The Absent One

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Iowa City Republican. Dakota is alive with Iowa men and women of the best type, Judge Seward Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Cook, of the Mitchell Republican, Captain Lucas, Mr. W. T. Love, Captain Humphrey, of the Faulkton Times, Mr. E. T. Cressey, of the Huron Leader, Robert Lowry and a hundred others being a tower of strength to that great territory. There has been a countless exodus, of brainy young journalists from Iowa lately: Adam Bishop, a Washington county boy, going to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Goshorns, of Stuart and Winterset, emigrating to Nebraska to run weekly papers and run them well, Horace L. Wood, a sprightly Iowa City writer, who won his spurs in college journalism, doing up the news for the Leadville Democrat while the state points with pride to scores of others in various localities.

Even Texas has its contingent of Iowa men. New Mexico honors as a leading citizen Mr. Frank Springer, son of Judge Springer, a citizen of Columbus Junction. Arkansas, has from Iowa a Clay Caldwell and many more. Oregon has among its rising young journalists Cassius M. Coe, of Iowa’s best. And to make a long story short, we may assert with confidence that there is hardly a state from Maine to California to which Iowa has not contributed of its best brain.

The Absent One

Tonight I sat before an altar high
Brighter than any work of human hands.
From faintly glinting censers, swinging low,
Thin spiral threads of smoke ascending slow
Faded into the vaulted darkness overhead.
From some unseen choir, far away, there came
Thin voices bearing melodies not of earth.
From these, the sanctuary, the lights, the music faint
There came a peace as though some fair hand
With tender touch had smoothed my aching brow,
And wiped away the cumbering cares of day.
The miracle was Thine; through many miles
Thy thought, Thy love had reached and brought
To me warm consolation to a hungry heart.
—Ernest R. Moore, Cedar Rapids