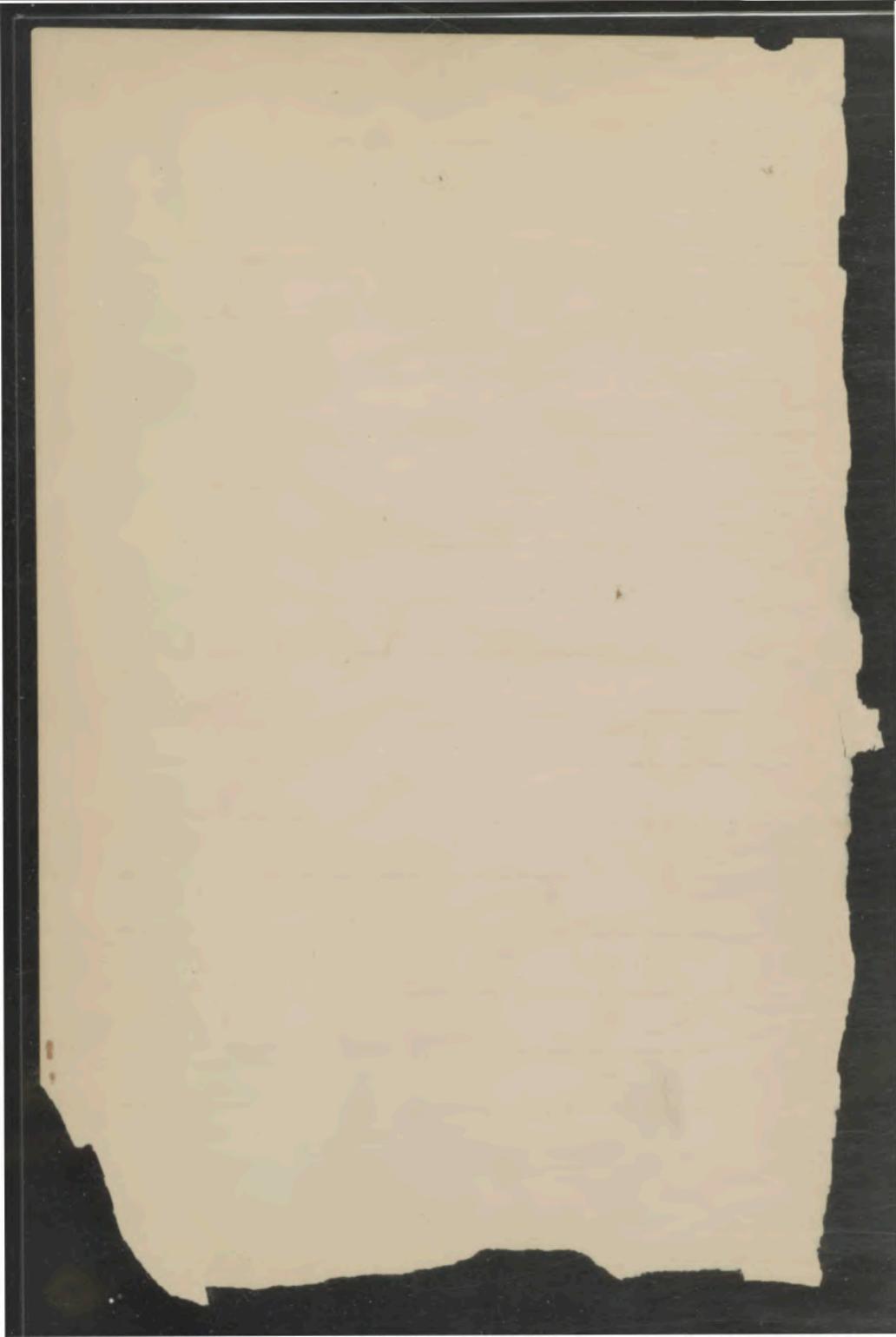


COLLECTED POEMS OF  
EDWIN JAMES  
BARCLAY.

1901.

MONROVIA.



In Memoriam H. R. W. J.

Sit--in--paper---

Un to the deep and darksome tomb.

O'er which the midnight zephyrs waft

Ever their fragrance: where the still.

Unbroken silence ever reigns.

And naught disturbs the hallowed sleep

Of those whom Nature has ordained.

To rest them from their earthly toils.

He has been borne; amid the tears

And wailings of his countrymen.

He's gone! and like the tender rose,

Has faded from the mortal's eye.

But can his sacred mem'ry die.

And vanish like the mellow rays

Of Luna, as some spreading cloud

O'er shadows her effulgent light?

Wail tho' the last remaining one

Of Niger's dusky, freeborn sons.

Both perish in the strife  
to hold

Up his unsullied name.

Alas!

This one.- this sole remaining link.

Which bound our present destinies

Close to the past. - this starry guide

This beacon to the uninformed

And inexperienced mariner

Who guides our state's destinies.

Is fallen. and his fall echoed

Throughout Liberia's sovereignty:

Waking within each Negro's breast.

Some sympathetic feeling there.

And as across the Stygian pond.

Thy honored cofse was borne JOHNSON!

A nation's heart. - a nation's soul

Departed with thy parting breath.

His noble work on earth was done.

The Gatherer of the fallen dead.

His dark and sombre pall has spread.

And gathered to the hero's fires.

Their offspring: and as he expires,  
 Celestial halls receive his soul  
 With loud acclaim. The archangels  
 They stand aside, and as the whole  
 Of Heaven's sweetly chiming bells,  
 Ring loudly out their joyful lays,  
 Our mighty, conquering hero pays,  
 Before Jehova's jasper throne,  
 His homage and adoration.

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S O N G   O F   T H E   D E A D .

We will lift our slumb'ring voices  
 In our tuneful songs and lays,  
 And will tell in solemn noises,  
 How were spent our mortal days.

We are those who once were living .  
 In the fair lands of the earth,  
 Some were taking, - some were giving.

Rights and wrongs, e'er since their birth.

there are some who never took life  
 Unto them with great concern;  
 They were wandering through that great strife,  
 Fearless of what they could earn.

When they see some prospect open,  
 First and foremost .-on they rush!  
 When they think their hope is broken,  
 Quickly they avoid the crush.

Fearless were the where no crush was,  
 Fearful when they should but strive:  
 Downcast when the first slight brush was,  
 Always ready to contrive.

As the case is ,the could win not,  
 Indolence can scarcely gain,  
 Yet they argue that they sinned not.

That their end God did ordain.

There are some who thought enjoyment,

Was the highest end of life

They beleived all good employment

Was the portion of the serfs.

Quickly are their hopes dispell-ed

Sorrows followed in their wake.

Nor are they now here compell-ed .

To confess their sad mistake .

That their fill of lifes excesses.

Brought them pain, and strife and woe.

That their maidens' sweet caresses

Are what give them sorrows sore,

They have learned, and are repenting.

Of their mortal sad-mistakes.

Deep in Pluto's cave resenting

Naught for their immortal sakes.

Those who had the paltry riches of

Of the world at their command.

Find in Death that their grand wishes

Cannot move a single hand.

There are still a few remaining .

Who on earth their passions kept.

Ever troubled.- ne'er complaining.

O'er their trials never wept.

These are those who have been called up.

To the seats near God's right hand.

By his voice which falls like dew-drop.

On a torrid desert's sand.

This the recompense of faith is .

For true faith must have its due.

If you live upright and true. His



Love is a vast and grand ideal,  
 Which e'en steel-tempered will can feel:  
 Love is conception of that light,  
 Which rules the universe aright.

Great Jove is love, tho' we scarce see,  
 How 'neath His chill, warm love can be.  
 He of this love the author is,  
 And He is love, and love is his.

The whispering of the forest trees  
 In sweet confab at every breeze,  
 Portrays to us some human deeds  
 When sympathy is all man needs.

In Nature harmonies exist,  
 And heart to heart fore'er is fixed;  
 God joined to man, and man to God,  
 Seraphs to them that tread this sod.

## D R E A M I N G.

Dreaming dreams of love.

Softly steals sweet music from above.

As we dream those dreams of youth.

Which show naught but truth.

Dreaming, dreaming.

Love I'm dreaming

Of those happy youthful days.

When not sorrow

Marred our morrow.

And we sang our infant lays.

Gently were wafted all day long.

Love, the burthen of our song.

This you remember for day after day.

Drove your cares away.

Sailing o'er the sea.

Gently wafts the breeze for you and me.

As our gallant boat doth glide

With the flowing tide.

10

Sailing, sailing.

Love we're sailing,

Past the haunts of beast and men

Nor of pain, 'love

We'll complain, 'love.

Happy now we will be then.

Smoothly now flows the gliding tide.

And thus our hearts move side by side.

With raptured beats now swift, now slow.

Cease they - Nevermore!

Stealing nearer thee.

Love, thy face has sacred charms for me.

Which forever haunt my heart

And they will not 'part.

Stealing, stealing

I am stealing

To your happy heart again

And not sorrow

Will tomorrow.



And when the early swallows' call  
Awoke the feathered ones and all,  
The Sun shone out with greater force,  
And Nature's face did smile perforce.

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T O E L O I S E .

O Eloise! sweet Eloise!  
Who can repell thy charms?  
Even the boughs of all the trees,  
Protect thee from all harm!

Ah! dear darling Eloise,

Thy beauty holds me here,  
But why is it I from me she flees,  
Alike a stag in fear!

O fear me not my dear one!  
Forsooth! my vow I mean,  
I'll have no jest or idle fun,  
'Till thou mine own has been.

So lovely, beauteous Eloise

Fear not, but come to me,

And He who from all trouble frees

Will comfort me and thee.

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Hymn.

The following was composed by the author in 1897

at the age of fourteen.

Liberia ! 'tis of thee.

Sweet land of liberty

Thy child doth sing.

Land where our fathers died.

Land of the Negro's pride.

Back to thy mighty side

Thy sons we'll bring.

At times we hear thee say

"O sons across the bay

Will ye not come?

Come rally 'round the flag

O sons why do ye lag.



T O M O R R I S.

Whether your friendship stands or flies  
 Whether your trust doth live or dies.  
 Mine unto thee the same will be .  
 Throughout this and eternity.

Ah friend, thou wrongst the trusting soul  
 Which 'round thine own has been entwined.  
 Spirits 'like ours, tho' from the whole,  
 Of human sympathy confined.

Cannot endure this estrangement.

Which rises from mismanagement.

Yet, should a true, undoubted friend,

With whom your happy days were spent,

Be sent into a silent end.

With hopes all crushed and courage bent?

Should your true friend whose sympathies

Identical to yours, by lies

Forever from your mind be cast?

Nay! friendship which is not candid,

Can never be so true and fast

As that from which naught can be hid.

Perchance in joke or idle fun.

A word which spoken by the one.

Most hurtful seems to the others;

Should latter vexed with former be.

Because of tales by another.

Cropped from the wind most eagerly.

To snap and break their union strong.

Which 'tween the two exist for long?

Therefore

Nay! Nay! my dear friend.

[Tho' friendship's but a name. -an end.]

Whether your friendship stands or flies

Whether your trust doth live, or dies.

Mine unto thine the same will be .

Throughout this and eternity.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

T O G I B S O N .

Friend, there are times in mortal life .

When man to fate must yield.

There are many a truce Tho' many a strife.

In this world's battle field.

Foes may surround.  
Grim Darkness crown.

Still, there is light for man around  
Therefore be not cast down.

Thy fortune, true, a sad one is,  
And hard for thee to bear.  
But there's a haven for all this.  
Where thou may'st rest from care

God is above  
And Him you trust.

Toil on O friend, for life and love  
And fight if fight you must.

What Tho' the imps of Hell surround  
And drive you on to death?

What Tho' vile foes do near abound,  
Should you your sapre sheath?

Nay! not 'till life,  
Is almost spent.

Or you be Sickness' helpless serf.

- 'Till then, be you content.

Fear not my friend, light is beyond,

This gloom shall soon dispell,

Thrice-curs-ed thou, if thou hadst scorn'd

To make your manhood tell.

We honour thee.

We love thee more

Since thou from fate, disdain'd to flee,

But scaled thy trials o'er.

School days are pleasant, but must cease,

Tho' we leave friends behind;

Be not dismayed, know, they increase,

- The friends you sure must find.

We feel for you.

We sympathise.

And still do hold our friendship true

Yea, 'till from earth we rise!

THE END OF THE AMBITIOUS

In the south the lowering cloud,  
Gathers for the coming fray;  
From the east, and from the west,  
Rush they to its mounting crest,  
Cloudlets which have all the day,  
Spread O'er heaven an azure shroud.

Dauntless, on our hero goes!  
Courage high, and mind intent  
On the end of his desire;  
Shall they bar him, - Death and Fire?  
Nay! not e'en if heaven-sent,  
Nor if gore like water, flows!

Hark! the madd'ning Turbo blows;  
Hark! the cry "He comes! he comes!"  
Children to the house attend,  
Imps, their prayers to God ascend,  
Laborers rush unto their homes;  
What is happening, no one knows.

"Youngster! cease! your peril's sure,  
 Canst thou see the spreading cloud,  
 Like a great ship on the deep,  
 Spread its sails, and onward sweep,  
 Belching from its side, most loud,  
 Death and Hell and conflicts sore?

Madness this, of knowing kind,  
 Punishable with greatest wrath;  
 Culpable, deserving death,  
 Dost thou know 'tis certain death,  
 To set out on such a path,  
 In this darkening boisterous wind?"

"Naught deters my fixed intent."

Thus the noble youth replies,  
 "To the height of yonder mount,  
 I will go, and reach the fount,  
 Where my spirit ever flies,  
 Tho' my frame be broke and bent."

Then upon his onward way,  
With determination nerved,  
With a purpose and a will,  
On he goes! and onward still.-  
His intention still unswerved,  
Onward to the close of day.

And the boisterous wind behind,  
Rushes on with quickened pace;  
And into the forest's glades  
Drives him, 'neath the darksome shades,  
Which like death hang o'er the place,  
Made like Hades by the wind.

Undeterred and undismayed,  
Forward, in the mist he goes;  
Dark the right and dark the left  
Still he moves far up the clift,  
By a way which no one knows,  
Reached the centre undismayed.

Then with one appalling sound,  
Like to JOVIA's warlike boom,  
Bursts the tempest o'er his head  
Drenched him, yet within he said:-  
"Tho' Pluto dooth upward loom,  
Tho' my way with flame be bound,

"Onward, upward, still I go,  
Fearless trusting, unconcerned,  
'Till the summit I attain,"  
Why should he a handsome swain,  
'Tempt to scale those heights now spurned,  
By the bravest men we know?

But to this unwise demand,  
Comes an answer from the air,  
"What one man on earth has done,  
That, can do another one".  
And this seems no more than fair,  
For we all have one strong hand.

Still our hero upward plods  
Still defies the elements.  
Deeper in the woods he moves,  
And enduring, he now proves,  
That the higher firmaments,  
Have no will save of the gods.

Perseverance in the end,  
Conquers all that we may raise,  
'Gainst its prowess and its might,  
If we upward plod at night,  
We'll receive uncourted praise  
Not from him we thought our friend.

But our ennemy severe,  
Thus when up the hill he went,  
Bearing, shieldlike o'er his heart,  
Perseverance, which the dart,  
Of his greatest friend resent,  
He was free from every fear.

Have there any reached the top?

Is there room for any more?

Are they friendly, are they true,

To them who their course pursue?

This you know <sup>as</sup> 'up you go.

This you know when high you stop.

Now, our hero undismayed,

Dauntless fearless and most brave,

Sees the glimmer of a light,

Which doth cheer him on his fight,

[Which is ended he now crave.]

And he hopes his name is made,

But how often we deceive,

Our own judgement, when we think,

High ambition is obtained,

When endurance we have strained,

So to reach the highest brink,

Of the fame which we conceive.

Like Hamattan's stinging winds,  
Is the summit, height of fame;  
Coldness everywhere we meet,  
Coldness e'en beneath our feet.  
Then what is there in a name,  
Which we seek with outstretched wings?

Now our youth has reached the height,  
Of th' ambition he desired,  
Yet there's aught for him to wish;  
Is it gold? - Oh no! he's rich,  
Sympathy he now requires :  
Coldness kissed him on the height.

Coldness was his last bequest,  
Coldness was his latest friend,  
He who struggled to the height,  
Strove by day and toiled by night,  
Went unto his silent end,  
Without sympathy and rest.

Thus we see how many men fail to  
 Fail to profit by this fame,  
 Wished in early life no friend,  
 Gained none when they reached their end,  
 Die, with fame? No! -rather shame,  
 Lay they lost, forgot, and then-

Oblivion!

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A N A C R O S T I C .

To M--- E-----

M ay fortune guide thee O my love!  
 A nd Jove your earthly efforts bless:  
 R eginal! reign o'er thy new world,  
 Y our sceptre sway right mightily!

E mpress! before whom Nature bends,  
 U pon whose head, fair wreaths are wound,  
 P repare for me some word of hope,  
 R ave pity on my cheerless state.

E nrap't my soul in love-sworn bonds,  
 M y languid thoughts, - O fairest one! -  
 I n mercy cast far from my mind,  
 A nd then come thou, my partner be.

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### A M B I T I O N.

Low are the aims whence high ambition rise,  
 Step over step the climbing pilgrim plies,  
 And when unto ethereal heights attained,  
 He scorns the ladder which his travels stained.

Ah! who would scorn a doubtless trusting friend,  
 That from the base, unto the highest end,  
 An aid most helpful to the pilgrim young,  
 -Who strove, thinking his praise would be unsung,-  
 Did lend?

Ungrateful wretch! come, hence away!  
 Nor 'proach thee, till this slowly passing day,  
 Which men call life, coth wend its silent tread,  
 Hence, to the gloomy region of the dead.

Ambition of the true and noblest kind,  
 Not from the fount of "self" its rise doth find;  
 Not from the dark and low conception "mine",  
 But from the widen'd view of mine and thine.

To reach a height from which one can descend,  
 And raise another to the ultra-end,  
 Of love and peace, from poverty severe,  
 Is but this true ambition's only care.

But should, O Muse! the noble helper think,  
 That he of Degradation's cup should drink,  
 Before those passions which from love do rise  
 He can perceive; and bind those by strong ties,  
 Whose poverty he doth relieve!

Ah yea.

For how can pity rise from hearts most gay,  
 Unless some likeness to the pain which day  
 By day haunts those who on their couches lay

Racked by some twangs of stiffened frame is felt,  
 By those, whose pity nigh their hearts does melt?  
 Nay! stern, immovable resolve can claim,  
 No right nor title to this noble name!

Ambition! how art thou most wrong perceived,  
 By those whose mock'd desire for fame received,  
 Some passing glimmer of thy hidden light,  
 Which shines thro' gloomy ages, clear and bright!

With low desire and base design, they strove,  
 To reach a height ne'erfore attained and prove,  
 Some wild, unguarded, childish statement made  
 To those who ever list to what they said.

teach us

Yet, doth Ambition thus to crave

Those things which lie, deep down beneath the grave  
 Nay! pure the mind and high the lofty aim,  
 Which thre desire, seeks thus to attain.

To speed the progress of this rolling world,  
 Which like all planets thro' vast space is whir  
 To raise into a higher state this race [led  
 Of man.- This is Ambition's noble place!

And when these things we hold in perfect view,  
 Can opposition cause what we pursue,  
 To vanish in surrounding sultry air,  
 Leaving not e'en their fading shadows there?

Nay! for no noble aims are ever lost,  
 If for the elevation of what most,  
 Is deemed sufficient to the world's progress,  
 We bend our feeble effort: none the less!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.

THE NEW AFRICA-

Lol a light has burst upon us,  
 Seel the darkness now dispells,  
 Christ has come to live among us,  
 -He of whom the Bible tells.

21

Afric's son now see the bright light,  
From the firmament above,  
Superstition now fades from sight,  
And with it the Devil's love.

Afric's sons wherever ye be,  
Come, bow down before your king,  
Fight for God and humanity,  
And to Jesus praises sing.

ahahahahahahahahah.

A F R A G M E N T.

'Twas night:

The great effulgent mistress of the cloudless sky  
Her lucid beams, threw o'er the silvery waters by:  
Peaceful and calm they were,  
No rising wind did stir,  
The sleeping merman of the deep;  
For, on they flowed in their enchanted sleep,  
Regardless of their course, and non-alert.

32  
He stood,

And watched with silent and inspiring awe. <sup>[stream,</sup> this

Beside whose flowery banks in by-gone days his  
Of future happy life. <sup>[dream</sup>

Free from all pain and strife.

He entertained. And as he thinks.

How vain the hopes.- how snapped the strongest links

That bind his present to his past. -he weeps.

"Weep not."

It was the voice of one, who, in white raiment clad,

Drawn by his loud lament, most pitiful and sad.

Had 'proached to find the cause,

Of th' infringement of the laws,

Which did those sacred precincts guard,

The mourner ceased, and he remarked " 'tis hard,

Yea, hard indeed, that there's no one to cheer."

Stranger" he

The white robed one replied, "there is some one to cheer

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For the record.























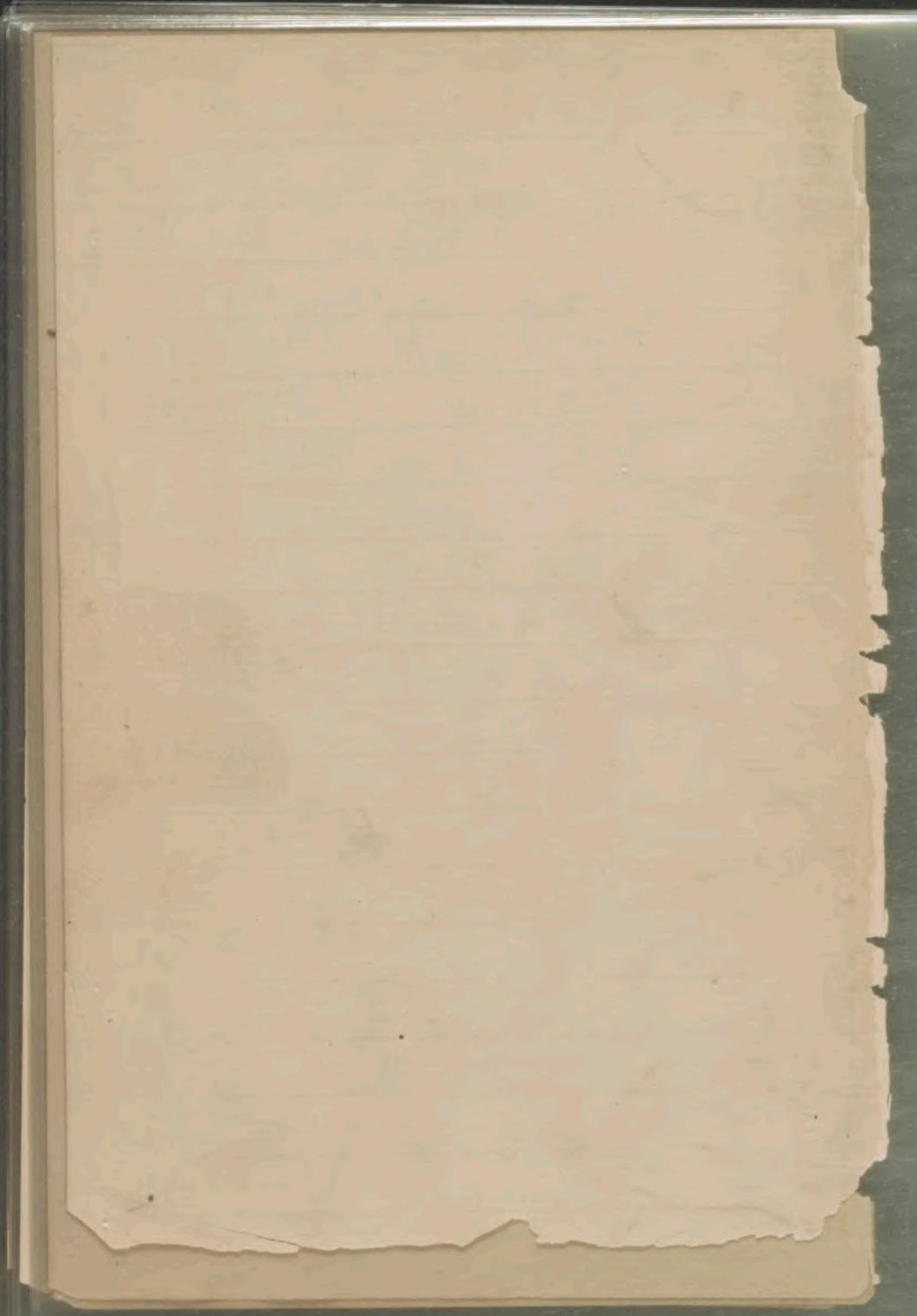












James Robert Spurgeon,  
United States Secretary of Legation,  
Monrovia, Liberia.

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...the ...

...the ...