

Off Sea October 12th 1888 lat 37° 22' N long 122° 45' W
 fine weather and nothing in sight and have some
 times the many some whales come along in the
 Cordoba that we can have something to take up our
 minds for we all begin to look savage and don't pre-
 tend to look at anything.

The Ruined Church

- 1 the winds of autumn wholly moan
 the vestibule within
 And lying on the threshold stone
 The broken doors are seen.
- 2 The ivy from each gothic arch
 In rich festoons descended
 And by the broken stile the larch
 Its Braemar dolly bends.
- 3 No longer with a winsome zest
 float church-bell chimers along
 The swallow with its matted nest
 has banded the iron tongue
- 4 the sunbeams as of east with smiles
 lie on the pulpit old
 or through the dim monastic aisles
 trace out a path of gold.
- 5 the white tombstones gleam up amid
 the tangle with moss and grass
 and late at night with nervous tread
 boys whistle as they pass.
- 6 and though no longer the deep gush
 of worship fills the air
 there lingers in the solemn hush
 a spell as sweet as prayer.
- 7 People once stood within those shades
 of worship fills the air
 To see them christen sinless babe
 or bury those who died
- 8 The squire who gave the strip of land
 And their cows filled the stables
 The parson who with up raised hand
 proclaimed the gospel new.

Bridal Song

Is the hour of Beauty
 The hour of love
 with hope from the earth
 and a smile from above
 'Tis an hour for roses
 and myrtle in twine
 An hour for music
 And all things divine.
 What music the music that whispers delight
 Through the voice of the day and the hush of the
 Night

All blessing be on ye
 Who thus hand-in-hand
 By the hallowed altar
 So trusting stand
 If life bring some troubles
 What then why your love
 will at last see the Rainbow
 of Peace curled above
 All duties performed and thoe sublime
 for your forehead that glow in a heavenly
 Clime

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