POEMS FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ARE DESIRED MOST

Moriarty, of Lebanon, and Miss Dora How is it with me at the end of the Nettleblad, of Aberdeen, which were received too late for acknowledgement

We are also indebted to Mrs. M. A Wheeler, of Tillamook, for a copy of "Oh, Be Not the First," which recently requested. From Miss Bernice Jones, of Silverton, and Mrs. Metta Benefiel, of Banks, we received copies of "After the Ball" too late for recognition last week, and we are also in debted to Kathleen Parmeter for "Fall-en Leaf," who requests "The Church Across the Way" and 'Little Sister

and I."

We have received a request from the principal of a school for the publication as soon as possible of selections about Washington and Lincoln, which can be used in the public school pro-grammes in celebration of the anni-versaries of those great men. It will be too late to devote a page to Lincoin poems, but we shall be glad to give space to poems suitable for Washington's birthday, if such copies are received in the coming week.

Daniel Webster, of Salem, sends us a copy of "Lorena," but this has been reprinted already on this page. Similarly we have received a copy of

larly we have received a copy of "Somebody's Darling," which we have already printed, from G. C. Kissell,
Mrs. A. L. Applewhite, of Willamina.

sent copies of "The House By the Side of the Road" and "The Barefoot Boy," both of which have been printed. Edith Weidman of Eagle Point, sent a copy of "Sweet Marie," which was recently used, and we had a copy of "Papa's Letter," from Mrs. Barbara Robertson.

E. Cavanaugh, of Edgewood, California, sent "The Three which was recently requested and re-The Sunlight Is Beautiful, Mother"

has been sent in by Mrs. H. M. Par-ham, of Grants Pass, Mrs. Wheeler, of Tilliamook, and Mrs. B. R. Wolfe. The latter also sends "A Flower From My Angel Mother's Grave," which was re-

M. B. Zumwalt, of Portland, sends a copy of "The Sunlight Is Beautiful," raprinted elsewhere. We also receive from the same contributor the following crude and jovial old nonsense bal-

THE CALIFORNIA HUNTER, was on one Monday morning Just at the fall of snow, I picked up my gun, sir, And into the woods did go. Kind providence attended me I chanced upon some deer; I tracked them through the sand, sir,

and into the water so clear. I loaded up my gun, sir, And into the water did go; I fired off my gun, sir.
Like cannons they did roar.
Kind providence attended meI chanced for to kill one.

rest they bristled up, sir, ad at me they did come. I, being a resolute soldier, Determined to go through. I flew all up in a passion; naked sword I drew, out of ten 1 killed fifteen, The rest they ran away, As I came out of the water, Just as you've heard me say.

When I came out of the water The deer they all had fled; I peeped up over the mountain top And scarce could see one's head, I bent my gun in a circle
And shot around the hill,
And out of four and twenty Four score or more did I kill,

A-gathering up my venison, All on the mountain high, I stepped aboard of the sun, sir, As she went passing by, She carried me over the salt sea lakes And over the rolling tide: The stars they carried m So merrily I did ride.

She chanced to give a whirl, And as I could stick no longer I fell in another whirl. Kind providence attended me— I chanced upon the moon, And in the speed of one-half of a day

The money that I got for My venisons and skins, I stacked it into my forty-foot barn-One-half of it wouldn't go in. Come, now, fill up the bowl, boys, I'm getting very dry, If you believe one-half that I've told You'll believe one hell of a lie.

From Cottage Grove we have re ceived a collection of old poems, with no contributor's name given. Ame them is "Which Shall It Be?" wh reprinted several months ago, 'Measuring Baby" is also included. and we reprint it herewith. MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby Against the cottage wall. A fily grew at the threshold, And the boy was just as tall; A royal tiger lily, With spots of purple and gold, And a heart like a jeweled chalice The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the bluebirds whistled, And to and fro at the window The red rose rocked her And the wee, pink fists of the baby Were never a moment still, Snatching at shine and shadow

That danced on the lattice His eyes were wide as bluebells,

His mouth like a flower unblown Two little bare feet like funny white mice Peeped out from his snowy gown; And we thought with a thrill of rap

ture, That yet had a touch of pain, When June rolls around with We'll measure the boy again."

Ah me! In a darkened chamber With the sunshine shut away, tears that fell like bitter rain.

We measured the boy today; And the little bare feet that were dimpled.
And sweet as a budding rose,

Lay side by side together, in the hush of a long repose, Up from the dainty pillow,

White as the risen dawn, he fair little face lay smiling, With the light of heaven thereon. And the dear little hands like rose Dropped from a rose, lay still, Never to snatch at the sunshine

That crept to the shrouded sill. We measured the sleeping baby, With ribbons white as snow, For the shining rosewood casket That waited him below; And out of the darkened chamber.

We went with a childless moan, o the light of the sinless angels Our little one had grown.

Is pride in my heart and is peace in

my breast?

Can I sit in the darkness and honestly That in all of my acts I have tried for the best-That if profits have come to me, little or great wronged one may think of me treasuring hate?

Can I turn at the end of the day and be glad
That no one is poorer for aught I
have done—
That no one has reason to curse or be sad The days rolled on, and the weeks be

Because of a triumph that I may have won? Can I go to my bed with the peace in my heart That is his who has acted the praise worthy part

Can I gaze at the stars when the And say, as if God was consenting to hear, That no one tonight will be robbed of

sweet sleep Because I have won a success which was dear?
Have I crushed no fair hope, nor spread grief on the way? it with me at the end of the How is

THE CLOWN'S BABY. BY MARGARET VANDERGRIFT. It was on the Western frontler; The miners, rugged and brown, Were gathered around the posters;

The circus had come to town! The great tent shone in the darkness, Like a wonderful palace of light, And rough men crowded the entrance Shows didn't come every night.

Not a woman's face among them; Many a face that was bad, And some that were only vacant, And some that were very sad; And behind a canvas curtain, In a corner of the place, The clown, with chalk and vermillion, Was "making up" his face.

weary-looking woman, With a smile that still was sweet, ewed on a little garment, With a cradle at her feet. Pantaloon stood ready and waiting, It was time for the going on, But the clown in vain searched wildly,

He murmured, impatiently hunting: "It's strange I cannot find— There! I've looked in every corner; It must have been left behind!" The miners were stamping and shout-

The "property baby" was gone!

They were not patient men, The clown bends over the cradle-"I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered, But trouble and want was near; She lifted her baby gently: "You'll be very careful, dear?" "Careful? You foolish darling-" How tenderly it was said, What a smile broke through the chalk and paint-"I love each hair of his head."

The noise rose into an uproar, Misrule for the time was king; The clown, with a foolish chuckle, Bolted into the ring. But as, with squeak and flourish, The fiddles closed their tune, "You'll hold him as if he were made of glass?"

Said the clown to the pantaloon. The jovial fellow nodded: "I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you! Old fellow, go ahead! And not one of all the crowd Had guessed that the baby was alive. When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! It was echoed From the benches with a ring, nd the roughest customer there sprang up With: "Boys, it's the real thing!" The ring was jammed in a minute, Not a man that did not strive shot at holding the baby." The baby that was "allve!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors, In the midst of the dusty ring; And he held his court right royally-The fair little baby king-Till one of the shouting courtlers,
A man with a bold hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country, And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder, And chuckled: "Look at that!" As the chubby fingers clutched his hair, Then: "Boys, hand round the hat. There never was such a hatful Of silver, and gold, and notes: People are not always penniless Because they don't wear coats.

And then: "Three cheers for the baby!" I tell you those cheers were meant; And the way in which they were given Was enough to raise the tent And then there was a sudden slience, And a gruff old miner said: boys, enough of this rumpus. It's time it was put to bed.'

So, looking a little sheepish, But with faces strangely bright, The audience somewhat lingeringly Flocked out into the night; And the bold-faced leader chuckled: 'He wasn't a bit afraid! He's as game as he is good looking; Boys, that was a show that paid." -Contributed by Ruth Luce.

Mrs. Mona Porter, of Roseburg, sends the following, recently requested:

O, BE NOT THE FIRST. O, be not the first to discover A blot on the name of a friend, A flaw in the faith of a lover.

We none of us know one another And oft into error we fall, So let us speak well of each other Or speak not at all.

How often the smile of gladness Is worn by a friend we meet To cover a heart full of sadness Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the friends we love dearest Their noblest actions conceal, And bosoms the purest, sincerest, Have secrets they cannot reveal.

How often the sigh of dejection Is heard from the hypocrite's breast, To parody truth and affection Or lull a suspicion to rest,

We none of us know one another And oft into error we fail, So let us speak well of each other

Our little one had grown.

To the Editor—I thought you might be interested in the following poem.

James A. Wood sends from Salem the following poem written on the back of a five-hundred dollar Confederate note. Published is Mary Alice Ogden contributes "The world with the following poem written on the back of a five-hundred dollar Confederate note. Published is Sunlight Is Beautiful, Mother," and

A CONFEDERATE NOTE.

Representing nothing on God's earth now.

And naught in the water below it.

As a pledge of the Nation that's dead and gone, Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear To the tale that this paper can tell, Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream— Of the storm-cradled Nation that fell

Too poor to possess the precious ores row, We issued today our promise to pay. And hoped to redeem on the morrow

came years, But our coffers were empty still; Coin was so rare that the Treasury quaked If a dollar should drop in the till. But the faith that was in us was

strong, indeed,
And our poverty well discerned;
And these little checks represented the That our suffering volunteers earned

We knew it had hardly a value in gold, Vet as gold our soldiers received it; It gazed in our eyes with a promise to And each patriot soldier believed it

But our boys thought little of price or

From the birth of its dream to the last: Modest, and born of the angel Hope, Like the hope of success it passed.

"The Forty-Acre Farm" is another inclosure in the list sent by an unknown Cottage Grove contributor. THE FORTY-ACRE FARM. I'm thinking, wife, of Neighbor Jones that man of stalwart arm;

He lives in peace and plenty on a fortyacre farm; men are all around us, with hands and hearts asore, While Who own two hundred acres and still are wanting more. His is a pretty little farm, a pretty

little house; He has a loving wife within as quiet as a mouse: His children play around the door, their father's life to charm, Looking as nest and tidy as the tidy little farm. weeds are in the corn-fields, no

thistles in the oats; The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow resting 'neath the beechen shade, Learn all their gentle manners of the gentle milking maid. Within the fields on Saturday he

To be gathered on the morrow for fear of coming rain,
He keeps the Sabbath holy, his children learn his ways.
And pienty fills his barn and bin after the harvest days.

He never has a law-suit to take him to the town,

For the very simple reason there are
no line fences down,

The bar-room in the village does not

His acres are so very few he plow He has a place for everything and things are in their place; The sunshine smiles upon his fields, contentment on his face.

prudent Neighbor Jones. And not for what we haven't got give vent to sighs and moans? The rich aren't always happy, nor free from life's alarms; But blest are they who live content,

KATIE'S SECRET. The sunlight is beautiful, mother-And sweetly the flowers bloom to And the birds in the branches of haw-

thorn Are caroling ever so gay: And down by the rock in the meadow The rill ripples by with a song, And, mother, I, too, have been sing-The merriest all the day long,

Last night I was weeping, dear mother; Last night I was weeping alone— The world was so dark and so dreary My heart grew as heavy as stone, tho't of the lonely and loveless, All lonely and loveless was I scarcely could tell how it was, mother,
For, Oh, I was longing to die.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother, When Willie came down by the gate And whispered, "Come out in the moon-

light, For I've something to say to you, Kate."

Oh, mother, to him I am dearer
Than all the wide world beside:
He told me so out in the moonlight,
And called me his darling, his bride.

And so I will gather the roses

And twine in my long, braided hair,
And Willie will come in the evening
And smile when he sees me so fair.
And out in the moonlight we'll wan-'Way down by the old hawthorne tree, mother, I wonder if any Were ever as happy as we,

THE WANDERER. (By Helena Modieska.) mountain's height, far from

the sea.
I found a shell, And to my curious ear this lonely thing Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing— Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell. How came this shell upon the mounwho can say

Whether there dropped by some too careless hand-Whether there cast when ocean swept the land Ere the Esternal had ordained the

Strange, was it not? Far from its native sea. One song it sang— Sang of the mighty mysteries of the

sang of the awful, vast, profound and Softly with echoes of the ocean rang. And as the shell upon the mountain's Things of the sea. So do I ever, leagues and leagues

So do I ever, wandering where I may. Sing, O my home, sing, O my home, of thee,

VESPERS. The vesper bells were ringing sweet in the sultry Summer weather, As they climbed the mount with tired feet to kneel and pray together. "Our hearts, oh God, are one." they said, "but we go two ways to-

Principal of School Wants Contributions for Programmes to Be Given-Many Offerings Are Appreciated.

said, "but we go two ways tomorrow;

And life will linger and lovers wed,
and what can we beg or borrow
To bridge the years, drearier than
dreariest night is.

Lying between the valley of tears and
the city where Thy delight is?

Over their cold, crossed palms a light
struck sharp through a coalblack shadow;

As they launch their boats and
Up the mountain, steep and
You can stand within the valley
While the multitude goes by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the sing.
They will not forget the song.

black shadow;
And silences, not of day nor of night,
and sweets, not of morn nor of
meadow,
Folded them fast; while a voice sang

clear through the soul of the silvery arches, y are true soldiers who feel no fear. God knoweth how hard the march is." Only a dimming of patient eyes, a smiling of lips that quiver, And gray behind them the mountain lies; blue before them the river. Battles for both of them. Burdens for And the wild and wearying weather;

But, further away, a paradise beach and two ways winding together. In the list of unsigned contributions from Cottage Grove was also "Leona."

Leona, the hour draws nigh, Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it brought us bread today,
It was the best our poor country
could do.

That my spirit may break from its
prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now as the slumbers of night Came o'er me with peace-giving breath, The curtain, half-lifted, revealed my sight which look on kingdom of light, That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet. Bringing gleams of a morning-litland: saw the white shore which the pale waters beat, And I heard the low lull, as they broke at their feet, Who walked on this beautiful strand,

And I wondered why spirits should To their clay with a struggle and When life's purple Autumn is better than Spring, And the soul flies away like a sparrow, In a climate where leaves never die

Leona, come close to my bed, And lay your dear hand on my brow The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled, And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead, Can brighten the brief moments now,

We have loved from the cold world apart; And your trust was too generous and For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate I was dearer than ever to you,

thank the great Father for this, That our love is not lavished in vain; Each germ, in the future, will blossom have for him a charm,
I can always find my neighbor on his
forty-acre farm.

I the village does not to bliss.

And the form that we love, and the lips that we kiss Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith I am taught O'er the ever-green fields which my His acres are so very few he plows
them very deep;
Tis his own hands that turn the sod.
That my labor is only begun;
The his own hands that reap;
The his own han struggled and fought With the legions of wrong, till my Of the days that I passed in the old same title.

house at home. The gleam of eternity's sun,

> From headland, from hillside and The day-king surrenders his banners The twilight advances through wood land and wold And the dews are beginning to weep,

> The moon's silver hair lies uncurled Down the broad-breasted mountains away; Ere sunset's red glories again shall be On the fields of the West, o'er the plains of the world, I shall rise in a limitless day.

> O come not in tears to my tomb, Nor plant with frail flowers the There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom.
> And life where the lilles eternally In the balm-breathing gardens of

> Yet deeply these memories burn Which bind me to you and to earth; And I sometimes have thought that my spirit would yearn In the bowers of its beautiful home to return And visit the land of its birth,

God.

And walk by your side to the last:

But the land-breeze of heaven is beBut the land-breeze of heaven is beThe more delightful the surprise, Twould even be pleasant to stay, Life's shadows are meeting eternity's And its tumult is hushed in the

Leona, good-bye; should the grief That is gathering now ever be Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief;
And remember the journey though lonesome is brief.
Over lowland and river, to me. -James G. Clark.

Mrs. C. E. Depew, of Sandy, sends. The Slave's Dream," requested January 7: THE SLAVE'S DREAM. I had a dream, a happy dream;
I dreamt that I was free!
And in the land where freedom dwelt

There was a home for me.

And Savannah's tide rolled brayely or

And wave rolled after wave,

And when I woke in fond delight, I found myself a slave! never knew a mother's love, But happy was the day I sat down by my father's side And sang my simple lay. He died, and heartless strangers came

And covered o'er him the grave. They tore me, weeping, from his side And claimed me as their slave! And this was in a Christian land,
Where men oft kneel and pray—
The vaunted home of liberty,
Where whips and lashes sway.
Oh, give me back my Georgia cot;
It is not wealth I crave—
But let me live in freedom's light,
Although I die slave."

Although I dle a slave.'

YOUR MISSION. (By S. N. Grannis.)
(This is said to have been a favorfite song of Abraham Lincoln he encored it not less than 18 times when

Sall among the swiftest fieet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you m
You can stand among the sailo Anchored yet within the bay, You can lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats away.

As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver Ever ready at command; If you cannot toward the needy Reach an ever-helping hand, You can succor the affilted, Reach an ever-heiping hand, You can succor the afflicted, O'er the erring you can weep, You can be a true disciple, Sitting at the Master's feet,

If you cannot in the harvest Garner up the richest sheaves, Many grains, both ripe and golden, Will the careless reapers leave. Go and glean among the briers Growing rank against the wall, or it may be that the shadows Hide the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict

Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke is thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent You can go with careful tread; You can cover up the dead, Do not, then, stand idly waiting For some greater work to do; Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toll within life's vineyard,

Do not fear to do or dare-If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.
—Contributed by X. Y. Z., of Portland. THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME. O the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt, When a child at the feet of my mother

Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page Which if in infancy lisped is the solace He sees mony castles, towerin' tae the of age;
My heart mid all changes, wherever I He sees little sojers pu'in' them a roam, Never loses its love for the old house at home; It was there at the feet of my mother
I knelt,
In the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt.

CHORUS: O the old house at home, O the old house at home; My heart never changes for the old

It was not for its splendor that dwelling was dear. It was not that the gay and noble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwined,
And the jessamine fragrantly waved Laughin' at the imps, wi' their castles in the wind-But dearer to me than proud turret He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek Were the halls of my father, the old house at home; It was there at the feet of my mother I knelt. In the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt.

But the old house no more is a dwelling for me. The home of the stranger henceforth it must be: And I never shall view it or rove as a will come

It was there at the feet of my mother I knelt, In the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt.

-Contributed by Mrs. Lutle Marshall Stiles, of Walla Walla,

A VALENTINE. (By Josephine Pollard.) Valentine! Ah, can it be That some one has addressed to me These lines, so sweet and tender? Name or initial is not set Upon the page, and yet-and yet

What though the writing be disguised, And many a little trick dev To aid the fond deception; St. Valentine provides the key That spoils the little mystery The moment of reception,

I think I know the sender

How easy we detect the signs, And read the words between the lines No other eyes discover! And thus the secret ne'er confessed By word of mouth is plainly guessed By sweetheart or by lover.

We may be right, we may be wrong; For lack of confirmation strong We give the rein to fancy, And let her wonder at her will And her bright destiny fulfill In fields of necromancy.

And Valentines would lose their charm If they at once could doubt disarm Ere yet the seal was broken: And sweeter is the token.

For I confess that from a host The one I've always prized the m Time has new beauty lent it— Is this poor, faded Valentine; Because I never could divine Just who it was that sent :-Contributed by "X. Y. Z.." land.

The following English song is very old, probably 100 years, according C. B. Page, the contributor. REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER. Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night, I ever shall remember. When every star shone twinkling bright

in frosty cold Decembe,

When at the window, tap, tap, tap, I Yet it was not that nature heard a certain well-known rap. Had shed o'er the scen beard a certain well-known rap. Had shed o'er the scene
With these words most sweet and
clear:

Had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystals
And brightest of green; "Remember, ten o'clock, my dear. Remember, love, remember.' My mam was dozing before the fire, my dad his pipe was smoking; I for the world could not retire, now

was not that provoking?

At length the old folks fast asleep, 1 fiew my promised word to keep, But, sure his absence to denote, he on the window shutter wrote:

"Remember, ten o'clock, my dear, Remember, love, remember."

"Twas that friends the beloved Of my bosom were near,
Who made every scene Of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms Of nature improve, When we see them reflected From looks that we love member, love, remember.

for mark the warning Which said at church we were to meet, at ten o'clock next morning. And there we met, no more to part, to join forever, hand and heart, ince that day in wedlock joined, the window shutter brings to mind.

In this cold world snail cease, And our hearts like thy waters Be mingled in peace.

Contributed by L. Hannon, of Ridge-field, Wath.

"Remember, ten o'clock, my dear. Remember, love, remember." Mrs. Luties Marshall Stiles, of Walla ly requested, is sent by Mrs. J. J.

(The four-leaved shamrock is so rare that it is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.)
I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock in all
the fairy dell.

the fairy dell,
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh,
how I'll weave my spell.
I would not waste my magic might on
dlamonds, pearl or gold, For treasure tires the weary sensesuch triumph is but cold: But I would play the enchanter's part, in casting bliss around—

the mourner's tears, And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends that had

grown cold, Should meet again—like parted streams, and mingle as of old!
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around, And not a tear nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning, like
Noah's faithful dove;
And Hope should launch her blessed
bark on Sorrow's darkening sea,
And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, and saved from sinking be.
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
thus scatter bliss around, And not a tear nor aching heart, should in the world be found

CASTLES P THE AIR. The bonnie, bonnie bairn wha sits pokin' i' the ase, Glowerin' at the fire wi' his wee, round face, Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe-What sees he there?
Ah, the young dreamer's biggin' castles i' the air!
His wee, chubby face an' his towsey, curley pow Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe. His brow is brent sae braid—Oh, pray that Daddy Care Will let the wean alane wi' his castles i' the air.

Warl's whomblin' up and doun, bleez in' wi' a flare-See, how he loups as they glimmer f the air. For a sae sage is he, What can the laddie ken? He's thinkin' upon naethin', like mony michty men.
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma thing mak's us stare; There are mair folk than him biggin castles I' the air.

Sic a nicht in Winter may weel mak him cauld, His cheek upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld.
He'll brown his rosy cheek, an' he'll I' the air. at the licht But mony sparklin' stars are swallowed up by nicht. Aulder een than his are glamoured wi a glare; Hearts are broken, heads are turned,

wi' castles I' the air.

Some time ago a request was sent in for "Castles in the Air," and in yesterday's Oregonian were published some patriotic Irish verses with that title. I give above—from memory—an old Scottish favorite of my childhood. I do not know which of the poems was desired by the person sending the rewi' castles I' the air, IVY D. MORGAN.

"Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green; a nobleman, mother's Father's

Rockaby, lullaby, all the day long. Down to the land of the lullaby song. Babyland never again will be thine, Land of all mystery, holy, divine, Motherland, otherland, Wonderland, underland, Land of a time ne'er again to be seen;

Flowerland, bowerland, Airyland, fairyland, Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green. Rockaby, baby, thy mother will keep Gentle watch over thine azure-eyed sleep; Baby can't feel what the mother

heart knows, Throbbing its fear o'er your quiet repose, Mother-heart knows how baby must fight Wearily

fight ily on through the fast-coming night; Battle unending, Honor defending, Baby must wage with the power un-Sleep, now, O baby, dear, God and thy mother near. Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby, baby, the days will grow long. Silent the voice of the mother-love song; Bowed with sore burdens the manlife must own Sorrows that baby must bear all Wonderland never can come back again,

Thought will come soon, and with rea-

son comes pain, Sorrowland, motherland, Drearyland, wearyland, Baby and heavenland lying between. Smile, then, in motherland, Dream in the otherland, Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green.

--Contributed by Ruth Luce.

THE VALE OF AVOCA. There is not in this wide world The bright waters meet Oh! the last rays of feeling, And life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley Shall fade from my heart.

'Twas not her soft magic Of streamlet or hill, More exquisite still. Twas that friends the beloved

Sweet Vale of Avoca.

How calm could I rest
In the shade of thy boson With the friends I like best Where the storms which we feel, In this cold world shall cease,

"I Cannot Call Her Mother," recent-

E DESIRE to acknowledge requests that it be reprinted on this of the South," printed by Spottiswood sends also the following poem by sung at a Sunday school convention at ceipt of copies of "The Bare- page.

| Augusta Lenois Allen. | Walla, sends "The Four-Leaved Sham- Palmateer, of Hillsboro, and Mrs. H. Washington, in 1861.)
| Washington, in 1861. | Washington, in 1861. |
| Washington, in 1861. | Use personal sends also the following poem by sung at a Sunday school convention at conven The marriage rite was over, And then I turned aside To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide.
I wreathed my face in smiling,
And led my little brother
To greet my father's chosen—
But I could not call her mother.

She is a fair young creature, With meek and gentle air, With blue eyes soft and loving in casting bilss around—
Oh! not a tear nor aching heart, should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor;—I'd dry

And sunny sliken hair.
I know my father gives her The love he bore another.
But if she were an angel I could not call her mother.

> Tonight I heard her singing
> The song I used to love
> When its dear notes were uttered
> By her who sings above.
> It grieved my heart to hear it,
> My tears I could not smother,
> For every tone was hellowed For every tone was hallowed By the dear voice of my mother.

My father, in the sunshine
Of happy days to come,
May half forget the shadow
That darkened our dear home; That darkened our dear hor His heart no more is lonely, But I and little brother Must still be orphan children-God gives us but one mother.

They've borne my mother's picture From its accustomed place, And set beside my father A younger, fairer face; They've made her dear old chamber The boudoir of another, but I will not forget thee My own, my angel mother.

Rev. Alfred Bates, pastor of the Warrenton, Or., Methodist Episcopal Church, sent us the following: THE PRODIGAL GIRL We all have a heart for the Prodigal Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,

For him there's ever an open door, And a father's bounteous fare, And, though he is wretched, sick and He is sure of a welcome there,

But what of the girl who has gone astray, Who has lost in the battle with sin? Say-do we forgive in the same sweet We've always forgiven him?

away, Now close to the second year?" Or, with a hand of hellish pride,

O Christ, it seems we have never learned.
The lesson writ in the sand, For even yet the woman is spurned, And stoned in a Christian land,

track. Though his was the life most vile. We all have a heart for the Prodigal boy, Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,

"The Merchant's Daughter," an old ballad recently requested, is sent by, "M. H. R."

And she I loved so well-CHORUS. Then sing carry me away; Then sing carry me back home;

She dressed herself in men's clothes, She dressed herself so gay, She dressed herself in men's clothes

I am the Boston captain. My name it is Bill Roe." She fought among big officers,

She called for her pistols,

CHORUS. Then sing, carry me away; Then sing, carry me back home. NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP (Written by an unknown miner Western camp, inspired by the l of his camp fire and the stars.)

I pray the Lord my soul to take." "Now I lay me down to sleep," Near the camp-fire's flickering light. In my blanket bed I lie, Gazing through the shades of night At the twinkling stars on high. O'er me spirits in the air

Sadly says the whippeorwill, In the boughs of yonder tree; Laughingly the dancing rill Swells the midnight melody; Foemen may be lurking near, In the canon dark and deep. Low I breathe in Jesus' ear,

One the saviour called away-Taught my baby lips to pray; Her sweet spirit hovers near, In the lonely mountain brake, Take me to her, saviour dear, "If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light As each ember slowly dies. Plaintively the birds of night Fill the air with saddening cries;
"You may nevermore awake."
Low I lisp, "If I should die,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."
—Contributed by "I, R, C," of Spokane.

And we welcome him back with songs of joy; But what of the Prodigal girl?

Does the door stand ajar, as if to say, "Come, enter, you need not fear, I've been open thus since you went

Do we close, and bolt the door, And swear, "while heaven and earth abide, She shall enter here no more?"

Down into the slough we hurl her back, Then turn around with a smile, And welcome the boy from the sinful

And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the Prodigal girl?

H. J. Bryce.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. There was a rich old merchant, In Boston he did dwell. He had a pretty daughter

She was courted by big lawyers And officers so gay, But none but poor Jackie Could win her heart away.

Your waist, it is too slender, Your hand, it is too small: Your face, it is too beautiful To face the cannon ball. She sailed to old England. She met her mother there. You look like my daughter,

My daughter, oh, so fair.

And sailed herself away.

"I am not your daughter; Your daughter I do not know, She fought among brave men, She fought by poor Jackie, 'Till Jackie he was slain.

She bid her friends adieu, She called for her sword, And pierced her body thru.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake

Silent vigils seem to keep, As I breathe my childhood's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."