

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. IV.

No. 4.

FRANK L. STANTON.

FRANK LEBBY STANTON was born in Charleston, S. C., but removed to Georgia at an early age and, as he says, "was raised from one end of Georgia to the other." It is in Georgia journalism that he has made his reputation as humorist and poet. He began to write at the early age of nine years, but did not print anything until he was twenty years of age. He first came into general notice as a writer of spicy paragraphs, in a small country paper printed in Smithville, Ga. His saucy flings and rollicking hits soon made him a state-wide character for wit, and his pungent paragraphs were eagerly copied by the exchanges. The *Constitution* and other prominent southern dailies enriched their columns with chips from his diamond-mine, that sparkled and flashed through the press from mountain to sea-board. The *Smithville News* was no longer obscure, for it had given Stanton to the public. Later, he commenced to write poems, words of exquisite tenderness set to musical rhyme, and then the audience who had laughed with the jester were awed into sympathy with and love of the poet. His instrument of expression sounds sometimes with the grand organ chords of minor strains, again it voices the musical pleading of the lute. He writes also in dialect; homely verses that go to the heart as directly as a clasp of a friendly hand or a sympathetic spoken word. A rare muse this, who decks herself alternately in homespun and silk attire. Mr. Stanton is a true minstrel, singing his tender lays without premeditation or thought of artistic construction. After leaving the *Smithville News*, Mr. Stanton was for a year or more associated with John Temple Graves on the *Tribune*, of Rome, Ga., a paper noted for its freshness and literary excellence. Now he is one of the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution* where he works side by side with the famous writer, Joel Chandler Harris, and the gifted Wallace P. Reed. He writes dialect sketches, short stories of intense realism, criticisms,

witty paragraphs, love-songs and deeper poems by turns, excelling in all. He possesses the gift of dramatic recitation in an eminent degree. While there is much in Mr. Stanton's writing that is playful, frolicsome and humorous, and while he likes humorous writing best, it is not his strongest vein. He is more poet than jester, and his threnodies frequently rise to the measure of the sublime.

M. R. C.

WEARY THE WAITING.

THERE'S an end to all toiling some day, sweet day,
(But its weary the waiting, weary!)
There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay,
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay
At anchor—somewhere, in the far-away—
(But its weary the waiting, weary!).

There's an end to the troubles of souls opprest
(But its weary the waiting, weary!)
Some time in the future when God thinks best,
He'll lay us tenderly down to rest,
And roses 'll grow from the thorns in the breast,
(But its weary the waiting, weary!).

There's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
(But its weary the waiting, weary!)
There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown,
And where life's sad burdens are all laid down,
A crown—thank God!—for each cross—a crown!
(But its weary the waiting, weary!).

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

JEST a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless—don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

THE portrait to be sketched has a strong background, furnished by a line of ancestors, firm of constitution, and of unblemished name, traced back on the paternal side to Bridget Cromwell, daughter of the Protector, and on the other, through the Waters and Doubleday families, to England and Scotland, long before the Revolutionary War, in which some members served with honorable distinction.

Julia Harriette Johnston was born in Salineville, Ohio, but her early childhood was spent in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where her father was pastor of the Presbyterian church. Thirteen of her immediate relatives have been clergymen. Before Julia was seven, her father was called to her present home, Peoria, Illinois, where, after nine years, the pastor's faithful ministry was finished, and the mother's life was devoted to the only daughter and five sons who call her "blessed." Miss Johnston's life has been spent among books. Her mother and grandmother wrote verses, and the child was entertained from babyhood with poetic recitations from her mother's lips, while her first, and long her only reading-book, was "Songs for the Little Ones at Home." Before she was eleven, she took her first little flight into the world of song, but mind and memory were largely occupied with the rhythmic thoughts of others until some little time after she was graduated from school, and had seen many people and places, "in journeying oft," when the songs began to sing themselves. Her literary life has been one of natural growth, from inclination and opportunity, rather than of deliberate choice and forecast. Her first efforts appeared over the signature "Juniata." Later writings in prose and verse over her own name, articles, stories and poems of varied character, have been scattered through the religious press. The volume entitled "The School of the Master," is a fair specimen of her verse, but year by year, as all earnest spirits must, she has "buildd better." In recent years the writing of stories and sketches for children and youth has especially engaged her pen, while the verse-making has been principally in the way of hymn-writing, (to her the choicest of all work) the hymns being set to music by Mr. James M'Granahan and others. She must have "pen in hand" to compose readily, but she writes rapidly, being able to concentrate her attention independent of "moods." The outdoor world is full of music for her, full of pictures and parables. Miss Johnston now resides in the charming little town of Peoria, Ill.

E. W. D.

SONGS WITHOUT LISTENERS.

THE wind is setting the leaves aquiver,
Whispering secrets tender and sweet,
The branches feel a delicious shiver,
Bending the viewless feet.
The brook runs on with a rush of laughter,
The jubilant bird-notes follow after—
This I hear from a mossy seat.

But far beyond me the light wind passes,
Birds fly on with their happy song,
The rippling water laughs at the grasses,
Far away, and the whole day long.
Yet who will listen to fair birds singing,
And all these sounds through the silence ringing?
Surely the music suffers wrong.

It does not die for the want of a hearer,
Sweet bird-music or insect whirr,
The rustle of leaves as the sound comes nearer,
Filling the air with a pleasant stir;
They are not lost, these beautiful voices,
The Lord himself in their sound rejoices,
To his good pleasure they minister.

And how do we know but life's empty places
Ring with songs in the selfsame way?
If we could but listen behind their faces,
Silent souls might a sound betray.
And a wordless burden of praise and pleading,
No human or curious listener needing,
Rises to heaven the long, long day.

WHAT WILL YOUR HARVEST BE?

THIS is the golden seed time,
What will the harvest yield?
What is the seed, O sower,
Dropped in the waiting field?
Into the open furrow,
Under the sunlight free,
Seed from your hand is falling,
Oh! what will your harvest be?

Sowing the seeds of sorrow,
Planting the thorns of wrong,
Look to the end, thou sower,
Tho' it may tarry long;
Sowing in sin and doubting,
Seed for eternity,
Reaping the fruit hereafter,
Oh! what will your harvest be?

What of your seed, beloved,
 You who have named His name?
 Is it from out the garner,
 Precious and still the same?
 Are you a careless idler?
 What is your hope and plea?
 When you must join the reapers,
 Oh! what will your harvest be?

Earnest and faithful toilers,
 Bearing the precious seed,
 Sowing beside all waters,
 Ready in work and deed;
 You shall return rejoicing,
 You shall the Master see,
 When the ripe sheaves are garner'd,
 Oh! blest will your harvest be.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

OF old, the starry Syrian skies,
 Above the shepherds bending,
 Were opened to their wond'ring gaze,
 While angel voices blending,
 Proclaimed "good tidings of great joy,"
 All other songs transcending.

None other than angelic tongues
 Could utter forth the story,
 For mortals knew not of the birth
 Of Jesus, Lord of glory,
 Descending, as a babe, to save
 A world in sin grown hoary.

The echo of the angel-song
 Through all the world is sounding.
 Repeated now, by human lips
 In gladness more abounding,
 The tidings run—"Good will toward men,"
 The darkened earth surrounding.

So thus we keep the Christmas-tide
 Each passing year completing,
 With grateful heart and gladsome voice
 The joyful news repeating—
 "Good will toward men, and peace on earth"
 The angels' midnight greeting.

CONSECRATION.

A FIELD of ripening grain—a sultry day.
 No pulse astir among the trees,
 No freshening breath of Summer breeze,
 In its own sweet and winsome way, to toss and play
 With leaves and flowers that lie at ease.

The morning passes and the noontide wanes.
 All Nature seems to lie asleep.
 The Summer sun, in westward sweep,
 Stirs not the quietude that reigns, until he stains
 The evening sky with colors deep.

But now those slender stalks begin to sway.
 The full heads bend, while here and there,
 Where trees their leafy drapery wear,
 A fluttering spirit seems to play with their array,
 And viewless wings sweep everywhere.

A sudden breeze is blowing toward the West.
 Upon its coming consequent,
 The blades of grain are lowly bent,
 And each one at the same behest, bows with the
 rest
 As listening for some message sent.

Ah! learn the parable of the unconscious field.
 The separate duties in earth's strife,
 The joys and cares with which 'tis rife,
 The interest with each day revealed, should each
 one yield,
 Unto the Spirit's breath of life.

Where'er it listeth, blows the Summer breeze.
 Yet every leaf betrays its course
 By yielding to the unseen force
 That sways and sweeps with gentle ease, where it
 doth please,
 Though none may find the secret source.

So be it with every deed that fills a day.
 The "little things," we call them so,
 By their unbroken line may show
 Whence the good Spirit took His way, that all may
 say,
 "That life is turned toward Heaven we know."

TREES.

THE patient trees that so long have stood
 In their first appointed places;
 Do they ever murmur, and wish they could
 Have wider and varying spaces?
 Ah, no. They are growing in sweet content,
 Their branches and green leaves bearing,
 Lifting them skyward, that nothing prevent
 The message that waits for declaring.
 —A *Twilight Song*.