

**THE HERMIT OF MOSS
POND: A
ROMANCE OF THE
UPPER SUSQUEHANNA**

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The hermit of Moss Pond: a romance of the upper Susquehanna by James Pitcher

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JAMES PITCHER

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POND: A
ROMANCE OF THE
UPPER SUSQUEHANNA**

The Hermit
of
= Moss Pond. =

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A Romance

of the
Upper Susquehanna,

by
James Ditcher.

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Bartwick Seminary, N. D.,
1896.

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I.

Introductory.

(The Upper Susquehanna.)

Daily Prayer.

IN the morning, Lord, I pray,
Grant thy favor through this day;
Help me all my burdens bear,
Shield me from the tempter's snare.

When the day has grown to noon,
Grant thy favor, lest I soon
Heedless be of thy dear love,
While through toils and cares I move.

When my daily task is done,
Grant thy favor, ere the sun,
Hastening in his westward flight,
Drops the sable pall of night.

When mine eyelids close in sleep,
Grant thy favor; o'er me keep
Loving vigil, so I may
Welcome give the new-born day.

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II. Introductory.

MIDWAY within the Empire State,—
A commonwealth both rich and great,—
The "Glimmerglass" in beauty lies,
Beneath unrivaled azure skies.

To eastward, in condition still
As when the Redman roamed at will,
Majestic hills rise from the shore,
With virgin forests covered o'er;
While to the westward may be seen
Less rugged hills with vales between,
Whose gentler slopes and richer soil
Reward the farmers' patient toil.

At either end a village lies,
Whence heavenward-pointing steeples rise.
The shore is punctuated round
With camps and cottages, here found,
Which gleam from jutting points among,
Like gems upon a necklace strung.