

**"UNDER THE
CEDAR"
AND OTHERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649356270

"Under the Cedar" And Others by Augusta Clinton Winthrop

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

AUGUSTA CLINTON WINTHROP

**"UNDER THE
CEDAR"
AND OTHERS**

⑥

“UNDER THE CEDAR”

AND OTHERS.

BY

AUGUSTA CLINTON WINTHROP.

BOSTON:
CLARKE & CARRUTH,
340 & 344 WASHINGTON ST.
1888.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TO

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

AND

DR. HOLMES

THE FIRST LAUREL LEAF	55
"MY SHIP"	56
SOUL TO ITS CREATOR	58
MID OCEAN	59
'DEATH'?	61
"VITA EST LUX HOMINUM"	63
TWO WOMEN	64
"QUAE SUB HIS FIGURIS VERE LATITAS"	66
THE BEGGAR'S PETITION	68
QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR	71
A PALM SUNDAY DREAM	73
"LOVES' LURES OR UNDER THE CEDAR"	76

INTRODUCTION.

THESE scraps of rhyme together brought
From fly-leaves, letters, scribbled o'er,
In part from other tongues were caught
Yet most were planted long before, —
Germs quickened by a constant rain
From the twin wells of joy and pain.

Not sorted, labelled, each in place,
Or sharpened into weapons keen,
As when a wit with wits would race ;
Small food for "minds" may here be seen !
For you my "scribbles," gentle wight,
Who, like their writer, cannot write !

1

2

3

4

5

CLOSENESS.

"Ceux que nous avons aimés et que nous avons perdus ne sont plus où ils étaient, mais ils sont partout et toujours où nous sommes."

THEY are not absent from our life, our being,
Whom thus you style, — "departed — gone away"—
Dead? Yes, to sight! but that thin veil concealing
Their lives from ours is pushed aside each day.

No strangers now, though we may not have known them,
And e'en their names have never reached our ear!
If on these gravestones we one day are shown them,
Straightway are they our *friends*, beloved and dear.

We know the promise, "man shall live for ever,"
But many till they lose some loved one wait
To feel, here in the body, nought can sever
Freed souls from those within the earthly state!

They are around us when in summer lying
In spicy shade we listen to the pines, —
For when this world says most the next is trying
To show itself behind the outward signs!

But most of all at night ! when few are waking,
And the great characters no eye can spell
Shine out above us, and the moonlight breaking
In solemn glory, floods each hill and dell.

As we stand tranced, in deepest awe and longing,
The mortal bandage on our spirit eyes
Loosens so much we *know* the souls are thronging
Close here beside us, not in far off skies.

Fear them ! how should we fear them ? they are brothers,
The lessons we are learning have been theirs ;
Though some have reached the goal yet are there others
Like us detained upon the heavenly stairs.

One bond is ours ! those crowned with soul perfection,
And they with wisdom barely sown on earth,
Both long with us for that grand Resurrection,
The consummation of the heavenly birth !

Our Father ! dead and living Thou dost hold us,
For them we plead and for our joy they pray ;
Both are thy children, — by Thy Christ enfold us
Close to Thy heart in everlasting day !