Hearts of iron and fingers of steel,
Clamp and lever, and clog and wheel.
Click and clatter, and rail and die
The long night out and the long day in
Voe and weal to-morrow!
Feathers to fall with the weight of the door,
Pange to sadden the long life through
Roses and thorns to fly on their way,
The thought of the years, and the wails of a day
Hope, and love, and sorrow!
Friends, that grin with a demon joy,
Delight with arms to tamper and toy,
Every clump on the golden field,
Is a dream, a hope, or a promise dead—
A chill to pulses forever!
The days and months, and years, go by,
Till the present angel leaps over the sky
For the merry room with the rattling wheels.
Its click and clog, and touch of steel,
Its hand, and seam and lever.
And side by side in the rolling press
To curse, to cheer, to crush, to bless,
The angel and demon ever-wait.
Shaking the very doors of state,
And thrilling through the nation!
Hark, how the monster throbs and groans,
Creaking and cracking in the air it sounds.
What to him is—pain or pleasure,
Joy from the land, or death from the seas,
Hut or love or sorrow.
Out of the misty balls below,
Hither and thither the white wings go—
Tears that pressed shall trickle for aye,
Pains that were sharp and keen the day.
In all time's rolling surge.
Pressman! see that thy reins are well—
Every turn of the press shall tell—
It may be the first, or it may be the last.
Who can say how far the wheel
Into the future urges?
Harts of iron and fingers of steel,
Clamp and lever, and clog and wheel.
Click and clatter, and rail and die.
The long night out and the long day in
Wee and weal to-morrow.
New Orleans Cente.

Teach Us to Wait!

Our wishes, too impatient of delay,
Lament forever for the day to be.
For this we live to-morrow in to-day,
Year, and to-morrow we may never see.

We are too happy, are not reconciled.
To let kind nature to our work alone;
We plant our reeds, and like a foolish child
We dig it up to see if it has grown.
The good that is to be we covet now,
We can not wait for the appointed hour.
Before the fruits' pipe, we shroud the bough,
And smile on the bough that folds away the bower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do not see
That the head nights mother of the moon;
We can not think our own sharp agents,
May be the birth-pangs of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our icle cast,
And ere, that death has triumphed, life is void.
We do not trust the promise, that the last
Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rose almost in sight the spirit faints,
And heart and flesh grow weary at the last;
The feet would walk the city of the saint,
Even before the light guide is passed.

Teach us to wait until thou shalt appear—
To know all thy ways and acts are just;
Then teach us that we do relieve, and fear.
Lord, make us able to believe and trust!