

REQUESTS FOR AND COPIES OF "OLD FAVORITES" PILE HIGH

Contributors Urged Not to Be Impatient, as It Takes Three Weeks at Least After Receipt to Publish Poems.

Requests and contributions for the old favorite poem page have piled up in such great number that it is impossible, as a rule, for a contribution to be run within from two to three weeks after it has been received, as space is limited to a single page.

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children. But their subtle suggestion is fairer: Rare is the rosebud of dawn, But the secret that clasps it is rarer: Sweet the exultance of song, But the strain that precedes it is sweeter.

Never a daisy that grows But a mystery gudgeth the growing; Never a river that flows But a majesty scepter the flowing; Never a Shakespeare that soars But a stronger than he did unfold him, Nor ever a prophet foretells But a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs The painter is hinted and hidden; Into the statue that breathes The soul of the sculptor is bidden; Under the joy that is felt Lie the infinite issues of feeling; Crowning the glory stands the giving; Is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, But that which is symbol'd is greater; Vast the create an behold; But vaster the inward creator; Back of the sound broods the silence, Back of the gift stands the giving; Back of the hand that receives Thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, The deed is outdone by the doing; The heart of the wooer is warm, But warmer the heart of the wooing; And up from the pits where these shiver Twin voices and shadows swim starward, And the essence of life is divine.

THE FIRE FIEND.

Hark! hark! o'er the city alarm bells ring out. Cling, cling! Fire! Fire! each tone seems to shout. "Come on," cries a voice, "there is work to be done."

Just see the smoke roll, while the flames leap about; Unroll the hose, quick; pull to the tank, boys; Make fast the steamer now! Listen to its noise. There go the water jets high in the air! Dash them out higher! higher! flames everywhere!

But stay! A wild cry rises loud o'er the din. A woman is shrieking, "My child sleeps within! Help! help! can ye stand, oh, men, here and see A little child die, yet do nothing for me?"

"Be calm," cried a fireman, young, sturdy and brave. "I die in yon flames or your child will die in a sea! Ho! ladders, quick! quick! hoist them up to the wall— Now, steady! God help me! Oh, what a glance up to heaven, one short prayer he spoke, Sprang up and was hidden by darkness and smoke."

On her knees sank the mother, lips moving in prayer. While fear sent a thrill through the crowd gathered there. Breathless silence prevailed, none speaking a word. While puffs from the engine alone could be heard. All eyes remained fixed on the window above. Where last stood a hero whom angels might love.

"Will he ever come back?" No sound in reply. Save the Fire Fiend's laugh, as he leaps up so high. Catching windows and doors, woodwork, lintel and all. While "burn with all speed" seems his conquering call. "Spare nothing, speed onward! In this I delight! Two victims are mine! I am king here tonight!"

Not so! Oh, not so! for mid joy-speak-ing cheers A fireman with child on the ladder appears; Blackened, yet safe, he descends to the ground. Gives the babe to its mother, then looks calmly round. "Thank God that he gave me the strength this to do!"

"We will," cried a voice, "but we also thank you!" The fireman rushed by on his merciless path; At losing his victims he seemed full of wrath. He sputtered and hissed his unceasing reproof. Until, with a crash, inward tumbled the roof. Then, mid water and work, mid laughter and shout. The Fiend slunk away and the fire was out.

The name of the author of the following is requested by the contributor: MY LESSON. I told a secret it wasn't much For a little girl to tell; I only told it, forty and low, To my intimate schoolmate, Belle.

But the silly secret grew and grew, And all around it spread, Until at last it was hard to find The thing I had really said. And when I sat in mamma's lap, With all my troubles told, She said "was the 'matter great' that grew From the 'little fire' of old."

So I learned a lesson well that night Before I went to bed, And mamma gave me a rule to keep, And this is what she said: "The only way is never to say A word that can offend; Not even close to the listening ear Of the dearest intimate friend."

The accompanying poem was written by Richard Reas, an eccentric genius who committed suicide in Oakland, Cal., soon after its composition in 1872. I have always regarded it in the light of a poetic gem, inspired by a mind wonderful in its mystic resources.—Horace Stevens.

The Soldier's Dream

(Among the songs of half a century ago, none was more popular nor more widely sung than this beautiful lyric by Thomas Campbell. Its sweet melody has been a lullaby that will be remembered by many whose hair has long since turned to gray. For the copy here used we are indebted to Mrs. M. T. O'Connell.)



Our bugle sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered, And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky; And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered, The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain, At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

I thought of the battlefield's dreadful array, Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track; 'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft In life's morning march, when my bosom was young; I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft, And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore From my home and my weeping friends never to part; My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er, And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! rest!—thou art weary and worn!" And faint was their war-broken soldier to stay— But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn, And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

MY LONE ROCK BY THE SEA.

O, tell me not the woods are fair. Now Spring is on her way, For well I know how high there in joy the young leaves play. How sweet on winds of morn or eve The violet's breath may be, Yet ask—yet woo me not to leave My lone rock by the sea.

The wild waves thunder on the shore. The curlew's restless cries Unto my watching heart are more Than all earth's melodies. Come back, my ocean rover, come. There's but one spot for me Till I can greet thy swift sail home, My lone rock by the sea.

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust!" Here the youthful and the old. Here the fearful and the bold. Here the uncaring and the kind. In one silent bed are laid; Here the vassal and the king Side by side lie withering; Here the sword and scimitar rust; "Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

Only eight pounds to hold a soul That seeks no angel's silver wing, But shrines it in this human guise Within so small and frail a thing! All shall with these sleepers sleep: Here I fall; Summer's sun or Winter's storm, Song of peace or battle's roar, Ne'er shall break their slumbers more; Hither shall the burning terrors meet; "Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

"The Boy and the Butterfly," from McGuffey's old Fourth Reader, is sent us by R. E. Harbison, of Hillsboro: THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY. Truant boy, with laughing eye, In her flight from bud to flower, Wasting many a precious hour; This is a chase of idle joy, Happy, thoughtless truant boy!

Thou hast left thy playmates, laid "Neath the beech tree's leafy shade, Sheltered from the hour of noon. And the burning skies of June; What are hours or skies to thee, Joyous type of liberty?" Pause! Thy foot hath touch'd the brink, Where the water lilies drink Moisture from the silent stream. Glistening in the sunny beam; Truant, pause! or else the wave May thy future idling save!

Now pursue the painted thing! See, she drops her velvet wing! Tired, she rests on yonder rose; Soon thy eager chase will close; Stretch thy hand! it is thine own! Ask she flies; thy treasure's gone!

"Lulu's Complaint," requested several weeks ago by one of our readers, is contributed by Lloyd Reed, of Stella, Wash. LULU'S COMPLAINT. I'm a poor, little sorrowful baby, For Bidget is 'way down 'tairs, My titten has scratched my finger, And Dolly won't say her prayers.

"The Lone Rock by the Sea" was almost a popular with readers as "Lost on the Lady Elgin." Copies were received from Mrs. Sellers, Mr. Brain, Mrs. E. M. Meeds, of Gladstone; Dr. P. Francis Gunster, of Portland; Mrs. M. E. Walker, of Bandon; Mrs. E. E. Baker, of Portland; Emaline Olsen, of other selections, sends in "What a Little Girl Heard": I just ran away to the buttercup lot When mamma told me I better not. And a little brown birdie, up in a tree, As true as you live, kept a-saying to me, "Naughty! May I ran away?"

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SEASIDE; HALLIE J. HILLS, OF PORTLAND; MRS. R. H. JAY, OF EUGENE, AND OTHERS.

Did he listen and looked; it was only the cat; But the Bishop he grew more fearful black. For she sat screaming, mad with fear, At the army of rats that were drawing near.

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STANDING ALONE.

"The baby is standing all 'loneley,'" The children about in their glee— And father and mother and auntie And mama and baby come and see. So baby—the cute little darling!— Is put through the wonderful feat, And fondled and kissed and commended For being so smart and sweet.

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THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S WALLS.

God first, and earth last! For who's better role than this? If thou dost wish the work thou hast To be a masterpiece, lightly given, Then, bending o'er their sleeping forms, We kiss our boys good night.

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