

# **Pebbles**

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**JAMES TANDY ELLIS**

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# His Blessed Eyes.

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I see the sun in glory shine  
Across the fields of Palestine,  
And standing in its golden glow  
I see the Christ of long ago.—  
The tranquil blue of holy skies  
Seems mirrored in his gentle eyes.—  
    My Savior's eyes,  
    Those blessed eyes.

Those blessed eyes so pure and sweet  
Where love and hope in one glance meet.  
Where beams of tenderness arise:  
    My Savior's eyes,  
    Those blessed eyes.

I see him in life's thorny way  
With weary feet at close of day.  
The sick and lame are near Him there.  
His head is bowed in silent prayer,  
And 'mid the deep and suppliant cries  
The God-light glows within His eyes.  
    My Savior's eyes,  
    Those blessed eyes.

The day is dark on Calvary.—  
His heart of love and purity  
Calms into death, and all is still.  
The shadows fall across the hill,  
But ere His spirit upward flies,  
Forgiveness beams from out His eyes.  
    My Savior's eyes,  
    Those blessed eyes.

# Among the Hills of Monterey.

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Among the hills of Monterey,  
Thro' balm and sweet of Junetide day,  
Where bold-browed cliffs look grimly down  
Upon the quaint and peaceful town,  
Where Cedar wends its murmur'ing way  
Among the hills of Monterey.

Alike some distant mountain scene  
Of moss-kiss'd rocks and foliage green  
Alike some plastic Alpine view  
Where clouds roll in the azure blue--  
The mind's eye paints the summer day  
Among the hills of Monterey.

The golden sun has shower'd its beam  
Upon the bosom of the stream,  
The interlacings of the trees  
Are trembling in the gentle breeze--  
The red-bird trills a rondelay  
Among the hills of Monterey.

The creeping thyme of purple bloom  
Clings o'er the rocks--its faint perfume  
Is mingling with the partridge-vine,  
The elderberry and wood-bine--  
Each wild bloom cheers the woodland way  
Among the hills of Monterey.

And 'neath the bower of velvet shade  
The wild-rose blooms within the glade,  
The graceful ferns are bending o'er  
And nodding toward the river shore,  
Around the oaks the squirrels play  
Among the hills of Monterey

Perhaps some bard has wandered here  
In summer time of olden year,  
Whose soul with nature-love was fill'd,  
Whose heart with forest charms was thrill'd,  
Who lingered in a fond delay  
Among the hills of Monterey.

The ocean-blue of limpid sky,  
The fragrant breeze that whispers by,  
The drowsy ripples of the stream,  
The glory of the forest dream--  
Ah, sweet the scene, ah, glad the day,  
Among the hills of Monterey.

# A Night of June.

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Over the skies  
A silk veil lies,  
Shimmered with silver and diamond light,  
Holy and sweet  
Where the moonbeams greet  
The tranquil charm of the summer night.

The night-winds croon  
Of the balmy June,  
And steal away to the river shore,  
Where the willows bend  
And the waters blend  
With the hallowed moonlight sifting o'er.

A night bird trills  
On the shadowed hills,  
And strangely sweet is the mellow flow  
Of each liquid note  
From his golden throat,  
As he sings alone in the changing glow.

Each gleaming star  
In the depths afar  
Springs iridescent in its ray  
Enchanting rifts  
Or the color shifts  
Are touching o'er the Milky Way.

Oh night of June,  
Oh radiant moon,  
Some spirit-touch comes with your charm,  
Some sacred spell  
That seems to tell  
Alone of memories sweet and warm.

Oh, could we find  
With the spirit-mind  
The vision of that Hidden Rest,  
Oh, could we feel  
Thro' the mystic Real  
The heart-pulse of each spirit-breast.

Perchance in dreams  
There will come, it seems,  
The breath of angels ling'ring near,  
From the mist and gloom  
Of the nether-tomb  
A heav'n-toned message we may hear.

Oh night so deep,  
When the world's asleep,  
Some dear departed one may stand  
Unseen but near  
Beside us here  
To point us to the Better Land.

# Morning On Eagle.

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## I.

'Tis a summer morn on the winding stream,  
The gold bars break from the eastern throne,  
Streaking the mesh of the woodland dream,  
Linking the light in a blended tone—  
Diamonds in dewdrops beneath the beam  
Of the bursting sun, and the magic gleam.

## II.

The thrush is awake in the sycamore,  
And his music-soul is a-light with tune:  
He bathes his crest by the grassy shore,  
Where the vines are hung in a gay festoon,  
And he trills a song of the bird-land lore  
And glads each note that he warbles o'er.

## III.

The marsh-wren echoes a tiny song  
From his nest where the nut-grass waves so green;  
His delicate cadence is ringing among  
The melodies, luscious and pure—serene.  
The mocking-bird perched on the alder prong  
Re-echoes a rhapsody sweet and long.

## IV.

By the mossy banks, where the fairy blue  
Of the pickerel-weed, and the purple pink  
Of the pepper-root, and the heaven-touched hue  
Of the bluebells bending o'er the brink,  
And the jewel-weed in the sparkling dew  
Where the morn-kissed fragrance wanders thro'.

## V.

In the lurid tinge of the dawning hour  
The sonorous sweep of ambrosial morn,  
Where each God-sent bird and each wild-robed flower  
Is aglow with a gladness newly born,  
Where each hidden glade with its leafy bower  
Makes appeal to the soul with a mystic power.

## VI.

And the mill-wheel turns in a drowsy dream.  
And the waters shower to a rainbow spray.  
And the song is an ever-varying theme,  
As the old wheel sings to the dawning day,  
And the tender, tinkling murmurings seem  
To cast an enchantment abroad the stream.

## VII.

The sun floods the hills in a russet glow,  
The valley is flushed as a morn of the spring;  
The humming-bird dips where the blooms bend low,  
And the king-fisher pipes as he bends to wing—  
There's music and love where the wild flowers grow—  
There's solace and peace by the water's flow.

## A River Sunset.

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**J**UST the gentlest zephyr, laden with the rarest perfumes of Spring, is touching the willow-branches—the interlacing of the overhanging trees gives a shadowed outline along the peaceful shore. A charming tranquility hovers o'er the velvet-green of the bold-browed hills. Some modest little bird is closing his evening song—a softly drawn melody tinged with a sweet sadness. It is the hour of sunset, and a spiritual and holy calm seems to diffuse itself in the luminous, delicate twilight.

The evening sun is glowing in dusky fire—the river is changing from silver radiance to burnished gold. Great shafts of rosy, golden light are sweeping out through the windows of the western sky—the waters are shining like a great mirror under the heavens illumined like a transparency—magic changes of light and alluring color—the subdued harmony of violet and blue interwoven with tints of emerald and mother-of-pearl, set upon a background of flaming gold.

In the dusk of the semi-transparent night, the magic veil of some peri seems softly wafting down.

The skies are now touched with the prismatic lights of precious stones, of amethyst and cameo, with here and there the intermingling lilac tones.

Mosaics of jasper and cornelian are flitting o'er the far away rims of the eerie-gleaming clouds.

The sun is sinking behind the ramparts of the eternal hills—the gorgeous interchanges of light—the color enchantments, are fading with the dying sun—one glorious sheet of purple and gold lingers along the deepening sky, and above this parting glow a dear little face seems to rise and smile a fond  
GOOD-NIGHT.