

**LIFE LONG MUSINGS; OR,
FRAGMENTS
GATHERED BY THE WAY;
A COLLECTION OF POEMS**

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Life Long Musings; Or, Fragments Gathered by the Way; A Collection of Poems by David E. Dodge

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DAVID E. DODGE

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OR

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BY

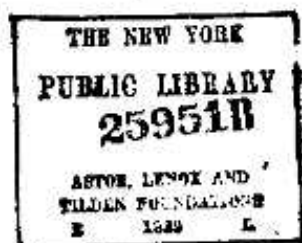
David E. Dodge.



THE LIGHT, Publishers.

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN.

[1899]
MAS



Copyright, 1899, by David E. Dodge.

PREFACE.

The productions in this little volume are the result of a broken and scattered effort through a period of over forty-five years, most of the time amid the cares and toils and anxieties necessary in the case of the poor man to the rearing of a moderately large family. I suspect they contain many imperfections. I am not sufficiently lettered to judge of their literary merit: I leave that to the more competent reader. I expect they will be justly criticised. But if the longings and aspirations and emotions that stirred in my own being at their writing, shall be awakened by their perusal in the heart of the reader, my ambition will be abundantly gratified. Every expression that would suggest an impure or unholy thought has been carefully avoided. The glory of God has been studied, and his grace has enabled me to triumph over that sordid ambition to introduce for self advancement that which would simply amuse without elevating and instructing.

Kirwin, Kansas.

THE AUTHOR.

1870

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Faith's Vision.

PART I.

When Evening round the world had drawn
Her twilight curtains soft and gray,
I sought the quiet grassy lawn
To catch the parting kiss of day;
The low west smiled with rosy ray,
The moon looked down with calm sweet face,
And in the azure far away
Each glittering star revealed its place.

And as I mused on bygone years,
On present time and days to come,
On fading hopes and groundless fears
That mark man's pathway to the tomb,
On superstition's mist and gloom,
Which oft obscure heaven's holy light,
On nations hastening to their doom
And souls gone down to endless night;

On avarice and pride and lust,
Which rule the earth with heavy hand,
On truth low trampled in the dust
And stern oppression's galling band,
On sin and crime in every land,
And griefs which mar life's fleeting day,
And evils countless as the sand
Thick strewn along man's mazy way.

My soul grew sad. How long, how long
Shall Satan triumph? When shall wrong
Give place to right?
Oh, when shall vanish the dark night

That long has brooded o'er the world?
 When shall Christ's banner be unfurled
 In every land
 And love rule all with gentle hand,
 When war and strife shall pass away
 And priestcraft lose its blinding way,
 And peace and joy of heavenly birth
 Sit smiling o'er the gladdened earth?

Lake Erie's murmur at my feet
 Was soft as infant's evening prayer;
 It rose and fell in tones so sweet
 And floated on the evening air;
 The moonlight glimmered here and there
 Out on the bosom of the deep;
 It was a scene delightful, rare,
 That lulled each troubled thought to sleep.

I dreamed, and softly on my ear
 Sweet accents fell that cheered my breast;
 Some spirit seemed to hover near
 And whisper to my soul of rest;
 The moon, the stars, the rosy west,
 The lake, all vanished from my sight,
 And upward with my heavenly guest
 I soared through space on wings of light.

When, lo, in panoramic view
 I saw the map of time unfold,
 Presenting ancient scenes and new
 In characters distinct and bold—
 The things of which the prophets told,
 And those by scribes along the way;
 And as the lengthened page unrolled,
 My eyes beheld a vast array.

Adam beneath the pleasant shade
 Of Eden sat at height of day,

