

ONE OF WHITTIER'S

S. T. Pickerd sends to the Independent one of John G. Whittier's poems written upon the first page of a young lady's autograph album. The poem was written fifty-seven years ago and Mr. Pickerd says has never before been published. Here it is:

Like a virgin heart, unwrit
By the pen of passion yet
By familiar touch or look,
Unprofaned lies thy book.
What shall fill the spotless pages?
Lover's vows or thoughts of sages?
Shall it Friendship's altar prove,
Or the burning shrine of Love?

Human Love, I give thee warning,
Is the shadow of the Morning
On the meadow, on the water,
Ever growing short and shorter,
Narrowing in the sun, and gone
Ere the weary noon comes on.
Human Friendship is the shadow
Of the Evening on the meadow,
Ever deepening, ever growing,
While the sun is downward going,
Till o'er all the rosy light
Flow the silent waves of night.

Love of God more than these—
Shade of Eden's holy trees—
Palms the storm has never tossed,
Sacred shelter never lost.
In thy Duty's little round,
Seek it while it may be found,
While thy path of life is wet
With the dews of morning yet,
Ere the night of death shall fall
And the darkness cover all!

—J. G. W.

Amesbury, 16th 3d mo. 1853.

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The Praise Meeting of the Flowers

Valler, Mont., July 9, 1910.—The Commoner: If space will permit I would like to see "The Praise Meeting of the Flowers," from which Mr. Richard L. Metcalfe writes "Gratitude from Common Things," printed in The Commoner. Trusting the other readers will enjoy this poem as much as I anticipate, I remain,

AMOS C. MATTICKS.

The flowers of many climates,
That bloom all seasons through,
Met in a stately garden
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship
The Lord they came to meet;
Her box of precious ointment
The Rose broke at His feet.

The Passion flower his symbols
Wore fondly on her breast;
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please him best.

The Morning Glories fragile,
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,
And praise the Master so.

"His word is like to honey,
The Clover testified,
"And all who trust thy promise
Shall in thy love abide."

The Lilies said, "Oh, trust him!
We neither toil nor spin,
And yet his house of beauty
See how we enter in."

The King Cup and her kindred said,
"Let us all be glad
Of his redundant sunshine;
Behold how we are clad!"

"And let us follow Jesus,"
The Star of Bethlehem said,
And all the band of flowers
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad Sunflower answered,
And little Daisies bright,
And all the cousin Asters,
"We follow toward the light!"

"We praise him for the mountains,"
The Alpine Roses cried;
"We bless him for the valleys,"
The Violets replied.

THE ROAD TO YOUTH

Since I resolved to look for joys
In all created things,
To turn my back on what annoys,
And hush all murmurings;

To look upon my neighbor as
A man who means me well,
And let the cloud that lowers pass
All heedless of its spell;

To thrust from out my heart and
mind
All evil thoughts, and mean,
And everywhere I glance to find
Some beauty in the scene.

I find that though my days increase
My years diminish. Truth
To tell, the method brings me peace,
And holds me close to youth!
—John Kendrick Bangs in Success Magazine.

Importation of goods made by prison labor is prohibited by Australia.

"We praise him," said the Air Plants
"For breath we never lack,"
"And for the rocks we praise him,"
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters,"
The salt Sea Mosses sighed;
And all his baptized Lilies,
"Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And for the cool green woodlands
We praise and thanks return,"
Said Kalmias, and Azalias,
And graceful Feathery Fern.

"And for the wealth of gardens,
And all the gardener thinks,"
Said Roses, and Camellias,
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks.

"Hosanna in the highest!"
The baby Bluets sang;
And little trembling Harebells
With softest music rang.

"The Winter hath been bitter,
But sunshine follows storm;
Thanks for his loving kindness,
The Earth's great heart is warm."

So sang the pilgrim's Mayflower,
That cometh after snow—
The humblest, and the sweetest,
Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather—
The sunshine and the wet,"
Spake out the cheering Pansies
And darling Mignonette.

And then the sun descended,
The heavens were all aglow;
The little Morning Glories
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day Lilies
Their love-watch cease to keep;
"He giveth," said the Poppies,
"To his beloved sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,
The soft wind stirred the corn,
When, sudden, in the garden,
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening Primrose;
Her sisters followed fast;
With perfumed lips they whispered,
"Thank God for night at last!"
—Unidentified.

AMONG THE PEOPLE

The parish priest of Austerlitz
Climbed up in a high church
steeple

To be near God, that he might hand
God's word down to the people.

And in sermons grave he daily wrote
What he thought was sent from
heaven,

And he dropped this down on the
people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In his rage God said: "What mean-
est thou?"

And the priest cried from the
steeple:

"Where art thou, Lord? And the
Lord replied:

"Down here, among my people."
—Albany, N. Y., Citizen.

Here is a story for which the Washington correspondent for the New York World is responsible: "Champ Clark's black cook Lily, who is fond of oratory of the Missouri brand, the other morning treated the democratic floor leader to a batch of griddle cakes. She wound up her praise of them by saying: 'Why, dem cakes expostulates verbally.' 'What's that?' asked Champ puzzled. 'Why, don't you know, Boss?' said Lily pityingly. 'Dem cakes jus' speaks for demselves.'"

CONSIDER THE LILIES

It is good to stop and ponder on the words that Jesus said,
As we work and strive together in our toil for dally bread.
Take no thought for food and shelter, nor the things that ye shall wear, For all nature gives assurance, in provision everywhere,
That the God who feeds the sparrow, clothes the lily, paints the rose,
Will provide the things most needful in this life, on to its close.
We should gather inspiration from this world in which we live,
And discern among its beauties all the meaning God would give—
See among the fields and flowers what our Lord himself reveals,
When He says, I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the fields.
If we serve the god of mammon, he will doubtless pay in gold,
But the things of life most precious are not his to give or hold.
Seek ye first of all the kingdom of our God, His righteousness,
And these other things are added day by day in plenteousness.
With the eye of faith to see it, life is not a strife for gain,
But to do our nearest duty, though it bring not ease but pain.
What is knowledge, what is learning, if they blind us to the light
That is flooded forth in glory on a cloudless, starry night?
What is science, deep and mystic, if it does not point the way
To the God who smiles on Nature in the splendors of the day?
We should catch the Psalmist's spirit, who could see in earth and sky,
God's completest revelation of Himself to human eye.
What though men of deepest learning, versed in sciences and art,
Do proclaim a new religion, in which Jesus has no part?
Human nature, striving, longing, yearning, feeling after God,
Finds its only path of safety where those ancient feet have trod—
Finds it in the narrow pathway, leading by the cross alone,
Whereon Christ, divinely human, did for human sins atone.
Thus the link that binds us Godward was wrought and fashioned then,
And in Jesus Christ our Savior is the only hope of men.
So let learned skeptics perish, while the humble turn to God,
Whence the lily gets its beauty, though it springs from out the sod.
—N. T. Tull, in the Baptist Record.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldic of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the true heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls
before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!
—Written by Joseph Rodman Drake, born 1795, died 1820.

De Friend—"What is that picture intended to represent?"
De Artist—"Board and lodgings for six weeks."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.