

No. 17. MY HEART IS BUT A HARP.

My heart is but a harp,
Where play the melody that is thy will;
It beats but at thy slightest spoken word,
And at thy bidding it is still.

Oh, happiest am I
When, idly straying o'er the quiv'ring strings,
Thy fingers wake the harp's unspoken sound,
And tuned to thine ear it sings.

The instrument is thine,
Where play with all a lover's tender art;
But speak me loving words, vibrates
Responsive all my gladdened heart!

But gentle are the cords,
And must be wooed by words most softly spoken;
If rude the touch, or harsh the bitter word,
Lo, the silver cord is broken.

Whate'er the melody,
To thee is left the sanctity of choice;
Then guard thy tongue, for in my heart forever
Will dwell the echo of thy voice.

Hoquiam, Washington.

GENIE CLARK POMEROY.

No. 18. CALIFORNIA.

The old Pacific harshly calls to Mendocino's shore,
But sighs at Santa Barbara's feet his love song o'er and o'er;
The giant redwoods greeting send to orange, fig and lime,
And Siskiyou holds out a cup for wine of Anaheim.

Proud Shasta's snow-crowned head looks out to St. Helena's base,
Where Napa's vine-wrought glory smiles in fair Sonoma's face;
Mt. Hamilton reads reverently the mysteries of the skies,
Where San Jose's wide valley-sweep in fruited richness lies.

Armed Alcatraz stands sentinel beside the Golden Gate,
Beyond whose portals Farallones like threatening spectres wait;
The commerce of the world steals by, unchallenged, day by day,
But Tamalpais counts every ship in San Francisco bay.

Across the San Joaquin's broad reach of vines and waving wheat
The old Sierras pour their gold to San Diego's feet;
And northern pine and southern palm woo sea winds from the west,
While over all a spirit broods of romance and unrest.

The rose entwines the orange tree, the sea winds rock the pines,
And wheat sheaves lift their golden heads amid the clustering vines;
The latest glow of sunset still enfolds them evermore,
While strength and beauty stand hand-clasped upon the western shore.

San Jose, California.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

No. 19. A HIDDEN HAND.

The heart of earth, the pulse of man
Beat to one common chord. Again
Tis music sweet—that majesty
Of life, when, not perverted, man
Takes his steps aright to one grand
Life march, towards that goal, the sure
Reward of him who can detect,
In all the universe around,
The hand of that great Chorister,
Who has so wisely well composed
The proper Hymn of Life; and plain
Marks out the rhythm, that certainly
The man, who will but see, may step
In time, and be led home at last.

Seattle, Washington.

WILL TAMLIN ELWELL.

No. 20. WASTED.

Not time, that sacred heritage to all;
For in the cycles that have passed away,
I can not count me one lost, idle day,
Nor opportunity; to fate's most meager gift
I have been eager heart and hand to lift.
What waste could then my faithful life befall?

A cheek whose roses bloomed for eyes so blind
They did not see they were the rarest kind;
Words that the world had listened for for years,
Falling unanswered on the dullest ears;
A heart worn out—as fond as ever beat,
Its wine of life spilled at unworthy feet;
A soul so tortured, as years come and go,
Its wasted treasure God alone can know.

Laytonville, California.

ANNA MORRISON REED.

No. 21. OCCIDENTAL SEAS.

Occidental seas of amure,
Dimpled as the face of pleasure,
Swaying wide in dreamy measure,
Smiling o'er your hoarded treasure—
Yours the tender, low refrain,
Yours the gift to banish pain.

Seas of peace, engulf my sorrow;
Your deep calm, O, let me borrow;
Drown this ceaseless vain regretting;
Speed and memory's forgetting;
Shine and shut out all my woes;
Dazzle eyes that fain would close.

Seas of rest, cease not your flowing,
Slowly coming, slowly going;
Slumber's spell keep gently weaving;
Soon shall sleep the useless grieving;
Soul of mine, take now thine ease,
By these Occidental seas!

Santa Barbara, California.

JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

No. 22. MY LOVED ONE.

To think of him, my loved one, and to trace
His smile—which no time can efface
From my heart's tablets; then, when he is gone,
Memory of him doth cheer me when alone:
To see him smile, to watch his speaking eye
Gazing into mine, as if it asked reply;
To know his voice amid a hundred 'round,
And feel this beating heart respond the sound.

To lean confiding on his arm, and know
If danger threatens 'twill avert the blow;
To listen for his footsteps, and to hear
My own heart beat with love and doubt and fear;
To hear, at last, his step, and rise to greet
The one my heart yearns fondly thus to meet;
To think of him when absent, and to pray
For grace to guide him over life's rough way.

To hear him praised for deeds of goodness done;
To see him envied, and to know I've won
His pure, fond love, and that whate'er betide,
In weal or woe, my place is at his side;
To love him better in misfortune's hour
Than in his youthful prime, his day of power;
To feel, though fortune frowns, though friends forsake,
Though sorrows overwhelm, I for his sake
Can smile at fate, and cheer and bless his lot—
The world forgetting, if by the world forgot.

Leadville, Colorado.

RUTH WARD KAHN.

No. 23. THE DEAD ARE MINE.

The dead are mine!
They're all that I may claim of friends so dear;
Their presence oft is with me, fain to cheer,
And I resign
My heart's devotion to them without fear;
The dead are mine.

The dead are mine!
The living, though I claim, I am not sure;
Other affections, wealth or fame allure,
Their hearts incline
These different treasures to secure,
Forsaking mine.

The dead are mine!
The infants on my bosom I did nourish
Are flown, and others round them flourish,
Their home's not mine;
The babe that in my yearning arms did perish
Alone is mine.

The dead are mine!
Oh, I have friends so dear who in death slumber,
Child, parent, brothers, kindred beyond number;
My heart's their shrine.
The living, by my woes, I may encumber,
The dead are mine.

The dead are mine!
Why weep I, then, when they so sweetly rest,
Free from life's cares, by which my soul's distressed?
Yet not repine,
The Savior in the tomb did three days rest;
He, too, is mine.

McMinnville, Oregon.

IRENE SMITH CALBREATH.