THE LAWGIVER AND OTHER POEMS

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The Lawgiver and Other Poems by Jane Roseboom

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JANE ROSEBOOM

THE LAWGIVER AND OTHER POEMS



THE LAWGIVER

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY MISS JANE ROSEBOOM.

"Let Fate do her worst: there are relics of Joy, Bright beams of the past, which she cannot destroy, And which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, To bring back the features that Joy used to wear."

> HILLSDALE, MICH.: PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, 1878.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY LOVED MOTHER,

WHOSE SPIRIT LONG SINCE FOUND REST IN THE BETTER LAND,

AND WHOSE

TENDER CARE AND SYMPATHY ARE STILL CHERISHED IN MY HEART
WITH ALL THE PULLNESS OF
THAT MOTHER'S LOVE CHEERING ME ONWARD,
THIS LITTLE BOOK,
18 MOST APPECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

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PRELUDE.

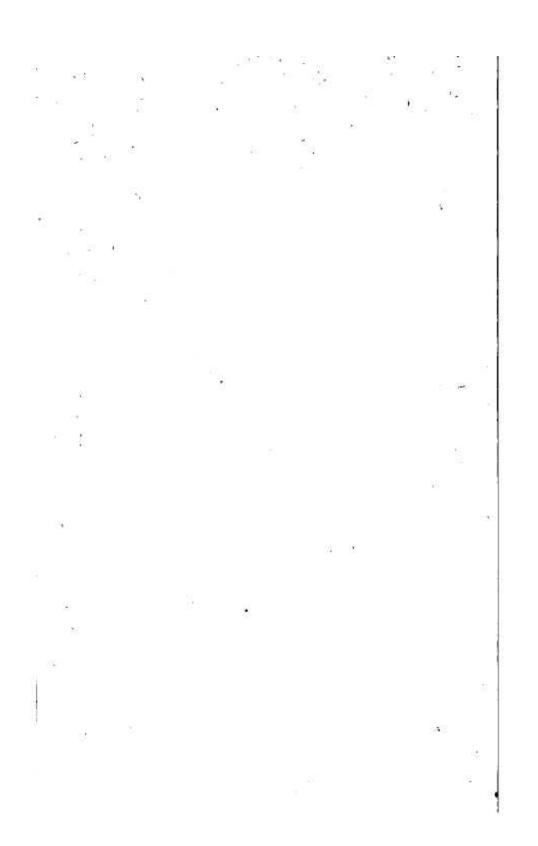
To the natural eye, as we contemplate the vast field of Literature, we say, "Of books there is no end, yet the world is not full."

Enthusiasm, with its rising progress, will ever command its own on the calendar of reason.

My own little book, filled with sheaves which I have gathered from my own garner, owing to the edicts of an over-ruling Providence I offer to the public. I can see no reason for an apology. Hope has laid her corner-stone, whilst Faith, like a day-star, has guided me onward.

Results have their fastening in the dim future, and I can only do that which I believe to be right, even though I tremble before the mighty.

How I am to be judged, how I am to be spoken of, are matters to which I am truly sensitive; yet I cannot, for one moment, feel that there are those among you who would cast upon me a dark frown, or criticise with an eye too severe for endurance; though yours is the right to criticise, and mine to bear it.



THE LAWGIVER.

BENEATH the welkin broad and blue, And pure as heaven's unchanging hue, The beams of morn and zephyrs mild Caressed the river-floating child. Like dew upon the flowers at dawn, Or freshest verdure of the lawn, So on his brow sat smiling grace, And beauty gleamed upon his face. By chance the ark upon the tide The king's fair daughter soon espied. And with a tender, anxious heart, To bring it bade her maid depart. And soon, impatient of delay, They brought the little boat to bay, Deep wondering what such casket kept. A little child! Behold! it wept.