

For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,  
To the old village church, and the old village choir,  
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,  
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that they  
sung,

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun  
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

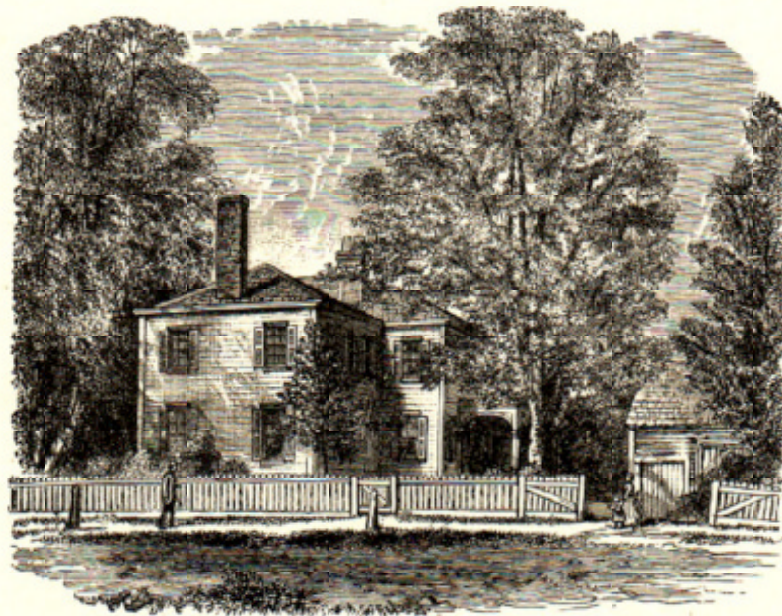
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,  
Who followed by scent, till he ran the tune down;

And dear Sister Green, with more goodness than  
grace,  
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,  
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,  
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!

To the land of the leal they have gone with their song,  
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.

Oh be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again—  
Blessed song, blessed singers! forever, Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



### THE OLD HOME.



SEE it now, the same unchanging spot,  
The swinging gate, the little garden-plot,  
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,  
The flat pale house, the knocker-garnished door.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### THE POWER OF HABIT.

**R**EMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is Niagara river." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to the enjoyment.



Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer for the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you!" "Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!" Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brows! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!—ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up!"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

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### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

**U**NDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
 The village smithy stands;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;  
 His face is like the tan;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat, —  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,  
 Look in at the open door;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach;  
 He hears his daughter's voice  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise!  
 He needs must think of her once more,  
 How in the grave she lies;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught!  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



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