene'er I ask her,

“ 'Twill not be long.” I know better.  
I 've waked up lots and lots of days,  
And wondered if 'twas come at last,  
But when I ask Mamma, she says,

“Not yet, my Son, 'twill soon be here.”  
And then I will be four years old—  
(Quite big enough for pants I think!)  
I 've such a secret—Auntie told.

She says I 'll have a party then,  
And can invite the girls and boys  
To eat my cake and see the fun,  
And play around with all my toys.

I think I might 's well have it now,  
For birthdays take too long to come.  
If you will hurry it along  
I 'll cut my cake and give you some.

IN MEMORY OF DR. WM. C. RAVENEL.

---

Gone from earth and its tumult,  
Gone from the earth and its cares;  
Come to the home of the faithful,  
Come to the Hearer of Prayers.

Gone from sorrow and sadness,  
Gone from his sickness and pain;  
Come where good is triumphant,  
Come where death will never reign.

Gone from scenes of his labors,  
Gone from all those whom he healed;  
Come to the land of the blessed,  
Come where life's "whys" are revealed.

Gone from his home of childhood,  
Gone from the town of his love;  
Come to a world of glory,  
Come to his mansion above.

Gone from those who revere him,  
Gone! Noble heart, and true friend;  
Come to reward for his work,  
Come where his joy will not end.

Ours, the sorrow and sadness,  
His, not a tear or a sigh;  
For him, glory and gladness  
True friend, "kind physician," good-by.



## MY STAR

---

To live is to feel thee near me,  
To die is to know thee afar!  
How, loving so, can I fear thee?—  
My beautiful guiding star!

I love thee so that I tremble  
Lest by word or look I offend.  
Oh, it is hard to dissemble,  
And to greet thee as a friend!

My arms are aching to hold thee  
Close, close in a lover's embrace.  
Could they but once more enfold thee,  
Kisses would rain on thy face.

To live is to feel thee near me,  
To die is to know thee afar.  
How, loving so, can I fear thee?  
My beautiful guiding star!

## THE SHEPHERD

---

Upon the mountain, bare and steep,  
The shepherd lives and guards his sheep.  
With well-trained eye he looks around,  
Not satisfied till each is found.

He loves his flock, this lonely man.  
No thought of self one minute can  
Within his mind rest for a space,  
No danger is too great to face

For those he loves so well and true.  
But now he says, "What shall I do?  
For there is in my flock one sheep—  
Poor, foolish thing!—it will not keep

"Within the fold, or do my will.  
The wicked wolves I fear will kill  
My wilful one; and yet, alas!  
No word of mine can hold it fast.

"It will not learn that I know best,  
And seeks its own wild way with zest.  
I know not how to gain its love  
That it may no more wish to rove."

And so the shepherd pondered long,  
And wondered how to right this wrong.  
At last he thought, "A way I 've found.  
When next he wanders to the ground

“By skilful trap I ’ll lay him low ;  
But not to leave him there, oh, no !  
For then with tender care and skill  
I ’ll nurse him back to life, until

“He loves me well, and knows that I  
To save his life would dare to die.”  
The plan worked well, and now this sheep  
Loves near his shepherd’s side to keep.

So when *we* seek our own wild way  
And do *our* will from day to day,  
Without one thought of God’s dear love,  
He stoops from His great throne above,

Wisely sending griefs and losses  
His love to prove. Heaviest crosses  
Are by His help not hard to bear,  
He comes our *every* grief to share.

Who would not choose a cross if He  
O’er darkened paths might walk with thee?  
Thou words of comfort sweet will say,  
And hold our hands o’er roughest way.



## HER FIRST PROPOSAL

---

“Will you marry me?” he asked her,  
While his heart beat faster and faster—  
“Will you marry me, I say?  
If you will, then name the day.”

“Are you rich?” she naively asked him—  
Yes, unblushingly she asked him.—  
“Why, I ’ve heaps and heaps of money,  
To spend on you, my Honey.”

“Are you old?” the sweet voice queried.  
And in tones a little wearied  
(Though he strove to make them merry),  
He replied, “Not so very.”

With a wisdom all unwonted,  
With a courage all undaunted,  
Though it was her first proposal,  
She asked, ere her disposal,

If these two things he possessed—  
Youth and money. As for the rest,  
*That* the future would soon unfold,  
To be paid for with his gold.

“Well, if your riches with you stay,  
Perhaps I ’ll marry you some day—  
You know you must not get too old.”  
Seemed she somewhat over bold?

“Fools and children always speak the truth,”  
And she was not a fool, forsooth!  
Sometimes Cupid plays daring tricks—  
*He* was forty, *she*, was six.

## LOVE 'S NOT LOST

---

Love is not lost, it cannot be  
That so much love has gone from me.  
It waits me there on that far shore  
To greet me first as I pass o'er  
The dark river which flows between  
This sad world and the great Unseen.  
From Death to Life we all must pass,  
Then why with doubts and fears harass  
Our living here? For He who guides  
Our lives through wild and rugged tides  
Will lead us through to find a store  
Of deathless love on that far shore.



## MEMORIAL DAY

---

Why these wreaths, and why these crosses?  
Why these palms and evergreens?  
Why this solemn calm which lingers  
O'er the usual busy scenes?

Who these men with noble faces,  
Tired eyes, and shoulders bent?  
Who these women, youths, and maidens,  
Pressing on with one intent?

What the spot at which they gather?  
Whose the graves the flowers dress?  
Are they those of men victorious  
Who have won in war and stress?

Palms—the tree of Carolina.  
Crosses mark the Christian's breast.  
Evergreens—are for remembrance;  
Wreaths—to crown the hero's rest.

And "The solemn calm which lingers?"  
Memory is that Spirit's name;  
Memory of the men who perished,  
Men of high and glorious aim.

Who, to save their homes and country,  
Gladly down their lives they laid;  
Followers of Lee and Jackson,  
Men courageous, unafraid.

Should we not their memory honor?  
Little 'tis our debt to pay  
To the men who starved and fought on  
In their suits of ragged gray.

These were blest—for Death in kindness  
Closed their eyes, and in their slumbers  
They were saved the bitter knowledge  
Of the overwhelming numbers.

These old “men with noble faces”  
Are their brothers in the fight,  
They are here to pay their tribute  
Ere the falling of the night.

Each year fewer are the numbers  
Who come forth in suits of gray.  
Silent sleepers! Living heroes!  
This is your Memorial Day.

Youths and maidens, men and women,  
Consecrate this day to you—  
Honored thus, in doing honor—  
To the brave, the great, the true.



## CHILDREN OF YESTERDAY.

---

Empty the nest whence birds have flown,  
Silent the house, with children grown:  
Memory brings their step on the stair  
Their childish mirth again to my ear.

I think they are children once more  
Seeking their mother as of yore;  
Instead of mending a broken cart  
I must pour balm on a wounded heart.

Youthful sorrows are hard to bear  
And I must heal, with loving care.  
My dear little girls of yesterday  
Have thrown their dollies and toys away,

And yet, to me the days seem few  
Since these were treasures fresh and new.  
There are other games these grown-ups play,  
These lads and lassies of yesterday.

Time steals our children one by one,  
His work of change is never done.  
The lambs Christ gathers into His fold  
Are the only ones who grow not old.

Sons are manly, daughters are sweet,  
But I miss the sound of baby feet.  
Empty the nest whence the birds have flown;  
Silent the house with the children grown.



## A CRY FOR HELP

---

It will not matter in the years to come,  
This cruel pain which doth my heart benumb,  
And hurts the more because my lips are dumb!

It will not matter then; but, Saviour mine,  
Help me to bear it now; in love divine  
Send me Thy peace—all blessed gifts are Thine.

It will not matter that my pain was great  
When low I lie in death's majestic state.  
But help me now, dear Lord, my grief abate!

## “LIKE JESUS ”

---

“I am going to be like Jesus.”  
What promise could sweeter be  
Than this, which my little darlings  
Have earnestly made to me?  
I was telling of Jesus the baby,  
Of Jesus the little child,  
How *He* never, never quarreled,  
That His tones were soft and mild.

That He loved His mother dearly,  
That he never pained her heart,  
When Jeannie, the “blue-eyed baby,”  
Said low, as her sweet lips part,  
“I am going to be like Jesus.”  
The words to me musical seem,  
May they be forever her motto  
As she stems Life’s turbulent stream!

My brown-eyed boy echoes sweetly,  
“I mean to be like Him too,  
And I ’ll always think of Jesus  
In *each* little thing I do.”  
I am sure God heard their promise  
And has helped them all the day;  
For He who guardeth the sparrows  
*Must* hear what His wee ones say.



## THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE

---

From every home in the sweet Southland  
Went a soldier lad, at his heart's command,  
To fight in a cause both true and just,  
To conquer or die—as a hero must.

With a kiss, a smile, a word of cheer  
To those who at parting were doubly dear;  
A song on his lips, his head held high—  
In such a cause he was ready to die.

But victory first! 'Twas his earnest prayer  
To reach the front, and to do battle there;  
To see his own flag triumphantly wave—  
Though its folds should fly o'er his open grave.

The hardships of war he bravely bore,  
And proudly the shabby gray suit he wore.  
'Twas the only color on earth for him—  
Not hunger or thirst could his spirits dim.

With every fight hope sprang up anew;  
For he felt that the cause he loved was true,  
And surely the God who brave men led  
Would help and guide them if living or dead.

Sometimes they won; and then hope ran high;  
Again they lost, but still hope would not die.  
They were privates, and theirs to obey—  
Not theirs to command or lead in the fray.



Theirs to endure, and follow and fight;  
And to know that the cause they loved was right.  
So to the end they followed and fought,  
With patriotism which could not be bought.

Hungry and thirsty, foot-sore and lame,  
They fought for their country, nor thought of  
fame.

Their names are written, with those who led,  
In a great country's heart—the brave Confed.





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