

**AT MIDNIGHT AND
OTHER
POEMS, PP. 14-176**

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At Midnight and Other Poems, pp. 14-176 by Hubbard M. Smith

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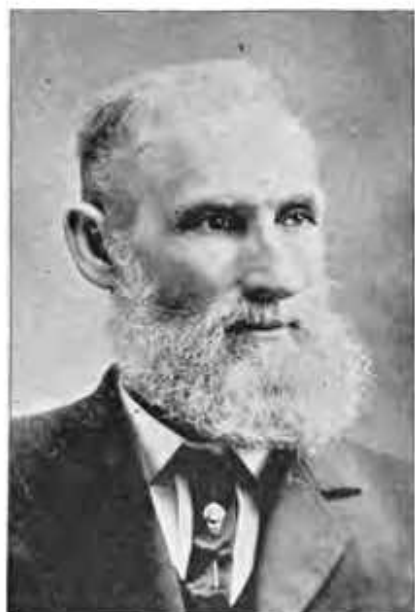
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HUBBARD M. SMITH

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OTHER
POEMS, PP. 14-176**



HUBBARD M. SMITH, M. D.

Presented to
Frank Allen Peake
By the Author
in honor of
Aug. 1907

AT MIDNIGHT

And Other Poems

By HUBBARD M. SMITH, M. D.



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by
MARY E. AND ALICE C. SMITH

*To my children, by whom
more sympathy than criticism will be
accorded, this volume
is
affectionately dedicated*

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Introductory

THE following verses were suggested by incidents and objects observed along the way-side and written during the leisure hours vouchsafed to the author midst the cares and labors incident to a physician's busy life, and he feels assured that, by their sentiment and expression, no one who may honor them with a perusal will thereby be made the worse, if not the better. Any misgivings he may have had in presenting this volume for public favor have been overshadowed by the solicitude and partiality of loving friends; and if he has furnished enough honey, extracted from the flowers of fancy, to fill one little cell in the great poetical hive, he will feel that his songs have not been sung in vain.

Vincennes, Ind., May, 1898.

May know and feel our insignificance.
Ah, what is puny man, whose life, at best,
Is but a span when measured in the scale
Of being? He's as but a little speck,
Tossed to and fro, by every passing wind.
If, then, O man, thou still art proud and vain,
"Behold the modest lily of the field,
Which neither toils nor spins' and, yet, doth wear
A garment beaut'ous, and surpassing all
Thy workmanship, by cunning arts devised,
And be ye humbled low; and know that all
Thy pomp and splendor soon will pass away,
As doth the bubble on the wayward stream;
"For dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return!"
But where shall the immortal spirit rest?
If not with God, in paradise, oh! where?
In death's dark charnel-house, Philosophy,
Awe-struck and dumb, steps back and offers not
One word of comfort to the stricken heart,
And throws no ray of light to guide the soul
Winging its way beyond the shores of time.