

A LYRIC
OF THE
GOLDEN AGE.

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THOMAS L. HARRIS.  
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"AND I SAW A NEW EARTH."
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New York:  
PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN,  
342 BROADWAY,  
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand  
eight hundred and fifty-five, by

**THOMAS L. HARRIS,**

in the clerk's office of the district court, for the southern district of  
New York.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Universe may be regarded as a grand musical instrument, on which the Divine oratorio of the Creation—revealed in the endless scale of ascending forms and faculties—is improvised. Nature is a many-toned Lyre whose chords are moved by Deity. To our limited comprehension, outward objects and events seem discordant, because their relations to each other, and to the ultimate designs of the Creator, are unknown, or but imperfectly distinguished. It requires a man of strong faith, of liberal feelings, and vast intellectual comprehensiveness, to reconcile the world's apparent discords, or to perceive the grand harmony that runs through all human experience and universal history. But Divine Wisdom can regulate the scale and dispose of all events. From the beginning the world has been full of beauty and melody. It is true that successive periods and innumerable generations of men—a stately throng, moving to the great

“Harmony not understood—”

lived, died, and were forgotten, before our hearts beat in unison with the first strain of Deific music. But all is well. Innumerable suns and systems still move by Divine impulsion, and the shades of

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uncreated worlds, clothed in white nebulae, sit together in the Infinite presence. Long before men chronicled their thoughts and deeds in precise language, there was order in Heaven, and on earth an uninterrupted succession of Divine manifestations. The sun shone on many forms of life and beauty; the skies were bright and the waters were clear; flowers bloomed on the hills and in the valleys; the birds carolled in all the sylvan arcades; soft perfumes and melodious sounds danced together in the cerebral halls of the Spirit; the winds played with the fair maiden's tresses, whilst Love played with her heart-strings, and heroes who were brave in battle went to dwell in the courts of Valhalla. From the threshold of Time the illuminated seer explored the mysteries of Eternity; the philosopher, in his profound abstraction, was led away to other worlds, and the poet sang his inspired song in Paradise. Angels have walked with men in all ages, and the apostles of Righteousness and Truth have been divinely strong.

There is harmony in all the works and ways of the Infinite. A loving purpose and an omnipotent hand are revealed in the endless *variations* of Being. We were not present when the performance commenced; we have not witnessed its termination, and who will venture to say that the Divine plan is imperfect? Our voices were not demanded in the sublime overture of the singing stars. Millions appeared on the stage before us, and having performed their respective parts, retired behind the *scenes*. The world did not miss them. In like manner the great musical drama will proceed, without stop or pause, when our voices are heard by the natural ear no more. But we presume that, to the infinite understanding, the harmony is never broken. It is true that the physical and spiritual atmospheres are sometimes darkened. Dense clouds, like frowning battle-ships, ride in the midst of the ethereal ocean, and black banners

are unfurled against the sky. Suns and systems are obscured, and the light of immortality shut out from the soul. To the benighted spirit, Divine ideas look like frightful monsters; inspiration may pass for a species of delirium, and angelic voices be mistaken for ordinary thunder. The world has its mournful scenes and sounds, and in the music of life there is many a wild refrain. Here are desolate homes, noisome dungeons, and bloody battle-fields. Men build sepulchres and write requiems; plaintive songs are heard in the wilderness and notes of terror on the sea. These all have their place in time and their use in the progress of the race. Between the prominent scenes and solemn *acts* of life are graceful interludes and delicate symphonies; and at life's close, all who have been divinely great or good join with the choral Angels in the triumphal *finale*.

If the story of Prometheus was once a fable, we are sure that in an important sense it is fabulous no longer. Invisible hands have rekindled immortal fires on our own altars, to warm the heart and to light up the face of Humanity. The relations of great thoughts and noble deeds to the realms of spiritual causation are daily becoming more perceptible. Through all the inherent forces and essential laws of the celestial, spiritual, and natural worlds, a Divine energy is interfused, and Powers unseen speak in the inspired thoughts of living men, who sit like stars at the celestial gates. In all eras and dispensations the natural and human have sustained intimate and unbroken relations to the spiritual and Divine. Indeed, this connection is indispensable to the existence of Nature and Man. Hitherto Literature, Art, Science and Religion have left their monuments along the ages, to mark the world's development. They are diversified and glorious forms of thought! Nevertheless, if we "seek" we shall not find "the living among the dead." Divine powers

and ideas are not entombed in ancient monuments. Stones and parchments have no life-sustaining elements. Men gaze at the Pyramids, but are not made strong; courage does not proceed from the ruins of the Colosseum, nor wisdom from the Parthenon; deserted banquetting halls are places where men hunger and thirst, and thousands die in spirit beneath the shadow of St. Peter's. Talking of summer winds never dissolves frozen seas, nor will the memory of sunny skies warm the cold earth. *The sun shines now; therefore is the earth beautiful and fruitful.* This suggests a more important idea. GOD IS IN THE PRESENT; there is a divine significance in the events of To-day, and in the most vital and essential sense inspiration belongs to the LIVING AGE.

#### MR. HARRIS AND HIS PUBLISHED POEMS.

It would be vain to search the annals of literature for a more striking example of poetic inspiration than is presented in the case of THOMAS L. HARRIS, whose recent, rapid and brilliant improvisations have astonished many of the most intelligent witnesses, and established for himself a secure foundation for a wide and lasting reputation. From his youth Mr. Harris has been accustomed to write verse, and many of his earlier Lyrics, already widely circulated through the religious and secular press, have been universally admired. They are usually characterized by bold thoughts and brilliant images, and are especially remarkable for their spiritual significance and beauty. His early poems were never mechanically composed—were rarely, if ever, the result of previous thought; they were unstudied, spontaneous, and seemingly almost as involuntary as respiration. By degrees the exercise of a spiritual agency, alike foreign to himself and the sphere of mundane existence, became more and more apparent, until Spirits stood unveiled before him, and

either moved his hand while he was partially entranced, addressed him in audible voices, or communicated their thoughts through cerebral impressions. The phenomena in the case of Mr. Harris have been constantly increasing in interest and importance. His normal life has been mysteriously diversified by many startling episodes, which, for their singular novelty—for the evidence they afford of the truth of spiritual existence and intercourse, as well as for dramatic impressiveness and the sublime ideas they contain—are worthy to be recorded among the most thrilling and instructive incidents of human experience. For the last five years his daily counselors and nightly guardians have been Spirits who have “put on immortality.” At all times and in all places they visit him and converse freely as friend with friend. His familiar guests are shades of the immortal Bards, who from his lips pour the fiery torrent of Heaven-inspired thoughts.

The poems of Mr. Harris were not only everywhere admired by the lovers of metrical harmony, but they were highly complimented by the Press, until their spiritual origin was made known. Of late, however, the secular journals have rarely copied them; much less have they been disposed to acknowledge their peculiar claims. In this respect the excessive caution of some men is not more apparent than their want of correct taste and a manly independence. They listen with delight to a mortal, and stop their ears when an angel sings! But when the real authorship of some Spirit-utterance through Mr. Harris is lost sight of by the critics, they are extremely liable to indulge their admiration—obviously, at their own expense and for our amusement. Indeed, they sometimes unwittingly sanction all that is claimed, by making the implied admission that his inspiration is derived from the Spirit World. The justice of this observation is illustrated by the example of the *Cincinnati Weekly Times*. Soon

after the "Lyric of the Morning Land" was published, Mr. S. Leavitt reviewed the poem, making copious extracts. Subsequently, through the carelessness of the press, the reviewer became the reputed author, and the legitimate claims of the Lyric to a spiritual origin were lost sight of by those who never had any disposition to perceive them. Some of those extracts have since that time been traveling the circuit of the secular press, prefaced by complimentary remarks from literary gentlemen who are opposed to Spiritualism. How ignorance brings out and displays these intrinsic charms! The journal just referred to, some time since, copied into its columns the subjoined verses, from a Fairy's "Song of the Violet:—"

There came a fairy blue, and sang:  
 O, maiden dear, attend, attend!  
 When first on earth the violet sprang,  
 Each earthly maid had fairy friend,  
 Who whispered in her ear by night—  
 Sing, heart, my heart the mellow lay—  
 And so the violet grew more bright  
 Within her eyes from day to day.  
 Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen,  
 Wake, fairies, on your azure steep;  
 For ye shall throng to earth again,  
 And sing to maidens in their sleep.\*

Appended to these verses, as they appeared in the *Times*, was the following editorial comment:

From the reading of Mr. Leavitt's "Lyric of the Morning Land," the mind reverts so much to "Queen Mab," that one can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen upon Mr. Leavitt's shoulders.

When we have asserted the fact that Mr. Harris, in some of his brilliant effusions, was really inspired by the immortal Shelley, secu-

\* "Lyric of the Morning Land," by Thomas L. Harris, page 232.



lar journalists have been incredulous and captious, if they did not treat the statement with undisguised contempt. Yet our opinion is here virtually indorsed by an opposer. When the real claims of the Lyric to a genuine spiritual origin are unknown or forgotten, *the critics are straightway reminded of "Queen Mab," and "can not help thinking that the poetic mantle of the renowned Shelley hath truly fallen on the author's shoulders."*

Several journalists have been constrained by the irresistible force of internal evidence to associate other poems, uttered through Mr. Harris, with the names and genius of Shelley and other departed poets. The following is extracted from a review of the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," which appeared in the *Philadelphia Daily Register*:

We are strongly reminded of Shelley, in reading many passages in this Poem; and if any Spirit that was once encased in visible clay was the dictator of it, we should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be that of Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is every way extraordinary. It is remarkable as a poem, unattended by any real or imagined abnormal circumstances of the author. Its merits, aside from any curiosity on the subject, will cause it to be widely read. The extraordinary rapidity of its composition makes it unequaled by any other literary production in the world.

A number of similar illustrations might be cited in this connection, but our limited space will only permit us to introduce one additional example. On Thursday, November 30, 1854, while Mr. Harris was seated in the office of the Spiritual Telegraph, the writer and Mr. Lewis L. Peet being present, it was observed that the physical and mental condition of H. were strongly influenced by some foreign agent, which seemed to abstract his mind from the sphere of his outward relations. At length he was profoundly entranced, and, while under the influence of invisible intelligences, improvised two Poems, making in all *one hundred and fifty lines*. The second Poem, a bold and graceful utterance, containing sixty-two lines, and purporting to be a relation of the experience of EDGAR A. POE, in his transition

to the Spirit-world, was spoken in *fifteen minutes*. Below we give some fragments to further illustrate Mr. Harris' astonishing powers of improvisation while under spiritual influence, at the same time they most forcibly vindicate his claims to direct intercourse with Spirits of the invisible world. The abrupt and frightful termination of mortal life; the birth of the Spirit, surrounded by unearthly terrors, and the opening of the inner senses amid the glories of Paradise, are thus graphically and beautifully described in the First Part of the Poem :

A lurid mantle wrapped my Spirit-form,  
 Cradled in lightnings and in whirlwinds born,  
 Torn from the body, terribly downcast,  
 Plunged headlong through red furnaces in blast;  
 Those seething torrents maddened me; I fell,  
 But woke in Paradise instead of Hell;  
 Like song-waves circling in a golden bell,  
 Like fragrant odors in a woodbine dell,  
 Like glowing pistils in a rose unblown,  
 Like all sweet dreams to Saints in slumber shown,  
 Like Heaven itself, like joy incarnate given;  
 And as a ship through wintry whirlwinds driven  
 Finds land-locked port in Araby the blest,  
 So I, through terror, entered into rest.

A lovely maiden, whose angelic beauty is revealed in the transcendent light that emanates "from her full bosom," comes to the Poet, who is filled with rapture while she sings :

" I have waited, I have waited,  
 As the Evening Star belated,  
 When it lingers pale and lonely by the purple sunset door.  
 I have found thee, I have found thee,  
 And with heart-spells fast have bound thee."  
 So from out the glowing halo sang the Angel-Maid Lenora.

The Poet then rehearses the dark scenes of his Earth-life—the poverty, despair, desolation and madness—

All Earth's undivided sorrow,  
which broke his young heart and veiled his spirit in the gloom of a tempestuous night. The feeling of utter desperation which possessed his soul and burned in his brain like an unquenchable fire, and the blissful repose of the liberated Spirit in the home of the Angels, are vividly contrasted in the closing stanzas.

And I fled Life's outer portal,  
Deeming anguish was immortal,  
Crying, "Launch thy heavy thunders, tell me never to adore.  
Hate for hate and curse for curses,  
Through abyssmal universes,  
Plunge me down as lost Archangels fell despairingly of yore."

So the whirlwind bore my Spirit,  
But to lands that Saints inherit,  
And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o'er.  
I am blest beyond all blessing,  
And an Angel's pure caressing,  
Flows around my soul forever like a stream around its shore.

While Mr. Harris was speaking the poem from which these extracts are taken, his whole manner was highly dramatic; at the same time his countenance and intonations were expressive of all the tender and terrible emotions which the poem so impressively indicates. The internal evidence that it was inspired by the author of the "Raven" is so strong that no unprejudiced mind, at all familiar with the circumstances of its production, will be likely to dispute its claims. Even the critical Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*—who has heretofore manifested an inveterate hostility to Spiritualism—was impelled to write and publish the following, in a commendatory notice of this poem:—"It has all the 'fine frenzy' of that wild son of

*genus and some of the stanzas are quite equal, in our view, to his best efforts."*

Great Poems and living Evangels are earthly echoes of the Infinite Harmonies. Few in any age are able to apprehend their meaning. That the Epic and Lyric are not everywhere appreciated will occasion no surprise with those who have measured the distance between the earthly plane of the common mind and the heaven of imagination to which the inspiring Spirits lead the powers of thought. In the ranks of the *dilettanti* the philosophy of these Poems is doubtless a sealed book. Nor do we look for a just estimate of their peculiar merits to those critics who flit above the flowery lawns of Poesy, and flash in the gray twilight, like fire-flies over the garden walls of popular literature. No, never. Men whose ideas are begotten and born in drawing-rooms, seldom recognize the great thoughts that silently move the world. When the vibration of a harp-string, under the gentle pressure of some fair hand, fully realizes the highest conception of Divine harmony, there will be few to follow the bold, free spirit that goes out to unbar the portals of other worlds. But the revealing Angel must open the everlasting doors, that men may listen if they will to the sublime Sphere-music, and feel the stately measure to which constellations march through Heaven.

But there are many persons of strong, illuminated minds, who have experienced the most intense and exalted pleasure in reading the poems of Mr. Harris. They are men whose critical and independent judgment is entitled to respect. Their brains are not the machinery of Mammon, and their opinions were never bought and sold like merchandize. Not a few of this class have dared to say great things of the Epic and Lyric; but the limited space allotted to this Introduction will not admit of their being recorded. I trust however, that J. J. Garth Wilkinson, Esq., of London, a gentleman known

in both hemispheres as a learned author and a competent critic, will pardon the liberty I take in making this public use of his words contained in a private letter. After referring to some interesting spiritual developments in England, Mr. Wilkinson thus concludes: "And now, may I ask you to express to Mr. Harris, in the names of myself, my wife and many, many friends, our sense of the delicious gales from inward lands that have blown over us out of the Books which have been given through him. The Epic and Lyric are New World-doors opened, never to be shut again."

#### THE SPIRITUAL MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. HARRIS.

The wonderful gift of improvisation in which Mr. Harris so far excels the unaided powers and normal operations of the human mind, that he may, perhaps, be destined to stand alone in the literary annals of our time, is by no means the only evidence that may be adduced to prove that he is a medium of communication between the spiritual and natural spheres. It may not be uninteresting, or out of place in this connection, briefly to enumerate some of the phases of his mediumship, and, as a further illustration of his powers, to refer to several well-authenticated examples. The remarkable spiritual clairvoyance which Mr. H. often exhibits does not depend on the influence of mundane conditions or agents; it is induced by invisible beings, who lift the veil from the inner sense, and thus reveal scenes of the immortal life. In like manner, if we are not mistaken, the power of thought-reading is developed, or the faculty of perceiving ideas existing in the internals of the human mind. Occasionally Mr. Harris has been employed by Spirits in the transmission of a healing power; but the illustrations of this phase of his mediumship are not numerous. At times he appears to be so far disconnected from the body that he can travel in spirit with

great rapidity, visit distant places, and have an accurate perception of remote objects and events. It is also alleged that when Spirits enter his sphere they become visible to others; that persons of refined habits and acute sensation both see and hear them; that the Spirits are able to cause atmospheric undulations, and to produce the most delicate chemical combinations and sensational impressions. These operations of the Spirits are made manifest to the outer senses of men by distinct vibrations, concussions, vocal and instrumental music, and also by the diffusion of aromas through the natural atmosphere. The phenomenon last mentioned occurs less frequently than many others, but intrinsically it is no more improbable, since all the simple elements of which the aromas consist are everywhere diffused in the earth and atmosphere, and it needs but the subtile chemism of the Spirits to so combine them as to render their presence manifest to the senses. Such are some of the more important phases of mediumship, as developed in the experience of Mr. Harris, and which I propose to further illustrate by particular examples.

In December, 1852, Mrs. C. called upon Mr. Harris, in the hope of attaining some evidence of immortality which might afford her the consolation she needed in a season of deep affliction. Her husband had departed this life, and her spirit yearned for the assurance that life was renewed and love immortal beyond the grave. Mr. Harris knew nothing of her history, and had no external perception of the object of her visit; but becoming entranced in her presence, all was revealed to him. He informed the lady that her husband was an officer in the United States Army, described his mental and physical peculiarities, his dress, a scar on his face, and said that he carried a repeater watch, and was in the frequent habit of applying it to his ear and striking the hour. The father of Mrs. C., an eminent divine, was also described on the same occasion, and the lady declared that

the delineations were in every essential particular true to nature and the facts.

During the same month another interesting illustration of the author's mediumship occurred. The name of the individual and his place of residence are suppressed for reasons which will be obvious to the reader. A professional gentleman at the South was invited to hear Mr. Harris lecture on Spiritualism, but declined, having no faith in the alleged manifestations from Spirits. On being requested to make a personal visit to Mr. H., he consented, at the same time affirming that no Spirit could reveal the facts in the life of the person that purported to communicate, in such a manner as to insure identification, as all the phenomena were mere psychological hallucinations which he himself could produce at pleasure. This gentleman was accordingly introduced to Mr. Harris, and after a brief interview, the latter—being under the magnetic influence of some Spirit—retired to his interior plane of observation. The visitor was informed that the Spirit of a young female attended him as a guardian. Her personal appearance, costume, and other things connected with the life on earth, were described; the relation which had previously existed between the gentleman and his Spirit-guardian was intimated; the nature of her life, and the circumstances of her death, were referred to; the Spirit also gave him an impressive communication, indicating her condition in the Spirit-world, the habits of her earthly friend, and concluded by admonishing him to reform. At the close of this interview the gentleman went away, but not long after called on Mr. Harris again, and related the story of the life and death of the young girl whose Spirit had so unexpectedly addressed him, affirming, at the same time, that he was fully satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism from the astonishing accuracy of the disclosures made through Mr. H. The gentleman also expressed

his conviction that the medium could not have derived his impressions by a psychological process from his own mind, and that this was rendered evident to him from the statement of *an important fact* respecting the Spirit, which, until that hour, was neither known nor conceived of by himself. Since the first interview, a personal investigation had fully established, in his mind, the truth of the statement.

While in New Orleans, in February, 1854, our friend the author was requested to officiate in his ministerial capacity at the funeral of Augustus Wang. After promising to comply with the request, he was subjected to a powerful spiritual influence, and impressed to say that the spirit still preserved its connection with the body; that Mr. W. had a partial consciousness of what was going on, but that he would be released from his mortal restraints in about thirty-six hours. These statements were communicated to the family, and the body was thereupon taken from the coffin and placed in bed, after which faint but distinct signs of life were perceptible. Mr. Harris directed a lady to take Mr. W. by the hand and tell him that T. L. H. was conscious of his situation, and would see that he was not buried alive. The lady did so, whereupon Mr. W. *distinctly pressed her hand*. He remained in that state, without undergoing any apparent change, from that morning until the afternoon of the next day, when Spirits announced that he had left the body, and marks of decomposition ensued.

Several facts in our Author's experience seem to warrant the inference that the spirit occasionally retires from the sphere of its outward relations, and is so far separated from the body that the animal functions are temporarily suspended, while the immortal entity is free to roam abroad through space. An experience of this kind occurred during the winter of 1852. Mr. Harris was one day conversing with an eminent lawyer in New Orleans, when he suddenly



fell into a lethargy so profound that he was motionless, insensible, and apparently lifeless. He remained in this condition about twenty minutes. On returning, he stated that he appeared to himself—as a Spirit—to have gone in person to a place at the North, where he had previously resided, and to have ascertained the contents of a letter which had reached the Post-office in that place by the mail of that day. Mr. H. mentioned the date of the letter, stated that it had been written by a gentleman in Griffin, Ga., under the erroneous impression that he was still at the North, and that it contained a request for him to take Griffin in his way, and to deliver a course of lectures in that place, should he visit the South during the winter. Mr. Harris was so well satisfied that the invitation thus spiritually received had really emanated from citizens of Griffin, that without hesitation he resolved to comply with the request, and accordingly went to that place. Rev. A. Buckner testifies that Mr. Harris, on his arrival at G., stated that he had received their invitation, also the singular manner in which their wishes were made known to him. His impressions were found to agree with the facts, precisely such a letter having been written and sent in the wrong direction.

The friends of Mr. Harris relate a still more striking fact of a similar kind. Early in the month of June, 1853, while the Medium was in Western Virginia, he passed into the same condition and remained for several hours. When his external consciousness was restored, he said that he had visited New Orleans, accompanied by a Spirit-guide. After seeing his friends in that city, he was requested by the Spirit to go with him to a strange place. He complied, and after traveling a short distance found himself on a level road, bordered on either side by swampy ground covered with shrubbery. At the right there was a small canal, and a building with a tall chimney. The guide called his attention to these objects, and bade

him recollect what he had seen, saying, emphatically, "*Remember, there are the water-works.*" He traveled on about three miles when he approached the entrance to an extensive cemetery. The massive gateway was in the Egyptian style of architecture, and apparently constructed of granite blocks. He was requested to pause, and stand on one of the piers; he did so, and the guide then made the following communication.\*

"The yellow fever is about to prevail in this city, and from ten to fifteen thousand persons will be deposited, during the summer and autumn, in these grounds. The bodies will be buried so carelessly, and the coffins will be covered so sparsely with earth, that the ground will crack open by the heat of the summer sun, and make visible that which is below."

In the Spring of 1854 Mr. Harris visited New Orleans in person. While in that city, he on one occasion mentioned to a circle of friends the occurrence just related, and observed that he would have supposed that his former visit was not imaginary but *real*, had he not known that they had no water-works, and been informed that the entrance to the cemetery was made of wood instead of granite. On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Harris was invited to visit the cemetery in company with a friend. He soon found himself on the identical avenue he had formerly traversed in spirit with his angelic guide. He saw the same building he had been told to remember as the water-works, and his friend informed him that it was used *in draining the city*. Pursuing the same road three miles further, he arrived at the cemetery, and found that the principal

\* This singular experience occurred before publicity was given to the fact—through outward channels accessible to the medium—that the terrible epidemic of 1853 was approaching, and which resulted in the death of more than ten thousand persons.

entrance was constructed after the Egyptian order, and corresponded in appearance to his vision. It is only necessary to add, that the victims of the pestilence of 1853 were buried so densely and so near the surface, in portions of that inclosure, that the remains were here and there visible through small fissures of the earth.

In the summer of 1853, Mr. H.—in company with two other gentlemen whose names are in the writer's possession—was induced to visit an unsettled and mountainous region in the northern part of the Empire State, for the purpose of trout-fishing. They were obliged to camp out in the woods over night, during which the whole party was exposed to a heavy rain. On the following morning, in attempting to retrace their steps, they were lost in a wide and trackless forest. After wandering until they were quite exhausted, one of the number proposed to ask if their guardian Angels could direct them out of the forest. In a few moments the right arm of Mr. Harris began to oscillate like the needle of a compass, and soon became rigidly fixed in one direction. They were then informed by the Spirit-friends of the Medium that his arm was controlled by their agency, and that by pursuing the course thus indicated they would soon reach the point of destination. This instruction from the invisible guides was implicitly followed, and in as straight a line as could be drawn they were conducted to the very place they had most desired to find.

In January, 1854, while Mr. Harris was in New Orleans, he was one day conversing with a Mr. Robbins—an entire stranger—when he was suddenly entranced, and proceeded to introduce and identify several of Mr. R.'s departed relatives. Among the number was a distinguished soldier who was killed in the attack on Quebec; his military costume and the distinguishing traits of character were described; several of the more interesting facts of his private history were mentioned, and the circumstances of his death disclosed;

he was in the front rank of the assailants, and fell by a cannon-shot. These statements were confirmed by Mr. R., in whose mind they were sacred recollections.

On the same day, the Spirits produced an unusual phenomenon in the presence of Mr. Harris, with the recital of which we must conclude these evidences of his mediumship. The phenomenon to which I refer consisted in projecting, through the mediatorial sphere of Mr. H., the essential properties or essences of various spices and aromatic gums—camphor being most apparent—into the external atmosphere, so that, first the spacious room where Mr. Robbins and the Medium were sitting, and finally every room in the house (a large three-story building) was filled with aromas. On examination it was found that no camphor or other substances capable of diffusing an odor were in the house. It was said that this manifestation was given by an Israelite who had been for several centuries in the Spirit-world, and whose employment on earth had been that of a dealer in *spices*, silks and precious stones.

#### THE "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE."

In the "Lyric of the Morning Land," it was distinctly announced, that another Poem would soon be given through Mr. Harris. That promise is redeemed in the "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE," which is herewith submitted to the public. Reserving for the present what I design to say respecting the merits of this remarkable Poem, I will now briefly set forth the alleged objects of the inspiring Spirits in its production. As the purpose to perform any labor naturally and necessarily precedes the actual performance, with respect to time, I shall observe the same order, in the execution of my task, and first make known the original intentions of the Spirit-authors as the same were disclosed to me on the morning of October 19, 1855.

## WHAT THE SPIRITS DESIGNED TO ACCOMPLISH.

The writer does not feel authorized to essentially modify the form of the statement made by the Spirits, during the interview referred to, but will here present a faithful transcript of the same from his original notes. (The Poem was completed, excepting two brief passages, which were necessary as connecting links to different portions of the work.) Early on Friday morning, October 19, while the writer was conversing with Mr. Harris respecting the specific objects of the Spirits, as indicated in this extraordinary work, the latter was unexpectedly entranced, and the Spirits, addressing the writer, said, "The objects which we design to accomplish through this Poem are in part comprehended in the following statement:"

1. We designed to represent various forms and phases of the great struggle between the internal and spiritual mind of the Race, and the oppressive restrictions in the social, philosophical and theological spheres, which prevent harmonious ultimations of Divine Wisdom and Love.

2. Our object has been to indicate the various agencies from spiritual spheres connected with this earth; from harmonic orbs in space, and their encompassing worlds of Angels; and from angelic spheres encompassing the sun, as now coöperative for the elevation and consequent unfolding of the universal Humanity of the planet Earth, into composite and harmonic perfection.

3. It has been our purpose to direct the attention of minds in your sphere to the existence of harmonic Heavens, which operate on special organizations among the children of earth, ultimating through their expanded interiors archetypal forms of social, mechanical, theological and poetical harmony, and into corresponding forms of Love, Wisdom, and Beautiful Use on the natural plane.

4. Our object, in the fourth place, has been to suggest the exist-

ence of Types of Mankind, harmonically existing in corresponding spiritual spheres, and developed from corresponding races of antiquity, which still maintain the same physico-spiritual traits, freed, however, from the irregularities by which they were naturally characterized.

5. Again. We have designed to suggest the existence of an interior, divine significance and truth in the historical religions of Greece and India, identical with the life-essence of Christianity; also, to redeem the majestic and beautiful symbolism of ancient religions from disrepute and degradation, and to reëffirm their original spiritual significance and use.\*

6. We have further endeavored to present the images of majestic and venerable benefactors of the Human Race, whose existence on earth was antecedent to, or not comprehended in, the accredited records of past and contemporaneous history.

7. We would also disabuse the mind of the gross superstition which confines the æsthetic exercises, developments and avocations of the soul to the natural plane, and point out the important truth, that the human spirit flows into as many forms of beautiful expression and employment, in the ulterior life, as are suggested by all human faculties revealed through the external organization, and this in multiplying proportion, resulting from the combination of harmonies.

8. Another purpose has been to indicate the existence of creative forces in the spiritual and celestial degrees of the Universe, by and through whose mediatorial operations Infinite Causation projects into material ultimates, suns and their systems, perpetually.

9. And, finally, we have endeavored to delineate the uses and employments of angelic Spirits, whether of recent or most ancient ori-

\* Here the communicating Spirit digressed for a moment, for the purpose of saying that "this subject will be more fully treated in future productions" from the same source.

gin; to show the unity of the Universe, the unity of Humanity as an immortal people inhabiting all peopled Earths and their unfolding Heavens; to indicate somewhat of the organic human connection of earths with earths, and systems with systems; and thereby, as far as in us lies, to establish intellectual avenues of communication between Man the Microcosm and Man the Macrocosm—Man the child on earth, and the God-father of all men in Heaven. With these ends in view, we have not scrupled to speak directly to the issue, when treating of errors on the earth-plane, whether political, ecclesiastical or moral, which obstruct communication between the earth and skies.

#### MUNDANE HISTORY OF THE POEM.

The more important facts relating to the physical and mental conditions of Mr. Harris during the delivery of the Poem, and several examples of coincidental phenomena, require to be stated in this connection. During the greater portion of the time thus employed, outward sensation was either wholly suspended or greatly diminished; the Medium seemed to be quite oblivious of external circumstances and objects, and at times respiration was apparently interrupted. The general state of his mind and feelings, during the progress of the work, was one of profound tranquility; with a single exception, the influence of the poetic Spirits was soothing as low-toned music; and, at the same time, productive of combined vigor of thought and elevation of the affections. This exception occurred at the time Mr. H. was subject to the Spirit purporting to be Byron. While under the inspiring influence of that mind he was conscious of a great excess of stimulating energy, and the departure of the Spirit occasioned a corresponding physical reaction in the Medium, which interrupted the flow of the subsequent utterance for twenty-four hours.

During the delivery of the Poem a variety of physical sensations and objective manifestations transpired, which will interest the spiritual reader. The Medium, at each succeeding session, was made sensible of the presence of Spirits by direct contact, often feeling the Spirit-hand on his head, breast, and other portions of the system. Electrical lights were frequently produced and made visible to all who were in the room; frequent sounds were also heard by the amanuensis, during the time occupied in the delivery of the Poem, for which no physical causes were ever discovered. At one time, in the presence of Mr. Charles Partridge, a sudden and powerful shock occurred, as if a spark had been communicated to a quantity of detonating powder. At other times invisible intelligences seemed to be conversing, in subdued voices, in the apartment. In one instance, while Mr. Harris and the amanuensis were at Schroon Lake, the room wherein they were sitting was suddenly flooded with a delicate aroma, resembling the perfume of jessamine flowers, which so pervaded the natural atmosphere that it could be most distinctly perceived and recognized through the medium of physical sensation.

The Spirits, though often visible to Mr. Harris, invariably sought to impress themselves *qualitatively* through the psychometrical sense, and the Medium appeared, by degrees, to develop a capacity to sense their presence and to distinguish one from another, as the psychometrist discovers the physical condition, mental and moral attributes, and social qualities of individuals, by a kind of spiritual analysis of aroinal essences emanating from their spheres. It was the usual custom of the Spirits, first of all, to manifest themselves by low, sweet melody or harmony, which seemed to address the outward ear, and to proceed from an immortal choir, standing at the right and above the Medium. Sometimes this angelic choir was apparently composed of little children. In this manner "a multitude of the



heavenly host" appeared from time to time, and furnished an exquisite prelude to each succeeding portion of the Poem. The Spirits were generally, though not always, visible to the spiritual sense. Their forms were illuminated by a supra-mortal light, which flowed through them as if they were media to transmit the rays, or delicate shades to temper and soften the divine effulgence.

In the composition of the "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE," it is claimed that the particular Spirits referred to in the Poem dictated such parts of the work as are ascribed to them. Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Pollok, contributed the several portions which bear their respective names. The part descriptive of Rousseau's vision emanated from him, and the description of the Indian Heaven was given by a spirit from that abode, whose name, INDRA, frequently occurs. Those portions which refer to the Greck Heaven were produced, as the invisible intelligences affirm, by a general influx of ideas from a society of Spirits who inhabited ancient Greece. Finally, it is claimed that the remaining descriptive passages, which represent various phases of the Spiritual World, as presented to a spirit intromitted from the Earth-sphere and transported through the scenery of the Heavens, are the actual spiritual experiences of the Medium.

The first half of the "Lyric of the Golden Age" was dictated at the Irving House in this city, at intervals, in the course of December and January, 1854-5. During the progress of the work a number of intelligent Ladies and Gentlemen—personal friends of Mr. Harris and impartial investigators of the spiritual phenomena—were present, from time to time, for the purpose of observing the results of spiritual agency as developed through him. We are permitted to record the following names of persons who witnessed the delivery of portions of the Poem:—Prof. J. J. Mapes; Dr. and Mrs. Warner;

Evangeledis, a Greck from Athens; E. D. E. Green, a well-known artist; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burroughs, of the Irving House; Mrs. J. G. Dow; Charles Partridge; William Fishbough, and S. B. Brittan. About five thousand lines had been dictated when—the engagements of Mr. H. calling him to other spheres of labor—the work was suspended by the Spirits, and the Medium supposed it was completed. Some one inquired if the Poem should be given to the public, when the Spirits answered negatively, assigning as the reason for delaying its publication that it was not finished.

On his return from the South, in July last, Mr. Harris located himself at a quiet country house near the foot of Schroon Lake, for the purpose of recreation and repose, having previously learned from his spiritual friends that they had communications to make from the interior. On this occasion he was accompanied by a learned and gentlemanly associate, in the person of Mr. B., who had previously assisted him in the capacity of amanuensis. After a long day's ride they arrived at the village of Pottersville, in Warren county, N. Y., weary with the journey and oppressed with the heat of the day. Soon after their arrival Mr. Harris was entranced, and induced to walk at twilight to an eminence at the East, a distance of half a mile from the village. On reaching the place, his Spirit friends and guardians identified themselves, and informed Mr. H. and his associate that the hotel at which they proposed to sojourn was unsuited to the character of the Medium and the objects of their retirement. The right arm of Mr. Harris was then made rigid, and pointed in a south-easterly direction, whereupon the Spirit, *en rapport* with his organization, proceeded to say, that if they would but travel a short distance in that direction they would find a place precisely suited to their necessities. Accordingly, on the following morning, Mr. B., pursuing the course previously indicated by the

Spirit, crossed a bridge at the outlet of the Lake, and found the place denoted, but he was himself utterly averse to remaining there, and repeatedly interrogated the Spirits respecting their designs. At length, however, his objections were removed; and there, at a retired farm-house, situated on a little eminence which commands a view of Schroon Lake, the river and the adjacent mountains, the Spirits dictated the portions of the Poem attributed to Shelley and Byron, together with that which relates to the Indian Heaven.

Four weeks were spent in that delightful retreat, when the Spirit-mother of the Medium, who frequently acts as his guide, requested him to go to New York, to the Telegraph office, where he would see Mr. Partridge. No reasons were assigned and no explanations were demanded. Mr. H. had learned from his previous experience to respect the source of his instructions, and feeling that some important use was to be promoted by his acquiescence he started for New York on the ensuing day. While our friend was on his way to this city no incident transpired, worthy of record in this connection; but he had been seated in our office but a short time when a loud concussion occurred, somewhat resembling the report of a pistol, whereupon the Medium was immediately entranced. The guardian Spirits of Mr. Harris then appeared in his presence, and stated that, owing to existing causes, the remaining portions of the Poem could not be given in the locality which the Medium had last occupied. It was further stated that at 12 o'clock (midnight) he would pass into an interior state preparatory to the last effort of the Spirits in completing the present work. At the same time Mr. Partridge was requested to act as amanuensis, and it was intimated that twelve sossions would be required to finish their labors.

At midnight H. was profoundly entranced; but there was evidently some impediment in the way which obstructed the current of inspired

thought. The invisible powers made several abortive attempts to control the Medium. At length a few lines were spoken, apparently with much labor, and then the flow of ideas was interrupted, and the Medium was silent. After waiting nearly two hours, the amanuensis retired for the remainder of the night. The writer of this Introduction occupied the same apartment with Mr. Harris, and had the best possible opportunity to observe all the phenomena exhibited in his case. Soon after Mr. Partridge left the room, and while the Medium was stretched at full length on a couch, apparently in an unconscious condition, the inspiring Angels suddenly broke over all restraints, and the work proceeded, the undersigned acting as amanuensis. The Spirits proceeded to deliver that portion of the Poem which relates to BRAMAH, the ancient Indian poet and Seer. Twelve sessions followed this in rapid succession—Mr. P. being the scribe—in the course of which the poem attributed to Pollok was dictated. During its delivery the Spirit communicating signified his willingness that the amanuensis should invite in such persons as he desired to have present. This privilege was exercised with some degree of latitude, and accordingly several additional names might here be added to the list of witnesses.

On the return of the Medium to Schroon Lake, the concluding portion of the stanzas credited to Byron, and also those descriptive of the death of Keats and his translation to the Spiritual World, were dictated; likewise the entire ode attributed to Coleridge, except two stanzas, which were given to the Medium at an early stage of his development, some five years since. It is also proper to mention that the brief description of a vision in the sun, which is incorporated into Rousseau's Dream, was given in a similar manner on a previous occasion. The Poem was finally completed; but having been given in disjointed portions, without any suggestions respecting

their appropriate places in the book, it was impossible for the Medium to compile the work. This task was likewise performed by the Spirit-authors with great apparent ease and a just discrimination.

The whole time occupied by the Spirits in communicating the entire Poem was about NINETY-FOUR HOURS. The greater part of the work was dictated with a rapidity only limited by the capacity of the amanuensis to follow the utterance. At times it seemed to be difficult for the inspiring intelligences to restrain their mental pace, and to accommodate themselves to the movements of the tardy pen. Indeed it is quite impossible to disclose all the mysterious phases of the phenomena which accompanied this inspired utterance; much less could the reader be made to feel, even by the aid of the most subtle powers of analysis and the fascination of a masterly description, the peculiar and irresistible evidences of its spiritual origin which were ever present to the mind of the careful observer. Throughout the entire performance the Medium appeared to be a living instrument—gifted with perception and consciousness—of almost unlimited capacity, alike with respect to delicacy of feeling and power of expression, whose inmost chords were moved by some of the Master Spirits of Song.

#### CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

Those who would become acquainted with the intrinsic merits of the "Lyric of the Golden Age" must read the entire Poem. Every page abounds with splendid images and thoughts that have immortality, while here and there are magnificent revelations of the power of language which must cause thousands who have felt its weakness to likewise feel its omnipotence. This Poem so far transcends the ordinary literary standards that it can not be judged by them. It must be extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, for one who views it from a physical or merely intellectual point of

observation, to characterize it with any degree of precision. The *sealed measures* which a host of poets and poetasters, and a majority of our literary critics, borrow from the proper authorities, are all too small to be serviceable on the present occasion. Jupiter's satellites are not weighed by a steelyard, nor Saturn's belts measured with a foot-rule. To such minds this Poem will doubtless appear to be wanting in *unity*, since they may not be able to trace the relations of its several parts to each other, and to a fundamental design. But if it were consecutive, in the sense which such an objection must naturally imply, the strong internal evidence by which its spiritual claims may now be triumphantly vindicated, would be totally wanting. As it purports to be the composite utterance of a number of the most gifted English poets, each of whom was distinguished by strong individual characteristics, it is fit that the theme and style of the Lyric should be similarly diversified. It may require unusual discernment to discover all the golden chords that unite to combine the whole in spiritual and harmonic relations. Moreover, a high degree of mental activity may be necessary to enable the external mind to follow the Spirits in their transcendent flights; but this is true of all really inspired writings, simply because the sources of a genuine inspiration are essentially superior to its mortal receptacles, and necessarily discredited from the earthly plane of the human mind.

It must be admitted by every intelligent reader, that the "Lyric of the Golden Age" is a splendid triumph of the Ideal. The sublime heights of the ancient Parnassus are lost beneath the heaven of imagination from which the Poet

"Stoops to touch the loftiest thought."

There is a startling reach and boldness in many of the flights, while the ideas look like stars that rise in heaven to illuminate the world. The elements of ethereal beauty, of exquisite pathos and almost unapproachable grandeur here mingle in sublime concord,

while the spirit that pervades the whole is pure, lofty and divinely just. The moral influence of the poem must be good, and in all respects worthy of the high estate of its immortal authors. Error, vice and crime, every species of tyranny and slavery, and all forms of evil, are condemned and spurned; Truth and Love are crowned with divine honors, while personal virtue, practical justice and universal holiness are hymned as the appropriate graces and accomplishments of purified and perfected Humanity.

In all these respects, and in whatever else is most essential to true poetic excellence, this "Golden Age" may be measured with any poem of ancient or modern times. The principal Spirits speak with world-awakening voices. Pollok rises far above the standard of his earthly efforts; the words of Shelley, of Byron and Rousseau, sound like shrill clarion-tones that summon nations to battle against kings, and priests, and tyrannies; while Coleridge lifts his orphic Lyre and sings as only the "English Plato" was wont to sing. This Lyric has scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur, while in parts, at least, it has more than Miltonic splendor. The descriptive portions are wonderful as illustrations of the compass of our language. It would severely tax the capabilities of the most gifted mind to coin its phraseology alone, which, however, is neither strained nor far-fetched, but natural, flowing, and melodious as a valley brook. The poem contains many passages which are not surpassed, in exquisite delicacy and beauty, by anything in the whole range of English poetry. We extract a part of what a Spirit-maiden says of Shelley, as an illustration:

Our darling is not dead, he lieth here,  
 Where the blind groping earth-worm finds him not.  
 As water-lilies mourn the fading year,  
 Fond hearts deplore him on the earth. No spot

Defiles the crystal pureness of his fame.  
 The efflorescence of his being blooms  
 On earth, blooms splendidly. Like May he came,  
 Sowing rich beauty over dens and tombs  
 And rocky peaks and solitudes. He sped  
 Like a clear streamlet o'er its jagged bed,  
 That by no torture can be hushed asleep,  
 But pours in music hastening to the deep.  
 Peace, peace, bewail him not with garlands sere,  
 Ye Autumn Months, his is no funeral bier.  
 No pale dissolving *Eidolon* is he  
 Of that which was but never more shall be ;—  
 Shelley the Spirit lives eternally."

It must be apparent to those who deny, as well as to those who accept, the peculiar claims of the author's poems, that Mr. Harris is endowed with extraordinary gifts, such as have distinguished few men, whose names and thoughts are chronicled in the literary history of the world. What the Invisible Powers have thus far accomplished, through the instrumentality of my friend, is now before the world. The present writer is not inspired to record what shall be hereafter. Hence, his work is finished. With a serene confidence that still greater things are reserved for us all, I wait to see the developments of the FUTURE.

S. B. BRITTAN.

NEW YORK, *December 15, 1855.*







A LYRIC  
OF THE  
GOLDEN AGE.



## P R E F A C E .

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**FROM THE LYRICAL PARADISE OF THE HEAVEN OF SPIRITS.**

As many ages as it took to form  
The world it takes to form the human race.  
Humanity was injured in its birth,  
And its existence in the past has been  
That of a suffering infant. God, through Christ  
Appearing, healed that sickness, pouring down  
Interior life; so Christ our Lord became  
The second Adam, through whom all shall live.  
This is our faith.—The world shall yet become  
The home of that great second Adam's seed.  
Christ-forms, both male and female, who from Him  
Derive their ever-growing perfectness,  
Eventually shall possess the earth  
And speak the rhythmic language of the skies,  
And mightier miracles than His perform;  
They shall remove all sickness from the race,  
Cast out all devils from the Church and State,

And hurl into Oblivion's hollow sea  
The mountains of depravity. Then earth,  
From the Antarctic to the Arctic pole,  
Shall blush with flowers ; the isles and continents  
Teem with harmonic forms of bird and beast  
And fruit ; and glorious shapes of Art, more fair  
Than man's imagination yet conceived,  
Adorn the stately temples of a new  
Divine Religion. Every human soul,  
A second Adam or a second Eve,  
Shall dwell with its pure counterpart, conjoined  
In sacramental marriage of the heart.  
God shall be everywhere, and not, as now,  
Guessed at, but apprehended, felt and known.

This Poem strives to wake the Soul from sleep.  
It aims not to expound a perfect faith  
In art, mind-culture or philosophy,  
In ethics, statesmanship or natural law ;  
Much less to serve the ends of any sect  
Or shelter any fiction. 'Tis to thee,  
O Reader, in its deepest utterance,  
A picture of thine own interior life,  
In its dread heritage of present pain,  
Its future Golden Age of happiness.

What seems to be superfluous and remote,  
What seems to be extrinsic and no part  
Of this, our Lyric Gift, fulfils an end ;  
Without it we could not our work complete.

We aim to quicken and excite the mind ;  
To stimulate the hunger of the heart  
For spiritual food ; to make you feel  
The vast around you and the vast within ;  
The wonders that lie hid in history ;  
The greater wonders hidden in the soul.

The gleams and glimmerings of a spirit-light  
Illume the dusty highways of the Time ;  
And at the corners of the public streets,  
And in lone cells of wretched poverty,  
In all the wants and throbbings of the age,  
God stands a-waiting to reveal Himself.  
There's not a living man in all the earth  
But hath God near to him as his own soul.  
There's not a woman in the world but hath  
God nearer than the love in her deep heart.  
There's not an infant in the womb but hath  
God near to it as blood in its young veins.  
There are no souls forsaken of their God.  
As Christ came near to Mary Magdalene,  
As Christ came near to that Unfortunate  
Whom all condemned, and said, " Go, sin no more,"  
Christ comes even to the harlot in the streets,  
Proffering the gift of all the Infinite,  
The star-wealth of the radiant upper space,  
The sun-wealth of the everlasting day,  
The mind-wealth of the universe of truth,  
The love-wealth of the heaven He fills with love,  
And calls her sister, mother, spouse and child,  
Asking but virtue as the one return.

There are no evil men shut out from God.  
The pining convict, whom iron gratings close  
From freedom, hath an Angel in his cell,  
Hath many Angels waiting on him there.  
God stands to smite the shackles from his soul,  
And burst the brazen dungeon gates of sin,  
And lead him forth, with His Almighty hand,  
Into the New Jerusalem, whose streets  
Are gold, and whose bright gates translucent pearl.

The end of government is to perfect  
The human spirit. Laws that merely serve  
To aggrandize and elevate the few,  
Destroy at last the stateliest Commonwealth,  
Which topples by its own ill-balanced weight,  
Crushing the builders in its overthrow.  
God's government, unlike frail mortal man's,  
Contemplates as its chief design and end  
A perfect life for every human soul.  
There waits each man in that wise Providence  
Life everlasting in the world to come.  
Earth is the nursery of Spirit Spheres ;  
Man's crimes have made that nursery a hell ;  
God's love shall make that nursery a heaven.  
For this chief end of Providence the race  
Labors inspired of God. Mankind to-day  
Thrill with the burnings of a deathless hope,  
Which blooms into fruition everywhere.  
England, that aged phenix, droops its wing  
And builds its funeral pyre, and flames arise



Around it and within it : from the dust  
And ashes of its present state shall spring  
Its new-created form, free as the air  
It breathes, and brilliant as the rising sun.

God plans ; man works ; God oversees the work.  
The stately frame of the Harmonic World  
Rises even now, though men perceive it not.  
From all the quarries of the earth are hewn  
The stones of that vast fabric. Based on all  
The columned isles and vaulted continents  
Poised in mid air, a golden dome of light,  
Thy crystal firmament, O Liberty,  
Like a new heaven shall span the Coming Age,  
And all the nations underneath thy arch  
Worship in peace together !

We have wrought

This poem with a deep interior art ;  
Something it hath for every mental state ;  
In this 'tis like the Bible. Many minds  
Have poured the effluence of their living joy  
And the exceeding splendor of their life  
Beyond the planets through the Medium's mind  
To make it what it is ; and he hath been  
Illumined to behold in solemn trance  
The soul of every truth whereof he sings.  
He is its author in the outward sense,  
For it was formed and fashioned in his brain,  
As stars and suns are fashioned in the skies.

But Spirits, too, claim its paternity ;  
They made his mind their instrument, whose chords  
Vibrated wondrously when deathless hands  
Woke the far-sounding octaves. Shelley came,  
And Keats and Byron ; yea, a deathless choir  
Who throng the ante-courts of Paradise  
And worship in the Heaven beyond the sun.  
'Twas in their sphere the Poem had its birth ;  
Its outer shape but partially unveils  
The grand interior archetypal form.  
The language is the Medium's, and he kept  
His individuality and wrought  
In the deep chambers of his inmost brain  
Language and imagery, that he might give  
Fit drapery to the thought that Heaven sent down.

In deep trance-slumbers when the world asleep  
Lay in the arms of Night, and wept or smiled,  
His liberated soul rose from its dust.  
We led him far beyond the veils and floods  
And labyrinths of sleep ; the clouds of death  
And all the shadowed dwellers in the world  
Were far beneath him ; through his consciousness  
Streamed the celestial sunrise ; hills and vales  
And groves and seas and flower-bespangled meads,  
Cities and temples of celestial space  
Were mirrored in his mind. Oppressed with wealth  
Of spiritual imagery, he strove  
In his interior being to become  
A clear mind-crystal, bathed in every tint

And seven-fold luster of the Light Divine,  
And, as a dew-bead twinkling in the morn,  
With diamond clearness, to reflect the day.

So grew the Poem through his consciousness  
Into expression. In it we fulfil  
Last summer's promise.\*

God alone is great.  
He is the primal splendor who illumines  
The full-orbed intellect; He gave the power  
To plan and execute; the work is His.  
Its faults grow from our creature finiteness.  
Would it were worthier of its origin.  
'Tis but a wandering Voice, the harbinger  
Of a great Poem that, Messiah-like,  
Shall tread down Evil with its feet of fire,  
And clasp all sufferers to its heart of love,  
The latches of whose shoes it may not loose.

Five years will lead their swift revolving dance  
In choral music round the brightening world  
Before that Poem shall unfold its form,  
And we will make the Medium worthy it,  
And give it as his spiritual powers  
Wake from their slumber. For the time, farewell.

\* See Lyric of the Morning Land, p. 16.



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Part One.

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## A

### LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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ERE Europe perished, on her temples hoary  
Wearing a crown of scorpions fierce and bold,  
And nursing in her bosom pierced and gory  
That fraudulent basilisk, the lust of gold,  
"Ah me," she cried, "ah me, 'tis bitter cold,  
Press poppies to my lips for I am dying.  
Once I was young, alas I am not old  
E'en now." The serpents hissed through all her sighing.  
"Die, die," "yes die," the basilisk replied.  
But e'er she slept once more aloud she cried  
For priestly unction and in madness died.

She passed away, yet still her mighty form  
Cumbered the Earth; her ruins bred a swarm  
Of crawling adders; some were fierce and red,  
These on her rank heart's blood for ages fed;  
And others were like newts, these on her lips  
Reveled; her eyes, like meteors in eclipse,  
Cradled their hollow emptiness within

Filmed lids red-stained with loathsome looks of sin,  
And her shrunk limbs and bloated frame supine  
Fed fierce, malignant shapes of Poverty and Crime.

She was a harlot while she lived ; she perished  
Of in-bred evil ; Kings her splendor cherished ;  
Priests hymned her praises, Prelates graced her board,  
And Pope and Kaiser shared her couch and poured  
Their lavish treasures in her lap. She fed  
Her darling basilisk with blood-drops shed  
From starving multitudes to sorrow born ;  
Unclothed they watched her flocks, unfed they reaped her corn.

So proud old Europe died ; 'twas in the night ;  
Yielding her ghost in terrible affright.  
But ere she died she made her will ; she gave  
First all her people as perpetual slaves  
Unto the Kings, and also gave with them  
For every head a snaky diadem.  
She parceled out the free-born minds of all  
The multitudes bound in her iron thrall ;  
Some were to Calvin, some Arminius given,  
But most to him who claims the keys of Heaven ;  
And he with thumb-screw, rack and fiery flame  
Was Legatee to execute the same.

With holy oil her brazen brow they crossed,  
With sacred wine they cooled her parched tongue,  
And empty masses, ere her eyes had lost  
Their lurid glare, were o'er her said and sung.  
Men said that while she lay in anguish dying



Her eyes were fixed, and looking up, she saw  
Her triple yoke of custom, creed and law  
On the bright threshold of the Future lying  
Broken to fragments. Be this as it may,  
She groaned, sighed, inly raved and blindly passed away.

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There was a Genius, hating hateful things,  
And loving virtue, as a lover clings,  
Not wholly pure, unto some chaste sweet spirit,  
This man from God a burning soul did 'herit—  
Swift, eager, passionate, intensely strung  
To joy and sorrow, and he moved among  
The sons of Time, a meteor 'mid pale lamps,  
His brightness veiled in loathsome grave-yard damps  
Exhaling from corruption. Oh! the clod  
Where violets bloom than he was happier far,  
And he went wailing, like some falling star,  
Companionless, heart-broken after God.

This was Rousseau, the dreamer of strange dreams.  
Sweet Clarens! oft he turned to noblest themes  
Amid thy shades; and when, in later years,  
He won a name, his agonies and tears,  
And hopes and expectations and despairs,  
Wild mimicries and secret burning prayers,  
His solemn midnights, his delirious mornings,  
His mockeries and his jests, his dim forewarnings  
And prophecies, all took through speech new birth.  
His three-fold nature touched Heaven, Hell, and Earth.

His three-fold thought, outspoken, thence became  
Sweet sunshine, cheering dew, and scorching flame.  
A million murdered heretics, white sown  
In calcined ashes, and o'er Europe strewn,  
Made him their wild avenger. It was he  
Who whispered thy great name, O Liberty !  
With his own heart communing, awed and still,  
He knew not how that name ere long should fill  
Mankind with hope, and despots with dismay.  
As forked lightnings, harmlessly that play  
Around the cottage roof, but strike the spire,  
And change the fortress to a funeral pyre,  
Fell his swift thought ; it broke the enslaving charms  
That numbed mankind ; it shook with fierce alarms  
The settled ease of nations ; hollow groans  
Were heard reverberating under thrones ;  
Old dungeons preached with stony lips to men.  
" Better," he spoke, " to share the lion's den,  
Go clad in skins, and grasp the savage lance,  
Than wear gay robes and in the minuet dance.  
Better to feed on Nature's simple fare  
Than feast where slaves the kingly board prepare.  
Better wear Indian costume, far, and rule  
O'er worlds of thought, than be the Tyrant's tool,  
Fettered in velvets, manacled in lace,  
And eating dust to win a lackey's place.  
Better go houseless, fetterless and free,  
Than, palace-hived, to crouch the fawning knee.  
And better, better far, to worship heaven  
'Mid the magnificence of morn and even,

Where stars their burning chariots drive through space ;  
 Where Nature mirrors back her Author's face ;  
 Where with cathedral voices, grand and high,  
 The storms and seas chant praises to the sky ;  
 Learn of the flowers their lesson ; from the dust  
 Of graves extract the solemn words of trust ;  
 In the deep heart find God, and breathe the prayer  
 Of penitence and faith through midnight air ;  
 Commune with Deity where he unveils  
 His face in lightnings and his breath in gales ;  
 Find Pentecostal flames in morning light,  
 Baptismal waters in the dews of night ;  
 Than worship where an impious priest pretends  
 That God through wafer and through wine descends,  
 And eats the God he makes, and wets his lips  
 In Deity's red blood."—The dark eclipse  
 Of doubt lay on him, but in heart he tried  
 Religious forms by Jesus crucified.  
 Finding priests recreant, perjured, false and vain,  
 He turned to Nature's ancient lore again.

---

God loved him in his errors, and he sent  
 Three mighty Men from heaven, who, in the tent  
 Of mortal sorrow, thrilled his mind asleep,  
 In trances lifting him where Angels keep  
 Their solemn vigils o'er Humanity.

He rose in spirit, and the stellar sea,  
 Whose waves are suns that break upon the shore  
 Of God's Infinitude for evermore,

And, breaking, far diffuse a diamond spray  
 Of sphered immensities, beneath him lay ;  
 And, swift as Morning, whose bright car is driven  
 By the young Sun-god through the spheres of heaven,  
 The Centuries, habited in robes of light,  
 Past, present, future shone upon his sight,  
 And every Age, all great and glorious  
 And strong and lovely and victorious,  
 And mild and wise and sweet and innocent,  
 And fierce and fearful,—many forms being blent  
 In one and shining forth alternately ;—  
 And joy and grief, sweet love and misery,  
 Hope, agony, desire and expectation,  
 Remorse, distress, triumphant exultation,  
 Weepings and wailings, prayers by deep distress  
 Wrung from the bursting heart of tenderness,  
 From those veiled statues, each distinct and clear  
 Invaded him.

Then came an ancient Seer,  
 Holding a golden bough, such Æneas bore,  
 Adventuring toward the Spirit-realm of yore.  
 Grasping the golden bough he spake and said,  
 “Dark is the path, O Soul, thou hast to tread,  
 But guided by three Angels thou shalt find  
 Elysian States, wise, fortunate and kind ;  
 There learn what waits the Earth.”—He spake and ceased.  
 Swift as a meteor from its cloud released,  
 He rose and vanished.

Through a vale of wo,

A dark Aceldama,\* sank down Rousseau,  
Through discords, shadows, clouds of lurid fire,  
Whirling like flames from a funereal pyre,  
Till by degrees a soft and seven-fold ray  
Shone round him, and a calm clear-shining day,  
Absorbed the darkness from his brain and fed  
His mind with light. The sky that shone o'erhead  
Held not a sun, but was the sun, for he  
Had passed through Earth's dim spheres of misery  
Into the Sun's dominion; there he woke,  
This vision there beauteous upon him broke.

An Angel stood within the sun,  
Upholding in his mighty hand  
Time's Horologue, whose years had run  
Till but a grain of sand  
Remained within that golden vial.  
Near his left hand appeared a dial  
Whereon a pendulous instrument  
Backward and forward slowly swung,  
By a pale crescent overhung;  
Within the orb appeared a rent,  
And a great bell with ponderous tongue  
Above the ball vibrating rung.

Slowly the Angel moved the bell,  
Faintly reverberating fell

\* Rousseau is here represented as passing in spirit through the sphere of spiritual evils, fantasies and lusts, exhaling from the interiors of European nationalities, both secular and ecclesiastical, existing alike in the natural earth and the world of spirits.

The cadence of a Sabbath hymn,  
Sweet as celestial choirs might sing ;  
But that low music with a stroke  
Of thunder through the concave broke,  
And cleft the dark vibrating globe,  
While spouting blood from either lobe  
Enwrapped the dial and shut in  
The vision of expiring sin.

While this upon the dial's face  
In rapid movement found a place,  
The last remaining sand-grain fell  
From out the gnomon's empty shell.  
It poised and spread, and like a mist,  
Or cloud of golden amethyst,  
Exhaled its life, and with a breath  
Of music melted into death.

Twas but a moment, then a loud,  
Clear trump was heard, and from afar  
The Angel of the Morning Star  
Descended through a silver cloud.  
He lifted up the vase of sand  
Whose golden drops were all outrun,  
And turned it in the Angel's hand.  
Each drop shone radiant like a sun.  
All heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
And thus the twain together sang ;  
"The golden years again return,  
The golden ages newly burn."

Meanwhile another Angel stood  
Beside the pall of tears and blood  
The dial's face that darkened o'er.  
"Grow bright," he cried, "be dark no more!"  
Then radiant on the dial glowed  
An orb redeemed and crowned with light;  
Around its concave gently flowed  
    An ocean of delight.  
Above it shone a golden bell,  
Moved by the harmony that fell,  
Chiming in softest unison,  
From Heaven and from its Spirit Sun.  
And when the music of the bell  
The orb's expanse vibrated on,  
A golden sand-grain from the shell  
Dropped down, and ere its light was gone  
A seven-fold splendor was unfurled  
And bathed in light the radiant world.

"Thus shall it be, thus shall it be,"  
In concert sang the radiant three,  
"For Earth the golden years await  
In glory at the Eastern gate.  
For Earth the golden years begin,  
O'erwatched by banded seraphim.  
Her spiritual life renews  
Its morning, bathed in heavenly hues,  
Forever bright, forever pure  
The new-born Eden shall endure."

---

Men to angelic stature wisely grown,  
Embody in one form of might and grace  
Not the perfections of one mind alone,  
But all the forms and forces of the race.  
Angelic men remote in spheres afar  
Shine forth, as beams a many-splendored star,  
Akin through harmony and style of brain  
With separate nations on the earthly plane.  
Through them, as mediatorial forms, divine  
Perfections are diffused, and they refine  
Vast races by their influence, and stand  
Each one *en rapport* with some kindred land.\*  
These are the heavenly Hierarchs and they  
Guide earthly empires on their conquering way ;  
And when their influence is withdrawn 'tis then  
That empires crumble into dust again.

Stars are the figures in life's shining dial ;  
Above the ebbing waves of sorrow's sea  
Their mild light shines, outlasting human trial.  
Orbs burn in space, man ne'er on Earth can see,  
Yet ever more, O weary, worn mankind  
They strive for thee, with calm life-quickened mind.  
The stars are all connected, like bright beads  
In one rich necklace that some heavenly girl  
Wears on her bosom. As a ruby bleeds  
Set mid translucent emerald and white pearl,  
Earth sparkles redly 'mid her kindred stars.  
As a foul grave-yard with defilement mars

\* See Daniel chap. x. ver., 5, 6, 12 and 13.



A street of palaces and lifts dark rows  
 Of monuments near where the bride-train goes,  
 So, Earth, thou art placed in Heaven's bright universe ;  
 Thou art to other worlds as is a hearse  
 Beside a street of thrones, a mournful yew  
 'Mid myrtles whose red flowers are bathed in dew,  
 And all because Death holds thee in his thrall.  
 Thou art a crysalis whose throbbing ball  
 Conceals bright wings ; ere long shall be unfurled  
 Thy pinions rare, O Spirit of the World !

---

There came a mighty Angel from the North,  
 Whence all the sons of Muscovy go forth,  
 Swift from the Boreal Heaven whose circles roll,  
 Vast, luminous beyond the Arctic pole.  
 Not his the chorded harp, not his the charm  
 Whose magic shall the world at last disarm ;  
 Not his the power of language or of verse,  
 Not his the thought that shapes the Universe.  
 As grand Orion lifts his massive bar,  
 In constellated realms of space afar,  
 Gigantic he, and keen his thought and clear  
 As crystal skies that rule the northern year.  
 He gathered up the frore winds in his palm,  
 The lightning and the thunder and the hail  
 And held them still. Then fell sepulchral calm  
 Upon the face of Europe. Peace obtained  
 A seeming victory, and order reigned.

The second Angel of the triad came

From out the West, and he was clad with flame,  
Armed with mailed lightnings, and his feet were shod  
With swift, resounding thunder; where he trod  
Strange voices echoed; mountain, vale and sea  
Woke as from sleep and sang of Liberty.

Then came another by the south wind driven,  
Balmed in sweet odors, and to him was given  
A floral garland. These three Angels flew  
Where dead old Europe for her burial lay.  
The Angel of the North stooped down to view  
The ghastly corpse. Rousseau then heard him say,  
“Out from the ashes of this great decay  
Shall spring swift Revolution, for I hear  
A voice prophetic, pregnant with all fear  
All terror all confusion all distress.”  
“And I will crown him with a radiant tress  
Of glory and wild joy, and I will make  
Him beautiful as morning,” gently spake  
The Angel of the south wind breathing low.  
“And I will arm him to avenge the wo  
Of millions on despotic heads. His call  
Shall rouse all nations; he shall tear the pall  
From the slain Christ, and it will wave so bright  
That tyrants, pierced and blinded with affright,  
Shall reel and perish from the morning light;  
I'll temper him a sword, and he shall smite  
Revenge and Bigotry; but ancient Night  
Shall rise against him, and his feet must tread  
Where blood shall rain as from the skies o'erhead;

The lurid flames shall follow him ; his form  
 Shall burn with agony, through strife and storm  
 Battling with all the enemies of man."  
 The Western Angel ceased ; then tremors ran  
 Through the dissolving form of Europe dead.  
 These Angels then beside Jean Rousseau's bed,  
 In midnight slumber pierced his breast with keen  
 Heart-anguish, and he dreamed this wondrous dream.

Wakening in the midnight lonely,  
 Spirit-born he seemed to tread  
 Where no being dwelt, but only  
 Shadows of the nations dead.  
 Each returning apparition  
 Like a specter seemed to rise  
 From the vault of its perdition,  
 Gazing blindly to the skies.  
 And the solemn Angel nations,  
 In their deep harmonic tongue,  
 O'er those living desolations  
 Mournfully together sung ;

"Spring blossomed once within the human soul,  
 'Tis dreary Winter now.  
 Dark Pain sits moaning by the silent goal,  
 And Death with frowning brow.

The Earth is fallen from its high estate,  
 With man it fails and dies,  
 No more it sits beside the morning gate  
 In converse with the skies.

The curse of Beauty taints the stifling air,  
The Eden trees are dead,  
And the foul odors of the sepulcher  
O'er isle and ocean spread.

O Earth! O Man! how desolate ye are—  
Weep, weep, for ye decay;  
The smoke of evil from your fallen star  
Obscures the light of day.\*

Like some fair maiden, by the spoiler's art  
Robbed of her lily crown,  
Earth droops despairing, and her broken heart  
Into the grave drops down.

Alas! the beautiful companion stars  
Deplore their sister slain;  
The third great harp string rudely, wildly jars,  
And wailings end the strain.

As Ajax wrestled blinded in the gloom,  
So Earth with Wrong contends,  
But reels upon the threshold of her tomb,  
And Death the combat ends.

As the fierce basilisk with flaming eyes  
Subdues the fainting dove,  
So Evil triumphs o'er his conquered prize,  
And hate consumes her love."

And the Spectral Nations wondered,  
Wrapped in darkness for a pall,

\* Rev. vi. 12, 13.

While the solemn music thundered  
 From the far celestial hall.  
 Waved the banners dark and solemn  
 O'er those armies of the tomb,  
 Mournfully that spectral column  
 Chanted through the midnight gloom.

“Yes, the aged world is dead,  
 Dead are all its mystic dreams,  
 Angels from its thought are fled,  
 Angels from its groves and streams ;  
 Faith is lost, and, being fled,  
 In its loss the world is dead.

Yes, the aged world is dead ;  
 Truth is gone from court and shrine,  
 And a sensual pall is spread  
 O'er the tomb of Life divine.  
 Hope is lost, and, being fled,  
 In its loss the world is dead.

Yes, the aged world is dead ;  
 Cold the heart and dim the brain ;  
 Wise men filch the orphan's bread,  
 Fear and Hate in temples reign.  
 Love is lost, and, being fled,  
 In its loss the world is dead.”

Then through all the midnight speeding,  
 Like the wind euroclydon  
 O'er the sounding seas receding,  
 Swept the stormy chorus on.

“The day of burning comes at last,\*  
 The world is dead, the world is dead.  
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, past,  
 Youth, Manhood, Age, like vapors fled.  
 Alas! alas!

All Beauty passes from our sight;  
 The world reposes on its bier;  
 Morn, Noon and Eve and starry Night  
 Depart and leave but chaos drear.  
 Alas! alas!

Sun, moon and stars, groves, fields and flowers,  
 Ye pass away, ye pass away.  
 Shrines, temples, minarets and towers,  
 Ye are but tombs where minds decay.  
 Alas! alas!

---

The Dreamer woke in fancy, all unseen,  
 Yet viewing all things, where a royal feast  
 Lay spread. Three earth-worms of ignoble mien,  
 A king, a harlot and a mitred priest  
 Wasted the midnight. On the monarch's knee,  
 Yet leering on the priestly debauchee,  
 The woman sat. But in the self-same room,  
 As Angels stand in some spice-lighted tomb,  
 Three deathless beings, pure as these were vile,  
 In solemn splendor gazed and shone the while.  
 The palace was Versailles; the aged king  
 The Fifteenth Louis. “Sing,” he cried, “O sing,

\* Rev. vi. 15, 16, 17. 2 Pet. iii. 10, 13.

Good Priest, good wassailer." The priest complied ;  
 But as he sang the spirit glorified,  
 Peter, the stern apostle of the right,  
 The champion of the cross, who through the night  
 Of ancient ages fearlessly uprod  
 The great world-calvary to his rest with God,  
 Stood there and gazed with calm rebuking mien  
 On the wine-bloated reveler unseen.

But ere the Priest poured forth his impious soul,  
 The King drank deeply from the maddening bowl,  
 And with age-palsied lips first sought a kiss,  
 Then madly chanted in a strain like this.

" Fill, fill the cup with ruby wine,  
 O, mirth and laughter are divine ;  
 When beauty's lips caress the glass,  
 No king can let the goblet pass.

Come drink, O drink, my mistress sweet,  
 'Twill make thy red heart warmly beat.  
 A health to thee, a health to thee,  
 Great Legate from St. Peter's see—

Haste, haste the flowing cup to drain.  
 Could old St. Peter rise again,  
 Methinks, my worthy priest, he'd say  
 The world has changed since Peter's day."

The maudlin Bishop drained the bowl and sung  
 A bacchanalian lay with stuttering tongue.

“Ora pro nobis  
Pax bis cum vobis,

Latin is good for the banquet and bowl,  
Here's a health, here's a health to the king of the soul.  
Most Christian Defender of Peter's wide See,  
The bodies of Frenchmen are given to thee ;  
But nobler than crown is the miter and cowl,  
And the mightiest of monarchs is lord of the soul.”

Meanwhile imperial Charlemagne stood near,  
And gazing, as a father on the bier  
Of a dishonored son, whom his own crime  
Hath brought to felon's death before his time,  
Fixed on the King his stern rebuking eyes.  
But mad the revel grew, though in the skies  
The stars grew pale with promise of the light ;  
And, fever-flushed, the woman crowned the night  
With this wild glee ; and as she sang drew near  
The Virgin Mary from the mother-sphere  
Of heaven, where pure th' unblighted children dwell,  
Gazing like heaven, unknown, on that delirious hell.

“Aha, aha, both Beauty's slaves  
O King and Priest are ye ;  
The good old saints rest in their graves,  
The Bishop rests with me.

'Tis true, the world is changed since when  
St. Peter lived on fish,  
For prelates drink with sinful men  
And feast from every dish.



Most Christian King, fill up the bowl,  
 A toast I drink with thee ;  
 Come, pledge our Father with the cowl  
 Who loves both you and me."

With fearful indignation Charlemagne  
 Gazed on the felon king, and, when the strain  
 Sung by the woman, lingering died away,  
 He spake these words; the dreamer heard him say :  
 "Reptile, a curse is on thee ; thou shalt rot  
 In chaos ; hath thy treacherous heart no spot  
 Of soundness ? Art thou all one bloated mass  
 Of infamy ? Yes, drain that sparkling glass,  
 Blood fills it from my children. France is mine.  
 I'll arm my sons against thy cursed line ;  
 I'll breathe upon an infant in the womb ;  
 That infant's name shall be Napoleon,  
 And he shall wear this crown. Blood, blood shall flow,  
 And France, arising from her midnight wo,  
 Strangle the parricidal brood who feed  
 With priests and starve the people in their need."

Then mild, but in his mildness terrible,  
 Peter the pure Apostle held on high  
 A silver cross, and radiant as the sky  
 When morning splendors Night's dark death dispel,  
 The Word wide opened, and his voice in prayer  
 Rose to the Highest through the startled air.

"God of the Bible and the cross,  
 I lift my prayer to thee

For all Humanity.

O where the wild waves toss  
On Plymouth's rock-bound shore,  
Reveal thyself once more.

By altar and by pix,  
By lifted crucifix,

Stand cruel priests, their hands are dipt in gore ;  
With wanton eyes of greed  
On all earth's wealth they feed,  
And hound poor starvelings from the lordly door ;  
Come, Lord, in might once more."

But far more beautiful, in love serene—  
Type of Celestial Womanhood, a Queen  
Of Charity and Faith—the Virgin shone,  
Lifting her pure eyes to the Father's throne ;  
Then gazing on the wanton inly dead,  
With tenderest love the sainted Virgin said :

"Emblem of desecrated womanhood !  
Soiled floweret, broken from heaven's deathless vine !  
Type once of good, insphered in form of good,  
Thy spirit's grief is mine.

I mourn for thee from out my high estate,  
Sweet wreck of Eve, gone from lost Eden's gate ;  
I yearn for thee as for a daughter slain,  
The cup of agony is thine to drain ;  
True woman's nature, foully stung and torn—  
O grief, O agony, I mourn, I mourn.  
Thy desolations sadden me with loss,  
As when of old I knelt beneath the cross.

The wolf and serpent reign in Church and State ;  
 From either utter ruin doth await,  
 O daughter ! for thy sisters as for thee.  
 Jesus, I plead for woman's chastity ;  
 Save, save my daughters ! since help doth not rise  
 From priest or king, send Angels from the skies."

---

When swelling buds their sheaths forsake—  
 Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
 And yellow daffodils awake,  
 The virgin Spring is fair to see.

When streams through banks of daisies run—  
 Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
 And sky-larks hymn the rising sun,  
 Spring holds her court in grove and lea.

When cowslips load with sweets the air—  
 Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree—  
 Spring braids with flowers her golden hair  
 And bids the mating birds agree.

Rousseau the dreamer—ah, 'twas bitter sweet,—  
 Rose in his dream and sped, with rapid feet,  
 O'er undulating plains with sunrise kissed,  
 Floating above the world as floats a mist ;  
 Far up in air, he heard a fairy choir ;  
 The flute, the dulcimer, the seven-stringed lyre.  
 The blessed human voice together blent ;  
 And happy children in an element

As ether fine seemed sporting, robed in green.  
Blithe as Titania the Fairy Queen,  
An airy nymph, like April, with a crown  
Of rainbow light and wings of thistle down,  
Vailed in a silver mist, before his way  
Flew singing with her sisters this sweet lay :  
Around, below, above those cherub loves,  
Numerous as linnets are in sylvan groves,  
Echoed the strain deliciously, and bore  
The dreaming spirit to the English shore.

High over Albion, built on purple clouds  
Of jasper, amethyst and sardonyx,  
Lighter than air, yet firm as hammered steel,  
Fashioned by spiritual art, appeared  
A snow-white temple, Doric in its style,  
And spiral pathways to the temple wound ;  
And whoso stood within it grew inspired  
As if he wore the Jewish vesture plate.

The beating Soul of the wide land below  
Nakedly bared its secrets to the Seer,  
In that huge temple throned apart ; and there  
Alfred, the ruler of the Spirit-realm  
Of England's Worthies dwelt. The misletoe  
Formed, twined with oak, the chaplet on his brow,  
His yellow beard, covered his ample breast,  
A Saxon robe in texture like white wool  
Concealed the outlines of his perfect form ;  
He bore a magic scepter in his hand,

The gift of a wise sage from Jupiter,  
 Named Zaphalim. Twelve maidens round his throne,  
 Types of the months that rule the English year,  
 Each on an ivory footstool sat; and all  
 The deeds of England's Worthies were displayed  
 On the vast walls in deathless imagery,  
 Shining from inward light, and seemed to live;  
 And each illustrious hero who had won  
 A place in England's chivalry of mind,  
 In his angelic likeness had fit place.

Rousseau knelt on the tessellated floor,  
 A spirit pale, and Alfred with his wand  
 Of miracle touched his trance-luminated brain,  
 And bade him see the Hanoverian George,  
 Flushed with young vigor, in his Cabinet.

'Twas thus the king addressed his minister,  
 A servile Scot, his mother's tool, by her  
 Throned o'er the council board, a courtly knave,  
 In act a despot and in speech a slave.

"Whip them with rods, my lord, and they'll submit;  
 Shall misbegotten knaves, whose fathers sped  
 To cheat our justice of each outlawed head  
 Bandy hot words with us, as they see fit?  
 No! let the red-coats have at them—unless  
 They bow. Methinks they lay too much of stress  
 On Magna Charta. Shall a rebel horde  
 Impugn at will our royal council board?  
 What! what! Let's flog them till the canting knaves  
 And varlets grow as tearful as their waves."

The royal favorite, weakest of the clan  
 Of parasites, applauded well the speech  
 Of his 'dread Sovereign,' half a fool at that,  
 With chronic madness latent in his blood,  
 Then added in a dignified court speech :

"Your Royal Majesty, I must admit  
 These colonists should to the throne submit.  
 The colonies as fiefs the king must own,  
 They are the appanages of the throne.  
 To tax, to govern is the kingly right,  
 'Tis theirs to own their gracious Sovereign's might."

As shines in heaven a sun-illumined cloud,  
 That in itself holds thunders, by them stood  
 The Spirit Cromwell, Sydney by his side.  
 'Tis thus stern Nemesis awaits to-day  
 At each king's council-board in Christendom.  
 And Cromwell heard those hateful words, the old  
 State-language of all tyrants since the flood,  
 And with a smile of triumph on his face  
 He spake exulting to that kindred mind.

"Sydney, O Sydney, God hath loosed my bands ;  
 The triple cord of slavery parts its strands ;  
 The iron yoke is broken. O the men  
 Who fought the ancient king and from his den  
 Tore out the wild beast Prelacy once more  
 Praise God upon the bleak New England shore.  
 I gazed once on the great Arch-traitor's head ;  
 My heart, God knoweth, o'er the Man it bled,

But, for the Tyrant, never. England's fall  
 Was not with the crowned Stuart at White-hall.  
 No; England died when base, lascivious knaves  
 Called back the Second Charles to rule o'er slaves.  
 Then, Hero England died, then, Cruelty  
 Tore out the living entrails of the free;  
 Noblest and best, led to the assassin's sword,  
 Bled for the sake of Freedom and God's Word.  
 The men of Naseby and of Worcester fight  
 Gazed from God's sky through Liberty's dark night;  
 Now, swooping down like eagles to their prey,  
 They seize the power while kings with baubles play."

Then Sydney calmly smiled to answer him.  
 "Yes, Cromwell, once again the 'Good Old Cause'  
 Revives, and Freedom's violated laws  
 Shall find avengers. Wondrously our God  
 Wrests from this would-be tyrant's hand the rod,  
 Parting with it Oppression's blood-red sea,  
 Guiding his sons to Peace and Liberty."

---

Rapid as light flashed from the scimeter  
 Of Dawn, who rides triumphant in his car,  
 Sun-axled, through the city of the stars,  
 Came to king Alfred a white messenger,  
 And the pale dreamer, lifted up, was led  
 Into that Heaven whence man below is fed  
 With power and beauty. 'Tis the sanctuary  
 Of the Creative Spirit, who doth fill

The universe. As clouds that brightening vary  
 From gray to crimson o'er some eastern hill,  
 The poet's mind grew bright. This vision there  
 He saw forth-mirrored in supernal air.  
 In his own speech, as afterward he told  
 The vision, let the mystic scene unfold.

I saw in Heaven an orbed, revolving brain  
 Teeming with thoughts. "This," said my guide to me,  
 "Is Nature, whose vast macrocosmic fane  
 Is the creative shrine of Deity.  
 Through the great cosmic brain eternally  
 Worlds are led forth to run their brightening race,  
 And heavens unfold their white immensity  
 In its dominions, and material space  
 This orb's descending sphere doth compass and embrace.

The sun of suns, wherefrom all systems flow,  
 As thoughts from their deep fountain, thou shalt see."  
 As thus he spake there came a sudden glow  
 Of inspiration; then it seemed to me  
 That I became a wondrous trinity,  
 A threefold being; thought and will and feeling  
 Within me grew distinct; I woke to be  
 Triune, and slowly through my nature stealing,  
 There came a voice, this mighty truth revealing.

"Nature is an impersonal trinity,  
 And altogether in the form of man,  
 Cause, Means and End in threefold unity  
 Exist, and shape Creation's wondrous plan.



God is the Cause ; in Him all things began.  
 That Cause is Love, Essence and Effluence,  
 Wisdom and Means, whereby with three-fold span,  
 All things are fashioned. Love and Wisdom blend,  
 As cause and means ; from their full unity descend

Inspiring operations ; these are seven  
 From three and three from one, supreme, divine.  
 These formed the sun of suns, the heaven of heaven  
 To be the matrix of all forms ; and time  
 Began when that great orb began to shine,  
 And space, which lives in its proceeding sphere.  
 The macrocosm is a perfect trine,  
 Threefold in heat, light, substance, atmosphere,  
 And all in all, through all, God doth to all appear.

Whatever is, was and shall be forever.  
 All forms are in their atoms destined to  
 Unfold new atoms from within, whenever  
 Divine proceeding forces shape a new  
 Germ form within ; wherever three or two  
 Atoms are found, God in the midst is there ;  
 Atoms, no less than spirits, in his view  
 Are precious, and he maketh each his care ;  
 Each atom hath its form, stamped with God's impress fair.

Atoms are trinities, no less than men ;  
 Ones, threes, and sevens, celestial spiralines,  
 Or globes or curves. God gives to each of them  
 A separate use ; globe-atoms heat sublimes  
 And they grow ripe. Each opens its pure shrines,

Gives birth to curves, and these in their connection  
 Expand, and, from their most interior climes,  
 The spiral atoms rise in sweet perfection ;  
 These are the germs of men ; each hath its own affection.

Mind-atoms are all spiralines. The brain  
 Grows from their aggregation corporate.  
 Mind-atoms, once conjoined, no stress of pain  
 From their affinities can segregate,  
 Being homogeneous, each hath a gate  
 That opens inmostly to God Most High ;  
 These atoms coalesce, amalgamate  
 In essence, and co-operate in three  
 Discrete degrees, and these compose Humanity.

The seminal glands discrete and separate  
 The different ranks of atoms, and attract  
 The spiralines ; they blend in perfect state  
 When the maternal ovaries co-act  
 A spiral vortex then is formed, in fact  
 The embryo of man. It hath its shape  
 From the creative energy ; compact,  
 Indissolubly wed, its atoms take  
 The human form and drink in love and truth,—and wake.

The primates of all substance are divided  
 In three degrees. The spiralines form souls.  
 Th' harmonic waves of ether, many-tided,  
 Whereof to every orb a volume rolls,  
 Are freighted with their virtue ; from the poles  
 Evenly spread, o'er sea and land diffused

Through all the pores of earth ; and God controls  
Their spiral movement ; they are interfused  
Through air and sea and land, and through all minds transfused.

---

“ All worlds are thoughts, all thoughts are worlds ;  
In every brain there lies  
Concealed the light of every star,  
The scheme of all the skies.

The thinker need not look without  
To find Creation's plan ;  
The life, the form of all the worlds,  
Prefigured, dwells in man.

And all within, and all around  
As voice and echo blend ;  
All human thoughts take shining forms  
And unto outness tend.

Man in his earthly state is but  
The moth in his cocoon ;  
Joy that the circling web of time  
Must lose its tenant soon.

Man sleeps to dream ; his dreams unfold  
Their white celestial wings,  
And bear him where the spheres of heaven  
Unwind their shining rings.

O gentle Death, O gentle Dream,  
How sweet your mild control ;

Ye both unbar the body's gate  
For the departing Soul."

Again the Dreamer stretched his eager wings  
Of spirit-thought, plumed with intense desire,  
Yearning for his familiar sphere below ;  
And Angel choirs around him sang, and still  
His breast responded to this harmony.  
Then suddenly the Spiritual World,  
That wraps the earth, expanded to his sight.  
What dawned upon his opening vision there  
His own clear speech declares, though more lies hid.

"In heaven appeared a wondrous Woman,\* clad  
With sun-fires, and the moon beneath her feet,  
Crowned with twelve stars. A Dragon lay below.  
This was the basilisk that Europe fed.  
The Woman bore within her womb a child  
Like the bright incarnation of all Love  
And Wisdom, sphered within one deathless form.  
In the child's brain lay folded up all thoughts  
Of pure intelligence, all glorious arts,  
All secrets which belong to Angels wise,  
That, wheresoever they are known, renew  
The earth, and stamp the signet seal of heaven  
On every human brow that owns their sway.  
And the sweet infant dreamed as yet unborn ;  
Its mother's thoughts fed its young soul with power  
Creative, and it oped its spirit-eyes,

\* Rev. xii. 1-3, 10.

Deep folded in its brain, and gazed into  
Its mother's deathless heart, and read through her  
The mystery of its essence, form and life.  
Thus her sweet thoughts that infant nature fed,  
And long before its birth it wisely knew  
That it was destined Ruler of a world,  
And kindred with immortal Cherubim.  
When, in the fullness of its days, the world  
Received it, fleeing from the Dragon's power,  
That mother sought the Western Wilderness.\*  
There the young child up-grew, until at last  
The Dragon Despotism, from his lair,  
Rushed at the infant, who, like Hercules,  
Smote him, and drave him howling to his den."  
So read I in an ancient Book, whose leaves  
Gleamed inwardly. The secrets of all time  
Deep in that mystic volume lay concealed.

Once in a trance of wonder I was led  
To Europe's dying couch, and there I saw  
Priests, kings and slaves, all victims, sense-enthralled,  
Bound with the adamantine chains of night,  
Their souls imprisoned, till the judgment-day  
Should smite with thunderous din the prison-walls  
Of ignorance and superstitious fear.  
Then I was led, whilst outwardly my form  
Lay wrapped in sleep, through visions manifold,  
And wakened on the threshold of the sphere  
Of Spirit-life, unfolded from the earth.

\* Rev. xii. 13, 14.

And as, on earth, I saw old Europe dead,  
 And all the social forms and customs, all  
 The creeds and institutions of the world,  
 Sharing dread death with her, so here I saw  
 The New Humanity, on earth unborn.  
 Old Europe had been judged of God, her doom  
 Pronounced; she prostrate lay beneath my feet,  
 Inwardly burning. In the Spirit-world  
 An abject host of fierce, delirious souls—  
 Kings, priests and profligates of every hue,  
 Tyrants of every grade and every crime,  
 All shared her downfall. As a blood-red sphere,  
 The multitudinous armies shone afar,  
 Yet seen more near, it seemed a Dragon\* fierce,  
 Writhing in death-throes of consuming pain.  
 Mind warred with mind: "Lo, Antichrist is slain"  
 I heard a voice in Heaven; and far and wide,  
 Echoed triumphant music; every sphere,  
 As one, responded—"Antichrist is slain."  
 Then high above I heard another voice  
 Cry, "Now is come salvation; † now is come  
 The Age of Light; and sweet Benevolence,  
 And dove-eyed Pity, and the seraph train  
 Of Charities and Mercies fly abroad,  
 Wherever underneath Heaven's canopy  
 Men dwell, redeeming and renewing them  
 In likeness of the Infinite I AM.  
 But wo to thee, O Earth a little while;  
 Evil, in its death-agonies, shall war

Rev. xii. 7-9.

† Rev. xii. 10; also Swedenborg, *passim*.

'Gainst human nature and the rights of man."  
Here the voice ended, and I heard the cry—  
"Glory to God on high, and on the earth  
Peace to all men of true and loving will."  
And in the likeness of a perfect Man,  
Vast as the race of Adam, robed in light,  
I saw all Angels of the human race  
In one colossal form. The Vision smiled  
To see the Dragon cast into the deep,  
And its joy made its being luminous;  
And its words filled the air with imagery  
Of Eden worlds, gardens of Paradise,  
And mighty nations, each sublimely true  
To its own deathless life of perfect love.  
Dimly I saw and faintly heard a part  
Of that great utterance. As an infant hears  
An Angel's music, and repeats the strain  
Broken and incomplete, I strive to breathe  
In human speech the spirit-kindling thought :

"Now is the Cycle of the world complete,  
And I, Humanity, once more behold  
My spiritual Eden at my feet.  
My fraudulent foes are banished from my fold,  
Melted like snow-flakes, vanishing away.  
The Spiritual Heaven is bright with day;  
Into my Heaven I've gathered from below  
Myriads uncounted. Now shall Earth's last wo  
Vanish. The Spiritual World being free,  
Evil shall perish from earth utterly.

Wake, blinded World, from out thy ashes start—  
 From out thy dust arise thou mighty Heart,  
 Thrill with sweet joy. Humanity was one,  
 And shall be one again. Our Central Sun,  
 God Manifest, shall re-unite mankind.  
 All sons of men shall share one common mind,  
 Inspired, pervaded by Divinity.  
 O Earth, sweet child of God, thou'lt shine on high,  
 Wearing thy coronal of loveliest sheen,  
 Gemmed with all stars. Soon like a goddess-queen,  
 Amid a Paradise of nations free,  
 Thou'lt nurse at thy sweet breasts incarnate Liberty.

O Earth, sad Earth, how desolate thou wert,  
 With life-blood ebbing from thy fatal hurt ;  
 With all thy mourning Nations bound in chains,  
 And smiling Plenty driven from thy plains ;  
 With Vice and Want and Ignorance and Crime  
 Dethroning Art, Song, Beauty, Truth divine ;  
 With festering Vices in thy fated breast,  
 And War's accursed heel trampling thy snowy vest.

O Earth, sweet Earth, thou, like a maniac child,  
 Wanderest through sorrow's wilderness ; the wild,  
 Fierce storm hath wet thy garments, and thy head,  
 Crowned once with light, is death-like, garlanded  
 With wreathed contagions, serpents fierce and dire ;  
 Thou standest 'mid thine own funereal pyre,  
 Consuming to white ashes. Thou shalt rise,  
 Reanimate, and thine shall be the prize



Of joy and victory. In Heaven again  
 The dust that now obscures the minds of men,  
 Quickened by spirit-fire, transformed, shall glow  
 Like crystal moon-beams shining on pure snow.  
 Matter, refined and purified, shall be  
 The floating garment of the Deity.  
 O glorious shall that New Humanity,  
 Gathered from scattered nations far and vast,  
 Build the wide Temple, where the mighty Past  
 And the great Future, like the Cherubim,  
 Above the Mercy Seat, shall dwell within,  
 And the bright Present, where their pinions meet  
 Receive the Deity, whose utterance sweet,  
 Mankind inspiring, then and evermore  
 Shall echo to the skies ; while every shore  
 By man inhabited with life shall bloom,  
 And earth no more have slave, king, dungeon-vault or tomb "

---

So in the dim and solemn night,  
 That Heavenly Triad, bending low,  
 Caused visions of supernal light  
 Through the tranced slumberer's brain to flow.

He woke at morn, he woke and wept ;  
 The world around looked cold and gray ;  
 It seemed as if his soul had slept  
 In Love's elysium far away.

The problem of man's two-fold life,  
 Its alternating birth and death,

Pressed on him, and his heart seemed rife  
With lingering strains of Angel breath.

Through the dark world again he trod,  
Bearing within a new-born sense,  
Heart-quicken'd from the lips of God,  
Soul-thrilled with Love's omnipotence.

He was a prophet for his time,  
And through his utterance evermore  
A voice, eternal and divine,  
Thrilled Europe to its bleeding core.

That Human Hearts have rights as well as kings ;  
That Tyranny is crime ; that Error springs  
Not from the inmost heart, but from wrongs  
That crush humanity, and swarm like throngs  
Of greedy vultures o'er Prometheus,  
Bound to the icy peak of Caucasus ;  
That evil is conventional ; that man  
Was made for virtue in the Father's plan ;  
That Despotism like a serpent feeds,  
Draining man's life-blood ; that insatiate greeds  
Of mitered prelates rob the starving poor ;  
That in man's soul there is an open door  
Into Elysium ; that mankind shall be,  
In the far future, wise and just and free,  
This Prophet taught. His words like meteors burning  
O'er dead old Europe, unto dust returning,  
From her imperishable essence woke

The Spirit Revolution. As the oak  
 Sows earth with forests like itself, to wave  
 In green luxuriance o'er their parents' grave,  
 Rousseau, the poet and the dreamer, gave  
 His words to human nature. Infants fed,  
 Unborn, on the sweet wisdom that he shed.  
 The New Humanity, concealed that lay  
 Within Earth's Future, felt keen lightning's play  
 From out his sphere of swift enkindling thought ;  
 And so though Monarchs, by sleek Shavelings taught,  
 Called him a madman or a knave, swift fire  
 From him made France one wide funereal pyre,  
 And throne and altar, in the maddening blast  
 Of Thought's fierce furnace, perished at the last.

---

"We were divided by the deep of death ;  
 I saw her stand on Heaven's recoding shore ;  
 Then came an interlude of sobbing breath,  
 And I beheld her form of love no more.  
 But evermore there grew and multiplied  
 Vailed agonies within my peopled breast ;  
 Joy perished in me when that Angel died ;  
 My heart grew like the swallow's empty nest.  
 Sometimes, in dreams, methought her radiant face  
 Through veils of golden ether shone afar ;  
 And, reaching out to clasp in sweet embrace  
 Her perfect form, the dream broke with a jar .

Of painful dissonance. Tuneless to me  
Were wild birds filling air with life and song ;  
Locked in the casket of eternity  
My life of life was buried, and a throng  
Of wild regrets and passionate desires  
Fed on my sad existence. By degrees  
Hope faded as the sunset's golden fires,  
That sink below the verge of lonely seas.

One night a mighty longing overcame  
My unreposing spirit, and a breath  
Of cold keen anguish numbed my outer frame.  
I sank into the consciousness of death.  
They laid my spirit, like a new-born child,  
A tender, helpless, guileless, fluttering thing,  
Within a flower whose white blooms undefiled  
Pavilioned its repose. With dreamy wing  
Sleep hovered o'er my eye-lids ; with a kiss  
Of gentlest peace he lulled me to repose ;  
And, sinking into dreams of honeyed bliss,  
I felt my soul by slow degrees inclose,  
Folding the leaves of memory and pain  
And vain regret and disappointment keen  
Into their old unconsciousness again.  
The life of earth melted into my dream  
And with it passed away. Glad morning broke  
On the imprisoned faculties ; I felt  
Something like hoar frost pass away, and woke.  
And, as clear streams appear when snow-drifts melt,  
From my dissolving outer life a new

Bright flowing river of existence ran.  
 Above me bent a sky, whose tranquil blue  
 Many a bright rainbow did o'erarch and span.  
 The rainbows, with the skies involved as one,  
 Cast sevenfold brightness round me, and a calm  
 Pervading luster from an inward sun  
 Bathed me, reposing in the floweret's balm.  
 Melted before that soft, increasing light,  
 The white leaves of the blossom passed away,  
 And, calmly beautiful, before my sight  
 The Heaven of flowers round all the vision lay.

There is a World in space, a world of mind,  
 Of substance so ethereal that the sphere  
 Of its perfection, like a soul enshrined  
 In God's own beauty, shines in brightness clear,  
 Invisible to men of outward sight.  
 That world is called Octavia. Mortal man,  
 Were he translated to its pure delight  
 Would die o'erpowered of bliss. And all the span  
 Of its wide firmament is set with spheres  
 That shine by day as well as night; their motion  
 Pervades with music all its atmospheres  
 And thrills with song through continent and ocean.  
 And, like the green leaves rustling on a tree,  
 The amber clouds make music far below,  
 O'er flowering islands of felicity,  
 Bosomed in waters flushed like morning snow.  
 And there is neither age nor death upon  
 That lovely planet there no mortal pains,

But life in liquid melody flows on  
Forever without pause ; no sanguine stains  
Of murder tinge its past ; no tears have wet  
Its mild immortal countenance. The smile  
Of Love's immortal joy is crownlike set  
O'er sea and lake and continent and isle.

There waited that mild Angel whom in youth  
I loved and lost, and her celestial face  
Dawned on me, beautiful in love and truth.  
In one inspired beatified embrace  
She clasped me, crying, " Now thou art my own,  
Forever mine." And, as the flushing sea  
Brightens beneath the sunshine when the zone,  
The crystal zone of her felicity,  
Inspired me, first of all my blood grew still,  
Heart, brain and creeping nerves, I was a star  
Merged in the dawn-light. With a sudden thrill  
Each sense, each faculty did swift unbar  
Its thousand-gated city, and I grew  
As heaven with myriad suns, all inward bright,  
And gifted with swift powers, to live a new  
Immortal life of infinite delight.  
" Come home, come home," that voice of love divine  
Addressed me, and methought my spirit sank  
Into her inward life. In that pure shrine  
I wakened, and my thirsting nature drank  
Of love's immortal wine. For her pure veins  
Through my own soul seemed flowing, and I knew  
The nature of that life of life, that reigns

Where hearts are inter-blent, and bid adieu  
 To their divided self-hood, and are knit  
 In conjugal affection. She in me  
 And I in her seemed dwelling; infinite  
 Grew our delight; as shines the crystal sea  
 With sunshine filled, shone her effulgent form,  
 Haloed with love's delight; and far away  
 We floated, till a new-born flower of morn  
 Lifted its chalice, growing in the ray  
 Descending from some sun of other spheres,  
 Whose circumfluent beams did rare unfold  
 That wonderous blossom, never dimmed by tears  
 From weeping clouds. Within its vase of gold  
 We found a floating isle, that in a lake  
 Of fragrance lay as in an Angel's mind,  
 And lovelier eyes than ever sleep or wake  
 On mortal earths, with vision unconfined  
 By outward darkness, shone to greet us there.  
 Gradual descending through the perfumed mist,  
 We rested in that flower of sunlight fair;  
 Then clad in vails of glowing amethyst,  
 Twelve youths and maidens lifted their sweet song  
 Of welcome. Then I knew no more of earth,  
 But circled by that radiant, jocund throng,  
 Woke to the fullness of my second birth."

An Indian youth sang this to me, reposing  
 One night beside a stream in Paradise;  
 An Indian youth, gentle and rich in love,  
 As is the tuberose in its perfumes rare.

He took me by the hand, and led my steps  
Through groves, where every leaf was a green flame,  
And every flower a purple rose of light,  
And called me by sweet names of tender love ;  
And when I asked him why he called me so,  
Transfiguring light through all his Being shone  
As he replied : " Last night I saw thee die ;  
And when the body gave its tenant up,  
Thy spirit rose, held in these deathless arms,  
And I awoke thee in the World of Souls  
Singing my spirit-birth." As this he said,  
A radiant woman stood beside him there,  
As if his inner soul unvailed itself ;  
And tenderly the twain communed with me  
Of blisses that belong to souls enshrined  
In Heaven, like sun-beams in the spheres of air.  
They told me it was beautiful to die,  
And my deep heart re-echoed " beautiful !"  
They charmed the dull heart-anguish from my breast,  
Where it had dwelt and eaten like a snake.  
My long life-agony was ended then,  
And a new name was given me. Dull Time,  
Who mows the scented flowers of happiness,  
Making all earth dry stubble, where the feet  
Bleed as they journey, harms me never more.  
I am as happy as the conscious air  
That feeds on flowers where spirit-lovers dwell,  
And all unlike my earthly self as joy  
Is unlike sorrow ; and my earthly name  
Has vanished from my memory, save at times



When I descend to earth, my former home,  
 To those who hold me in remembrance yet,  
 And think me not the impious, hateful thing,  
 Men called me in their blind, misjudging wrath.

Of late, I spent a long mid-summer's day  
 With Tennyson. He almost felt my hand  
 Upon his brow, and sensed my spirit-breath.  
 Wordsworth was with me, that calm, subtle mind.  
 We sowed within that gentle Poet's brain  
 Sweet thoughts, as fragrant as the new-mown hay.  
 He knew not that the infidel Rousseau,  
 In Christ's most precious love made clean and pure,  
 Bent over him, and wove a coronal  
 Of truth-flowers for his intellectual brow.

There is a Poet in the Spirit-heaven  
 So old that history hath forgot his name.  
 He dwelt in the fair morning of the race,  
 And taught young Time, Narcissus-like, who stood  
 By the clear Ocean of Eternity  
 In love with his own image, how to give  
 His thoughts to music. He was elder far  
 Than Homer, Hesiod or Pythagoras.  
 Indian mythology preserves his name,  
 And calls him Brahma. He was wise and strong  
 In simple manhood. Nature talked to him  
 As the Dawn whispers to the Morning Star.  
 He slept, like Moses in the bulrushes,  
 Upon the broad Nile-river of the world,

Till the King's daughter, gentle Poesy,  
Kissed him awake and owned him for her heir.  
So his became the legendary throne  
Of the old Past and all its pyramids.  
His mind hived thoughts numerous as summer bees,  
Honeyed, but stingful ; being in spirit true  
To Nature's perfect law he scorned the false.  
He wove his fame, a rainbow round the sun,  
And clasped his thought, a girdle round the world.  
The Ages wore him for a signet-ring  
On the front finger of Time's kingly hand.  
He journeyed through men's hearts as rides the sun  
Through ether, flooding all their minds with light.  
He was a Medium for the Indian Heaven.  
The floating shadow of his memory,  
A golden cloud in human form, survives,  
Beloved, and, with a fond idolatry,  
Worshipped by tawny millions : so, alas,  
The wise depart, and their remembrance veils  
The Perfect Good they imaged forth below.  
He was a human prophecy of Christ.  
Death strove to clutch the blossom of his fame,  
But could not reach it, for it bloomed so high  
On topmost bough of Truth's immortal tree.  
This Poet spake through all the hearts of men,  
Like Ocean through the shells upon the shore ;  
He played upon the pulses of mankind  
As plays the wind on all the forest trees ;  
And he became to minds of that young age  
A type of the benignant Deity ;

And by degrees the symbol and the spirit  
 Became identified ; for 'tis the fault  
 Of minds upon the outward plane to merge  
 The Infinite in finite imagery.  
 Much of his poetry survives within  
 The Sanscrit Vedas, though in fragments there  
 And much corrupted. He has found in heaven  
 Fit auditors ; high 'mid the seraph choir  
 He sings forever, and his golden verse  
 Mellifluous reaches many spheres and worlds."

So spake Rousseau the Spirit to the mind  
 Who outwardly repeats this inward verse,  
 Shining upon me from a summer sphere  
 Of Paradise. Death was his last, best friend ;  
 He passed through death to purifying toils,  
 To labors for the freedom of mankind.  
 He rests in liberty from earth's dark ills ;  
 He is a tenant of the Indian Heaven ;  
 He has become a mighty poet there—  
 And one dark winter night he came to me,  
 And thus of Poets and of Priests he sang.

" Poets and Priests are natural enemies ;  
 Priests being types of ancient Thought grown blind,  
 But Poets emblems of Eternity's  
 Perpetual inspiration, which the mind  
 Feeds on and groweth eloquent and great,  
 Spurning vile slaveries of Church and State.  
 Poets count Priests as grave-stones, that are set

O'er ancient ages, cold as death, that yet  
Records preserve of great deeds, thoughts by Heaven  
In buried Eras to the nations given.  
These are the sentinels that watch while bone  
Cleaves slowly from its fellow, but are stone.  
Poets count Priests as monuments of brass  
That stand in churches moveless while the glass  
Of Time, reversed, is filled with golden years.  
The Poet hopes; the Priest despairs and fears.  
The Poets dwell where mountains view the sun,  
They glow where flames the orient horizon,  
Each like a sun-sphered Angel, pouring forth  
Truth's morning utterance o'er the slumbering earth.  
Their minds are mirrors where the crystal sea  
Of thought reflects great heavens of truth to be.  
Their minds are organs that no human hand  
Can modulate; they thrill to music grand,  
Swept solemnly by Heaven's inspiring might.  
They are Æolian harps that through the night  
Thrill to the south wind's kisses; infinite  
In yearning, aspiration, joy and pain  
They seek, hope, love and suffer not in vain.  
'Twas Poetry in ages inly wise  
Of eldest Time that pictured forth the skies.  
Poets were God's first prophets. O when God  
Descended, and in ancient ages trod  
Upon the earth, through Poetry came He—  
And still where summer winds thrill through the tree,  
Where summer waves are surging, where the bells  
Of woodland flowers swing chiming in the dells,

Where sparry crystals twinkle in the mine,  
 Where stars move chanting through the crystaline,  
 Where human hearts grow beautiful above  
 All outward seeming in thy light, O Love,  
 God speaks, God sings as in great years gone by—  
 Heaven, Earth, Life, Nature, all is Poetry.

What recks the Priest of this? He breathes a curse  
 Where Poets hymn the pure melodious verse;  
 Calls nature carnal, where the Poet sees  
 God shining sun-like o'er the forest trees;  
 Says earth is doomed and man by Heaven abhorred,  
 Where Poets, taught by reason and the Word,  
 Call earth God's house, and man the Father's child,  
 In spirit free and wise and sweet and mild,  
 Born to ascend, through noble works of love,  
 The sun, the moon, the spheral stars above,  
 To glow with light divine in mind and heart,  
 To work like God in truth, to dwell apart,  
 God-like, from all terrestrial things, and win  
 Through love celestial homes with seraphim.

The mightiest Poets do not always write  
 In meter, nor are all who rhymes indite  
 Poets in fact. The Poet is the man  
 Whose dome-like faculties of mind o'er-span  
 Creation, taking in cause, means and end;—  
 The man whose heart in living joy must blend  
 With the wide universe; the man whose life  
 Finds rest in harmony, but pain in strife;

Who loveth all things lovely, and who strives  
 To fill with love all human hearts and lives ;  
 Who drinks full flowing goblets of sweet bliss  
 From Art's pure fount ; who sees a light divine  
 Where crowned Aurora bends the earth to kiss,  
 And where the evening glories mildly shine.  
 The Poet is the man whose bosom holds  
 A subtle sense that recombines and molds  
 All thoughts to music ; who with insight keen  
 Pierces exterior Nature's midnight dream,  
 Sees earth to be heaven's portal, and discerns  
 Through Nature's shape a fire from Heaven that burns.  
 God holds his heart within His hollow hand ;  
 God's voice divine, melodious, fragrant, bland,  
 Thrills through him till he needs must chant his lay,  
 Careless of human praise, singing his soul away.

Men never know God's messengers ; 'tis well—  
 The thoughts that in their kindling bosoms dwell  
 Roll sea-like through the world. They only know  
 That they are trumpets that God's lips do blow ;  
 They only realize a mightier power  
 Above their own. Eve-like they wreath Love's bower.  
 The Poets' hands weave garlands for mankind,  
 Thought-blossoms, deathless chaplets for the mind.  
 They come and go, as Night comes, bearing stars  
 Dark in themselves, shining through dungeon bars.  
 They whisper, and their utterance grows more loud,  
 Until dead Nations hear it through the shroud  
 Of ignorance and fear. They never die,

But rise love-animate to regions high,  
 Of deathless wonder. Few and dark their years ;  
 Mighty their sorrows ; bitter cold their tears ;  
 Keener their anguish than a mother's pain.  
 Freed from the earth, in emerald spheres they gain  
 A vernal youth, a spring-tide of heart-rest,  
 And unto God's own heart in tenderest love are pressed."

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Haggard and pale as the wan winter night,  
 Moaning in naked woods, there came to me  
 A Spirit, wailing inwardly. Upon  
 His brow still gleamed the shadow of a crown,  
 And the insignia of Empire clothed  
 In mockery his devastated form.  
 I asked his name, and he replied, " Remorse ;  
 I have no other name but this, Remorse."  
 A bluish flame glimmered about his eyes,  
 And his thin bony hands like talons pierced  
 His side as if he clutched his tortured heart,  
 To still its beating, and he cried " Remorse,  
 Remorse," forever ; and one said to me,  
 " This man was once a king, the *Parc aux Cerfs*  
 Preserves the memory of his bestial crimes.  
 He sowed the wind and reaps the whirlwind now,"  
 This was the king Rousseau in vision saw.  
 Alas ! he hath no kingdom. Once he fared  
 Deliciously ; now sorrow fills his cup  
 With memory's wormwood. Bitterly he weeps .  
 Red meteoric tears from his wild eyes ;  
 And shooting flames, dread thoughts of nameless crimes,

Blaze round his brow. The wandering spirit flies  
Restless, self-tortured, through the evil waste  
Of memory ; 'tis his hell ; nor shall he rest,  
Nor pause, till pride and hate and avarice,  
Which make him one wide waste of inward pain,  
Have vanished, and in humbleness of soul,  
Grown contrite, patient and obedient,  
He seeks to expiate by loving deeds  
The vices of the life he lived below."

It ceased, that voice. The eastern heaven grew bright,  
Rousseau stood by me, and the sky, illumed  
With rosy morning, dropped a golden rain  
Upon the landscape. Every flower rejoiced,  
And every petal whispered its delight.  
Then spake the Spirit tenderly ; " 'Tis sweet,  
'Tis doubly sweet, to feel the spirit-life,  
The inward essence and the element  
Of this fair landscape, this ethereal air,  
And these translucent skies that bend above ;  
Here all things celebrate His deathless love  
Who gave His thought expression and so made  
The universe. 'Tis sweet to feel that He  
Dwells in his works and through them all communes  
With man his offspring." After a brief pause,  
He added, " They alone are inly blest  
Who have no will but His, who feed the poor,  
Who clothe the naked and reclaim the lost.  
O when one sinner, like that wretched man,  
Who wanders heart-accursed, and moans ' Remorse.



Remorse, grows penitent, 'tis sweet to fold  
 Our Angel arms around him and to feed  
 With love the hungry pulses of his heart ;  
 To clothe him in white robes, to wreath his brow  
 With joy-diffusing flowers ; to soothe with songs,  
 Whose music breathes tranquillity, his breast.  
 Heaven bends in tenderest love o'er all who weep,  
 And grieve and suffer. Souls most deeply stained,  
 Who will not own sweet Mercy's gentle sway,  
 Cannot, save through the discipline of pain,  
 Self-wrought, proportioned by their earthly crimes,  
 Be made receptive of the better life."  
 As this he spoke, I turned to him and said,  
 "Look up and say what means that opened door  
 Blazing with spiritual light, that glows  
 In eastern skies above us ?"—"Hark," he said ;  
 Sweet as the chorus of a universe  
 Of Angel worlds for a new planet born,  
 There came a many-tided sea of song  
 Flooding the atmosphere, and thousand tongues  
 And thousand times ten thousand seemed to sing  
 "Joy, joy, great joy in Heaven around the throne,  
 Infinite joy when one, though dead in sins  
 And buried deep in trespasses, revives.  
 Angels shall lead him from his sepulcher  
 And God shall wipe all tears from off his eyes."

Rousseau with penetration deep discerned  
 That Spirit from afar, and to him turned,  
 Crying, "O Spirit, I abjure thee by

The groans and sufferings of Humanity  
 And by thy own remorse, thou who like Cain  
 Wanderest remembering many a brother slain,  
 Tell me what made thee vile? Why didst thou grow  
 To be at last a deathless shape of wo?  
 God made thee innocent."

"Dost thou not know,  
 Rome made me what I am," the monarch cried,  
 "False education—I was taught that pride  
 Was virtue, that to rule was given to me;  
 That I from Rome held all my royalty;  
 That I to Rome owed fealty, that God  
 Though Rome placed in my hands the kingly rod;  
 That despotism was my privilege.  
 Priest-cursed, with every passion uncontrolled,  
 Lustful of power, wine, women, fame and gold,  
 My soul grew sharp as the keen saber's edge,  
 I was a sword held in Oppression's hand.  
 None dared speak truth to me, I had no friends,  
 The tyrant hath but flatterers; he bends  
 All wills to suit his purposes; he smites  
 All men who tell him of the people's rights.  
 The Court's a hell where crime, and vices reign,  
 Love pleads, Truth warns, Religion grieves in vain.  
 Darker and deeper grows the Night of Ill  
 Till the black wine of wrath the cup doth fill,  
 Till priests and barons stagger round the throne,  
 And kings carouse, while dying millions groan.  
 Then Revolution comes. I died before

Paris grew drunk and mad with noble gore.  
Wo's me, when from my festering corse I fled  
What horrors broke upon my crownless head ;  
Yet, had I been a peasant's child, sometimes  
I think and know, this Tartarus of crimes  
Had not engulfed me." Here the specter ceased ;  
Inly I prayed that he might be released  
Soon from his tortures. Still that piteous face  
Haunts me. God grant that soon with sweet embrace  
Thy love may fold him penitent, and lead  
Him where Thy sheep round the Good Shepherd feed.



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Part Two.

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## A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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“FEED him with jonquils and anemones,  
With jasmines, myrtles, roses where he lies ;  
Let all your kisses melt upon his mouth,  
Balm-winds fresh breathing from the tropic South ;  
Myrrh, cassia, nutmeg trees of Ceylon lave  
Him in your odors ; fan him as ye wave,  
O golden palms ; and thou, wild tamarind tree,  
Droop thy long sprays, caress him balmily ;  
Ye crimson cactus-flowers, that nimble bees  
Vainly explore, oppress not his mild eyes ;  
O sleep-diffusing poppies, rain not down  
Your heavy juice ; nor, sable cypress, frown  
On him reposing ; silver lime-flowers, pour  
Faint, star-like incense-drops from your full store ;  
Sweet pansies pillow him ; thy pipe, O Pan,  
Blow with a mellow strain, thy syrinx blow ;  
Our darling is delivered from his wo,  
Freed from the hate of love-regardless man.  
Our darling is not dead, he lieth here,

Where the blind groping earth-worm finds him not.  
 As water-lilies mourn the fading year,  
 Fond hearts deplore him on the earth. No spot  
 Defiles the crystal pureness of his fame.  
 The efflorescence of his being blooms  
 On earth, blooms splendidly. Like May he came,  
 Sowing rich beauty over dens and tombs  
 And rocky peaks and solitudes. He sped  
 Like a clear streamlet o'er its jagged bed,  
 That by no torture can be hushed asleep,  
 But pours in music hastening to the deep.  
 Peace, peace, bewail him not with garlands sere,  
 Ye Autumn Months, his is no funeral bier.  
 No pale dissolving *Eidolon* is he  
 Of that which was but never more shall be;—  
 Shelley the Spirit lives eternally."

So sang in Heaven a golden-tressed maiden,  
 Above a sleeping Spirit newly born  
 From mother earth and the salt sea forlorn.  
 No dark-eyed houri of some Persian Aidenn,  
 But a sweet English girl, with mild blue eyes;  
 No gentler being walks in Paradise.

Impalpable but visible the soul  
 Of every flower obeyed her song's control;  
 In million fairy forms through heart and brain  
 They flowed, and slowly banished every pain  
 From his deep-dreaming mind. He woke at last.  
 Let his own verse rehearse three days he past



Translated by swift death to heaven divine;—  
The thought being his, the thought's word-clothing mine.

“I rose most like a purple dragon-fly  
From the dull sheath, who leaves his floating corse  
Adrift upon the waters, then dilates  
For the first time his breast with upper air,  
And feels his gauze-like filaments of wings,  
And sees the unknown isled lilies bloom  
O'er the dim depths that were his former world.

We had gone forth, my friend and I, beguiled  
By summer air and sunshine and low tones  
Of music from the crisped and crested sea.  
A white flaw struck our bark and she went down.  
A gurgling, bubbling sound was in my ears.  
White-armed I clipt with sinewy stroke the waves,  
Sank, rose again and sank, and rose and saw  
Returning smiles of sunshine on the sea,  
Then left my languid form upon the deep  
Borne by its tides and rocking to their swell.

Like Guido's pictured saints, or those mild forms  
With thin transparent vails of silver light  
Corregio painted,—like white water nymphs  
Following Diana, bathed in silver pools  
Where green and golden lights in serpent fires  
Wind round the circling eddies and display  
Their mild reposing forms on shining sand,  
With crystal pebbles graced and rose-veined shells  
Beneath the waving stream,—like sacred shapes

Of Beauty and Religion singing once  
Upon the windy top of Pindus high,—  
Like Gods and Goddesses of Homer's lay,  
Remote in far Elysium, attributes  
Of Joy and Wonder and supremest Love,—  
Yet fairer than them all, and all a-glow  
In their translucent and immortal limbs  
With sacred innocence and bliss divine,  
The multitudinous Habitants of space,  
Who dwell in ether unconfined, and wear  
Their sun-like thoughts for robes of royalty,  
Came thronging round my spirit as I woke  
From the cold sea and the dissolving clay ;  
And One more beauteous far than fairest dream  
Of Old Religion stood beside me there  
Robed in his perfectness. He was the type  
Of God, whom, veiled in Nature's glimmering sphere  
Of unintelligible hues and sounds  
And mazy harmonies of young delight,  
Unconscious of His name, I loved below.

“Brother,” he said, “fear not, ere many morns  
And evenings have poured out their golden fires,  
Pavilioning the sky, thy soul shall float  
In liquid seas of heaven's translucent light,  
Like a white water lily on the lake,  
Whose virgin petals, innocent of earth,  
Drink luster from great heaven's enkindling smile.”

Wrapt in a dream of such exceeding bliss

That all my senses vibrated with song,  
My spirit slept and I was born afar.  
Nine days through galaxies of rainbowed suns  
We traveled ; on a bed of violets,  
O'er-canopied by flowers whose leaves were blue  
And silver, and whose chalices held fire  
Red as the pomegranate, I awoke,  
Or seemed to wake, in that surpassing dream,  
As wakes a star and finds itself a sun,  
As wakes a bud and finds itself a flower,  
As wakes dim night and finds itself a day,  
As wakes a child and finds itself a man,  
As wakes an earth transformed to paradise.  
O like a sleeping flower, that sinks into  
A maiden's bosom, and, dissolved away,  
Blends with the fragrance of her happy heart,  
My incorporeal nature seemed diffused,  
And made a part of all that Loveliness,  
That filled the jeweled skies or floated in  
The mazy folds of uncontaminated air.  
As a dark moth that suddenly becomes  
A butterfly with rich sun-kindled wings,—  
As a blind creeping insect, from its sheath  
That springs, delivered, and is caught away  
Into some green pavilion paved with sweets,  
From married roses blossoming above,  
And feeds on dew, instead of dust, and drinks  
The many-splendored sun-beams, like bright wine,  
Through every artery and every vein  
Of its enamored life, and by degrees

Absorbs light, ardor, fragrance, melody,  
And Love, which is their soul, and so puts off  
The lingering dimness of its former state,—  
My spirit shook from out the folded cells  
Of its expanded brain swift powers. The form  
All inter-penetrate with heaven's sweet joy,  
Rejoiced in all its many-membered spheres,  
And every atom of my frame grew strong,  
And every strength contained a living might,  
And every might contained a living truth,  
And every truth an everlasting love ;  
And I was love, and truth, and majesty,  
And God in love, and majesty, and truth  
Pervaded me, and I became a form  
Of that surpassing Spirit, who doth make  
The crystal globe of the infiniverse,  
A floating sun of light that his own mind  
Works through and in forever. While below  
Men called me atheist. As a moth that feels  
The brightness that consumes it, as a flake  
Of snow that feels the all-dissolving sun,  
I felt a life, a power, a majesty  
That melted the hoar-frost of outer life,  
And drew me upward from corporeal dust.  
As through the oriel window of a fane,  
Reared by majestic minds of ages old  
To Beauty, and Religion, which is Art's  
Great mother, and the ever-living queen,  
And goddess of all forms of life and grace,  
Streamed through the solemn temple of my soul,

Streamed through the oriel of my inward brain,  
The Splendor that is God ; and I beheld,  
In sunny worlds that undulate and flow  
Through the deep river of one endless year,  
The pictures of His image. Still, as God  
Shined more and more upon my inner brain,  
Through galaxies of saints and seraphim,  
Through human forms in love and wisdom sphered,  
And blended and unfolding, I beheld  
More vividly His light ; and still methought  
Through worlds and suns and men and angels, shone  
A light that was not theirs—a light of mind—  
Eternal, Infinite, creating all.

I sat in my own mind's serene expanse ;  
Through all its faculties, ablaze with light  
From God's infinitude, I looked abroad,  
And each, according to its form, its place,  
Its function or its element, received  
A separate splendor from the All in All.  
I saw Him, in the conscience, as the King  
Whose essence and whose energy is Right,  
Whose every ordered work is righteousness ;  
And in the will I saw him as the God  
Of forces, who, omnipotent, above  
All things, all forms created, rules the fates,  
The destinies, the millioned spheral forms  
Of air and earth and spirit-peopled sky.  
As one who, in the deep and liquid wells  
Of most beloved eyes, discerns the soul

That lights their humid fires, and kindles there  
 Intense, unutterable ecstasies,  
 With my perceptive faculties I saw,  
 In the great Sun of Suns, a Light Divine ;  
 And in that light a love, and in that love  
 An essence a perfection and a joy,  
 And in that joy's own essence its own form,  
 And in that form, as life in form concealed,  
 Such form as is the nearest unto God,\*  
 Through whom God looketh outward into space,  
 By whom God worketh outward into forms  
 Created, whether they be earths or spheres,  
 Or lithe, swift habitants of stellar air,  
 Or winged denizens of ethered realms,  
 Or pure embodiments of sound, that move  
 With golden glimmerings through seas of light,  
 Within whose undulations peopled isles  
 Of planet, asteroid or moon revolve.

As the white Alps grow crimson with the sun,  
 My faculties grew bright from God, unveiled  
 Through matter's perfect form upon my soul.

Life is a series of progressive births,  
 And of regenerations without end :

The soul of our first soul,  
 The mind of our first mind,  
 The heart of our first heart,  
 The will of our first will,

\* John i. 1-10.

The brain of our first brain,  
Becomes the outer soul,  
Becomes the outer mind,  
Becomes the outer will,  
Becomes the outer brain,  
Of the soul's second form  
Delivered from the clay.  
The eye, the ear, the hand,  
The face, the form of dust,  
Conceal the real hand,  
Conceal the real ear,  
Conceal the real face,  
Conceal the real eye.  
The mind that looks on God,  
The mind that looks on Earth,  
The mind that looks on Life,  
The mind that looks on Death,  
The mind that looks above,  
The mind that looks below,  
The mind that looks within,  
The mind that looks without,  
With every action moves,  
With every motion grows,  
As grows the crystalid  
Within its outer shell,  
As grows the folded bud  
Which holds the sleeping flower.

Sensation is the attribute of Mind,  
As matter is the attribute of Life,

As time and space are attributes of thought.  
Suspended 'twixt two hemispheres of light,  
The Past and Future, as a bird that flies  
Above the world and underneath the sun,  
Whose kindling ardors glorify its flight,  
    Mind journeys on,  
    Mind never hastes,  
    Mind never rests,  
Mind sets not with the sun,  
Mind fades not with the day.

For every type of Mind  
There is a separate world,  
There is a separate sky,  
There is a separate faith,—  
One God creates them all.  
The mild revolving stars  
Hold each a separate race.  
The purple flames of morn  
Obscure and veil the stars,  
But glorify the world,  
And change the buds to flowers,  
And waken birds and men,  
And nerve all mortal forms,  
And thrill all mortal veins  
With flames of pure desire.  
There is a pulse of joy  
In every living thing;  
A motion that is life  
Through inmost Nature flows.



All men derive from God  
Their intellectual beams.  
One Light their varied lamps  
Of many-colored flames  
Hath kindled—it is God.  
Mother of outward things,  
Divine Necessity,  
Conditioned in God's Life,  
Thou art another name  
For that eternal pulse  
That beats from God's own heart,—  
Another name for Love.

No element has changed  
Since when the morning stars  
Rejoiced o'er Eden young.  
'Tis man alone whose orb  
Runs darkling through its years ;  
'Tis man alone whose orb  
Grows dark in Love's eclipse ;  
'Tis man alone whose thought  
With broken wing falls dead ;  
Whose eyes have lost their fire ;  
Whose touch hath lost its keen  
Exquisiteness of joy ;  
Whose breath no more is sweet  
As every flower in one ;  
Whose lips respond no more  
To Angel lips afar ;  
Whose ear no more discerns

Earth's inner harmony ;  
Whose life no more unfolds  
In image of God's own.

Once bloomed the flower of brain  
In fragrance of such thought  
That angels called it wise  
And God its truth approved.  
Once bloomed the flower of heart  
In fragrance of such love  
That angels called it sweet  
And God approved it good.  
In man's enamored eyes  
Shone woman's perfect form,  
The type of all things pure  
And their reality.  
In man's unfolding brain  
The glorious arts received  
Their archetypal life ;  
Each bore a separate name,  
But all were forms of peace.  
Invention was the first  
Great exercise of mind.  
Man builded first his home  
In Asia's plains remote.  
He was a threefold form,  
He saw with threefold sight,  
He thought with threefold mind,  
He felt with threefold sense,  
He loved with threefold love,

And wore a threefold robe  
 About his threefold life.  
 Three worlds around him lay,  
 Three skies above him shone,  
 He saw a threefold light  
 In every kindling star;  
 Threefold the floweret bloomed,  
 Threefold the wild bird sang  
 Its meditative lay.  
 He was a dual form  
 Of two conjoined in one,  
 The bridegroom and the bride,  
 And each attired in light  
 Diaphanous and pure,  
 The garment of the soul.  
 Man journeyed by degrees  
 From the surpassing state  
 That was his Eden world.

Religion at the first was Innocence,  
 And man through innocence communed with all  
 God's undulating harmonies of peace,  
 God's unimagined attributes of soul,  
 God's unconfined immensities of space,  
 God's measureless infinitudes of love.  
 Through every organ of his passive brain,  
 Through every function of his active mind,  
 Through all the sounding octaves of his breast,  
 He held communion with a separate sphere  
 Of Angel wisdom in the earth or sky.

The elements were all  
Pervaded by his love ;  
Bird, beast and flower received,  
Diffused and shared his joy.

He was the crown of all things beautiful,  
The heart of all things lovely, and the brain  
Of all things in the understanding wise ;  
A perfect mind without a flaw to mar  
Its perfect form of crystal symmetry,  
An Angel of the infantile degree,  
A rudimental Seraph and a child  
Of God inspered in infancy divine ;  
But less in stature than the men who now  
Extend their empire o'er the Western World,  
More delicate in form, less gross in mold,  
Slight in configuration, in his hue  
Tinged as with redness of celestial morn.  
He talked in symbols, language had its birth  
In images of beauty, for he knew  
All things as thoughts, and therefore thoughts and things  
Were symbols of each other, and he wrote  
As God writes, giving to each thought a form.  
The mountains and the plains, the streams that run  
With sweetest music through the valleys low,  
The skies with archipelagoes of stars  
Bosomed in azure clearness, morn and noon  
And tranquil eventide were all to him  
The picture-alphabet and Word of God,  
With which he was familiar, and he read  
Their meaning, not as now the chemist reads,

But as the Angel, giving to them names,  
According to their meaning in the mind  
Of Him who made them. Those were golden years.

The arrow and the bow,  
The lance and javelin then,  
The war-club and the sword,  
All murderous implements,  
Were unconceived by man ;  
Instead of these the yoke  
The distaff and the loom,  
The potter's wheel, the pen,  
The stylus and the oar.  
When the great stars appeared  
In light above the world,  
The Angels of the stars  
Appeared and talked with man.  
When, mild and beautiful,  
In clear white light of dawn  
That lay like silver mist  
Upon the blue of heaven,  
The day-star in the east,  
The bright and morning star  
Diffused awakening light,  
When came the holy Sun,  
The bridegroom of the skies,  
Clothed in the spherul beams  
Of wisdom and of love,  
Then all the angel train  
Grew silent. Then mankind

Changing their pale attire  
Of inward breathing thought  
For outward breathing joy  
Sparkling in many beams,  
Rejoiced to greet the day.  
The infant life of man  
Was innocent of crime,  
Was innocent of hate,  
Was innocent of blood,  
Was innocent of shame ;  
Through all his faculties  
Man drew inspiring life  
From God's eternal love.

The golden gates of virtue still unbar  
Man's infinite abode,  
Man's true and living home,  
The Life containing all.  
There is no need of Death  
To ope the inner world.  
The Spirit-form unfolds  
Unnumbered faculties—  
The swan's unflagging wing—  
To bear it far away.  
The Dream Life folded lies  
Upon the confines dim  
Of that mysterious realm  
Beyond the Earth and grave.  
All who have ever lived,  
All who have ever loved,

All who have ever thought,  
All who have ever grown  
Out of material dust,  
Have found the Sphere that folds  
The Earth within itself  
Where Spirits never die.  
As numerous as are  
The faculties of man,  
As numerous as are  
The varying states of thought,  
Are those uncounted spheres  
Where every Spirit finds  
The discipline that makes  
Him wise, and just, and good,  
And by degrees puts off  
The infant garb of thought  
He cherished veiled in time.  
There lovingly apart  
From Earth's discordant throngs  
The innocent and pure  
Receive immortal rest,  
Rejoicing in God's joy,  
Beholding in His light,  
Robed in effulgent beams  
Of His transcendent smile.  
Egypt and India live,  
Greece with her classic shrines,  
All nations of the Past.  
Their bright domains are spread  
O'er spheres that seem to be

More real than the Earth.  
Each hath a separate race,  
A varying faith in God,  
Perfect in its degree ;  
But, elder far than all,  
The first born sons of men,  
In eastern climes remote,  
As when they lived below,  
Like forms of God's own mind  
That live from God's own heart,  
Rejoicingly expand  
Their faculties of love,  
Their faculties of thought,  
Their faculties of use,  
Orbing themselves with beams  
From every spheral sun,  
Communing at their will  
Not with mankind alone,—  
With Spirits of all spheres.

Theirs is a cosmic faith.  
Enlarged by culture, they  
Whose sympathies have won  
Communion with the race  
Of man in myriad worlds,  
See with no narrow view,  
Think with no narrow thought,  
Live with no selfish aim,  
But in their thought embrace  
The universal all.



As gods and goddesses  
Of mild Elysium, they  
In golden light are seen,  
Types of all joys divine  
In God's own life that move,  
Types of all truths that are  
In God's own mind revealed,  
And loves conjoined in one.  
In their surpassing home,  
Where fraudulent malice finds  
No entrance and no place,  
As wakes a little child  
Whom his ancestral roof  
From wandering far receives,  
I wakened, if to wake  
Be to behold one's self  
A floating form of light,  
In garments like the sun,  
Reposing in the sphere  
Of most divine content,  
With all the heart within  
A sea of perfect love,  
That rolls in music sweet  
Round continents of truth  
Insphered within the brain.  
This is the Golden World  
Of Nature's blushing prime,  
Where bloom the golden flowers,  
Where dwell the golden days,  
Of golden-thoughted love.

How wondrous are Thy works,  
Spirit of Beauty! Thou  
Who art the First and Last,  
Who art the Cause and End  
Of all that hath its life,  
Of all that hath its form,  
Of all that drinketh joy,  
Of all that plumes its wings,  
Of all that runs its race,  
Or sports within the flood,  
Or seeks the Inner Life,  
Or worships in the sphere  
Of Nature, which is Thine.  
Spirit of Nature! Thou  
Whose overflowing joy,  
Pervaded by Thy Life  
Of infinite repose,  
Of infinite content,  
Of infinitely wise  
And pure and perfect Good,  
Moves without pause or bound,  
And forms unbounded space,  
Whose motion maketh time,—  
Soul of each living soul,  
Mind of each thinking mind,  
Heart of each beating heart,  
God of each finite man,  
Above, beyond, before,  
Yet in and through all things

Thou art and wast, and art  
Forevermore to be.

There are no solitudes,  
No burnt, extinguished suns,  
No blood-red bleeding spheres,  
No blasted, blighted earths,  
No cleft and jagged moons  
Within the vast domain  
Where Thou art all in all.  
Where discords supervene,  
Or seem to, they involve  
Infinite new-born realms  
Of undiscovered good.

Matter and motion are  
Results of Truth and Love.  
From Love proceedeth force,  
From Truth unfoldeth form,  
These make the universe ;  
And matter is the type  
Of Wisdom in its forms,  
And motion is the type  
Of living Love, that flows  
With infinite desire  
Into created things,  
Unfolding through them all  
Creation as a rose  
Held in the Father's hand.

Soul of those perfect souls,

That in the golden life  
Of perfect love rejoice,  
What nobler name dost thou  
Rejoice in? I will call  
Thee Parent being Life  
Essential, all who live  
Are in themselves not lives,  
But drink their life from Thee.  
Since Life is its own form,  
Form is Thy Truth in Love,  
And men are forms of truth  
In love, informed by Thee.  
There is no separate life  
Distinctive from thine own,  
Save as the thoughts of mind  
Are separate from their fount  
Of wisdom-working Love.  
Thou art the Form of forms,  
And we are forms of Thee ;  
The images of thought  
Reflected in Thy self,  
Who live but in Thy light,  
Enjoying in Thy joy,  
Resting in Thy repose.

To the bright threshold of the universe,  
Where the prismatic radiance of time,  
In undulating waves of music ends,  
And the white sphere of God's eternity  
Circles round all the finite, I was led.

To me Space here seemed ended, though within  
That shoreless Infinite of Being lay  
Systems of universes unrevealed.  
This mighty truth shone there upon my soul :—  
Space is a series of globes intervolved.  
The greater holds the less ; one globe holds all,  
And floats in the infinity of God.  
And all these globes hold suns within themselves,  
And, inter-starred, bright planets move through realms  
Between the bright sun-centers and the spheres  
That bound the limits of each orb-like form.

Each sun in space, thus, cradled in the heart  
Of a translucent globe, reposing lies ;  
And every planet in each sun's domain  
Hath its fixed habitation in the form  
Of one white, beaming, habitated sphere,  
Through whose ethereal substance orbs that lie  
Remote, embosomed in congenial spheres,  
Twinkle and pour their light. Creation grows  
First from God's thought towards the center, then  
From centers outward to defined extremes.  
How shall I tell the thought that in me lies ?  
How shall I compass it with words, define  
Its boundaries, map out its tranquil realms  
Or girdle its great empires ? As the drops  
That fill the orbéd ocean, so the suns  
Repose in one great orb of light that lives  
Insphered within the consciousness of God.  
As every water-drop contains within

Its crystal sphere a myriad of swift forms  
Untold, unclassified and unrevealed  
In their interior shapes ; thus every drop  
Of the wide sea men call the universe  
Holds in its rounded brightness systems piled,  
Based on and bearing systems. In the eye  
Of each minutest infusorial form  
That lies beyond all microscopic sight  
There is a teeming animated world  
Of joyous creatures, who delight in light  
And thrill pervaded by the solar ray,  
And move in jocund sports, and multiply  
Their swift and happy peoples. These again  
Are organisms, perfect of their kind,  
Whose beating blood to music of sweet bliss  
Thrills, tranquilly or swiftly, as they sleep,  
Or wake, to mingle with congenial forms  
And interblend in one their joyous lives.

This one thing I do know ; not spirit sight,  
Not microscopic survey, not the keen  
Intuitive perceptions of a mind  
Cultured with study of ten thousand years,  
Or disciplined by thought from every world  
Within our solar system, ever yet  
Hath penetrated to the zero point  
Where forms organic cease, reduced in size  
To seeds of space, which are the firsts of things.  
And this I know that Angels, inly wise,  
With the perfections of the Deity

Glimmering in reflex image through their minds,  
Like pictures of the constellations thrown  
Into calm crystal seas and there convolved,  
Diffused and interwoven, never yet  
Have penetrated outwardly to where  
Space merges in the infinitely vast.  
Heaven claspeth heaven, the spiral form of spheres  
Windeth through cycles of eternity ;  
And Angels travel through a path of suns,  
And are translated into heavens of suns,  
But this, the pure dominion of God's mind,  
Expandeth in them, round them, over them,  
Forever and forever. Forms below  
Of mineral, flower, animal or man,  
Each in their separate sphere are firsts of terms  
That have their origin in earths of space,  
And multiply their organs endlessly,  
And, intervolved and interblending, form  
New shapes, and each evolves a separate force,  
Compact as thought and as its movement free.

Each form in harmony that intervoves  
Its essence with another, to a third  
Nobler than each gives life ; where two or three  
Forms are combined in 'stablished harmony,  
There works the Spirit of the living God,  
Evolving combinations, by his laws,  
That in their turn are living entities,  
Forces by form determined as to use.  
So, up the gradual scale of matter, runs

A gathering symphony, whose sounds are forms,  
And all in perfect accord interfuse  
Their tones and semi-tones. Each primal point,  
Or indivisible atomic sphere,  
Invisible to finite mind, receives  
In its own form an impulse that to it  
Is positive ; and where two atoms meet  
Marriage of forces ultimates and gives  
New form existence and new harmony.

The harmony of harmonies is man.  
Each primitive constituent of space,  
Each infinite pure harmony of tone,  
Ascending through all intervolving forms,  
Creates a movement, pre-established in  
The cause of all things, and its form is mind ;  
Which, being finite from the Infinite,  
From infinite completeness made complete,  
From infinite soul-music made a soul,  
Through infinite life-movement made a life,  
Can never cease to be  
A form receiving soul,  
Made capable of all  
The arts of perfect art,  
The joys of perfect joy,  
The truths of perfect truth,  
The wills of perfect will,  
The hopes of perfect hope,  
The sights of perfect sight,  
The loves of perfect love.



There is no human mind,  
There is no human heart,  
There is no human tongue,  
There is no human lyre,  
Soul-fit to celebrate  
The origin of man.  
There shall on earth arise  
As many forms of mind  
As correspond to all  
The primal particles  
Through whose involving forms  
God ultimateth man.

Each nation shall unfold  
A separate type of mind,  
A separate race of Seers,  
Of Sages vast in thought,  
And Prophets inly wise,  
And Heroes nobly strong,  
And Hierophants ablaze  
In Soul with Deity,  
And princely Kings of Space  
Ruling o'er Art and Song,  
Building the second Thebes  
Of myriad-gated truth,  
Building the second Rome  
Of universal power,  
Rearing anew to heaven  
Sweet Poetry's divine  
God-animated sphere.

Religion then shall be  
Another name for Love ;  
Prayers of the hand be works  
Of pure beneficence ;  
Prayers of the mind be then  
The goings up of thought  
Into God's Father-mind,  
The coming down of truth  
Angelic from the skies ;  
Prayers of the lips be then  
Kisses of living joy  
Pressed on conjugal lips  
When Earth is nearest Heaven,  
When God inspires the breast,  
When God pervades the form  
With His creative sphere  
Of Truth and Love in one ;  
And prayers of soul shall then  
Be longings of the heart  
To interblend with God,  
To live in God's own love,  
To be complete in Him.

As are the finite faculties of man,  
As are the primitive first forms of space,  
Yet unlike them, each being infinite,  
Are the eternal attributes of God ;  
Which interwork as faculties of mind  
And so evolve the heavens ; and every sphere  
Is their resultant effluence. There are heavens

That correspond to matter's primal forms,  
To all the essential faculties of man,  
To all the perfect attributes of God.  
The harmonies of God through primal germs  
Of matter operate, so giving birth  
To nature's every shape and life, but most  
To man, the microcosm of them all.  
But, working through the faculties of man,  
And through Humanities, combined as one,  
And through great Heavens that correspond to all  
His perfect joys of Wisdom and of Love,  
Creations are unfolded which are far  
More beautiful than sublunary types  
Of Virtue and of Beauty. So the flowers  
Of Spirit-worlds their sweetness drink from love,  
Their forms from wisdom and their life from God.  
There are celestial fruits that round their orbs  
To perfect ripeness in the light that streams  
From the diffusive sphere of Deity,  
Whose effluence, like a sun of light, pervades  
Those perfect seats of man's immortal bliss ;  
And Angels feed upon them and grow wise.  
These fruits are emanations of pure mind ;  
Mental, not natural substance gives to them  
Shape, color, essence, virtue and perfume.  
Each Heaven hath its unfolding floral world.  
The zones of unimaginable skies,  
In their diversities of springing bloom,  
In their diversities of radiant shapes  
Of winged beauty and of breathing force.

In their diversities of happy spheres,  
In their diversities of cultured mind,  
In their diversities of glorious arts,  
One Infinite Republic frame, whose States  
Are as God's attributes revealed in time.

Matter is all one substance everywhere ;  
And God through matter, by unvarying laws,  
Unfolds for every world a human race,  
And builds its beautiful immortal seats  
'Mid springing flowers and groves of fruited bloom  
In rich abundance for all living things.  
Each world has its own race, that, like itself,  
Shine in the galaxy, float in the stream  
Of universal harmony, and glow  
All multitudinous in spheral air,  
And chant accordant as their planet moves  
Through mild elysian realms of holy space.  
Round every Planet glows a Spirit-world  
Most like itself but fairer. There are seven  
Concentric circles round each perfect world,  
Of spiritual substance made, and all  
In perfect melody revolve and shine  
In the white splendor of eternity.

Round every Solar System glows a sphere,  
Encompassing the planets and their sun,  
Translucent as pure thought, with love's own fire  
Forever kindling up its lamp of light ;  
An orb of such magnificent extent,

An orb of such intensity of life,  
That all its substance glows incorporate  
With radiant perfections, that stream forth  
Forever from the mind of Deity.

When Planets have fulfilled their perfect term  
The crystal streamlet of their finite years  
Rolls on to blend its uncontaminated wave  
With spherul ocean's unimagined sea.  
Worlds share man's mighty destiny; they cease  
To glow with morning lusters from the sun,  
Or fold themselves in evening's sheeny veil.  
No particle of theirs but undergoes  
A spiritual change. All Nature came  
From God; through endless cycling births of change  
Transmuted, it ascends toward the sphere  
Of the creative Deity. The earth  
Whereon each man was born remains his home,  
His Spirit-home, so ancient sages taught.  
The elements shall glow with fervent heat,  
The world and all therein shall be dissolved,  
And, from the glowing crucible, when God  
Sees his own image in it, purified,  
Glowing with seven-fold spheres, peopled by all  
Who ever lived or loved or thought or died  
Upon its surface, it shall leave the sun  
And for a season bid the stars adieu;  
And they shall follow it, all one by one  
Rising from natural to immortal space;  
But it shall not return to them, nor veil

Its Angel beauty in material time.  
No world once formed can ever be dissolved,  
Lose its identity or pass away  
To dim and dusk oblivion. Not a star  
That twinkles on the forehead of the dark,  
But moveth, one of an uncounted host,  
With golden tresses and with radiant form,  
Beatified with sparkling robes of bliss,  
Companioned by its own conjugal star,  
Into Eternity's serene domain.  
As perfect powers within one perfect will,  
As perfect thoughts within one perfect mind,  
As perfect loves within one perfect heart  
Blend with their pure affinities, and so  
A composite perfection wisely form,  
And multiply their thoughts and loves and powers,  
Which leave not the pure mind, whence they arose,  
Which leave not the pure heart wherein they dwelt,  
Which leave not the pure will wherefrom they came,  
But, in swift strength and joy and splendor, make  
Its realms one conscious heaven forevermore ;  
So from the living organs of a world  
Wherethrough the ever-working Deity  
Evolveth man and woman, two in one,  
Through these unfolding human races pure  
And mild and sweet and ever beautiful,  
That world itself is beautified ; that world,  
The happy seat of everlasting song,  
The wide Elysium of transcendent Peace,  
The Paradise of Love and Harmony,

Retains its own pure offspring, who are stars  
Brightening its firmament, that never set,  
But brighten in pure galaxies of souls  
While times and cycles vanish in the Past.  
Seven periods mark the progress of the Soul  
From its emergence from that sweet abode  
Where it drank life through the dear Mother-soul  
From infinite Divinity, to where  
It ceaseth to require material beams  
And ardors and delights, and, fed with love,  
Becomes an Angel of its next degree.  
Hearken, O man, as there are seven great spheres,  
And seven continuous degrees of space,  
And seven progressive altitudes of sun,  
So thou hast seven seasons in the year  
Of thy first natural manhood. Now the form  
Of man on earth is shattered like a star  
Fallen from some blood-red precipice of space.  
He bleeds at every pore. The splendid veins,  
Flushed with auroral light, that circulate  
Through his interior and immortal form  
Are channels of swift agonies. The Soul,  
Immaculate and pure in its first form,  
Is peopled by strange, monstrous, wolf-like shapes  
Of cruelty and terror, that make war  
On its original inhabitants,  
The radiant Wisdoms and the tender Loves.  
The serpent Envy haunts each silent cliff,  
The adders of Suspicion and Distrust  
Defile the sacred blossoms of the heart,

And taint the fragrance of Love's virgin rose.  
The perfect Man, the type of all mankind,  
Harmonic, undefiled, in one of old,  
The gentle Sufferer of Nazareth,  
Shines on my vision. He is perfect type  
Of real manhood. As he lived below,  
Serene, sublime, immaculate and free  
From hate, crime, envy, error, man should live  
And grow like him in wisdom and in form  
Of perfect symmetry from sphere to sphere.  
No monstrous basilisk, no adders foul,  
No tiger-brood within his bosom dwelt.  
The Angel of his Presence, robed with flame  
As with the heart-beams of ten thousand suns,  
Flashed blinding radiance from his beaming eyes,  
Flashed guarding splendor from his living will,  
Round that divine domain his being's heart.  
And in that heart the Infinite came down,  
Mind of his mind, soul of his soul, and life  
Of his derived external. Unto him  
The elements all ministered. He felt  
The universal harmony of things.—  
Thou too must feel that harmony, O man!  
Through charity alone canst thou become  
A Medium-angel of Divinity.

All primitives of matter interblend,  
And, through their ultimations, are evolved  
New forms, new forces; so harmonious minds  
Consociate together; where they meet



Resultant harmony ensues, and truths  
No separate mind could e'er conceive, proceed  
And intellectual forces emanate,  
Which modify all previous states of truth,  
Unfold all sciences, all arts transform,  
And make the world a nobler, holier place.

No creed is a finality, mark this.  
The combinations of pure thought, that form  
The intellectual wealth of living men,  
Because truths multiply from age to age,  
Cannot define bright empires that shall be  
Thought-worlds for their successors. Truths descend  
From God through minds according to their state.  
There's no finality in highest heaven.  
More truth, more light, more life, more blessedness  
Grows, multiplies, unfolds or is revealed  
With every change of state, with every new  
Consociation of accordant minds,  
Or spirit-union of love-blended hearts.  
So multiply the symphonies that roll  
Through heavenly spaces, so divinely rise  
The grand Art-sanctuaries that display,  
In fitting shapes and hues, essential truth  
In concrete beauty visible, and so  
Angels know more of God from day to day.  
More perfect revelations are made known  
According as the human mind is made  
Their fitting medium, or the human heart  
Asks wisdom from the Father, who is Love.

In the swift motion of the Universe  
The silent pulses of Almighty Will,  
The truth-unveiling purposes of Truth,  
The love-revealing purposes of Love,  
In three-fold harmony forever run.  
Love, truth and their proceeding energy  
Pervade, enfold, beatify, adorn  
All things, all beings of the earth or sky,  
And all immortal spirits pure in heart.  
Each dwells in all, there is no separate soul  
Cut off from soul-communion with its kind,  
Exiled in barren solitudes of space,  
In burning coffins of eternal fire,  
One seething mass of deathless agony,  
Or prisoned in cold icebergs, drifting on  
Through hyperborean realms of death and night.

No glaring suns of ruined systems burn,  
As mighty sacerdotal temples cast  
Their lurid glare o'er cities that have fed  
The conqueror's firebrand. There are worlds as yet  
Untenanted by man, but these shall be  
Green, glorious Eden-orbs of happy life,  
Where joyous multitudes shall thrill with bliss,  
And love bind every being to its kind,  
While one pervading Spirit flows through all,  
Giving life, motion, beauty and delight.  
No world shall ever sicken and grow old.  
There are no grave-yards in the realms of space.  
Where fiery-hearted suns extinguished sleep,  
And dead old planets moulder into dust.

The billows of mild light that wrap the world  
 Are full of flowers and music and perfume,  
 As if some Paradise had poured its wealth  
 Into pervading air ; as if the skies  
 Bred all delights of spirit or of sense  
 In their immortal bosom. Worlds to worlds  
 Are knit and mingle ; a perpetual stream  
 Of blithe and halcyon spirits radiant move  
 Through gates of massive light from sphere to sphere ;  
 And there are joyous multitudes who dwell  
 In the glad regions of the blessed sun ;  
 And suns with suns are blended, and their pure,  
 Immortal habitants go forth to greet  
 Fraternal Angels. Even as human minds  
 Through interchanges of pure thought grow wise,  
 The mighty Sun-Republics glorify  
 Their palaces of empire while they hold  
 Communion with each other, sending forth  
 Immortal embassies, who, swift as thought,  
 Traverse uncounted systems, and return  
 With essences and forms of knowledges  
 Laden, as golden bees with honeyed sweets.

The composition of a form of mind,  
 And the surroundings of the social state,  
 And the art-pictures of the beaming world,  
 And all the unknown planetary powers,  
 And spiritual forms, that o'er it keep  
 Their watchful guard with love's unslumbering eyes,  
 The relative position of that mind

To greater minds, and lesser, in the scale  
Of universal nature, all affect  
The harmony of life that flows through it,  
The images of truth that people it,  
The spheres of labor that distinguish it,  
The intellectual trophies that adorn  
The palace-hall of its unfolded realm.

No two men in creation think alike ;  
No two men in creation love alike ;  
No two men in creation are alike.  
No worlds or suns or heavens but are distinct,  
And wear a separate beauty. Not a star  
But differs from the star that nearest seems  
And most congenial to its own pure state,  
And this unlikeness grows with all their growth.

Manhood is individuality  
Of thought. No two men ever saw the world  
Alike through outward eyes, nor ever heard  
Just the same music in the wild bird's hymn,  
Or the deep moaning of the wakeful sea.  
Were all men just alike, then there would be  
One stagnant ocean, one lethargic swamp  
Of fetid and corrupting life, and men,  
Tired of the sameness of the universe,  
Unvarying and permanent, grow like  
Ghastly and empty shells of heart and brain.

Because we differ we agree. Because  
Each hath a separate experience

Valid and rich, given to no other man,  
Thought-coin goes current over the wide world  
For each man, like a Roman Emperor,  
Stamps his own effigy on all he does.  
Vespasian-like, we draw from lowest things  
Great wealth of wisdom. Sunshine and blue sea  
Are not more free of motion than our souls,  
When no enfettering creeds that other men  
Have woven, as the spider weaves its web,  
Like flies have meshed us. Creeds dissolve the soul  
Corrode and eat the fibers of the heart;  
Make alabaster images ablaze  
With sunshine on great Heaven's imperial height;  
Seem dark and foul as fiends from Acheron.  
Creeds are the leaden weights dead corpse-men wear  
When they are buried from lone ships at sea,  
Freighted wherewith they never rise again.

Why should the robin imitate the wren?  
The nightingale abandon his sweet lay,  
And force himself to caw like any crow?  
Or the blithe sky-lark come from Heaven's own gate,  
And say good-bye forever to the dawn,  
And in the thickets burrow with the owl,  
Sleeping while Morning, like Diana, hunts  
The pard-like shadows from the fields of space,  
Waking alone with hoarse, dull midnight hours?  
Why should we cease to feed on luscious grapes  
Because the ass loves thistles? Why refuse  
To read with loving eye, more loving heart,

The beautiful Evangel that our Lord  
Hath writ in diamond letters on the skies  
In tracery radiant as his blessed smile,  
Because in monasteries old and grim  
Some lean celibate, feverish and athirst,  
With topsy-turvy brain forbids us to ?  
The thirst of knowledge never made men bad.  
'Tis self-conceit, wrapped in its long-eared skin  
Of most supreme content that makes men base,  
Or, if it finds them base, to folly adds  
Insufferable vanity, that fain  
Would make their minds the measuring rods of truth.  
Pouring the vast Atlantic through a straw  
Were wisdom to such madness. O how vain  
Creed-building looks to free and cultured minds !

The swallow's nest of mud beneath the eaves  
Holds not the white swan's golden feathered brood.  
If thou wouldst make thy thought, O man, the home  
Where other minds may habit, build it large.  
Make its vast roof translucent to the skies,  
And let the upper glory dawn thereon,  
Till morn and evening, circling round, shall drop  
Their jeweled plumes of sun-flame and of stars.  
Build thou that home upon a mountain-top  
Where all the free winds shall have space to blow.  
Open its casements to the East and West,  
To North and South, to Greece and Palestine.  
Let all sweet flowers bloom in its green retreats ;  
Let every wild-bird find sweet welcome there ;

And everything that shares the breathing joy  
Of universal air and earth be free  
Of thy well-ordered empire; and inlay  
With precious gems, with diamond and white pearl  
And blood-red ruby and green emerald,  
The sumptuous pavement till it shines afar  
Like the Apocalyptic shrine, whose walls  
Of massive light from Earth and Sun received  
All varying lusters, and diffused their beams.  
Fresco its inner halls with all that Art  
E'er pictured of the Beautiful, but still  
Let Nature freely come to see that Art  
Hath rightly drawn her perfect loveliness.  
Fill the grand halls with statues of old time.  
Let Gods and Demi-gods and Heroes range  
With Goddesses and Graces. Let the Saints  
And Seers and Sages, and the valiant throng  
Of modern Heroes, and the ever young  
And ever tuneful Poets of all climes  
And Hierophants of all religions have  
Their place among them, some in silver carved,  
Some in the Parian marble, some in gold;  
Each symbolizing that interior truth  
Or outward use he lived, taught, acted, sung,  
Or sought to live, or act, or sing, that men,  
Fired by that pure ideal, might become  
Gods, and the Earth a new born Paradise.  
Gather all books within its Libraries.  
Bid Greece awake through all her words of fire,  
And Athens wear her violet crown again,

And the seven cities plead for Homer dead.  
Let Marathon and Salamis come forth,  
Leuctra and Thermopylæ, with all  
The hosts who flung their free lives on the pile  
Of patriotic virtue, or who cast  
The gage of battle to unnumbered foes,  
And then redeemed it, giving to the earth  
Their dust, their lives to the great mother-land,  
Their Spirits to the Hero-halls above.  
Chant thou thy Epic, Homer, tell the tale  
Of Troy to modern hearts of living men.  
Bid India from her Sanscrit speak ; let all  
The Vedas wide unroll their parchment gates.  
Gather the wisdom of the Pyramids,  
The secrets that Egyptain Hierophants  
Practiced in crypts and caverns, which they veiled  
In many a rite and symbol—none forget.  
Let every Nation's mind unfold its thought,  
And every Sage depict the starry scheme ;  
And every Hero tell how once he died ;  
And every Poet sing, while Nature smiles  
To find her buried Eras bloom anew.  
Forget not thine own time ; give ample place  
To wisdom showered from heaven, renewing earth.  
Let Dante sing from out his Middle Age ;  
And Machiavelli, with his subtle skill  
Unvail the craft of Tyrants ; nor forget  
The richly flowered muse of Camoens ;  
Or love-lays born of Europe's loyal heart,  
Chanted by Troubadours in sweet Provence.



Let manly Chaucer tread his pilgrim round ;  
And Spenser preach of heavenly chastity ;  
Let Herbert almost like an Angel sing ;  
And Shakspeare in one panoramic scene  
Reveal life's actual drama, clothing all  
His varied forms with living flesh and blood,  
Giving to each a true authentic heart,  
Whose arteries and veins run warm with love.  
Let the blind Psalmist of the Commonwealth,  
Who looked with inward sight where burns the sun  
Of spirit-light o'er Eden of old time,  
In classic English utter all his thought.  
Let Byron pour from out his burning mind  
The seething torrents of unresting soul,  
The passion-dreams of a wild fevered heart,  
A world of rebel Genii, sin-accursed,  
Yet aching, hungering for Divinity.  
Let Keats, the child Adonis, stand beside  
The waking figures of his Grecian urn,  
Interpreting the meaning of all tears  
Shed by the Graces in enamored dreams,  
Or smiles that drop from out the Sun-god's eyes,  
When Morn is on the mountains and the stars  
Close their white buds and grow invisible.  
Let the lost Pleiad, Chatterton, attune  
His harp in that bright brotherhood of song ;  
Let Wordsworth dream of Heaven amid his hills ;  
And Coleridge stir the heart as with a trump  
Blown by a young Archangel ; nor forget  
The living in thy reverence for the dead.

Make wide Valhalla for the better gods  
Than Thor and Odin, giants of young time,  
Thy master-singers, Germany, whose names  
Shall brighten like their fame till round the world  
The rainbow of their living thought hath grown.

Gather the ripe fruit of all Sciences  
Until thy plenteous board gleams rich and rare  
With clustered branches of Hesperian gold.  
Let every Art stand in its perfect form  
And preach the Gospel of Invention to  
The eager intellect. "More Light! More Light!"  
Be this thy motto; yoke the patient years  
To plow the fallow fields of History  
For buried treasures, gems and precious coins  
And marbles, that shall come from out the dust  
To tell how beautiful Antiquity  
Sat on her ivory throne; how looked, how spake  
The Hero-ages of departed time.

Then, when thy mind grows like the purple East,  
With dawn-fires from the Sun of light, go forth,  
And, in that rich and eminent domain,  
Gather together all sweet Charities,  
And bid them dwell with thee. In that fair home  
Let Freedom rule, and, having won the world  
In winning its transcendent essence, give  
That world, thy heart, thy life away in love.

Be thou like God, drinking His essence in  
And clothing thyself with it as the Earth

Attires its dainty limbs with emerald green.  
As young Desire seeks Beauty, seek to gain  
Complete symmetrical development,  
That thou mayst minister in things of use  
To all who seek the palace of thy mind.  
Give thy thought freely ; give it modestly,  
Patient of contradiction. Think not wine  
The better because drawn or served by thee.  
Force not the overflowing cup too long  
On him whom thou dost honor, lest he grow  
Surcharged in brain and curse instead of bless.  
Be modest in thy opulence, and know  
This fact, that thou mayst learn a truth from all.  
Take what thy brother offers thee ; perchance  
The simplest nature may have woke to see  
At early morn an Angel in the sun,  
And brought from him great message to thy soul.  
In all thou doest first of all be true  
'To thine own consciousness, to man, to God.

There are two sufferers where a despot reigns.  
The tyrant suffers more than does the serf,  
For all unnatural relations curse  
Him most who seems to profit most thereby ;  
Therefore the man who wrongs his fellow wrongs  
His own departing Manhood most of all.  
The murderer's victim flies the gory form,  
Bidding his cumbrous load of clay adieu,  
Waking to light and immortality ;  
But evermore the murderer feels the blade

Piercing his quivering soul that cannot die,  
The rankling arrow poisoning every fount  
Of happiness, deep-shafted in his heart.  
He wakes at midnight to repeat in thought  
The fearful story of a brother slain,  
From softest bosom-pillow he awakes  
Piercing dark silence with his horrid groans.  
Like Nemesis the unapparent shade  
Dogs him with furies. "Justice hath a step  
Like wool," said one of old, "her hands are iron."  
The paid assassin who contaminates  
His hands with blood for gold; the man who stabs  
His brother's or his sister's character;  
Or hunts down with the blood-hounds of Revenge  
Men innocent of crime because they cast  
A shadow from their golden heights of fame,  
Or seem to cast a shadow o'er his path,  
Is not the less a murderer, though still  
The unsuspecting victim 'scape his snare.  
Peace on the peaceful waits alone, sweet rest  
Opens the chamber of divine repose  
For spirits gentle as the mated dove,  
Free from the poison of corrosive hate  
As mountain roses of the nightshade's juice,  
Or soaring linnets of the viper's sting.

When with prophetic voice a Nation speaks,  
Ablaze in all its thoughts with liberty,  
The inspirations of Almighty God  
Are its enkindling powers. The depths of thought

Fling all their waves far up into the light,  
Wreathing the dome of Heaven with rainbow flames,  
And in that arch is written—Liberty.  
God works through separate minds, and fires the race,  
Even as from sphered suns he lights the worlds.  
Mind-centers to their brethren free men are ;  
Truth-centers to their brethren true men are ;  
Fire-flashes from invisible depths of mind ;  
They stream at every pore with Deity ;  
God in the radiance of the eye is seen ;  
God in the strength of the right arm is felt ;  
In thoughts far-streaming from their depths of thought  
God shines no less than in the heavenly host .

Is God asleep that he should cease to be  
All that he was to Prophets of the Past ?  
All that he was to Poets of old Time ?  
All that he was to Hero-souls, who clad  
Their sun-bright minds in adamant mail  
Of constancy, and walked the world with Him,  
And spake with his deep music on their tongue,  
And acted with his pulse within the heart,  
And died, or seemed to outward sight to die,  
Evanishing in light, as if the sun  
Gathered its image back into itself ?  
Is God less real now than when he sang  
And smote with his right hand the harp of space,  
And all the stars from his electric breath  
In golden galaxies of harmony  
Went choiring out, heart-flushed with life from Him ?

Open thy soul to God, O man, and talk  
 Through thine unfolded faculties with Him  
 Who never, save through faculties of mind,  
 Spake to the Fathers. Give thyself no fear  
 But to do justly, to pursue the right,  
 Though it should lead thee where the Son of Man  
 Trod fearlessly before thee, where in pain  
 And groans and agonies and bloody sweat,  
 Abandoned by all friends, and by all foes  
 Reviled, and crucified upon the cross,  
 Or by the hangman's rope, or by the axe,  
 Or in the dungeon where dull adders breed,  
 The Spirit offers up its last best gift,  
 A martyr's loving heart to God and man.

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A century of joyous thought,  
 A century of Love's divine content,  
 Yet, measured by the lapse of time, a day,—  
 'Twas but one golden flake from off Time's wing,  
 One rustling movement of his beamy plumes,—  
     In that enchanted glen,  
     Unconscious all the while  
     Of outward time or space,  
     Of outward joy or fear,  
     My spirit drank the beams  
     Of that sphered universe,  
     And by degrees there grew  
     Such harmony of thought,  
     Such exquisite sensation,

That every separate atom thrilled and sang.  
All the preceding thoughts, and more like them,  
Were imaged in the dome of my new mind  
In that brief space. This was the lesson taught  
To my interior essence, and received,  
O willingly ; for while inmeshed in dust  
I longed for that pure liberty, that joy  
Which Truth her lover gives.

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How wonderful is Death,  
The waker of the soul !  
His eyes are full of sleep,  
His heart is full of love,  
His touch is full of peace.  
Gently the languid motion  
Of every pulse subsides,  
Gliding from out the body we have worn,  
Without a jar to break  
The mystic strain of harmony, that winds,  
With sense-dissolving music, through the soul,  
We are at liberty.  
The earth and sky are ours,  
The moons and satellites.  
We have become a part  
Of the Life-essence of the universe,  
That flows forever through all things that live,  
Yet separate, as the sounds  
That dwell within the bosom of the winds  
Are separate from their breath.

When I awoke within that green abode  
Of sunshine that the conscious heart might feel,  
As roses feel the sunshine of the world,  
A gradual sense of Beauty unconfined  
Through all my languid limbs in sweet diffusion  
    Floated, as floats a cloud  
Of summer fragrance o'er a new-born moth,  
Emerging from its ante-natal shell.

    The dew-bright flowers above  
    Gazed from the glowing roof  
    Of that sweet grot that shone  
Lovelier as I beheld it till it seemed  
Itself one flower of many flowers combined,  
Within whose green and glowing heart I lay.

So I had pictured death might be in dreams,—  
A gradual diffusion of the soul  
Into the Loveliness that makes the world,  
The sea and skies the image of itself.

The water blossoms, that have taken form  
In silver beauty on some inland sea,  
Are not more pure, more sweet and delicate  
Than the marsh-slime and ooze whence they arise,  
Than seemed my new-born shape more pure than earth,  
    Whence it had newly come.  
    I lifted up my hands,  
    Through each the warm blood ran  
    Its swift and mazy course,  
And every human faculty of sight



Or sound subsisted still.

I felt distinct from the quick essences  
Of perfume and of music that the air  
Contained, diffusing ever from itself.  
Distinct was sense from sense within my being ;  
Yet all this seemed like an enchanted dream ;  
And mighty thoughts came thronging to my brain,  
Each in a form of splendor and of joy,  
And came and went with rapid changing flight.

Two at my feet, two Beings, yet like one,  
Shone on me through a light of seven-fold flame,  
Receding and advancing, whose bright waves  
Kept time with the glad music of my breast.  
The murmurs of an undivided thought  
That in their bosoms dwelt was borne to me  
From the clear radiance ; now it shone so bright  
That, like the golden margin of a sea,  
When sunshine leaps in every wave and pours  
Its billowed wealth to glorify the shore,  
The air around them flashed ; then white as snow  
Grew that calm happy light,  
And, like the dying music of a joy  
That perishes of its own sweet excess,  
In longings of unutterable love,  
That fleecy whiteness lingering left my sight.

Then by degrees I woke, for each of these  
Glad beings came, a Maiden and a Youth,  
Twin spirit-forms of undivided love.

The Maiden gently clasped  
With her white rounded fingers the pale hand  
Nearest my heart, and her Companion came  
And clasped the other. From their separate touch,  
From every separate essence  
Of their full lives through mine  
A life-enkindling stream did swiftly run.

The Indian Heaven shone glowingly and warm  
On me, emerging from that grotto dim.  
The champack tree diffused its odorous rain,  
And palm trees, ancient as creation, waved  
Their glowing branches high, and banian trees  
In corridors of columned trunks that bore  
Red capitals of flowers and fragrant leaves  
Around the central life-sustaining shaft.  
The Asiatic people, who dwelt once  
When earth was new, where Morning opes her eyes  
On Palestine and Tartary, and where  
Yet blooms in Persia's glens the rose, and sings  
Through night the sweetest choralist of all,  
There build their spirit-dwellings, piling up  
The seemingly unbounded stellar heights  
With glory and magnificence. Then long  
I gazed, till by degrees there grew a keen  
Heart-hunger for companionship. I cried,  
"O for some soul whose heart shall be to mine  
As is the ocean to its feeding streams,  
Into whose boundless infinite my soul  
May pour its uncommunicated thoughts,

And longings that do make it overflow.  
 O for some Sister-spirit, who shall come  
 As cometh Morn with all her birds and flowers  
 To weary pilgrims." Suddenly I heard  
 Thereat a voice, and turning to the right,  
 Beneath a pomegranate tree, I saw  
 A queenly Maiden, bearing in her hand  
 A silver scepter, the Egyptian Nile  
 Bears water-lilies blooming in its form.  
 Her hair was dark as Indian night; her eyes  
 Like tropic stars dilating, pouring down  
 Streams of still radiance deep and full of love.  
 "Brother,"—she spake no more but this, and yet  
 Each atom in my incorporeal frame  
 Responded to it, as the empty Night  
 To the first salutation of a star.

O mystery of being, mighty Love!  
 Thou ocean that dost flow through many streams;  
 Thou soul that flowest through unnumbered lives;  
 Thou day that fillest all things with thy light;  
     How beautiful art thou!  
 How wondrous is thy interblending force,  
     Merging the all in one,  
     Merging the one in all:  
 The self-forgetting energy that fires  
 The Lover, Hero, Saint or Martyr, flows  
     From thee and is thine own.  
 In loving we grow wise  
 Beyond all finite thought.

Love is the blood within the veins of life ;  
 Love is the flame that lights the lamps of mind ;  
 Love is the life of lives within the soul ;  
 Love is a tree whose fruits are golden suns,  
 Whose branches fill immensities of space,  
 Whose essences are spiritual spheres,  
 Whose most ethereal substance lives from God.  
 Love formeth for itself the Maiden's heart,  
 Even as Light forms for itself the sun,  
 Her form reveals the loveliness of Love.

Love gazes through her eyes ;  
 Love breathes from out her lips ;  
 Attunes to song her voice  
 And reigns within her soul,

“ Welcome, brother Spirit.”

Thus the Maiden said,

“ Thou dost now inherit

Suns of light that spread

Their mystic realms thro' space and from God's life are fed.

Unto every longing

Of the soul shall be

Joys and pleasures, thronging

Wise and pure to thee ;

Here Love and Beauty reign, here Truth and Liberty.

Every joy eternal

Is, or shall be made,

And a light supernal

In thy heart displayed,  
 Reveal an inward world of thoughts in love arrayed.

Here the being borrows  
 From no rose its thorn ;  
 Here no infant sorrows  
 From our joys are born ;  
 No frost despoils our bowers, no cloud bedims our morn.

With our joyous powers  
 We our loves create.  
 Lo ! yon radiant towers ;  
 Lo ! yon jasper gate.  
 There, Spirit, swiftly haste and learn thy coming fate."

As one swift rushing through a mighty stream,  
 Whose waves are hues of light and rainbow fires  
 And golden brightness from dissolving suns,  
 We fled, for I was gifted with a power  
 Like the sweet summer air ; and, one by one,  
 Each separate faculty within my breast  
 Or brain seemed flying with me ; every thought,  
 Fixed on that glorious temple, with me flew.  
 This is the power immortal Spirits have  
 In their serene pavilion of delight.  
 The winged mind outstrips the laggard sun ;  
 The heart flies swift as lightning from a star ;  
 Attraction is the soul's impelling force ;  
 Desire the charioteer of Destiny.

Afar that Spherical Fane, bathed in a light

From its own splendor, glorified the day  
With superadded luster, and the dome,  
Like a green emerald, kindled from within,  
Sustained a diamond orb, which was the throne  
Of a sun-sculptured Image calm as Heaven,  
Strong as eternal Force, and wise like Truth,  
And beautiful like Love. His countenance  
Was as the Ancient of Eternal Days,  
Shining like lightning, and his snow-white robes  
Fleecy as mountain mists, and in his hand  
A scepter; 'twas a golden reed that bore  
The likeness of a dove. The atmosphere  
From that sphered image, crystal-clear as truth,  
When it first flashes from God's infinite  
Intelligence of mind, before me lay.

The dome itself, within its emerald sea,  
Mirrored that image, magnified and robed  
In seven-fold rainbows of pure emerald light.  
Far off that splendor shone, as if the Soul  
Of the wide universe had given a form  
To his essential attributes, and piled  
A Temple of the woven spheres of space,  
And arched it with the lights of all green worlds  
Of glowing verdure blended into one;  
And fused the white mind-essence of all suns  
Into an orb above; and from all sounds,  
Odors, hues, harmonies and human shapes,  
Drawn their life, beauty and intelligence,  
To form an image that His perfect mind,

All-animating, should pervade and make  
The symbol of himself—the Deity.

Slowly my former thought, which had been part  
Of my self-consciousness on earth below,  
Seemed to dissolve like hoar-frost from the sun.  
No more the grand and co-related truths,  
God—Immortality—could I deny.

O cheerless Atheism !  
Serpent who mak'st thy den in human minds ;  
Tiger who mak'st thy lair in human hearts ;  
Pale genius, blind, who, bat-like, through the dark  
    Fliest, and for thy nest  
    Choolest the catacomb,  
    Thy touch benumbs the soul ;  
Beneath thy icy smile all flowers lie dead ;  
    What primal Nothingness  
    Conceived thee in its womb,  
And gave to its own vacancy a form ?  
Dead Superstition bred thee as a corpse  
Breeds pestilence, to slay the living world.

There is a God ! He lives,  
And we because of Him.  
There is a God who thinks  
And loves and operates,  
And we because of Him.  
He is the great Necessity, for minds  
Tremble toward Him as magnets to the pole.  
He is the great Necessity, for life

Flowing through bird, through animal, through man,  
Is not resultant from organic form,  
But flows through all and fashions them ; and they  
Are coins, deep printed with the Eternal Name.  
Who fashioned matter ? Tendency reveals  
The Fashioner. That matter flows toward man,  
And ultimately taketh human form,  
Inspiring in the form essential mind,  
Thinking through all its organs, is a proof  
That Nature flows in one perpetual stream  
From the volitions of a Deity.  
Such thoughts grew, orb-like, momentarily, within  
My spirit. O 'twas sweet to feel the Heart  
Sing in the bosom, while her lover, God,  
Approached her as a Bridegroom clad in smiles.

Dread Specters of the Earth's Material Age,  
Demoniacal creeds, that people earth  
With crazed, bewildered, ruined minds, and fill  
The realms of fancy with all loathsome shapes  
Of Crime and Error, and pollute the breast  
With fear-begotten tortures, fouler far  
Than wildest sorceries that evil men  
In heathen lands imagine, ye create  
For miserable men the very hell  
They seek to flee from—ye destroy the soul.  
Of all dark spirits in the shadowed world  
Of misdeveloped brain, where Fantasy  
Whirls her swift chaos round the spectral throng  
Of souls unpurified, who there unlearn,



Oft painfully, the errors of a life,  
 The darkest minds are those from Christendom,  
 And priests the saddest and the most perverse.  
 No man is wedded to obscurest night  
 Like him who owns a partial Deity,  
 With one hand scattering favors on his friends,  
 And with the other miseries on his foes,  
 Blessing and cursing with an equal breath,  
 And multiplying through eternity  
 The years of an existence, that shall be  
 To all the damned keen torture. Not a heart  
 That loves but through its depths of love denies,  
 And through its highs and lengths and breadths of love,  
 And through its isles and continents of love,  
 And through its earths and seas and suns of love,  
 With every voice and thought and power of love  
 Denies such falsehood, as the sum of all  
 Untruths and heresies amassed in one.

The agonies of souls whom error draws  
 Down the swift maelstrom of satanic spheres,  
 Through seething billows of eternal fire,  
     Serve as the capital  
 Wherefrom usurious Mystagogues derive  
 Their annual wealth ; and earth shall ne'er be free  
 Till every vestige of such evil thought  
     Has perished from the mind.  
 The tendency of every falsity  
 Is to degrade and enervate the soul.

The great World-Poet shall be he whose being

Glowing with truth as a white sun with light,  
An angel and a spirit and a man,  
Inheriting the three-fold universe,  
Ranging through all of them with equal flight,  
Companioned by a woman like himself,  
And through her interflowing life made strong  
And free and doubly beautiful, shall write,  
While earth shall wake and heaven rejoice to hear.  
His words shall touch the simple and the low,  
The child-like and the innocent; their eyes  
Shall brighten till they emulate the sun,  
Fired by the rapture of his loving voice.  
He shall, with millioned harmonies combined,  
Pervade great Human Nature, and shall draw  
Earth heavenward, to the zenith of his thought.  
While other poets are as birds and flowers  
And mooned stars, he shall be like the sun.  
By slow degrees he shall unfurl his fame,  
Till earth shall view it streaming o'er the isles  
From sea to sea. He shall reveal to man,  
Through Poesy, the dialect of God,  
All hidden yearnings of the human breast,  
All human powers that slumber in the brain,  
All secrets, or the alphabet of all  
The secrets of the sunshine and the day.  
Nature through him shall sing, and all her stars  
Pour thought-wealth from the harmonies that live  
Closed in the silver bell of every heaven,  
Or folded in serene immensities  
Of constellated life, as fragrance lies

Deep in the bosom of the orange tree.  
Earth like a virgin whom the bridal night  
Robes in soft blushes, shall be dear to him ;  
He shall commune with her deep heart and tell  
Of all her wondrous inner life ; of all  
Her human thoughts and loves, her beautiful  
Humanities who lie within her breast  
Deep folded, in her future to be born.  
The elements shall talk with him as friends,  
And he shall find more in a common leaf  
Than others find in the huge orb'd space.  
The liberation of his faculties  
Shall be as gradual as the growth of May.  
He shall grow strong at last, and strike the world  
And all its sounding octaves shall throw back  
Responses to his thought—then pass away.  
Waiting his advent, all the Wrongs of man  
Stand clad with sack-cloth, pale and dim as ghosts.  
Through him these mighty wrongs shall find a tongue,  
And every wo that smites Humanity,  
As 't were the smitten Christ, from his rebuke  
Shall vanish. He shall gather from the dust  
The silent tears all broken hearts have shed  
Through eyes than death itself more desolate ;  
Not all the jeweled fires that crown the sun  
Shall glitter bright as they ; for he shall take  
The ruined, orphaned, broken heart of man,  
Divested of the accidents of earth,  
And bid it through his voice disclose the wo  
All ancient Ages could but feel—not speak.

The Church shall hate him as it hated Christ :  
And tyrants hate him as they hate the free.  
Good men shall stand aghast because of him,  
Till by degrees they hail him as their friend.  
His books shall be as precious to mankind  
As is the memory of the dearest friend  
Lapsed into heaven's abode, but never more  
A visible guest, whose knees the children climb.  
He shall bring back the world's primeval tongue,  
The lyric language of the loving heart,  
The uttered melody of human love.  
O gentle as the rippling moonlight's flow  
Upon a violet bed at summer eve,  
Inaudible, save to an Angel's ear,  
Shall be the new love-language of the race.  
The silent centuries of pain that rest  
On the hoar summits of the ages past,  
Whitening as if their snows were bleaching bones,  
Shall melt in sunshine of the age to be.

The better part of human nature sleeps,  
Not dreamlessly, but as with fettered limbs,  
Pining for freedom in a prison vault.  
That human nature which the moralists  
Call devilish is no proper part of mind.  
The crimes of men are accidents ofttimes,  
Induced upon them, and their real souls  
Loathe, hate, abhor, detest and spurn them all.  
The evil-doer is sometimes a man  
Born with such introversions of the brain

That he delights in all that gives a brute  
Of fiercest nature happiness, but he  
In his essential manhood is not so.  
God never yet was father to a fiend.  
O hate him not, the real man lies dead,  
Or in an atrophy that seems like death,  
Palsied, benumbed, oblivious of thought ;  
Yet a dumb anguish takes the place of life ;  
He is half conscious of his misery ;  
In agony he seeks he knows not what.  
That moral monster is no self-made fiend,  
He was begotten through an outraged law,  
A consequence of misdirected force,  
Perverted appetite or wantonness.  
Had whitest saint thus introverted been  
He too had groveled in the sensual sty,  
Or hissed, a serpent ravenous of prey.

Man is a compound of all faculties  
Of love and wisdom ; the harmonic man  
From infancy unfolds a balanced brain,  
In a well ordered form which no excess  
Has injured ere its birth. He is the saint  
Of Nature and the earth's angelic child,  
And as the seasons grow from each he draws  
Its essenced ripeness ; with a subtle sense  
Of harmony and discord he rejects  
All opposites of harmony, and draws  
His pure celestial happiness alone,  
Through loving and bestowing ; every joy

He shares ; his highest gladness hath its fount  
In the forgetfulness of separate self ;  
He is a form of life whom God pervades ;  
He is a form of love whom God inspires ;  
He is a form of mind whom God unfolds  
In justness and proportion, that reveals  
The perfect accord of a perfect law.

There is no virtue separate from love ;  
There is no virtue but is born of love ;  
All evil is the opposite, and dies  
When love hath won the being to itself.  
To hate is not an attribute of man  
But rather an inversion. Heaven is Love.  
All men are heavenly mansions built of God,  
They vary in externals only ; all  
In organized interiors are the same.  
Harmonic manhood is the human form  
Of every human attribute complete,  
Exact and just in harmony of state.  
God dwells in man, in all men, in the heart  
And in the mind as in a two-fold shrine ;  
And God inspires all men, but as the beams  
Of sunshine through the acorn make the oak,  
And through the thistle seed the thistle flower,  
And hatch alike the offspring of the dove  
And the young viper, so the Eternal Powers  
Unfold the germs that lie within the brain.  
The Power that makes the murderer, and the saint  
Who breathes forgiveness with his dying lips

Is the same Power ; God worketh all in all.  
Yet through inversions of the faculties  
And through perversions of the appetites  
And through diseases of the moral sense  
And willful strife of mind against the law  
Of pure and perfect being men unfold  
Discords which are the opposites of good.  
God loves the thistle as he loves the rose.  
God loves the viper as he doth the dove,  
And watches over them with equal care.  
God loves the sinner as he loves the saint.  
God loves the murderer and the murdered man,  
The bigot and the atheist, the child  
Born with diseased and tainted appetites,  
The man of wrath, and madness, and deceit,  
Even as he loves the sacred infant born  
Through golden marriage-love, whose cherub form  
Is Love's most pure embodiment and fruit.  
All human creatures are alike to Him,  
Being in soul the offspring of His soul,  
Being in mind the offspring of His mind,  
Being in heart the offspring of His heart,  
Being in form the offspring of His form,  
Of Infinite Divine Humanity.\*  
Is hate then pleasing to the loving God ?  
Is falsehood pleasing to the great All-Truth  
Or discord to the Spirit, who, within

\*The clear distinctions of good and evil, growing out of the voluntary use or misuse of human powers, are fully recognized by the Spirit, who also adds this appended note.

His life unlimited of perfect good  
Conceived the worlds and heavens ere they were made,  
And made his every peopled thought a sphere  
Of Angels glorified in love divine ?  
Is Mercy dear not to the All-merciful  
Beyond accursed Cruelty, whose blade,  
Poisoned with anguish, stabs the breast of Time,  
Who dies, while run to ruin all her years,  
Like life-drops wrung from an expiring heart ?

God loves the erring as a shepherd loves  
The wandering lamb. No mother hates her child,  
But, crusted o'er with evil, sin-defiled,  
Cradles him in her bosom. All the world  
May curse him but it matters not to her,  
She loves him better for his agonies.  
Sweet Pity tends his fevered couch by night,  
Unstinted love her boundless wealth bestows.  
Were he a crowned Seraph, dazzling pure,  
King of a race of Angels in the sky,  
Were all his thoughts beatitudes, not more  
Would that sweet love his being bathe and bless.  
How spake the Man of Mercy when the Jew,  
The type of an extreme morality,  
Thanked God that he was not as other men ?  
He turned to where the Publican bowed low  
And owned himself a sinner, and He saw  
A genuine manhood, sweet and beautiful.  
The heart that feels its own unworthiness  
Throbs most with love to God and love to man.



The man who sees one common nature where  
Others discern but surface opposites,  
Sees as God sees. All human beings share  
The common imperfections of the race.  
All in their inmost essences receive  
The common inspirations of their God.  
They love the most who are forgiven most,  
And when Right Reason slowly dawns once more  
On the wild madness of a moral fiend—  
Our brother still and God's beloved child—  
There comes a mighty gush of gratitude,  
Thawing the hoar frost of a life of crime,  
Breaking the icy barriers of self-love,  
While all the loosened rivers of the soul  
Spring from their fountains radiant in the light.  
God owns no power mightier than Himself,  
God owns no power equal to Himself,  
He never formed a soul He could not save.

The tiger madresses of earth-born minds,  
Nay, what the world calls evil, give to God  
Ground for the evolution of Himself,  
Which never could be, had not evil been.  
Had all the universe harmonious ran  
Through measured octaves of ascending life,  
Had every Planet been a perfect sphere  
Of universal blessedness, had none  
Swerved from the orbit of true harmony,  
No discord would have marred the golden years,  
And Spirits blossomed as the flowers of May,

And God remained on the forgiving side  
Of His high nature unrevealed to man,  
And God remained on the redeeming side  
Of His high nature unrevealed to man,  
And God remained on the restoring side  
Of His high nature unrevealed to man.  
But all God's attributes grew visible,  
And evil was God's opportunity  
For the full revelation of Himself,  
That all the universe might see and love  
And in that sight and in that loving grow  
Wise in the perfect knowledge of their God,  
And loving in proportion. Oh 'tis sweet  
To see the love of God transcending ill,  
And in the very breast that harbored it  
Building an habitation for Himself,  
And making it a sinless Paradise.  
The pride of virtue is itself a sin ;  
The pride that shrinks from contact with the lost,  
Lest its white robes should be defiled by them,  
And counts the erring an accursed form,  
The cesspool of the world, the reservoir  
Of all iniquity, that evil pride,  
Called just and laudable by moral men,  
Springs from the coxcombr of barren hearts,  
Who think to ape the Angels, and assume  
Angelic manner as the raven steals  
The peacock's plumage, but remains a crow.

An Angel's radiant robes are never soiled ;

He walketh in serene integrity  
And harboreth no thought of lust or crime  
Within the diamond temple of his heart ;  
The inspirations of eternal love,  
With voices sweeter than all birds of song,  
Make melody within him, and he grows  
More lovely, more beloved through endless time.  
He differs from the moralist, the man  
Of pharisaic righteousness in this,—  
He knows that he is but a form of life,  
But God the Infinite and only Good,  
And therefore there 's but one good, that is God.  
And when addressed as good he simply states  
The truth that in himself he is not good  
But God alone, and thereby he puts off  
All claim of merit ; on the common ground  
Of finite nothingness he stands with all  
The creature universe that God has made ;  
An empty vesicle whom God infills,  
In boundless mercy, from his truth and love,  
Is all he claims to be ; he knows he hath  
No private stock of virtue separate  
From the All-good, who giveth to all men  
Life, truth and all things. Knowing this he feels  
Inmost humility and spurns away  
All creature-honors men may pay to him.  
He differs also from the moralist  
And from the bigot in a sense which they  
Feel not, because its organ is the heart.  
He feels that all men are a part of him,

That he in them and they in him abide,  
That men grow merciful who mercy show,  
That men grow beautiful who beauty give,  
That men grow pure who purify stained hearts,  
Abandoned and accursed ; and, knowing this,  
And feeling it, and living it, he grows  
Into the common nature of his kind.  
No frost destroys the summer of his love,  
No chilling envious frost of selfish pride  
That nips the flowers of charity. To him  
There are no outcasts and he loves the most  
The suffering brother, pouring out the wealth  
Of that immortal heaven he inly owns,  
Filling the desolated soul with peace,  
And winning it to purity again.  
And, doing all things well, he owns himself  
Unprofitable servant at the best ;  
Yet, with a perfect love devoid of fear,  
He dwells in God's great love as in a sun.

God garners up, like golden sheaves of grain,  
From the rich harvest fields of all the world,  
All souls that live thereon. In His pure hands  
He takes them, and between His mercy's palms  
He separates the seed-wheat from the chaff  
And winnows it with his forgiving breath.  
The chaff, dissolved, no more appears in heaven.  
The grain is sown again on mountain slopes  
Of peace and beauty in the life to be,  
And, through eternity, the harvest fields

Whiten with joy and liberty and love.  
 The purifying discipline that pain,  
 Regret, remorse and want and age and death  
 To erring mortals bring, a Father's love  
 Ordains, appoints and tempers. As the cloud  
 Veils the too ardent glories of the sun,  
 The passing clouds of earthly sorrow 'vail  
 The effulgent splendors of Eternal Love,  
 That shines through them with graduated heat,  
 Best fitted to the finite state of man.

"Transfuse me with Thy consciousness," I cried,  
 "O Spirit of Creation! I would be  
 So merged in thy existence as to know,  
 To live, feel, meditate, enjoy in Thee.  
 O, give Thy nature to me; let Thy soul  
 Through all my faculties descend; be Thou  
 The root of all my being, which from Thee  
 Shall bloom a deathless flower of love divine.  
 If I have reasoned wrongly, let the light  
 Of Thy pure truth transform the inner mind;  
 Make it a glorious mirror to reflect  
 Thy perfect love, Thy attributes, Thyself.  
 My nature make a constellated sky,  
 Whose faculties, like many stars in one  
 Full heaven of joy-diffusing harmony,  
 Round Thee, their Sun, revolve; from thee, their Sun,  
 Derive form, power and life-enkindling love,  
 The fire that lights the lamps of intellect,  
 Reveals Thyself, and knits all souls to Thee."

That many-columned fane,  
Through all its vast façade,  
Grew all one blaze of light.  
The atmosphere grew full  
Of Angels, but, unseen,  
The multitudinous choir  
Chanted around my way,  
And suddenly I stood  
Upon the temple's floor.

A spiral gallery

In numberless gyrations seemed to rise  
Around me and revolved.  
Mind-radiant multitudes  
Of spirits, whom the light  
Informed with light more pure,  
Thronged the great floor around,  
Thronged the love-breathing air,  
And all that cycling spire.  
Each spirit seemed and was  
A veiled infinity,  
Being a shrine of God,  
The boundless All in all.  
Upon that temple's dome  
Was mapped the starry plan ;  
Round every star appeared  
- A heaven, and all in one.  
One motion moved them all,  
Each motion was a sound,  
And every sound a voice,  
As of a living world

And an immortal sphere ;  
 And each rejoiced with all,  
 And each communed with all,  
 And each inspired from all,  
 And each pervaded all ;  
 And I received their joy,  
 And I inspired their bliss,  
 And I inhaled their love,  
 And every faculty  
 Seemed opening in my brain  
 Or budding in my heart.  
 I knew that I was dead  
 To the material clay,  
 That never I should tread,  
 Insphered in dust the dust,  
 That time and space to me  
 Were phantoms that had gone,—  
 Dreams of departed night.

Now through my being ran  
 Such penetrating fire,  
 Such self-dissolving love,  
 Such sense-exceeding joy,  
 That all terrestrial life  
 Seemed misery and death ;  
 Its moon a fleecy cloud,  
 Its sun a meteor wan,  
 Its earthly orb a dim  
 Cloud-picture that a mist  
 Holds mirrored in its breath ;

Its titles the disguise  
Of children at their sport,  
Its glory but a dream,  
Its wealth a worm's estate  
Of granulated sand,  
Its misers toiling ants,  
Its tyrants weak and small  
As water-mites that rend  
Their fellow mites within  
A drop which is their world.  
But bright as heaven I saw  
Mercy and Truth and Peace  
And Love and Constancy  
Glow in the hearts of men ;  
And, brightening in the light  
Of all God's attributes,  
More beautiful than morn,  
Those human Souls I saw  
Who live inspired by love.

Kings who had reigned below  
Divorced from all their race,  
Came thronging round and cried,  
"Ambition is a tomb  
And tyranny a hell."  
Priests who had ruled below  
And held in iron thrall  
The reason with a creed,  
Came thronging round and cried,  
"Intolerance is a worm



Of fire within the breast,  
And sects are furnaces  
Of seven-fold flame to those  
Who feed their molten depths,  
And priestly strife is hell."  
And libertines drew near,  
Or such whose earthly life  
Consumed itself in lust,  
And cried, "The chaste in heaven  
Conjugal love enjoy,  
Where two in one are joined,  
Heart-blended from on high ;  
The wanton heart is hell ;"  
And misers who had won  
Coffins of yellow gold,  
Cried "They alone are blest  
Who give as they receive ;  
To covet is to die  
And avarice is hell."

These chanted, all as one,  
"Into the hell of hate  
Where tyrants feed on men,  
Where bigots tear the soul,  
And profligates the heart ;  
Into the hell of wrong,  
Where human hearts lie dead  
Delivering Mercy came ;  
And we are kings no more,  
And we are priests no more,

And we are slaves no more  
To avarice and lust.  
We live to serve our kind,  
To glorify our God  
In charities that we  
In turn from Him receive.  
We were but slaves below.  
All vice is slavery  
Though it may bear a crown,  
Though it may wield a sword  
Or wear the priestly cope,  
With monarchs at its feet.  
They only are the free  
Whose falsities of mind,  
Whose vanities of heart  
Are slain through Truth and Love,  
They only are the free.”

Another multitude  
Drew near me, and they said,  
Ages have passed away  
Since we on lower earth  
Were habited in dust.  
No crime that taints the soul  
But brings its penalty,  
Ordained in perfect love.  
Men suffer till they see,  
Men suffer till they feel,  
That hate is its own curse,  
That sin and suffering,

As cause and consequence,  
Related ever stand,  
That Love alone is Heaven."

All that wide temple thereupon grew bright,  
As does the mind when God reveals Himself  
In the deep heart, the palace of the soul.  
And from the East, as from the sun itself,  
Attired in robes of white, young virgins came.  
Each bore a snowy flower, unknown below,  
Whose blossoms were of amethyst, whose buds  
Of sun-bright opal, and whose radiant fruits  
Like jasper and rose-diamond, and the breath  
Of these immortal flowers diffused through all  
That vast illumined arch a silver flame  
Of such deliciousness each living pore  
Of the immortal soul drank it like wine,  
Whose rich, heart-cheering nectar filled the heart  
As 'twere a ruby chalice; and they sang  
Hymns in an ancient dialect, that fell  
Upon the quickened sense with melody,  
Containing its own meaning in its voice.  
And as they sang there fell a shower of light,  
Arching itself in rainbows from the dome,  
And the warm globules, melting in sweet air,  
Filled it as with an undulating flood,  
Whose waves dissolved and shaped aerial flowers  
Of royal purple and transparent gold,  
Which floated, by their own pure lightness borne,  
As if they were an hyacinthine sea,

Transparent, light as ether, formed of light's  
Pure substance, breathing out immortal love.

The jasper pavement of the temple shone  
Beneath our feet, and streaming fires upran  
From its translucent substance, and our feet  
Moved lightly o'er it, and the choral throng  
Of Angel maidens, their soft prelude done,  
Came trooping, robed in blushes beautiful  
As Summer Morning, ere her dews have left  
Their bright recesses, and gone up to meet  
The joy-diffusing sunbeams of her smile.

Entranced in wonder and astonishment  
I stood apart, till suddenly there came  
The maiden Athenais, one of old,  
Born where great Athens reared her marble brow,  
Sacred to Wisdom ; in a speech whose tones  
Were as the beatings of my inward heart,  
Whose accents as the voice of my own soul  
Communing with itself, she spake and said,  
" Brother Immortal, welcome to the skies ;  
To Beauty, Justice, Truth and Chastity,  
To Science, Virtue, Liberty and Peace."

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Two Angels, one serene  
As Heaven's refulgent day,  
Smiling o'er islands where the Naiads dwell  
In crystal cells of the enamored deep ;

One delicate and pure  
As the first snow-drop of the early spring,  
Gentle and full of love,  
Yet both ineffable  
In grace, drew near the maid  
And hailed me as their guest.

The Seasons, loading, in their annual flight,  
The orchards and the groves, with mooned buds  
Bestrewing all the plains,  
Seemed equally to dwell  
In that enchanted realm,  
Or in its teeming vales,  
Or on its mountains high,  
Or in its crystal streams.  
The delicate white frost  
Here seemed a living power,  
Whose work was to create yet not destroy.  
The ground beneath my feet  
Was white with crisped snow ;  
Its cool, delicious touch  
Was music to my feet,  
Thrilling through all my frame.

“ Behold a wonder of celestial love,  
Behold a glory of celestial day,  
A miracle of intellectual art,”  
That pale, calm Angel said.  
He wore a silver crown  
Sparkling with frosted fires,

A silver wand, that waved  
Like a white frost-flower, bloomed,  
Held in his pallid hand.

Slowly the silver frosts  
Seemed rising through my form ;  
They fed with light my brain,  
And all the living veins  
Filled with their snow-white flood.  
The rosy blood, that tinged  
The outer surfaces  
Of my immortal frame,  
From that surpassing flood  
Retired, and they became  
White as translucent pearl,  
Cool as the water-springs.

How beautiful is snow,  
The blossom of the rain ;  
How like aerial flowers  
Wafted from floating isles  
More buoyant than the air,  
The silent flakes descend.  
Snow on the earthly sphere  
Is the pellucid spray  
Of ocean, that cold air  
Weaves into fleecy robes  
To clothe the winter world.  
In Tempe's hallowed vales,  
In the Elysian fields,

Where flow th' immortal streams,  
Even as on the earth  
I saw the fallen snow.  
Each crystal was a truth  
Descending from on high,  
In substance like the brain.  
They fed the brain with thought,  
And I became more wise  
With each translucent stream,  
Dissolved by the heart's love,  
That flowed through all my veins.

“Learn,” said the Angel pale,  
Whose form of silver light  
Ethereal seemed as air,  
“The lesson of the snow.  
The thoughts of God that are  
To Angels borne, descend  
In all the varied forms  
That Nature wears below ;  
And, when the snow appears,  
When heavenly winter comes,  
We hail it as a friend.  
It teaches us we need  
New elements of Truth,  
Need great and tranquil thoughts,  
Need heavenly sciences,  
Exact and measured forms,  
Defined and rigid rules,  
And many-cultured powers.

The crystals permeate  
The living pores of mind,  
And from the heart receive  
The life and heat of love ;  
And knowledges are born,  
Exceeding in pure light  
The truths of intellect  
In previous states made known.

Yet hearken of the snow.  
On earth it fills the soil  
With its diffusive breath,  
Its flowing rains become  
Dissolvents of the dust,  
Melted by vernal heat,  
By sunbeams from on high,  
By halcyon gales that blow  
From tropic atmospheres.  
When truth descends as snow  
Our winter state bears rule ;  
We, in ourselves are dead  
Even as lower earth ;  
The love of God descends  
And fires the beating heart ;  
The snows of truth, that fill  
The spiritual form  
Are melted by its heat.  
The vernal sunshine falls  
From God the Spirit-Sun ;  
The halcyon waves are borne



From Angel atmospheres  
 In Southern heavens afar ;  
 Celestial Angels there  
 Dwell, cradled in Love's heart  
 Like sunbeams in a rose.  
 For every primitive  
 In earthly soils below,  
 In earthly seas below,  
 In earthly airs below,  
 A primitive of mind,  
 A primitive of heart,  
 A primitive of form,  
 In our immortal shapes  
 Hath corresponding place.  
 These primitives of form  
 Are not akin to dust,  
 They are results of Love  
 And Wisdom, ultimate  
 Mind-atoms, which exist  
 Superior to the sphere  
 Of Nature and its life.  
 Truth falls from heaven like snow,  
 Imparts new harmony,  
 New movement unto each  
 Mind-primitive ; new forms  
 Of crystalizing thought  
 Result within the brain.

Earth is a symbol all  
 Of Spiritual Life,

The picture of the mind,  
The image of the heart ;  
And men below shall find,  
As the deep-folded soul  
Blossoms in light of love,  
That every natural form  
And every natural law  
And every natural change  
And birth some truth reveals,  
Pertaining to the mind  
Or to the Angel-world.”  
So spake, then passed away  
The Angel of the Snow.

The light that warms the world  
Is the material sun.  
The light that warms the heaven  
Is God's eternal love.  
That Light forever shines—  
In heaven there is no night.  
Material stars illumine  
The earthly firmament,  
But the celestial sky,  
Spanning the Angel-world,  
Is the transparent glass  
Where all God's attributes  
In changeful glory shine.  
Through earthly atmospheres  
Wild birds of passage cleave  
Pellucid depths of air,

Flying from clime to clime ;  
And birds of melody,  
The choralists of dawn,  
The harmonists of eve,  
With circumfluent waves  
Of music ether fill.  
The sky of heaven is all  
One wide translucent sea,  
Where Angel barques display  
Their gonfalons of light.  
Angels at will assume  
Electric robes, more dense  
Than spiritual fire,  
More light than earthly flame,  
An ultimated form,  
The garment of the soul,  
Akin to solar warmth  
And flames of solar day.  
And, folding up within  
The organs of the brain  
Those unknown faculties  
Which mark their highest state,  
Retaining still the life,  
The wisdom and the love  
That is the highest known,  
The highest that can be  
In solar skies made known,  
Swifter than meteor's flight  
In glory they appear  
In solar skies, unveiled

And visible in light,  
To those all-radiant throngs  
Inhabiting the sun.

There is a speech of love,  
A dialect of peace,  
The music of the soul,  
Spontaneous breathed by all  
In heaven whose hearts are one,—  
The language of the skies.  
Love is the key that opes  
The paradise of mind,  
The temple of the breast,  
The palace of the heart.  
There is no life but love.  
In love all heavens are one.  
Through love all heavens receive,  
Through love all heavens diffuse,  
Through love all heavens impart  
Their pure and perfect joy.  
Birds, beasts, and flowers, and men,  
Even the precious gems,  
Even the dust that forms  
The surfaces of earth,  
Receive the joy of Heaven,  
Receive angelic life  
And everlasting love,  
As they receive the fire  
And splendor of the day.  
And all terrestrial forms

The undulating light  
And the harmonic heat  
Of highest Heaven pervades.  
Each is the ultimate  
Of wisdom and of love  
That in affinity  
Evolve and shape them all.

Where Natural Law begins  
Celestial Law descends,  
Outworking from itself;  
And natural forms unfold  
When heavenly harmonies  
As motive forces play  
On Nature's seven-stringed lyre.  
And all the ultimates  
Of natural substance feel,  
And, in accordance, own  
The spiritual force  
Of all-pervading love.  
There is no separate force  
Of life—no forms that move  
Inherently distinct  
From the one primal fount,  
Whose harmony through time,  
Whose melody through space  
In music flows, and shapes  
The spirit and the soul  
And its material form.  
The spiral paths of change

Progressively ascend  
The mountains of the sky.  
In the great Heaven of God,  
The cities of the suns,  
The gardens of the stars,  
The firmamental groves,  
The constellated fields  
Are all incorporate  
Parts of the Perfect All.  
There is no solitude,  
No sun but blends with sun,  
No heaven but blends with heaven,  
No heart but hath its mate.

That in the soul are landscapes, mountains, vales,  
And birds of song, and all ethereal shapes  
That bloom in flowers or cleave the lucent floods ;  
That man, within his mind, contains a world  
Of forms distinct and visible ; that this  
Interior world is changed with every state  
Of human nature ; that the soul is full  
Of eyes, and hath more faculties of sight  
Than day hath sunbeams or the night hath stars ;  
That it hath telescopic powers whereby  
To bring remotest worlds within the field  
Of its keen vision, and a skill not less  
To amplify a dew-drop, till it shines  
Vaster than widest landscape seen below ;  
That, folded up within the human brain,  
Sleep unknown organs of intelligence,

Whereby the gifted spirit can discern  
All the great Past by its results, disclosed  
In the phenomena of common life,  
And simplest forms of sky and earth and air ;  
That it hath power to make its own bright thoughts  
Assume substantial shape, and so disclose  
In color, outline, music and perfume,  
The sweetness of the joys within the breast,  
And the deep hidden wisdom of its love ;  
That man is to the Angel as the seed  
Is to the endlessly unfolding tree ;  
That every Angel sees within the mind,  
Even of a new-born babe, its faculties,  
Numerous as every germ of every flower ;  
That every Angel can at will retire  
From spiritual worlds, from Angel friends,  
And in an instant oft reveal himself  
In spheres remote as heaven itself from earth,  
Changing with state his place, and swift as thought  
Now bend above an infant's couch on earth,  
Then breathe to Angels radiant in the sun ;  
That every Angel can traverse the world  
As 't were an orb of atmospheric light,  
And sometimes sit in that most central heat  
That is the inmost of the solar sphere ;  
That matter to an Angel's radiant shape  
Is absolutely without weight ; that he  
Feels thoughts to be more solid than the stars ;  
That states of Angel minds are as the day,  
Proceeding by degrees from morn to eve ;

That they perceive affections, and discern  
A fixed reality in thoughts of love,  
Compared to which all Nature is a mist  
Or floating vacuum ; that an Angel knows  
The essence and the entity of words,  
The secret thought that language oft conceals—  
Such truths my spirit inly saw, while yet  
The early light shone over Tempe's vale.

“ Thou art free from time and space,  
From the air and earth and sea,  
Free to run thy spirit-race  
Through unvailed eternity.

Free to love but not to hate,  
Free to rise but not to fall ;  
Opes for thee the shining gate,  
Opes the grand Olympian Hall.

As thy outer life recedes,  
Inner worlds unfold to view ;  
For thee bloom the fragrant meads,  
Mantled o'er with crystal dew.

Angel friends thy soul embrace ;  
Angel-life would blend with thine ;  
Welcome to th' eternal race,  
To the heavenly Muses' shrine.

Bless as thou art inly blessed ;  
Give as unto thee is given ;



Cradle in thy loving breast  
Love alone, for Love is Heaven.

Speak as thou art inly led,  
As the soul is, thought is, free.  
Let thy heart to Love be wed ;  
God is Love, and lovers we."

So on Hymettus sung  
A distant virgin train  
Attired in violet robes,  
And crowned in purple bloom.

To write a poem, man should be as pure  
As frost-flowers ; every thought should be in tune  
To heavenly Truth and Nature's perfect Law,  
Bathing the soul in Beauty, Joy and Peace.  
His heart should ripen like the purple grape,  
His country should be all the universe,  
His friends the best and wisest of all time.  
He should be universal as the light,  
And rich as summer in ripe-fruited love ;  
He should have power to draw from common things  
Essential truth, and, rising o'er all fear  
Of Papal devils and of Pagan gods,  
Of ancient satans and of modern ghosts,  
Should recognize all spirits as his friends,  
And see the worst but harps of golden string  
Discordant now, but destined at the last  
To thrill, inspired with God's own harmony,  
And make sweet music with the Heavenly Host.

He should forget his private preference  
Of country or religion, and should see  
All parties and all creeds with equal eye ;  
His the religion of true harmony,  
Christ the ideal of His lofty aim,  
The viewless Friend, the Comforter, the Guide,  
The Joy in grief, whose every element  
Of life, received in simple child-like faith,  
Becomes a part of impulse, feeling, thought,  
The central fire that lights his being's sun.  
He should not limit Nature by the known ;  
Nor limit God by what is known of Him ;  
Nor limit Man by present states and moods ;  
But see mankind at liberty to draw  
Into their lives all Nature's wealth and all  
Harmonious essences of life from God,  
And so, becoming god-like in their souls,  
And universal in their faculties,  
Informing all their age, enriching time,  
And building up the temple of the world  
With massive sculptures of eternity.  
He should not fail to see how infinite  
God is above Humanity, nor yet  
That God is throned in universal man,  
The greater Mind of pure intelligence,  
Unlimited by states, moods, periods, needs,  
Self-adequate, self-balanced in his love,  
And needing nothing and conferring all,  
And asking nothing and receiving all,  
Akin by love to every loving heart,

By nobleness to every noble mind,  
By good to all who dwell in charity,  
By truth to all who look through outward forms,  
And feel the throbbing arteries of law  
In every pulse of Nature and of Man.  
He should be wise in simple things, and take  
Delight in childhood, and to every child  
Be near as Nature, fragrant as the rose ;  
Suggesting by his presence and his smile  
A world above the natural. He should be  
A scholar among scholars, deeply read  
In Art and Science and Philosophy ;  
Familiar with the workings of the mind ;  
Not led away by fine-spun theories ;  
Facts should be welcome to him not the less  
Because discredited by vulgar minds.  
The occult and the wonderful should be  
His constant meditation, he should feel  
The inner movements of the outward world,  
And hear a spirit-music in the air,  
And feel a spirit-breathing on his cheek,  
And walk illumined by a mental light  
Forth-streaming from a sun of mind, no less  
Apparent to him than the sun of space.  
He should be skeptical of all things base,  
And charitable of the faults of men,  
Discriminating 'twixt the faults that come  
From the young heart, undisciplined, unwise,  
But over-brimmed with generous impulses,  
Even as a crystal cup too full of wine ;

And those lean vices bred in monkish souls,  
That neither multiply immortal deeds  
By marriage of eternal Truth and Love,  
In their own natures, or behold the deeds  
Of other men, bold, free and beautiful,  
Without attainting them as traitors all.  
He should put off the fetters of his time ;  
Write not for present popularity,  
But be content to wait for auditors,  
Till men awake to feel their need of him.  
He should not sing when wearied or infirm  
Of mind or purpose, or oppressed with care,  
Or fevered with the strife of outward things ;  
But hold in check the mounting faculties,  
Pruning away the scions of the brain  
And fruit-buds set too thickly. He should hold  
His gift in reverence. He should mold his life  
In Beauty's perfect fashion, holding on  
Columbus-like through floods of thought unknown,  
Till tropic archipelagoes of song,  
Till virgin continents of stately verse,  
And undiscovered worlds of harmony  
Repay the bold adventure. Not elate  
By sudden joy, like maudlin fools with wine,  
He should remain the Lord of his new realms,  
A Godlike sovereign, ruling his sweet verse  
Like Prospero in his enchanted isle.  
When men grow envious of his blushing fame  
He should surround himself with harmony,  
Like a young Angel bosomed in a star,

Breathing such ravishing delight that soon  
 The critic-world, entranced and rapt away,  
 The willing thralls of that resplendent Muse,  
 Dear to each mortal as his own first love,  
 Should cease to cavil and begin to sing.  
 He should partake the bounty of the world,  
 The rich man's banquet and the poor man's cheer,  
 The wise man's wisdom and the lover's joy,  
 As if he were the universal guest.  
 Death should grow beautiful at his approach,  
 And doff his starless mantle of the night,  
 And stand appareled in empurpled gold,  
 And open that wide wonder-realm that lies  
 Beyond the confines of mortality ;  
 And radiant Genii, ruling each a world  
 Of choiring Cherubim, should be his friends.

All the ripe season of his natural year  
 He should precipitate his thought in song,  
 As God precipitates his thought in worlds.  
 His death should be a journeying from the night  
 Into the golden land from whence he drew  
 Love, melody and joy. His life should lift  
 Mankind from out their death of wordy prose  
 To Poetry's immortal life divine ;

For Poetry is not

Begotten of the Muse ♦

By natural generation, as are born  
 Mere pedantries, that hold in thrall mankind.  
 True Poetry is God's essential truth

Clothed in a form as various as the world ;  
And all the Angels teach him how to sing,—  
The Poet-born,—true to his being's law.

The life of Heaven is poetry in this  
That all thought, feeling, action blends, as blend  
Prismatic hues in achromatic light.  
The outward landscape varies with the thought  
And shares transfiguration with the soul.  
The many faculties of speaking mind  
In separate accents modulate the speech.  
All faculties are primitives of mind  
And their activity a choric ode,  
Triumphant chant or anthem of the soul.  
The Greek mythology reveals in form  
And in dramatic action all the soul  
Made known to ancient thought. When time was young  
Man watched the evolution of his powers  
And named them, not in dry pedantic phrase,  
But in a language that imbued with life  
Each human thought and made it Poetry.

Pile up thy monuments, O Earth, above  
The fossil monsters bred in oosy slime  
Of superstition, those devouring fiends  
Who like the serpent seen by Regulus  
Fight the embattled armies of the free.  
The liberated faculties of man  
Those mural mounds shall storm. There is no night  
But hath its morning ; nor shall minds below

Wait long deliverance from their evil fates ;  
For God shall flood the world with Poesy,  
And Life become all beautiful ; and men  
Shall wed sweet Life, not as a withered hag,  
Medusa-like, with furies on her brow,  
Whose wintry glance congeals their blood to stone,  
Who sits with darkened eyes and palsied limbs  
Upon the rotting threshold of the Past ;—  
No, as Diana o'er Endymion,  
Life shall descend to kiss the slumbering eyes,  
And Youth shall wake to greet her goddess smile,  
And he shall woo her for his rosy bride,  
And she shall crown his brows with every flower,  
And feed his heart with every pure delight,  
And be to him sweet calm and ecstasy  
And full content and infinite desire,  
Joy, passion, rapture, satisfaction, bliss.

Give honor to the ancient Sages, men  
Who feared not Truth because of novelty,  
Who feared not truth because of heresy.  
For truth they lived and toiled and died below,  
And, crowned and robed with its illustrious beams,  
They share its joy and victory in the skies.  
Honor their memories, they who greatly dared  
Because they greatly loved, who held the world  
Compared with truth and its eternal law,  
Dust in the balance and a little thing.  
But honor not the men who sit within  
The templed thought which is their cenotaph,

And root themselves like parasites upon  
Its moss-grown walls and feed like mice upon  
Communion relics in the empty fane ;  
Or contemplate like monks their patron's bones,  
Thinking the body of theology  
Lies, mummy-folded, where the dead repose.  
Honor the men who verified their thoughts  
Nor builded systems on authority ;  
And give to every mind due meed of fame  
Who toiled with good intent that men might share  
Knowledge, the ripe fruit of Angelic spheres.  
Think not because a man may stand below  
The midway heights of the New World's new thought  
That he stood less encompassed with the light.  
Remember that the traveler who beholds  
The morning sunshine, and the man who walks  
Dazzled by midday splendor, and the sage  
Who sees the golden radiance ebb away  
And flush the West behold the same bright sphere.  
The man who walketh by the light of stars  
O'er rugged heights by human feet untrod,  
Is bolder than the man who treads the streets  
At noonday when the city is abroad.  
Columbus was the greater for his isle  
Than was Vespucci for his continent ;  
And the bold man who tamed Bucephalus  
Braver than the conductor on his cars.

Man is the State, the Church is God in Man.  
The end of Government is to unfold



The social into harmony, and give  
Complete expression to the laboring thought  
Of universal genius; first to feed  
The body, then the mind, and then the heart.  
The Church is God's eternal life in man,  
Whom human creeds but limit and restrain.  
Its rites, its customs and its usages  
Are inward breathings of inspiring truth,  
In the cathedral silences of mind  
And presence chambers, deep within the breast,  
Where the Eternal Splendor bodies forth  
His thought in workings of unbounded love.  
O, man alone is holy, God within  
Man dwelleth as he doth not in the world;  
And God through man, re-harmonized and made  
The type and image of the Infinite,  
Shall yet reveal Himself as ne'er before.  
The renovation of the race through love,  
The renovation of the world through love,  
The renovation of the state through love,  
Is the great purpose of the Father-soul!  
For this all laws together move in one,  
For this all heaven-born spirits act as one,  
For this all streams of thought converge in one,  
For this the Seraphim in glory wait,  
As once to greet Messiah manger-born.

Toil is to labor from necessity,  
To bear a crushing weight upon the heart,  
As when a poor man carries to the grave

The coffin of his dead and only child,  
With lagging feet and aching, nerveless arms.  
O, it is joy to labor, when the hand  
And brain and heart co-operate, and life  
Is rich as Autumn in its plenteous fruits.

Schools for the culture of the beautiful  
Shall yet abound in cities ; every stone  
Be curved and moulded by an ethic law ;  
And every marble in its outlines tell  
That now that Beauty works through man, which once  
Worked independent of him, and evolved  
The sculptures of the mountains and the stars.

Still, as that virgin train  
Shone lovely from the hight,  
Such thoughts through all my soul  
In blended music ran.

Life was a poem in the Golden Age,  
Love, Truth and Beauty held their blended sway  
In the unfolding faculties of mind.  
Men worshiped Beauty as the perfect form  
Of Truth in unity with Love divine.  
They saw all Nature by an inward light ;  
They felt all Nature by an inward love ;  
And " Beauty " was the world's primeval name.  
The constellations of the universe  
They clothed with deathless mental attributes.—  
Nature seems one great death to modern men,  
But the most ancient Nations sat with Love

And Innocence at God's immortal feet,  
 And saw creation as a rainbow set  
 In the celestial mirror of His mind,  
 With threefold arch triumphant over space.

When Love renews the world below,  
 All thoughts shall like the roses blow,  
 Or lilies white as virgin snow.

Here ends the tale I have to tell,  
 As shuts at eve some floweret's bell  
 When twilight weaves its mystic spell.

As roses are by sun-beams fed  
 Till their pale hearts grow crimson-red,  
 God's love is o'er my spirit shed.

And all I am or am to be  
 Is all, O Lord, thy gift to me,  
 Therefore the glory is to Thee.

And I am mute, I sing no more,  
 Though still my heart with song runs o'er,  
 Till Thou, O Lord, shalt bid me pour

A sweeter song through mortal form,  
 As Truth is, bright ; as Love is, warm ;  
 A rainbow o'er Time's closing storm.



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Part Three.

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## A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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EDEN of coming days, America,  
Upon thy mighty throne above the seas  
Thou sittest like a God enrobed with day ;  
And, when the Old World died, Heaven sent a breeze,  
And wafted to thee with that mighty blast,  
From out the ashes of great Europe past  
The new delivering Future ; thou didst sit  
Regnant ; in thy embrace the Spirit lit.  
O Land above all others, shrined apart  
From Europe's desolations, unto thee  
Was given in thy pure, celestial heart,  
To nourish long the fair child Liberty.  
He drank at thy pure fountains, and he grew.  
Thy empire glorious, that mountains blue  
And two-fold ocean-bound alone, became  
His cradle of delight ; far o'er the main  
He gazed on dead old Europe, and he said :  
“ The Old World lieth desolate and dead,

Killed by oppression—give it, God, to me.”  
Then voices from serene Eternity  
Echoed his prayer; through spirals of white light,  
From sky to sky, it thrilled the Infinite.  
Then Liberty bowed down—“Not mine, not mine  
Be praise,” he cried; “all glory, Lord, is thine.”

When dead old Europe perished Heaven's white dome  
Translucent o'er that crumbling terror shone;  
When Europe's form dissolved, then crowned worms  
Crept from the corpse,—and see! the flame now burns  
Of Europe's funeral pile, the fires ascend  
To heaven's pavilion. Here Earth's miseries end;  
There never shall be king, or priest or slave,  
There never shall be intellectual grave  
Or moral hell; no bondage for the soul  
Henceforth, so long as suns and systems roll.  
For see, great Earth arises from its tomb.  
Lo! beautiful with heaven's undying bloom,  
Thy essence, Man, forsakes each dying form;  
The Old World trembles with the battle-storm  
And vanishes. That mighty storm shall blow  
Till earth is purified. Mankind shall bleed,  
Shall suffer, till Humanity is freed.

I saw an Angel rise—her end was peace.  
At midnight she was borne, in sweet release,  
From the white tenement wherein she lay.  
Her dying smile was sweet; the very clay  
Grew radiant; the celestial light shone down,



And wreathed her saintly forehead with a crown,  
And formed a luminous bridal robe, and there  
She smiled, beyond all dream of mortal fair.  
Her eyes lit up as if God's eyes did shine  
Into their depths. Love from her heart, its shrine,  
Looked forth and loved me; and I saw her rise.  
Then came two sister-spirits from the skies,  
Sarah and Catharine, and they said, "Come, see  
Mary the Angel." Then it seemed to me  
That I forsook the body. In a room  
Whose oriel window, like a rose in bloom,  
Glowed crimson in the East, she lay at rest  
Upon a couch of ivory, and her breast  
Gleamed white as snow through purple and white lace;  
Then Sarah came, and with a sweet embrace  
Leaned o'er the sleeping spirit. "Mary dear,"  
She whispered, "wake, for morning light is here."  
O soul of love! she woke, her hands she felt  
And said: "I dreamed—I thought my husband knelt  
Beside my bed and held me to his breast,  
And then I sank away in such sweet rest  
I wished that I might never awake again  
Where am I? Where has gone that racking pain?"  
"Mary," sweet Catharine said, "the night is past,  
And this is heaven." Her lovely arms she cast  
Around my Mary, and her angel-head  
On that fond sister's breast was pillowed.

Earth thou art now in that transition; soon  
Thou shalt receive God's best and noblest boon,

Release from all thy anguish fierce and dire.  
Soon, weary Earth, Heaven's air thou shall respire,  
While Angels throng around thee ; thou shalt wake  
In Heaven's serene and ever blessed state  
Of Love and Freedom. Angels round thee throng,  
O Earth ; they chant their happy-voiced song.  
Naught that is thine shall perish,—stately thrones  
And priestly dungeons,—these are but the bones  
Of that old perishable shape that dies  
And crumbles. O'er thy head celestial skies  
Wreath crowns of light ; with visions of sweet peace  
They fill thy breast, and give thy soul release.

The hopes of man are heavenly prophecies ;  
The fears of man but specters that arise  
From gaunt, decaying forms of errors dead.  
Man never had a hope but it was shed  
Abroad from God in Heaven, and sent to be  
The pilot of some great soul's destiny.  
All hopes are inspirations ; first they grow  
In crypt-like hearts, where secret splendors glow  
Of Love and Wisdom. Hopes are Truths divine,  
That stand above the sentried heights of time,  
With faces filled with dawn-light and with forms  
Invincible, and there above all storms  
They chant their revelation, leading on  
Humanity to destinies unknown.

The world unfolds its petals like a rose,  
A diamond flower of perfectness and joy ;

Its golden heart in morn's effulgence glows,  
 No more shall loathly worms its fruit destroy.  
 'Tis tearful April for it now ; the streams  
 Run turbid with the melted snows of wrong.  
 Through rosy clouds celestial whiteness gleams.  
 The sons of men are like the blossomed throng  
 Of first-blown pansies scattered o'er the plain.  
 Nations, like crysalids convulsed with pain,  
 Burst their external bondage ; sun-bright wings  
 Are theirs, and soon with sunny glimmerings,  
 Born in a day, a day of centuries,  
 Their heaven-hued brightness shall eclipse the skies.

"I see the vision of the world redeemed"—  
 So from the East I heard an Angel sing  
 While Heaven with seven-fold splendor round him beamed—  
 "The dead old Centuries, when Priest and King  
 Bore rule, have ended, and the race of men,  
 Humanity itself, revives again."  
 The three bright Seraphim who watched Rousseau,  
 The Poet and the Dreamer, long ago,  
 Touch with their lips of flame my dying heart.  
 I cannot all their blessedness impart,  
 I cannot all the splendors of their lay  
 Reveal, out-speaking through material clay.  
 I find their thoughts grow dim as they descend  
 Into external language ; dimly end  
 The glories they reveal. O God, that I  
 Had Love's own tongue, and Wisdom's kindling eye,  
 Religion's fervent soul, thy hand, O Art,

And for a seat some mountain high apart  
 Above the world, that I might breathe aloud  
 These inspirations ; then I'd tear the shroud  
 Of midnight from Humanity, and pour  
 Oceans of song, that 'gainst Oppression's shore  
 Should break with massive surges, and out-roll  
 Their grand harmonic tide from India to the pole.

Yet as a Poet my expression fails ;  
 Obscurest speech Truth's loveliest image veils.  
 My inspirations fill me as the sun  
 Fills air, but, clothed in garments like a nun,  
 Somber and gray, the veiled thoughts find disguise ;—  
 Their essence, God's undying harmonies,  
 Their spirit truth, their origin divine,  
 Their substance Heaven, their drapery only mine.

Critics will vainly strive to uncreate  
 And nullify that soul-life, wise and great,  
 Of inward consciousness wherein I dwell,  
 While Heaven itself, like some re-echoing bell,  
 Vibrates in all its flamy crystalline  
 With wisdom, life and melody divine,  
 Till, as the sand pervaded by the sea,  
 Soul, spirit, form, that flood of harmony  
 O'ercomes.—O thou great Human Soul, to thee,  
 Who art Love, Justice, Knowledge, Liberty,  
 Devotion, when thyself, whose hopes aspire  
 Above the sunshine, thou interior lyre  
 Of melody ; thou Heart in human breast

Close veiled, thou inner spirit, God-possessed,  
Sitting enthroned in consciousness, be thou  
Judge of the source wherefrom these heart-notes flow.

The art to picture out a lovely face ;  
Or shape white marble like a human god  
Sublime and strong ; or beautiful, to trace  
That magic music-scroll from whence the flood  
Of song with crested waves of melody  
Flows like great heaven,—for these in vain I sigh.  
I would be painter, sculptor, harmonist ;  
Shakspeare with lips by every Angel kissed ;  
Dante, or Spenser by his Una led ;  
Or grand Bethooven with his sun-crowned head ;  
Raphael, Da Vinci, Angelo combined ;  
In heart a woman and a god in mind ;  
A poet, hero, sage, sweet Nature's child ;—  
Thoughts upon thoughts, like suns and heavens are piled  
Above me ; all their lightning glories run  
Warm through my heart, stream o'er the horizon  
Of consciousness, in light and music roll,  
Whisper all secrets, passion-thrill my soul.—  
O Truth, I love thee ; it were sweet to pass  
Into thy essence, as a globe of glass,  
Melted and shivered by intensest light  
To flow and mingle with thy Infinite.  
O Truth, O monarch, O thou conquering God,  
Would that I were a meadow violet trod  
Beneath thy feet, to feel thy Godhood thrill  
This dust, this me, then lie forever still.

Nay, nay, thy touch should make me turn to fire,  
I'd rise transformed from Nature's funeral pyre,  
Echoing thy thought.—Alas, alas, how weak,  
How utter weak ;—the hot-blood burns my cheek ;  
My aspirations are for thee ; my life,  
Like a fallen tear-drop in cold seas of strife  
Sinks down—the exhaling tear ascends above  
The eyes that wept it forth ;—I feel Thy love,  
O Loving Spirit, and this tear, this me,  
A star of soul becomes informed by Thee.

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There is a world whose multitudinous race  
One God inspires, through every human face  
Beams forth the mild Divinity of Love ;  
Their forms are beautiful and pure above  
All mortal knowledge ; there my soul was led  
In solemn vision, and an Angel said  
' Explore these bright dominions, treasure well  
In spirit-consciousness the miracle  
The wonder and the glory thou shalt see ;  
As this orb is thy orb is yet to be."

My thought my body changed ; I felt the blood  
Pour through the veins with rich melodious flood,  
An animated river of sweet bliss.  
Each blood-drop seemed inspired with happiness.  
As the bud wakes and finds itself a flower,  
I slept in weakness and I woke in power ;

As the seed wakes and finds itself a tree,  
 My time-life opened to Eternity.  
 Sublime and strong that wondrous world I trod  
 Like the bright incarnation of a God ;  
 I loved the universe ; it seemed my heart,  
 No more in solitude confined apart,  
 With sacred sympathies, serene, divine,  
 Pervaded all things. Faculties were mine  
 Commensurate with my tenderness; the dome  
 Of my sphered intellect irradiate shone  
 As if it were a firmament wherein  
 All suns, all heavens were beaming, and their hymn  
 Of wisdom grew articulate. I heard  
 The voice of every star. My spirit soared  
 Through realms of knowledge infinite ; I knew  
 The secret of all secrets and I flew  
 Above the universes, and they lay  
 Below me on the mountain hights of day,  
 Like the bright snow-flakes pure and crystalline,  
 Each glittering with prismatic light divine.  
 "And this," a voice within me said, "is Space  
 Unpeopled yet by the immortal race."

The vision as I gazed unrolled and spread  
 Boundless before me, and that whisper said,  
 "Thou seest the natural universes, soon  
 With flowers, birds, beasts and spirits wise to bloom."  
 Vaster and still more vast the landscape rolled,  
 And every snow-flake crystal-clear and cold,  
 In the great nebulous expanse I saw

Thrilled in each atom, while the mighty law  
Of cosmic evolution made it glow.  
Each atom in that vast ethereal snow,  
Each atom of an atom, was a sphere  
Of worlds unborn. "We may not linger here,"  
That inward voice spake on. I rose and passed  
Where rolled an ocean infinitely vast,  
Green, ruby, golden, 't was a sea of flame,  
No particle in form or light the same.  
"This," said the voice, "this sea that round thee rolls  
Contains more unborn worlds than there are souls  
In heaven. These drops are suns revolving on,  
They chant harmonious praises to the One  
Yet Triune Love, Truth, Loveliness and Might  
In whose effulgence they unfold their light."  
A moment passed, and lo, a field of flowers  
Beneath me lay; the radiant morning hours,  
Pouring their golden lightnings, filled the scene  
With a divine and unimagined gleam  
Of splendor from the Soul of light. Below  
I saw all flowers that on our earth do blow,  
Green meadows full of daisies crimson-white,  
Vast lawnly fields with purple asters bright,  
Forests of myrtles, tamarinds and palms,  
Unbounded groves of spice and odorous balms,  
And tropical dominions, and it seemed  
The very smile of God formed many-beamed  
And wondrous plants; and there was many a river  
Where bloomed the crimsoned lotus, and the quiver  
Of the bright sun poured all its arrows keen



O'er amber oceans, where waves, emerald green,  
Bore floating isles of myrrh and cinnamon  
And coral-lipped muskroses, every one  
Exhaling fragrance in the morning gale ;  
And every blossom, golden-bright or pale,  
In its aromas held bright constellations  
Of solar systems, beautiful creations  
Of loveliness divine. My inward Guide  
Spoke, saying, "Linger not." There came a tide  
Of rushing music, and a world of dreams  
Received me. Myriad oceans fed bright streams,  
In undulations forming floods of fire,  
Whose misty spray rose up in many a gyre,  
Shaping white clouds of ether, glorified  
With purple radiance ; every ocean wide  
And rushing stream, and every mist of light,  
Unfolded and expanded to my sight,  
And every particle and breath of spray  
Grew a white heaven, and in each heaven there lay  
A solar system, and these lovely spheres  
Grew lovelier while I gazed, and each ascended  
Jeweled with sunbright skies and atmospheres,  
Forming a sky of rainbows, and the splendid  
Dome of their habitation seemed to ope  
And wreath that bright and multitudinous cope  
In shining circles round a rainbowed sun.  
That sun grew luminous with a light unknown  
Of thought, and then the Voice within me cried,  
"These mists are suns and worlds beatified  
Changed into heavens, wreathed in concentric rings,

And rising to the Sun of Love, the light  
 From whence creation to existence springs ;  
 He is the source and origin of might,  
 The sum of all perfection, He the cause  
 Whose love through infinite unfolding laws  
 Creates, renews, perfects all worlds in space,  
 Peoples each planet with a human race,  
 Peoples each universe with souls to be  
 Heart-mirrors of His own Divinity,  
 Mind-mirrors of His Mind, inspired by Him,  
 Men first, then Spirits, Angels, Cherubim.

“ And this,” I cried, “ and this is thy creation,  
 O God, the Maker.” Then a voice replied,  
 “ These worlds thou seeest grow through the operation  
 Of mighty Spirits crowned and glorified.

Through labor, first on earths, and then in heaven,  
 They have gone up to that supreme degree  
 That they are Angel-mediums for the seven  
 Creative Powers of Heaven’s Divinity.

God works through universes of ascended  
 Divine Arch-angels, these are unto Him  
 Organs, their thoughts, together fused and blended,  
 Cohere in space, like a revolving hymn.

The splendor of their grand serene Ideal  
 Burns from their love, calm, luminous, and vast ;  
 Impregnate by God’s will it groweth real.  
 Divine Creative Power that mass at last

Maketh to glow with pictures of His being,  
Till suns emerge from its effulgent robe,  
And these grow beautiful to Angel-seeing,  
Girt round with many a bright unfolding globe.

A paradise through every Angel nature,  
Inspired by God, is thus revealed in time,  
Peopled by beings all in heart and feature  
The finite emblems of the Lord Divine.

To work, to work, is man's divine vocation,  
All work is worship, holy all employ,  
And God re-ultimates his great creation  
Through human minds who share his perfect joy.

"Through Christ God made the worlds," so ancient Sages  
Taught in their mysteries to the saints of old ;  
Through Angels, one in Christ, the living pages  
Of suns and constellations are unrolled.

"Work, work," the Father cries to every Angel,  
"Work, work;" and every Angel inly sees  
Unfolding in his mind a new evangel ;—  
God dwells in His divine immensities,

Evolving in his consciousness the wonders  
Of mighty systems yet in space to be,  
And Angels listen while the mystic numbers  
Roll sounded by His thoughts, and, when they see

The great light-mirror that reflects His presence  
Scrolled over with diviner worlds unknown,

They feel his omni-active Omnipresence  
In working in each heart, His Spirit's throne ;

And they give birth to thoughts which in the spaces  
Of upper air glow radiant and grand,  
Filled with celestial archetypal races,  
Ideal men, hereafter to expand

And live and love, amid each splendid vision,  
When every vision is itself a world.—  
Each sun was first a thought in mind's elysian  
Before its image in blue air unfurled.

And all the highest heavens are thus resplendent  
With constellations flowing into form ;  
Through Angel-hosts, God's ministers attendant,  
Systems on systems multiplied are born.

The harmonies of one Divine Proceeding  
Fill with immortal day the pictured skies,  
And Angels evermore their flocks are feeding  
Of stars 'mid God's unfolding harmonies.

Whence come the dim, far-shining condensations,  
Ethereal white, that fleck the heavenly blue ?  
They are divine celestial emanations,  
Crystals of thought, conglobing to the view.

'Tis Mind that works from heavens of light supernal,  
And matter emanates from out its fire.  
God chants the hymn of loveliness eternal,  
And all creation is His seven-stringed lyre.

Whatever is, in God hath its subsistence ;  
    Whatever shall be flows from Him alone.  
Angels are Mediums of the One Existence—  
    Above, yet in all souls He builds His throne.

Solemn and vast His inspirations, pealing  
    Through the cathedral arches of the breast,  
Heavens upon heavens of infinite pure feeling  
    Create in man's interiors, God-possessed.

Man is that 'shrine most catholic and holy,'  
    Man is that awful palace-hall of God,  
Whose inmost forms are consecrated wholly  
    In those bright worlds where Evil hath not trod.

Thence he arises in divine perfection,  
    A form of light, so beautiful, that he  
Reposes with a consummate affection  
    In the interior joy of Deity.

God so inspires him that his least emotion  
    Flows like a wave from Love's eternal sea.  
God's thoughts, like stars, that shine in calmest ocean,  
    Kindle their splendor in his nature free.

He is a conscious part of all that liveth  
    En rapport with all things below, above ;  
'Tis God, descending through his heart, who giveth  
    His face the deathless loveliness of love.

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My vision led me to a world reposing  
Far in the Pleiades. The Northern Lights,  
Like a mild crimson flower its leaves unclosing,  
Shed radiance o'er calm seas and mountain heights  
And summer lands. As a wild bird alights  
On some Hesperian Isle, with wearied wings,  
Where every sense receives unknown delights,  
Then in the mild sweet radiance soars and sings,  
My spirit found glad rest. There many thousand springs

And summers, wreathed in one, rejoiced and smiled.  
No tree but fed me from its fruited boughs  
With perfume. Jeweled palaces were piled  
Up to the clouds. Most like some sainted spouse,  
In glorious beauty for her marriage vows  
Adorned, the wonder and the beauty fed  
My ravished sight. My earthly art allows  
But faintest echo of the Wisdom shed  
Upon me there. Methought a mighty Angel said,

“The great Twin Brethren journey through the skies,  
Castor and Pollux; and their mighty signs  
Reveal to us our twin-born destinies.  
Our brother orb rolls through far hidden climes,  
Yet we are heavenly twins, each heart divines  
Upon our orb its distant living brother.  
A light, a strength, a joy and bliss that winds  
Through many Nations, that no death can smother,  
No frost congeal, unites each nature to its other.

My words are mystic, mortal, yet the treasures  
Of Light and Love and purest Bliss serene,  
The Hopes, the Inspirations and the Pleasures  
That fill our world with brightness cast their sheen  
Upon thy orb; and inwardly 'tis seen  
By us as if it were entranced asleep  
Beneath our feet, and Death and Night and Dream  
And Fear and Trouble o'er the slumberer keep  
Their torturing watch while we, sun-winged, to gladness leap.

Our orb is as thy world shall be in ages  
Of grand harmonious life, when Death and Night  
Have passed away; when Slavery's mournful pages  
Are torn from out the records of its light.  
Embattled Constancy and noble Might,  
With Faith, Hope, Justice, Loyalty and Leal,  
Devotion to all principles of Right,  
Make each man here a servant of the weal  
Of all who think, live, love, endure, and strive, and feel.

The problems that perplex thy sages wise,  
All mysteries baffling wisest-thoughted mortal,  
Here vanish in mild light; our thoughts arise  
From inward love, blithe, innocent and sportal,  
And fill with radiant throngs the flowery portal  
Of the mind's temple; here the love-flowers bloom  
And the hopes bear rich-clustered fruit immortal,  
For there is neither prison, hell nor tomb,  
But Love and Wisdom all the rounded orb illumine.

Here language is three-fold ; our glad hearts beat  
Articulate and thrill with love the air.  
Each joy communicates a rapture sweet,  
Thrilling the kindred heart, awakening there  
Thoughts from their germ, as sleeping infants fair.  
These throng with sportive groups the mind's expanse ;  
These teach the lips words eloquent as prayer,  
Glow in the eye, speak through the kindling glance,  
And with inspiring bliss transfuse the countenance.

Our earth hath bloomed into its Golden Age ;  
The soul hath won its birthright, Nature brings  
Her tribute to the mind ; Here wisest Sage  
Bears rule, and noblest hearts are sceptered kings ;  
Here Genius clothes the spirit with bright wings ;  
And they are priests whose lips divine are burning  
With Poesy, fed from Thought's living springs,  
And so they feed with Truth each spirit-yearning  
And lead us to our God, for evermore returning.

Clad with their mantle of bright inspirations  
Our Poet-Prophets, eloquent and great,  
Pass on from land to land and thrill the Nations ;  
Potential ministers of Church and State  
They are ; each soul like heaven's own palace gate  
Flooded with sunrise ; and they feed the fires  
Of Truth and Good ; each with the burdened freight  
Of Revelation feeds Earth's solemn pyres,  
Making each heart respond to heaven's immortal lyres.



Children are born to us withouten pain,  
Trance-mediums from their birth; 'tis sweet to see  
Each infant spirit sphered within a fane  
Of natural life, whose three-fold harmony  
Of love and truth, and natural sanctity  
Combines. 'Tis sweet to see the bright procession  
Of Truths and Virtues blend in unity,  
Saving the soul from Evil's retrogression,  
Unfolding all the powers in heaven's divine progression.

For childhood here is full of God, as morning  
Is full of sun. Young natures bloom divine,  
Untaught in evil, innocent of scorning,  
Christ-angels, blest, in heaven's fair morning prime,  
World-wide in sympathy, in will sublime,  
Thirsting for limitless unknown perfection,  
Nurtured in heart from heaven's star-clustered vine,  
Learning from every thought a new affection;—  
Soul wins while sphered in time its deathless resurrection.

Born to the love of virtue for its own  
Exceeding great reward, their outward loves  
Unfold like roses from the tropic zone  
Of the heart's ardor. Music-thoughted doves,  
And golden-crested sky-larks, from the groves  
And meadows, rising joyous to the sun,  
Are emblems of their life. Each young soul moves  
As if he were a star whose path did run  
To zenith brightness from the Eastern horizon.

And they are fed with fruits that drop in clusters  
From moon-like trees casting their fruited gold  
With each renewal of the lunar lusters ;  
And they are bathed in crystal waters cold ;—  
Sometimes they cleave with young hearts fearless-bold  
The crested ridges of old ocean wide,  
And sometimes tread the waves beneath them rolled,  
While the coy tenants of the amber tide  
Glide in attendant throngs their fearless way beside.

Their forms are nerved by Titan Spirits, flowing  
By art electric through each orb-like brain.  
Sun-Angels pour an influence redly glowing  
Through nerve and artery ; and strength they gain  
In mighty labors, rearing from the plain  
Mosaic temples ; on each promontory  
They build tall obelisks whose spiral flame  
O'er the long sea-marge leaves a track of glory.  
The peaceful arts are theirs unstained by slaughters gory.

And they go forth in multitudinous throngs  
Ere youth hath ripened, like Auroral hours ;  
To each a separate sphere of use belongs ;  
In leagued battalions they combine their powers ;  
Like sportive Fays they wreath vine-trellised bowers ;  
With spring the broad savanna'd fields they sow :  
They tend the orchards ; where, alive with flowers,  
The paradises of their mothers' glow,  
To rest at dewy eve these sportive Angels go.

There children are the heavenly wealth of Nations.  
Each infant is the care of all the race,  
And they are welcomed as fresh inspirations  
Of joy and beauty from the Father's face.  
All unto God their glorious lineage trace ;  
All share the love of universal man ;  
To each is given his own harmonic place ;  
Each like a star in its concentric span  
Of use and love revolves, with none to mock or ban.

There are no serfs or slaves, no menial horde  
Crouching bemeaned by despots at their nod.  
There is no tyranny of lash or sword,  
Kings rule by love, not by the sceptered rod.  
In all our land, by equal Nations trod,  
Slaves there are none, all men are brethren free.  
We have a priesthood, men inspired of God,  
Who preach the precepts of equality,  
And, eloquently wise, teach men as gods to be.

This orb, like thine, hath continents and isles,  
Like thine in outline, difference there is none.  
Here Harmony hath reared its glorious piles,  
Here men are ruled by Liberty alone.  
Its Western Empire only now is shown  
To thee, O Brother, in that Western World  
Is a divine Republic like thine own ;  
Blazoned with stars its ensign is unfurled ;  
Peace rules the virgin years, with golden robes imperaled.

In the great West the glory culminates :  
Where flows the Mississippi to its sea  
A thousand millioned Nation whom the Fates  
The Virtues and the Splendors have made free,  
Chant the great hymn of human liberty,  
And build their sun-like palaces amid  
Spice groves, and they hold Truth's immortal key,  
For soul-bright maidens, whose glad bowers are hid  
In rosaries of bloom, beneath each dewy lid

Of their dark glorious eyes, conceal a power  
To thrill each wedded lover's heart with bliss ;  
Pure queens of Southern realms, each brings a dower  
Of inspiration ; in their sacred kiss  
Resides a charm, a winged happiness,  
That bids each spirit's inner sight uncloze  
To visions of that infinite abyss,  
Boundless in depth and hight, where Nature blows,  
Unfolding each pure heaven as if it were a rose.

All manly natures, thrilled by their pure glances,  
Are led through love to that enchanted sphere  
Where worlds unfold like troops of garden pansies ;  
Sometimes they rise to regions pure and clear  
Of infinite Causation, where appear  
Art-angels laboring in their sphere divine ;  
They speed through many a planet-atmosphere,  
They crown their days within the sun's own shrine,  
Where Beauty, Love and Truth reign perfect in their trine.

And, speaking through tranced lips, they utter truth  
So grand, each word sinks downward into space  
As if it were a star from Heaven's vast roof  
Dropped sparkling, or a smile from God's own face.  
Illumed through Love, that grand Augustan race  
Are wiser than all others. They inspire  
Heaven's breath, they glorify their dwelling-place  
With miracles of Art; but most the lyre  
Apollo strung is theirs, and theirs the minstrel's fire.

With crystal bridges they have spanned their rivers  
Of subanced lightning; prism'd walls of light,  
Wherethrough the sun divinely thrills and quivers,  
Hold the broad stream that feeds them with its might;  
And conduit pipes of glassy crysolite,  
Ductile as gold, guide on their sparkling way  
The irrigating waves; and, keenly bright,  
Driven by electric force, great engines play;  
These are their slaves, but men are equal-free always.

For science through ten thousand gathering years  
Of wise invention, swift and clear as morning,  
Hath elevated man, and Angel spheres  
Given him new arts, the fertile world adorning.  
Labor is made divine; their work performing,  
Millions of engines strange refine the mold;  
Millions of men, no man his brother scorning,  
Direct the embattled forces, art-controlled,  
Till the broad land is filled with wealth transcending gold.

And there are forges whereby art magnetic  
 Crude ores are changed and purified from dross,  
 And made like those twelve gems, of use prophetic,  
 Worn by Earth's priesthood ages ere the cross.  
 And where the tropic winds the foliage toss,  
 Ten thousand sun-like trees unfold their flowers ;  
 Their branches bear no dark funereal moss,  
 No serpents hiss within those perfumed bowers,  
 No foul miasmas taint Aurora's honeyed showers."

---

"O world of light," I cried,  
     "By Angels led,  
     By Love beatified,  
     By Wisdom fed,  
 As through a golden dream  
     Of peace I move,  
 Through spheres of joy supreme,  
     Through night, through love."

The glorious vision fled.  
     As chimes a bell,  
 A voice in music said,  
     " Farewell, farewell."  
 Speeding in rapid flight  
     T'ward Earth afar,  
 I saw, 'mid silver light,  
     A sacred star.

Its beauty filled the night  
     With queenly grace,

As mirroring the light  
Of God's own face.  
"Pause, Brother, pause awhile,"  
My Ang-l-guide  
With a transporting smile  
Of rapture cried.

---

In that pure planet that shines in the distance remote  
called Melodia,  
Angels abide who are kin by their love-breathing hearts  
to the Seraphim.  
There I was led by a beautiful maiden whose name  
was Euphrosyne ;  
Tinged was her raiment with morn and her words like  
the waters of Castaly.  
In her deep eyes shone the stars of an heaven of in-  
finite tenderness.  
Wreathed was her waist with the emerald, type of her  
matronly chastity,  
Linked were its gems by pure gold and the clasps were  
of agate and carbuncle.  
In her deep breast her glad thoughts dwelt like birds  
in the gardens of Paradise.  
Crowned was her radiant brow with a violet wreath for  
a coronet.  
She was my guide from the earth all the steps of that  
mystical pilgrimage,

She led my heart to that orb which prefigures earth's  
fortunate destiny.

Twelve were the Angels we saw from afar, and they  
hailed us the travelers,

Bidding us rest in their land which is pure as the holy  
Jerusalem ;

Bidding us rest in their planet which glows like the  
face of St. Catherine,

Borne by the Angels—a world where the soul hath no  
knowledge of suffering.

---

Beneath a scarlet pomegranate tree

Whose sweet fruits clustered 'mid the leaves o'erhead,

Like crimson stars in a green galaxy

Of fragrance, that delight and music shed ;

Where bubbling fountains danced and slowly spread

An undulating mist of silver streams,

Twelve Angels sat, and evermore they fed

Their spirits with sweet love ; celestial gleams

Of summer morning thrilled their hearts with dawn-like beams.

Of joy and knowledge ; and the rising sun

Shone o'er that bright assemblage as the robe,

Of the morn's brightness woven, swift did run

Far flashing round the light sphere of their globe ;

And then methought each spirit did disrobe

His form of outer dust and float away ;

Till, lost from sight, they trod their misty road

Through the sphered glories of an unknown day.

These Spirits all were called the Children of the Ray.



On their translucent orb, that glows and kindles  
Flame-like in depths of undiscovered space,  
Where the material sun in pale light dwindles,  
These Angels have their earthly dwelling place ;  
Their orb dividing with a kindred race,  
The Children of the Shadow ; and as night  
And day their world with varying lusters grace,  
These from our central glory drink their light ;  
In other suns than ours their brethren mild delight.

There, filled for aye with strange delicious yearning  
For other suns and galaxies afar  
In the wide spaces of creation burning,  
The Children of the Shadow track their star ;  
And isled splendors, each a burning car  
Floating amid ethereal harmonies,  
Are their bright homes. In their estate they are  
The wandering Demi-angels ; and their eyes  
See by a light that shines from suns of many skies.

Their vision is so exquisitely fine  
That they perceive the essences of flowers ;  
Their orb is a green emerald, crystalline,  
Foliage, fruits, birds and beasts are unlike ours ;  
And in their happy skies are floating bowers ;  
Electric islands glow 'mid crimson air,  
And cities rise with high and spire-like towers  
From their serene pavilions ; trees that bear  
Fruits various as the stars, unfold their splendor there.

And the green world below them gleams and sparkles  
Like many Edens in one sphere combined ;  
And when the eve o'er all the landscape darkles  
The woods below do burn like trees of mind,  
Like waving thoughts within the soul enshrined ;  
For every leaf glows luminous, and grand  
With fiery tendrils, bearing star-blooms twined  
The columned forests in their glory stand,  
The blossoms wave by breath from winds of music fanned.

And there are rapid shapes unresting ever,  
But flying from the brightness of the dawn ;  
And these, ethereal, move and play forever  
'Mid the bright star-flowers on each forest lawn ;  
And spirits pure in airy chariots drawn  
Descend through all the atmospheric ocean,  
Resting till night hath sped, then speeding on,  
Toward their upper isles, whose rapid motion  
Is calm as stars that shine above a Saint's devotion.

The Children of the Dawn than these are brighter ;  
They build them palaces of rainbow fire,  
And chariots than the air they breathe in lighter ;  
They weave the lightnings in sublime attire ;  
And evermore delighted they respire  
A spiritual breath, the air of air ;  
Thought-quicken'd, mind-illum'd, their souls inspire  
Divine perfections, till at last they wear  
Shining celestial forms, and change to Angels there.

Sometimes they pause in noon-tide light reposing,  
 Sometimes delightedly, with rapid flight,  
 They skim the ether, where the morn, unclosing  
 Its purple blossoms, feeds all flowers with light;  
 Or track dim realms of slumber and delight,  
 Companioned by their pure immortal loves;  
 And sometimes on terrestrial earths alight;  
 They speed where'er stars gleam, or sunshine moves,  
 In chariots drawn by swans and nightingales and doves.

Sometimes they journey where in charmed silence  
 The fair orb Mercury adores the Sun,  
 And sometimes wander through the happy islands  
 That sparkle viewless in its horizon.  
 Sometimes with flight more bold, where lightnings run  
 From the Sun's heart of fire intense they dare,  
 And cross the threshold of the Three-in-One,  
 And in the great Sun-heaven inhale the air  
 Of the Divine Abode, and find glad welcome there.

Sometimes 'mid heavenly bowers they rest delighted,  
 Where bloom red pomegranates, and the dells  
 Yield flowers like loving hearts with bliss requited,  
 Or seek repose where fragrant asphodels  
 Yield their rich perfume, where in breezy swells  
 The air vibrates melodious, and the sky  
 Tinkles with music from the golden bells  
 Of star-spheres chiming in Elysiums high,  
 Sounding the birth of worlds to bloom eternally.

And sometimes they are led through heavenly spirals  
From universe to universe, and see  
Those paths of light that wind in burning gyral  
From suns and systems through immensity.  
And sometimes they are led where melody  
Flows through Celestial Heavens, and wells its tide  
Of luminous joy to feed the flaming sea  
Of solar heat, whereby all suns are dyed  
In rising morn, and all their worlds beatified.

---

Shelley and Keats were children of one mother ;  
The same pure love-star ruled their destiny ;  
In essence they were like to one another,  
And one they are in Heaven's bright galaxy.  
They dwell not now, as once, companionless  
In essence, heart-distressed and pining ever  
With anguished yearning for a tenderness  
Forever widely sought, experienced never.  
O it is theirs to revel in sweet peace ;  
And they are wafted to that happy star,  
That fairer Arcady, that nobler Greece,  
Whose sacred beams are hid from earth afar.

In pure Melodia, beautiful and wise,  
With its bright Sons of Morning through the skies  
They move, companioned by all graceful natures,  
Divinely sweet, whose beauteous forms and features,  
Like the soul's grand Ideal veiled in form,  
Thrill their immortal lips with kisses pure and warm.

Melodia rules thy destiny, O Land  
 Of coming years ; O Empire wise and grand,  
 America ! and thou at last shalt be  
 The consecrated home of Poetry,  
 The fairer Greece, adorned with noblest art,  
 And bathed in sacred love from God's creative heart.  
 For thee, for thee, the wise Melodians throng  
 Even now, and chant in Heaven their morning song.  
 For thee and for thy sons methinks they sing ;  
 They come, and Angel songs as offerings bring.  
 For thee and for thy race, methinks they cry,  
 " Love, Wisdom, Inspiration, Liberty,  
 The four great Angels of the coming time,  
 To their Olympian goal lead on thy race sublime."

Thou art that rock-built Pharos that above  
 Earth's ocean lifts the immortal flame of love.  
 E'en now thou shinest like a beacon-star,  
 Leading Earth's myriads o'er the deep afar.  
 Thou art the lost Atlantides that lay,  
 To ancient thought, beyond the waves away ;  
 The New Jerusalem, the ancient Seer  
 Of Patmos saw, descending white and clear  
 From highest heaven ; the rich and wise Cathay  
 Columbus sought, faith-guided, on his way.  
 The Old, the New, the Future and the Past,  
 Meet and embrace, complete in thee at last.  
 Thou art the crowning flower of Earth and Time,  
 The destined Eden of Mankind divine.  
 Upon thy coast old Tyranny falls dead.  
 Thou liftest thy sublime and God-like head,

Messiah-like, and sayest, 'Peace, be still,'  
To the Old World of human strife and ill.  
Thou standest by old Europe's mournful bier,  
And bidd'st young Revolution swift appear.  
He rises—he comes forth. The iron bands  
Of caste and creed he breaks with burning hands.  
Young Revolution triumphing in France,  
Waking the German peoples fierce and strong,  
Shall break the yoke and crush despotic wrong.  
Nation to nation cleaving, bone to bone,  
Inspired and energized with life unknown,  
Blending all hearts like rivers in one sea,  
Shall lift their anthem and unite like thee."

---

Again the vision changed ; methought I sped  
To that white temple where Rousseau was led,  
That Spirit Pantheon where Angels find  
Great England's worthies. It had changed since when  
Rousseau beheld it. Deathless angel-men  
Were throned within its radiance. There stood  
Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hood,  
New splendors in that mighty Pantheon shrined.  
All, from their inner love shone, mild and calm,  
Crowned with the olive and the golden palm,  
And robed in radiance, like their own souls, bright.  
Byron mused seemingly as doth the Night,  
Nursing all stars and storms within its breast.  
High shone imperial Alfred ; he addressed

Byron : " Last comer to this temple led,  
 I see," he spake, " thoughts terrible and dread,  
 Yet crowned with splendor, in thy mind are fed.  
 Pour forth the music of thy song ; let all  
 Thy mighty brethren listen ; let the wall  
 Of our sun-builed palace gather in  
 The lusters of thy speech ; there let them glow,  
 Reflecting all their truth on mortal men below."

Byron stood forth, most like that cloudy fire,  
 That long went forth the Hebrew host before,  
 Within whose brightness a strong Angel stood ;  
 He sang : serenely smiled that august brotherhood.

---

" O moon-lit city of the Ages of past !  
 O Venice, in thy ruined halls Decay  
 Gnaws at the core of that which should outlast  
 Pontiffs and kings. Thy splendor fades while they  
 Like vultures on the corpse of Europe prey.  
 Swollen by their food they fatten, while to thee,  
 Age brings but slime, and rotting weeds, and spray  
 From salt lagoons. The melancholy sea  
 Weeps to behold thy wreck—once prosperous, great and free.

O Venice, thou art like some mighty Heart,  
 Some lofty Poet-soul whose thoughts did rise  
 More beautiful, more glorious than Art ;  
 No mortal hand ere lifted to the skies,  
 Or poised between the two eternities  
 Of Past and Future such aerial piles.

What envious orb hath marred thy destinies ?  
 Fallen art thou ; soon day's departing smiles  
 Shall see but ruins heaped o'er all thy marble isles.

O Venice, I could wail for thee and weep  
 As a young mother o'er her infant slain ;  
 Thou who didst march to victory o'er the deep  
 And plow the seas for glory more than gain.  
 Yet Nations are like men. 'Tis all in vain  
 To stay the fell destroyer's ruthless hand ;  
 Cities like men are born and die in pain,  
 And wisest laws, by wisest sages planned,  
 Fail to arrest the sweep of the consumer's brand.

Yet heaven is full of radiant souls arisen ;  
 They stand upon the ocean's upper shore ;  
 Souls that no tyranny could long imprison.  
 O, Venice, why should I thy fate deplore ?  
 Thou art the sea-bird's empty shell ; no more  
 Thou hold'st the minds who framed thy greatness all.  
 Like eagles rocked in storms they sunward soar,  
 Free from the tumults of this earthly ball.  
 Thou art their cenotaph—a shroud, a corpse, a pall.

Men made thee what thou wast ; the men of old.  
 Since manhood perishes within thee, rot.  
 When pauper monks, who pardon sin for gold,  
 Rule the vile herd within thee, when to plot  
 Against oppression, even to cherish thought  
 Of better days is counted vilest crime,



Yea, when thy Golden Book is all one blot,  
 Where pimps and harlots end each princely line,  
 Thou art already doomed—a God-forsaken shrine.

Yet Venice, I have loved thee ; I have seen  
 Mad days of riot 'mid thy palace gates.  
 I have beheld thee crowned, the fairest queen  
 Of blue Italian day. Thy ruin waits  
 Like Nemesis, with the attendant Fates,  
 To hurl thee—harlot—from thy proud dominion.  
 Remorseless wrath no penalty abates ;  
 The lightning-stricken vulture falls with pinion  
 Broken—and so shalt thou—false craven-hearted minion.

Tyre had like thee her day of princely power ;—  
 England succeeds thee ;—England once my home,  
 Where my ancestral halls yet proudly tower.  
 As Tyre and Venice thou shalt yet become,  
 Britannia ! Lo, there works a subtle gnome  
 In dark and fire-damped mines beneath thy soil ;  
 And though thy splendor all the world endome,  
 Ruin shall claim it for his fiery spoil.  
 God's arm smites down the State that crushes those who toil.

Far, far from earth, in that obscure abode  
 Where guilt-stained spirits dwell, remote from heaven,  
 Self-exiled from the countenance of God,  
 By their wild passions like swift fire-ships driven,  
 I saw a vision.—Though my soul is shriven,  
 That scene of England's doom-day haunts me still.—

The cry, the cry, 'The rebels have arisen.'—  
London, afire, the dead black night did fill  
With pitchy flames.—Seven days the fires raged fiercely, till

The hungry, naked, shelterless became  
Millions, like ghosts 'scaped from Tartarean gloom ;  
And still burnt on that all-devouring flame,  
And rich and poor were wrecked in one great doom,  
And curses rose from out that yawning tomb  
And maniac shouts. No more on bended knee  
Men knelt as vassals ; from afar did boom  
The thunder-shots, and Pride and Anarchy  
Fought 'mid that burning wreck, as when 'mid storms at sea,

A ship lies mastless, sunken, till her deck  
Is level with the waves, and from her hold  
Grim slaves the hatchways burst, scarce held in check  
By hungry mariners, till one more bold  
Strikes down the foremost ; then no more controlled,  
Like lions from their own Numidian sands,  
Mad as the lioness whose whelp is sold,  
All weaponless save clenched and knotted hands,  
They crush their captors few, despite their sharpened brands.

Men bared their breasts as they were brazen shields  
And charged a-foot against the serried horse ;  
The multitudes bestrewed a hundred fields,  
So numerous were their dead, and every corse  
Smote, being dead, his murderers with remorse,  
Because he gave his life for Liberty.

The soldiery grew sick with blood. The purse  
Bribed them no more. They murmured, 'why should we  
Our brethren kill unarmed—they strive but to be free.'

I saw a scarlet star descend from heaven  
And burst o'er England in that vision deep.  
Like blazing fire-ships, by the north wind driven,  
The suns and planets through the sky did sweep.  
Then suddenly, from every star did leap  
A giant Knight; their plumes were white as snow;  
They strode white horses, terrible and fleet  
As lightnings; trumpets from afar did blow—  
Each knight his saber drew—hell opened from below.

Like the grim wolf that suckled Romulus,  
With bristling bayonets his breast before,  
With nostrils fiery as Vesuvius,  
A Beast rose up; a lion, wolf, and boar,  
Threefold; his jaws dripped clots of human gore,  
His head upheld a miter, and his breath  
Was hate. The jointed earth shook at his roar.  
Millions of fighting specters from beneath,  
Embattled, shaped that huge phantom of hell and death.

'Tis sweet to see the April violet bloom  
Though adders crawl from out the brake and breed.  
'Tis sweet to rise immortal, though the tomb  
On the decaying body still must feed.  
'Tis sweet to hear, great Brutus, of thy deed,  
Though Cæsar, stark and stiff, corrupts the air.—

Each knight turned to his fellow—every steed  
 Neighed to the trumpets—sweet in vision there  
 It was to see that Band for the fierce fight prepare.

The woodman to his axe, the musketeer  
 To gun and pike, the preacher to the Word,  
 The saint to prayer, the poet and the seer  
 To prophecy, the soldier to his sword.  
 War in itself can only be deplored ;—  
 When Good and Evil grapple for the fight,  
 As must be ere man's freedom is restored,  
 Rise, Hero! charge against Oppression's might!  
 God and his host cry 'charge;' God conquers with the Right.

No patriot martyr lives and dies for nought ;  
 The men of Naseby fought at Bunker Hill ;  
 The English Hercules, great Cromwell, fought  
 Through spirit-force at Monmouth ; so until  
 All men are free, God's mighty Angels kill  
 The serpents that oppose bright Freedom's car.  
 Immortal thus all patriot sires fulfill  
 Their destiny. England, that visioned star  
 Foretells things yet to be, when thou art scourged with war.

As Herod on his throne by God was smitten,  
 Eaten by worms in his own entrails bred,  
 England, thy land is now with doom-fires litten ;  
 Pride, Avarice, Wrath, at cost of virtue fed,  
 The poor by tyrants robbed of home, friends, bread,  
 Destroyed in recompense for years of toil,

Starved women forced to the adulterer's bed,  
 Men and their souls made Usury's lawful spoil ;—  
 Forbode thee Herod's doom when war invades thy soil.

An inward hell within thee chokes and smothers  
 Like fire in coal-pits ; it shall burst anon.  
 Thy serfs shall cry, " Help us, ye Western brothers,  
 To win our rights, even as your own were won.  
 Light breaketh from the land of Washington !  
 America shall fight on Freedom's side !  
 Then Monarchy sets like a blood-red sun  
 That long triumphant in the skies did ride.  
 All men shall have their rights, none feed the Oppressor's pride.

Marshal thy armed serfs, thou earthly hell,  
 Old Europe ! Bid them seek the English shore ;  
 A new Armada lead the ranks to swell  
 Of Pride's fierce minions, drunk with shedding gore.  
 God hastes the Rights of Nations to restore :  
 Ghouls of the pit, feasting on men ye slay,  
 Your wolf-like host shall fall to rise no more.  
 O'er stormy seas God's eagles seek their prey,  
 In haste to feast on flesh of kings in that great day.

There is a palsy on thy dying brain ;  
 There is a leprosy upon thy skin ;  
 O England, thy last Prophet pleads in vain ;  
 The Seer Carlyle sits thy proud gates within,  
 Reasoning with thee of righteousness and sin  
 And retribution ;—men believe him not ;—

The rich more wealth, the great more greatness win ;  
 The peasant grows a pauper, menial, sot ;  
 Lordlings drink, dice and drab, fearing no Chartists' plot.

Yet wide and deep, from Mersey to the Thames,  
 The rankling evils of the Social State  
 Ripen to ruin. Hell's devouring flames  
 Burn in thy breast, while sleek red-tapists prate  
 Of 'Progress,' and the Tory press cries 'Wait.'  
 France, now your friend, ere long shall be your foe.  
 Your satraps feast with Cyrus at the gate,  
 Your wooden walls rot fast as April snow ;—  
 The Bull with gilded horns waits the Destroyer's blow.

Guelf shall like Tudor and Plantagenet  
 Be a forgotten name in Windsor's Halls ;  
 The German hounds who suck the public teat  
 Shall feed the just wrath of their risen thralls ;  
 And unctuous deans flee from their burning stalls  
 While terribly Destruction waves his brand.  
 Thy blood-cemented fabric shakes and falls,  
 O Aristocracy ; when God's right hand  
 Thrones Freedom o'er your isles, none shall His might withstand."

---

So Byron ceased his lay. Methought he grew  
 Happier while singing it. The sceptered flame  
 Great Alfred held shone brighter. "Free from blame,"  
 He said, "O Byron, thou wert not on earth ;  
 Redeem thy errors, as becomes a man ;

In loyalty to Freedom issue forth,  
And, where men suffer 'neath Oppression's ban,  
Be comforter and friend, till suffering eyes  
Shall brighten, filled with luster from the skies."

While Alfred bade this mighty bard depart,  
A milder spirit, Coleridge, stood apart  
In silence; like a silver statue, wrought  
To emblem forth the royalty of thought,  
He graced that nobler Parthenon. There he,  
The English Plato, in the harmony  
Of his own thought deep-dwelling, spake and said:  
"Gazing abstract on government, I find  
Its archetype in the Eternal Mind;  
All governments below must therefore die,  
Being treasons 'gainst th' eternal sovereignty  
Of order. As the spotted fawns, who drink  
In lakelets, see their image in the brink,  
Heaven sees its shadow in the earthly plan  
Of government; the State was made for man.  
I think, therefore, the true Society,  
Like man himself, should form a trinity.  
As Love, Truth, Beauty, three in one, agree,  
Religion, Science, and Creative Art  
Should work together, and the public heart,  
And brain, and body, three in one, express  
Heaven's three-fold archetypal loveliness."

Great Alfred smiled to hear these wisest words,  
And said, "Let them by all remembered be.  
True inspiration's deep-toned prophecy,

Albeit couched in language sibylline,  
 Looks forth, wise teacher, from this thought of thine."  
 Thereat grew Coleridge like a hierophant,  
 And he poured forth in verse this Orphic chant :

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Thought shines from God as shines the morn ;  
 Language from kindling thought is born ;  
 The radiant zones of space and time  
 Unroll from out that speech sublime ;  
 Creation is the picture word,  
 The hieroglyph of Wisdom's Lord ;  
 Edens on blissful Edens rise  
 To shape the Epic of the skies ;  
 Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought  
 Of Him by whom the worlds were wrought ;  
 He, throned within the Word above,  
 Inspires that Heaven, that thought, with love.

Love, Wisdom, Beauty, three in one,  
 Shine forth from Life's all-perfect Sun ;  
 Love, Wisdom, Beauty evermore  
 In God the Seraphim adore ;  
 Love, Wisdom, Beauty make the soul  
 The mirror of the perfect whole ;  
 Love, Wisdom, Beauty, where they dwell  
 In man are God's fresh miracle.  
 Three Heavens illumine the seraph's eyes ;  
 Three-fold the sphere of Nature lies ;  
 And, three in one and one in three,  
 God dwells in all their harmony.



The love-light of a Seraph's eye  
Is language in the blessed sky ;  
The music of a quiet heart  
Is harmony's essential part ;  
Love is the soul and truth the mind,  
And Beauty, pure and unconfined,  
The breathing form, the shining dress  
Of all those holy ones express ;  
Yet fullest song but half reveals  
The heaven each saintly breast conceals,  
For, like a sea devoid of shore,  
God's Love flows there for evermore.

With three-fold arch th' Eternal bends ;  
With three-fold speech the God descends  
To Earth, while stormy discords cease ;  
Love, Wisdom, Beauty bloom in peace.  
Discord is being's only hell ;  
Love, Wisdom, Beauty form the spell  
Whereby the Infinite alone  
Through worlds and heavens is heard and known ;  
Art, Science, Virtue all belong  
To their full-voiced immortal song,  
The Hero's deeds, the Martyr's prayers,  
And the rapt Poet's haunting airs.

The Perfect Man through love receives  
The God in whom all Nature lives ;  
The Perfect Man through wisdom draws  
The secret of th' eternal laws ;

The Perfect Man is Nature's chant,  
Hero and Bard and Hierophant ;  
True to his being's law he grows,  
Of self unconscious as the rose ;  
His deeds to Perfect Beauty tend ;  
He is the universal friend ;  
His thoughts repeat in pictured verse  
The Art-Song of the universe.

The Minster is a marble psalm,  
Where Druid oak and Syrian palm  
Lift the groined roof, and seem to wave  
O'er aisle and chancel, crypt and grave.  
The Church of God in man below  
Methinks should like the minster grow ;  
All Truths His three-fold voice inspires  
Should build its buttresses and spires ;  
Each holy deed that memory sings  
Should gleam with cherub face and wings  
O'er the high altar's mystic shrine,  
And Love make all the place divine.

The ashes of the sacred Past  
Should rest beneath its spaces vast ;  
There fervid Art inspired should paint  
The Bard, the Prophet and the Saint.  
All Hero-forms should grace the pile ;  
There the triumphant Martyr smile,  
And God in Christ shine down to see  
Art symbolize Divinity ;

And there the organ throb with might,  
 Telling how God created light,  
 When from His Being's music rolled  
 The Planetarium's rings of gold.

But let the human voice declare  
 How God made man, the primal pair,  
 Shining in Love through Adam's eyes  
 On Angel Eve in Paradise.  
 Let stately choirs of old and young  
 Praise God therein with tuneful tongue.  
 The perfect Church fills all the State,  
 Love, Wisdom, Use, its laws create ;  
 As chant melodious Angel choirs,  
 Harmonic States, whom God inspires,  
 In life's great sacrament agree ;—  
 Order unfolds through Liberty."

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Then Shelley sang, and as he sang the dust  
 Of star-flakes round him thrilled ; the glad air grew  
 Melodious, and that song of hope and trust  
 Filled every breast as morn is filled with dew.  
 His floating mantle, crimson, gold and blue,  
 Waved round him like the skies around the sun ;  
 The burning splendors from his lips that flew,  
 Like meteors that through midnight swiftly run,  
 Streamed toward Earth's cloudy pall. Thus sang that radiant one :

"For evermore, Laone, evermore  
 Sit in thy spherical chariot, Love, with me,  
 Sweet empress whom delighted I adore,  
 Pouring thy joy in song ; for, lo ! we see  
 From Heaven descend God's Essence man to free ;  
 And Atlas, type of human nature, throw  
 The ponderous orb of death and slavery  
 From his bent form, that crouched beneath its wo ;—  
 And Earth to Heaven's embrace espoused and queenly go.

Joy ! joy ! for Human Nature, like a prism  
 Held in God's hand, reflects His sun-bright will ;  
 And morning streams through all the blank abysm  
 Of moral midnight that man's breast did fill.  
 Sweet joy shall fill thy heart, O man, until  
 The crystaline immensities resound  
 Thy triumph. From their high Parnassian hill  
 The joyous deities, with wisdom crowned,  
 Shall people all thy shrines of thought and love profound.

Joy ! joy ! the choral thunders of mild light  
 Strike the great harp of Nature ; solemn strains,  
 Pæans of bliss and shouts of love-born might,  
 Thrill the wide sphere. Lo ! Freedom now obtains  
 Dominion ; now the fierce, red lightning-rains  
 Of retribution, from the skies descending,  
 Deluge with blood the sacerdotal fanes,  
 Dooming the foes of man to night unending ;—  
 From every shackled serf the chains of slavery rending.

‘Wrest from thy enemy by craft his power ;’  
 So spake wise Rome to England, when she knew  
 That Revolution terribly did lower  
 From the great Western Empire. ‘Shape anew  
 Thy artful course ; as hoar frost kills the dew,  
 Poisoning the flower, so Superstition’s breath  
 Shall kill young Freedom’s flowerets. Swift pursue  
 Invisibly thy foe, like Sleep, like Death ;—  
 Hunt him with silent feet till Freedom vanisheth.’

So Rome to Oxford said. Then came a swarm  
 Of veiled deceivers, some with cross and cope,  
 Minions of Night and murderers of bright Morn,  
 Intent to kill man’s last and brightest hope.  
 Where’er they dwelt there rose a lurid smoke  
 Of fierce contagion from their hall of dooms ;  
 And, when man’s spiritual nature woke,  
 They blinded its young eyes with dungeon glooms,  
 And sought to fill the earth again with martyrs’ tombs.

Then Prelacy and Papacy together  
 Conspired, and England sold her heart to Rome ;  
 They, when mankind the triple yoke did sever,  
 That bound the New World to Night’s ancient throne,  
 Planned a deep, subtle scheme. They heard the moan  
 Of crushed Humanity that, broken-hearted,  
 Lay buried ’neath their battlements of stone,  
 Crying for vengeance, while their bosoms smarted  
 With grief and madness. Ere the impious spell departed,

That held in chains their bondsmen, pale and dying,  
They planned a new delusion, and they made  
Craft take the place of valor, wisely buying  
All shrewd, keen, selfish men ; they forged a blade  
Of keen diplomacy. These gamblers played  
With loaded dice, packed cards, and, shuffling well  
With fraudulent hand, their race anew betrayed.  
Bishops, priests, pimps and harlots, with their spell  
Of sorceries foul, did seek to make the world a hell.

Bloated Episcopacy leered, with eyes  
Of lustful pride, on every crowned rake ;  
And sons, whose fathers had for Freedom died,  
Bartered their souls for Mammon's greedy sake ;  
And Satire hissed, that thousand-tongued snake,  
Against young Liberty ; and jingling rhymes  
Were sung in praise of blended Church and State ;  
And pamphleteers did justify all crimes  
Of perjured kings, but most that venal press, 'The Times,'

Spat venom on the Christ who loves the poor,  
Heaped curses on the just for Truth who die,  
And deified all prosperous Tyrants ; more,  
Like hateful Judas, sold young Liberty  
Unto its foes. Were every subtle lie  
That bloated gorgon coined a seed of corn,  
Sowed over England, watered from the sky,  
Millions might feed ; but millions yet unborn  
Shall loathe its hated name, and heap its grave with scorn.

Hypocrisy, thou God whom prelates keep  
 In mind and heart forever ; thou whose dress,  
 Exact and formal, doth the millions cheat ;  
 Whose feet the necks of free-born myriads press,  
 Crushing the poor, nor pitying their distress ;  
 With unctuous fawning phrase beseeching these,  
 Thy dupes, to hug resigned their wretchedness  
 Submissively, and threatening them with seas  
 Of endless hate, should they rise man-like from their knees ;

Thou friend of Tyrants, doling out the Psalter,  
 With stereotyped devotions muttering on,  
 Externally adoring at the altar,  
 With eyes askance on Fashion's horizon ;  
 Thou double knave, ere long thy orison  
 Of pretense and delusion uttered there,  
 With fierce rebound recoiling from God's throne,  
 Shall scorch away thy vestments priestly-fair,  
 And serpents hiss from 'mid thy heart, that sepulcher.

Thou standest even now where men are dying  
 Of hunger, mingling poison with their bread ;  
 Thou sittest where poor bleeding hearts are sighing,  
 And scatterest adders where their feet must tread ;  
 Thou glarest with thy torturing Gorgon head  
 Alike on Tyrants and their bleeding slaves ;  
 Thou dost for Crime its human banquet spread ;  
 Hunger and Wo and Madness, in their caves,  
 Are sons of thine, whom thou dost feed with spoil from graves.

Thou art the wan Eclipse whose shades of terror,  
At war with Heaven's pure light, mankind envail ;  
And thy unnatural womb all shapes of error  
Sends forth, and these go shrieking through the gale ;  
Thy spectral furies, clad with fiery mail,  
Haunt with all lurid dreams the minds of men.  
Craft, Artifice and Fraud with thee prevail,  
Dethroning Reason ; Evil in his den  
Feeds with fierce hate thy heart, thou strengthenest him again.

Thou cruelest of monsters, there is not  
In all the world a heart thou hast not stung.  
Thou murderest Peace ! Thou art the plague whose spot  
Infects mankind ; thy triple-forked tongue  
Of slander and suspicion moves among  
Mankind through every land, and thou dost glide  
With poisonous trail where Eden-birds once sang ;  
But now, alas, they pour the joyous tide  
Of melody no more ; pierced by thy darts they died.

Concealment is the Enemy of Truth,  
The bane of Progress and the Friend of Shame ;  
In Golden Ages of man's gentle youth  
Thought shone through matter's vail, and then the frame  
Of man was like a statue of white flame,  
Impulsing thought's divine beatitude  
Of Love and Wisdom : his ideas became  
Visions sublime, felt, known, and understood,  
And shone with God-like forms of perfect Truth and Good.



O Mother of the Night and its dismay,  
 Distrust; who didst in Eden Ages olden  
 Change into blood life's pure celestial day,  
 And weave a web of sorceries for the golden  
 Heart of Humanity, whose spirit folden  
 In thy embrace lost confidence in Heaven  
 And in its God; thou who didst grief embolden  
 And nerve Delusion, till in blindness driven  
 By Night and Death, mankind to Hades trod unshriven;

Thou who didst cause each man to doubt his brother;  
 Thou Specter haunting every festive board;  
 Midwife who didst young Bliss, the infant smother;  
 Kindler of hate and sharpener of the sword;  
 Thou who didst pile the niggard miser's hoard,  
 And turn pale Misery from Splendor's door;  
 Beldame by all the sensuous proud adored;  
 Torturer of loving hearts, the cruel lore  
 Suspicion of all good, world-teaching evermore;

Thou croonest thy wild death-song o'er the world;  
 Serene Futurity thou dost conceal;  
 Thy banner is the shroud, the pall unfurled  
 Above mankind; thou speakest in the peal  
 Of death-bells; to mankind thou dost reveal  
 Naught but heart-madness and the spirit's loss;  
 Thou dost sweet tears of youthful Joy congeal;  
 Thou crucifiest Love on Sorrow's cross;  
 Sheeted in flame thy slaves on Doubt's drear ocean toss.

All martyrdoms are birth-throes of the race ;  
All prophet-words reveal futurity.  
Truth now unveiled no spell can e'er efface  
From life's bright tablet ; as the smoothest sea  
Glows most with heaven, so hearts from discord free  
Are most inspired. The Titans of old time  
Whose creed-built tombs defy eternity,  
Slain by sweet Harmony, shall leave no sign  
Of the great wreck they made in Earth's New Age divine.

Mild Genius of the Old World's dying sorrow,  
Pure, glowing orb, Tradition, like the Moon  
Waning before the splendors of the morrow,  
Yet shining with wan light o'er crypt and tomb ;  
In whose pale ray serenest night-flowers bloom,  
In whose dim luster living men repose,  
Gilder of ruins, through dark Evil's gloom  
Casting reflected beams, thy eye-lids close ;  
The Sun his golden vail above thy setting throws.

As the wild maniac wakes, life's troubles over,  
Crowned with white roses, in celestial bliss,  
Pressed in the arms of her divinest lover,  
And quickened with that heavenly bridegroom's kiss,  
So Earth arises from her drear abyss  
Of superstition, filled with joy serene,  
Tortured no more by priestly snakes that hiss  
Their cruel falsehoods ; with benignant mien  
Eternal Joy draws near and hails his Goddess-queen.

Oblivion for the past, forgetfulness  
 Of all thy sorrows, Earth, and bliss that winds  
 Like music through the heart of happiness  
 Shall be thy lot. As when bright Day unbinds  
 The sheaflets of the stars, and Nature finds  
 Her fertile ether strown with grains of light,  
 So Truth leads forth her myriad-thoughted minds  
 From Heaven, where they illumed the ancient Night;—  
 Sowing the world with flowers as the soul's day-dawn bright.

O joy! the mighty Armies of the Spheres  
 In sun-embattled ranks advance, and charge,  
 And all the ghastly hosts of Frauds and Fears  
 Turn, cower and flee and strew Death's ocean marge.  
 Old Superstition, once a shadow large,  
 Eclipsing earth and darkening out the sun,  
 Trembles, recedes, and on the narrow verge  
 Of farthest space, light-driven, expires unknown.  
 Death, Slavery and Hate all feed Oblivion.

Hail, thou great Future; welcome and all hail!  
 Minos and Radamanthus never more  
 Shall desolate thy coasts with iron hail  
 Of terror from the red Plutonian shore.  
 The cursed twins dull Night incestuous bore,  
 Slavery of mind and body, they depart  
 From Time and Nature. Mines of yellow ore  
 No more shall be the gods of tower and mart—  
 The wild wolf avarice cease to gnaw the human heart.

False kings, false priests, by all mankind abhorred,  
 Weep venom from rank hearts, your power is fled !  
 Old Bigotry, thou Cain with branded forehead,  
 Scowling o'er murdered Love, like Abel dead,  
 The shaft that kills, by heaven's wise Omniarch sped,  
 'Gainst thee and thine, invincible shall prove.  
 Goodness and Truth indissoluble wed,  
 Earth is their bridal palace, Heaven above  
 Blesses the couch of their divine immortal love :

And from their blended lives, sublimely strong  
 In love and wisdom, Angel-nations rise,  
 And Earth in crystal chariot moves along,  
 Led forth by Light through new Eternities.  
 Lift the bright sword that flashes from the skies,  
 O Earth, and with it smite thy Tyrants down.  
 Haste, haste, avenge thee on thine enemies ;  
 Tear from thy foes the miter and the crown ;  
 Flash lightnings from thine eyes and kill them with thy frown."

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"As one who hears afar through trackless woods,  
 Where he has lost his way, the village choir  
 Singing hosannas, and by those sweet tones  
 Is guided where the congregation bow  
 In worship, I was led from Night's dim thrall,"  
 The Spirit Pollok said, "to love and peace  
 And harmony. I left the lower earth,  
 Thinking mankind born reprobate, sin-cursed,  
 Black as perdition, from the mother's womb ;

The greater part doomed to an endless hell ;  
But woke to realize that Mercy lives  
And reigns omnipotent wherever God  
Hath made an earthly footstool for his throne,  
Wherever suns blaze on the steeps of day,  
Or spirit-spheres their spiral rings unfold.  
Black terror made my earthly life a dream  
Of judgment and perdition. Better taught,  
I sing of Faith and Hope and Joy and Peace  
And Loving-kindness, infinite from God,  
Flowing to every soul on every world  
In the wide universe his word hath made.

When Nature blossomed, man was her ripe fruit.  
All Nature grew intelligent in man ;  
Her merry seasons piped upon his lips ;  
Her suns shone radiant through his deathless eyes ;  
And all her stars gleamed through their burning rays.  
Great Heaven itself is but the mind of man  
Walking in light and music through the spheres ;  
And God Himself reposes in the will  
And works forever in the immortal mind.  
The source of all sensation is His joy,  
The source of consciousness God's introspect,  
Whereby He sees Himself divinely fair,  
All-great, all-good, all-perfect, and all-wise.

From mind, in mind, and unto mind all things  
Proceed, move, tend, eventuate. The dust  
Is thought discreted from the thinker's mind,  
And man is thought incarnate. All men see,

Hear, feed upon, from God proceeds as beams  
 From one Eternal Intellectual Sun.  
 Nothing but shares the impulse of His Will ;  
 Nothing but ripens in His perfect Love ;  
 Nature is blazing with the light of thought  
 And mind effulgent with Divinity ;  
 For God alike through mind and matter wills,  
 Works, ultimates Himself for evermore.

Creation sprang from God's necessity.  
 God never woke, because He never slept.  
 The universe is ancient as Himself,  
 Without beginning and without an end.  
 Because thought ultimates itself in worlds,  
 Because thought had its origin in God,  
 Because God always thought, because the stream  
 Of His effulgent wisdom is His own  
 Working from infinite resource within,  
 Therefore God never lived without some form  
 Of manifested loveliness, whose beams  
 Were the intense reflection of Himself.—  
 Here my thought ends, my finite wisdom fails.

Why should not suns in one continuous chain  
 Circle through Being's boundlessness, and be  
 Without, beyond all finite flights of thought ?  
 Who shall put bounds to God's omnipotence ?  
 Who knows but that beyond the cosmic sphere,  
 Beyond celestial heavens themselves, beyond  
 Time and its ages, space and all its worlds,

And all the spirit-spheres that grow from space,  
And all the minds that fill those spheres, expand  
Unknown thought-splendors of the Infinite,  
Systems diverse from suns and stars and heavens,  
Powers diverse from angels and from men ?

All theories are thought-forms that the mind  
Creates from its own knowledge or its guess.  
God never yet revealed himself in full  
And never will. No intellectual form  
Is able to receive the Deity  
Save as a crystal draws the solar light.  
This is my faith, that God reveals Himself  
To every man according to his state,  
Higher to highest minds, so lessening down  
To the dim verge of reason. I believe  
That there are faculties in man that are  
Mind-organs for the Infinite to fill,  
And that these may unfold without an end,  
And multiply without an end, and all,  
Inter-pervaded by one common life,  
Inform the soul forever. This I know,  
Or, knowing not, believe in as in God ;  
But still my thought is circumscribed ; my faith  
Being the sum of all my added thoughts,  
And these the measure of the active mind.

Faith grows forever in the universe,  
With the eternal progress of the worlds  
From sphere to sphere of knowledge and of love.

Each Angel sees the past beneath his feet,  
The radiant future like the sky above,  
All that he is, like heaven about himself.  
He knows the past down to his mother's womb,  
He knows the present as a written page ;  
The future lies before him, luminous,  
A Wonder-land he never yet has seen,  
But infinite in promise—nearer God.

When His philosophy, who made the worlds,  
Opens to Angels in eternity,  
The boundless Infinite, whence issue forth  
Creations numberless, becomes the theme  
Of never-ceasing praise. They never know  
To-morrow's revelation over night.  
Why then should man presume to limit God ?  
Why dare shut out the Mind that brightens all ?  
Why say God formed the world and then stood still,  
Ended creation when he made mankind,  
And revelation when the prophets died ?  
The creeds that men in Christendom create  
From the distempered workings of the brain,  
From the harsh discords of bewildered sense  
And tottering reason, like a shadow rise,  
Like sickly odors from a buried corpse,  
Like sooty clouds from ancient catacombs,  
Where pits of mummies through the midnight burn.  
The agonies men suffer, from the dawn  
Of consciousness till death obscures the brain,  
Spring from perverted theories of life.



The widow dies on the funereal pile  
 Of her dead husband ; so the world's great heart  
 Burns on the pyre of moral reason dead.

Fear is the soul's insanity ; distrust,  
 The aching numbness, springs from lack of love.  
 All men are sick in body, heart or brain.  
 The shadow falling from the face of Night,  
 The luster gleaming through the veil of Day,  
 The sleep-dews of the golden-petaled stars,  
 And the awakening kisses of the sun,  
 Express, in alternating forms, the same  
 Eternal Providence. O brother man,  
 Why, like the moth, destroy thyself in flame  
 Evolved from grossest substance of decay ?  
 Why, like the drunkard, suck the poisonous still,  
 Where truth perverted, like the precious grain  
 Changed into liquid lava, burns the soul ?

Sects loom before me like distilleries,  
 And churches, consecrate to death and hell,  
 But splendid gin-shops on the streets of Time.  
 The poor inebriate, who pawns his rags  
 Or sells his manhood for a fiery dram,  
 Finds his fit counterpart where sages pawn  
 The starry vesture of the sciences,  
 The purple robes of high philosophy,  
 And sit like drunkards maudlin o'er their creeds.

O Genius, phenix-bird who lov'st the sun,  
 And singest 'mid the dawn-fires of the day,

Chant thou no more of harmonies to come ;  
Pierce with thy kindling eye the darkling clouds  
Of superstition, clammy as the robes  
That veil dead victims of the pestilence ;  
Chant thou of human rights and human wrongs,  
Of errors that corrode the human mind,  
And midnight crimes that stab the bleeding soul ;  
Sing from thy lofty hight, and tell the world  
That which it dares not utter, though it feel.

The simplest truths are mightiest in their force ;  
The nearer to the practical men keep,  
The less they deal in vague and abstract things,  
The less they deal in huge, mysterious words,  
The mightier is their power. God writes his thoughts  
In facts, in solid orbs, in living souls ;  
His revelation is the concrete world ;  
He sows the earth with flowers, and shines on man  
Through vital spiritual heat and light.  
The metaphysics wordy men exalt  
As arbiters of fate, ne'er found a place  
In the conceptions of the prophet-seers  
Or Christ's great Epic. O had Jesus taught  
In windy tropes, or veiled his burning thought  
In unintelligible abstract phrase,  
He had not been the Saviour of mankind.  
He spake as never man spake, clear, direct ;  
His speech was logic set on fire with love ;  
Men heard him as the voice of their own souls.  
So every man should speak who loves mankind ;

So every man should write, whose written page,  
Streaming, a flaming scroll through heaven, should light  
The dreary darkness of the present age.  
Napoleon spake with battles in his words,  
And armed millions stormed the steeps of death,  
And burst the massive gates of victory ;  
While the mere rhetoricians of his time,  
By great occasions tried, proved imbecile,  
Wanting in power to energize the soul.  
Therefore, Isaiah-like, with kindling eye  
Fixed on the summit of the age to be,  
And with a tongue love-quicken'd from the heart,  
And with a brain transparent as the light,  
The thinker should address his fellow-men.  
His theories, that scale Empyrean heights  
Should rest on granite ledges, solid truths,  
Touched, seen, felt, comprehended by the race.  
Who builds a pyramid on winter ice ?  
Who spans an arch from buttresses of sand ?  
The obelisk that cleaves the lofty clouds  
Rises from bases massive as the world.  
Bacon lives on, while Aristotle dies.  
The simplest peasant who observes a truth,  
And from a fact deduces principle,  
Adds solid treasure to the public wealth.  
The theorist, who dreams a rainbow dream,  
And calls hypothesis philosophy,  
At best is but a paper financier,  
Who palms his specious promises for gold.  
Facts are the basis of philosophy ;

Philosophy the harmony of facts  
Seen in their right relation. Every word  
The teacher utters should find evidence  
In fixed realities. So grand and large  
Unfolds the dome of the new Future's faith,  
Resting on all that is, and rising up  
To the diviner splendors yet to be.  
Speak all thy thoughts, O Thinker, howsoe'er  
They flout the speculations of the age,  
Its pet conceits or fantasies; speak on,  
Marshal thy thoughts like phalanxes of horse;  
Scatter the idle dreamers of the time.  
The phantom hosts of popular ignorance  
Shall strike their cloudy tents, and silently  
Shrink to their own nonentity again.  
The age needs plainness and simplicity;  
To mystify the people is the trick  
Of painted harlequins of Church and State.  
Be true, O Thinker, to thy nature's law,  
And borrow not another's style, but speak  
Thine own brave thoughts in thine own spirit's tongue.  
Call things by their right names, right minds shall hear;  
The Senate of the mighty gods, who sit  
In sky-built palaces, rejoice in thee,  
As worthy to repeat their loftiest speech,  
And sow their wisdom broadcast through the earth.  
The pedant talks to pedants like himself,  
The man who follows Nature to mankind;  
The bookworm dies in dusty libraries;  
The man of sense lives on as time endures;

The man who adds a science or an art  
 Or new invention, practically wise,  
 Leads the great host; while those who simply talk  
 Of what men did, are laggards in the rear.  
 All shams are tottering on their pedestals;  
 False reputations shrivel as the grass  
 Of western prairies bathed in billowed fire.  
 Mere theorizing is the idler's trade,  
 The madman's boast, the trickster's common-place,  
 The dreamer's castle floating in the brain.

Men learn through all the senses; not in vain  
 The eye, the ear, the hand, touch, taste and smell.  
 The senses all are organs of the soul,  
 And the immortal messengers who bear  
 Glad tidings of great joy from God to man.  
 Scorn not the senses, nor condemn thyself,  
 Because thou feedest on the joys they bring,  
 And bathest in their harmony of bliss.  
 Sensation is the attribute of God,  
 Sensation is the attribute of mind,  
 And the immortal rapture of the heart.  
 Through the five senses time and space reveal  
 Their stately splendors to the inmost life.  
 The human face divine, art with its grace,  
 And nature with its symmetry, and all  
 The révelations of immortal day  
 To us were nothing were it not for sight.  
 The harmonies that thrill all living things,  
 The music of the seasons and the years,

The many tones of air and earth and sea,  
All instruments of melody, that change  
Still air to music, yea, the art that gives  
To every thought and love its vocal power ;  
And eloquence that kindles all the soul,  
And teaches man how best for man to live,  
And nerves the hero-spirits of the race  
For truth to dare and die ; and sacred song,  
Which is God's voice in nature and in man,  
And heaven's eternal overflow of life,  
And love's embodiment in melody  
And joy's own speech communing with itself ;  
These all were nothing to us without ear.

O wafted odors of the summer woods,  
O tropic fragrances of Indian isles,  
And halcyon gales distilling from the air  
Sweetness no less than melody, and balms  
Shaken from the ambrosial spheres of love,  
And wafted from the heavenly, ye that flow  
From the great fullness of celestial bliss,  
Yet find in earthly words no fitting name.  
Perfumes as various as the flowers of heaven,  
And the sweet joys of angels in their sphere,  
Nectarian juices of immortal fruits,  
And essences divine, dead were ye all  
And unsuspected your sweet sphere, did man  
Inhale you not through an adapted sense.  
And O sweet joys that hive within the breast  
And dwell on beauty's cheeks, and on her lips

Nestle like fairies in a budding rose,  
 And O ye spiritual gifts revealed  
 In touch, the living telegraph of soul,  
 Without that sense ye too were all unknown.  
 And O ye joys that ripen where the fruits  
 Of summer blush upon the treasured bough,  
 Ye fruits born of the blended earth and sun,  
 Feeding with odors palpable the form,  
 Tasteless were ye but for that sense that gives  
 Your fine aromal substance unto man.  
 And O ye ripened fruits of heavenly love  
 And everlasting wisdom, that unfold  
 In Paradises where the Angels dwell,  
 Ye were but mocking phantoms without taste  
 Possessed by spirits. All creation lies  
 In that great sphere the senses seek to know,  
 And, through sensation, all the universe  
 Instructs the reason and informs the heart.

The senses are the ministers of love,  
 The senses are the oracles of truth,  
 The senses the interpreters of law,  
 The senses the discoverers of fact ;  
 They hold their court in beauty and in joy  
 On earth and in the spheres where Angels dwell,  
 And through the senses God reveals Himself,  
 And through the senses earth is taught from heaven.  
 Call not the senses carnal, but respect  
 The use and beauty of their perfect law.  
 Abuse them not ; degrade them not by vice ;

Each hath an Angel function for thy mind.  
They cradle thee in soft and loving arms ;  
They chant harmonious to thy being's ear ;  
They feed thee with divine deliciousness,  
And lap thee in Elysium. From the air,  
The earth, the sky, the ocean and the stars,  
From eager morn and soft reposeful night,  
From flowers on earth, from Angels in the skies,  
From dearest kindred, from sweet lips of love  
And forms of joy whose life pervadeth thine,  
They bear a blessing ample as thy want,  
Full as thy satisfaction. Mar them not,  
As the foul drunkard smites th' attendant wife.  
Think that they are, all, in their proper sphere,  
As much God's work as sun and moon and stars.

The body is not vile. Men make it so,  
By harboring vices in its tenement.  
Sweet as the lily on its virgin stem,  
Sweet as the rose, that opes its perfumed lips,  
And kisses the enamored air of June,  
Is the fair child upon its mother's breast,  
And the sweet maiden in her girlhood's prime,  
And the young mother sacred unto God,  
Whose infant is a blossom of the soul,  
Dropped by His hand, and fresh from paradise.  
The form is made to be the home of love,  
And every atom bathed in innocence,  
And joy and beauty, should diffuse its life,  
And thrill with song—to Angels inly heard.



The mother bosom, Love's all-hallowed realm,  
 Is no vile dust. Born from the darkest age  
 Of superstition is that ancient creed  
 That matter is the enemy of good,  
 Accursed and hateful to the Infinite ;  
 For every atom is a living thought,  
 Dropped from the meditations of a God,  
 Its every essence an immortal love  
 Of the incarnate Deity ; and all  
 The inmost pulses of material things  
 Are mediums for the pulses of His will.  
 God's harmonies through matter pour their flood  
 Of billowy music. Nature is a rose,  
 Whose breath, and leaves, and buds, and flowers disclose  
 The beauty of the One All-Beautiful ;  
 The grace and charm whose source is the Divine.

There are two methods whereby man discerns  
 The great thought-worlds, the orbs of lustrous light,  
 The spirit-empires of the happy free ;—  
 First the ascetic method, born in pain  
 Wrought out with vigil, penance, cruel wrongs,  
 Scourgings and lacerations of the flesh,  
 Inflicted on the body by the soul.  
 So Indian Yogees spike their feet and hands,  
 Make all the form one torture-house of pain,  
 Deny each sense, deny the soul its food,  
 Deny the heart the living wine of love,  
 Deny the mind the manna-bread of heaven,  
 And stand by day and night from year to year,

In one fixed posture, till the hands are grown  
Like bird's-claws ; and the crooked nails shot down  
Like roots into the earth, beyond the feet ;  
Till parasitic plants have twined themselves  
In thorny tortures round the neck, and birds  
Have built their nests amid the matted hair.  
The Shaker Devotee, who makes his heart  
A barren wilderness, where never more  
Shall flow sweet streams of woman's tender love,  
Upon whose knees no child shall ever climb ;  
The monk grown lean with penance and with fast ;  
The pale nun pining lonely in her cell,  
Unmated flower that ripens not to fruit ;  
Are monuments a stern ascetic faith  
Rears to its own abortiveness ; yet these,  
Seeking the heavenly visions, have denied  
The use and beauty of the natural life,  
And called the senses carnal and accursed.  
Truly, of all the multitudes who throng  
The bleak ascetic desert, some have seen  
Supernal gleams and felt the ecstatic thrill ;  
But having no receptacle of sense,  
No plane of reason in the natural mind,  
They have forever failed to comprehend  
The real essence of the inner life,  
And ever missed, in indiscriminate  
Wild guess-work, to perceive substantial truth.  
The spirits they have drawn have been like them,  
Not full-bloomed natures of the better skies,  
Not balanced minds harmonious in their bliss,

Raptures, Hopes, Visions, winged Prophecies,  
 Rich-blazoned Splendors, Angel-shapes divine ;  
 But lean, lank, livid skeletons of mind ;  
 Emaciated atomies with pale  
 Wan features, ghastly, gloomy like themselves,  
 Held to the earth, though dead, unfreed as yet  
 From bigotry and rigid creeds of men,  
 Nursing all fantasies that sting and kill,  
 Projecting hydra fears to outward form,  
 Filling their miserable votaries  
 With haunting terrors, dreams of death and hell,  
 And claiming in their madness to be God,  
 Or at the least Christ or the Holy Ghost,  
 Gabriel or Michael, Moses, Peter, Paul,  
 The Virgin Mary or some ancient saint.

So comes that foul Authority that wraps  
 Delirious minds in midnight's lurid gloom—  
 So comes the Despotism that enslaves  
 The devotees, who, lost to manhood, fly  
 At every dark uncultured spirit's call.  
 Worse slaves these are than England's grimy serfs,  
 Throttled with Want ; worse slaves than peasant hinds,  
 Toiling beneath the bloody knout, remote  
 In Arctic wastes on bleak Siberian soil.

The meanest superstitions, that degrade  
 Mankind, originate where narrow minds  
 Make merit of their own self-murdered loves.  
 Assassinated intellects, and days

Of wire-drawn whining cant, and groaning nights  
In fetid cells consumed with dreams of pain ;  
Who think to open the interior sense,  
And hold communion with the Deity,  
By immolating all that makes man man,  
And making earth a demon-haunted hell.

Through harmony in body, heart and brain,  
Through harmony of wisdom, love and use,  
Man blooms in every faculty of soul,  
And every organ of the cultured mind,  
And consciousness itself becomes inspired,  
And man reflects the streaming thoughts that shine  
Through spirit atmospheres upon the world.  
He takes impressions from the entities  
Of the Divine Existence ; in his sleep  
He passes through the golden gate that opens  
Into the splendors of the Spirit-world ;  
He wakes beyond the body and its sphere,  
He is at liberty from outward things.

This state of inner waking is beyond  
The state men first take on beyond the grave,  
Because the nervous essence that first clothes  
The spirit, leaving the dissolving form,  
When mind becomes clairvoyant yet remains  
Connected with the outer particles ;  
And when this state grows perfect, man ascends  
The spiral pathway of the upper life,  
His errors being dormant, and he learns

Eternal and unutterable things,  
 That never are and never can be known  
 Till all the outward faculties of man  
 In perfect harmony prevent no ray,  
 But shine translucent from the light above.

Men cannot tell the secrets of the life  
 Beyond the portals of the natural sphere ;  
 At best they dimly shadow out the truth,—  
 Too glorious 'tis for mortal minds to bear.  
 When mortal puts on immortality,  
 Corruption incorruption, when the grave  
 Hath lost its sting and death its victory,  
 When, free from all the passions of the earth,  
 The soul becomes a conscious element  
 In the One Harmony that moves through all,  
 Man is translated to a realm of thought  
 Incomprehensible to minds in time.  
 A language infinite in thought, whose tones  
 Are as the accents of Almighty God,  
 Assumes the place of the external tongue.  
 He speaks as he is wrought upon by powers  
 Innumerable and beyond himself,  
 And can at will in perfect freedom change  
 His state each hour, as crystals change their hue,  
 Turned at a varied angle to the sun.  
 Humanity in heaven has varied forms ;  
 Each Race of Angels differs in the sphere  
 Of its delight. Celestial faculties,  
 Varied as hues and harmonies of morn

And noon and sunset, alternating, give  
Each various race some glory which is new  
And special, and its own appropriate name.  
This speciality may be received  
By radiant spirits of each kindred sphere.  
On earth men send their writings to their friends ;  
In heaven they give divinely glorious states,  
Transmuting by the mighty alchemy  
Of thought the spheral air around their friends,  
And filling up the void with images  
Of loveliest truths in loveliest forms combined,  
Whose beauty winds like groves of Paradise  
Round the tranced Angel whom they visit.  
Angelic lovers give their blended love ;  
Sages their intellectual realms of truth ;  
Poets inspire the spirit till it grows  
Itself a melody, and floats afar  
Through unimagined realms and seas of bliss,  
And universal heavens of happy life.  
Men give cold thoughts and words on earth below,  
But living worlds and spheres of bliss above.  
Shakespeare gave Hamlet, Romeo, Juliet,  
Art-forms that, clothed with beauty, walk the world,  
And multiply themselves in every brain ;  
Cordelia, Desdemona, crownless Lear,  
Timon and Shylock, Falstaff and his crew,  
Titania, Puck and Oberon, and all  
The fays of that sweet Midsummer-Night's Dream,  
Ariel, Miranda, gifted Prospero,  
Each form the type of some essential state

Of mind or heart, some gift or sphere of power,  
 Some use or prescience of the intellect ;  
 His thoughts have grown art-poems to the world,  
 Sweet, deathless entities, for he became  
 Creative. All the Angel-peopled sun  
 Is one transcendent Art-realm, where unfold  
 Myriads on myriads of evolving forms,  
 Which the artistic faculties of mind  
 Create, projecting outward from themselves ;  
 And Angels dramatize their radiant thoughts,  
 Marshaled in stately theaters, that ope  
 Their vast prosceniums for the inner sight.

Pass into rapport with an Angel's mind,  
 And it becomes to you a living world,  
 Because each thought has its appropriate form.  
 The idea in the image glows revealed ;  
 Therefore the wonders of the life to be  
 Transcend imagination. Every mind  
 Creates a universe within itself,  
 As various as the worlds that people space,  
 The constellations of the singing stars,  
 The multitudinous angel-peopled isles,  
 Transferring all it sees or hears or thinks,  
 All its enjoyments, all its ecstacies,  
 Into its own pure being, there to be  
 Forms in the picture gallery of the brain,  
 And statues in the pantheon of the soul,  
 And landscapes in the spheres of memory,  
 Beatified in its perpetual life.

Man hath such universe within himself,  
Even while he dwells below ; strange are the beams  
That gild the mountains of the soul in sleep,  
The happy valleys, whose fair landscapes lie  
Bathed in purpureal haloes, that disclose  
Temple and palace, grotto, glen and lake,  
And silver stream and lotus-covered pool,  
And waterfall with rainbows glittering o'er ;—  
That world is man's own consciousness revealed.

'Tis hard to give man's thoughts to the child's brain,  
Or outward light to infants in the womb ;  
So hard it is to give to mortal man  
Defined conceptions of immortal life.  
The charge of mysticism that all time  
Has aimed at Revelation, is deserved.  
And mystery is the setting of the soul,  
Receding in the dimness of its sleep.  
When all the senses lie diffused in rest,  
And an apparent death usurps the place  
Of the accustomed habitude of man,  
When eye and ear alike have lost their power,  
How wonderful is that enchanted state ;  
And yet 'tis veiled in deepest mystery all.

Suppose no man had ever slept and dreamed,  
And one should rise among his fellow-men  
Able to pass into that mystic realm  
Of outward slumber and interior sight ;—  
Men comprehend things by experience,



And, since his differed from the world around,  
 No other man knowing the state of sleep,  
 He would be styled a liar and a knave,  
 Chained in a madhouse, torn by human wolves,  
 Doomed by the Church and exiled by mankind.

The argument, that nothing ever came  
 From Spirits or the Spiritual World  
 Is very ancient. The Philosopher  
 Said to the Seer, 'All that you see I know.'  
 The Seer, in his deep wisdom, made reply,  
 'All that you know I see.' The outward mind  
 Shines in reflected beams and borrowed rays  
 From inspirations through all ancient time,  
 Diffused, and made a part of the world's thought ;  
 The Seer, upon the other hand, discerns,  
 With an original insight, what the world  
 Takes from its ancestral authority.  
 All that Isaiah saw was seen before,  
 And yet his state was real ; all ablaze  
 Before him shone the New Jerusalem.  
 The Spirit-movements of the Present Age  
 Approve themselves as real as the old,  
 Because the same objection smites at each ;  
 That is, that they are mystical and dim.  
 Till they become each man's experience,  
 All spiritual states are mystical.  
 Till man unfolds new faculties of mind,  
 And floats into the harmony of things,  
 Inhales the fragrance of the blessed spheres,

And rests within the perfect peace of God  
That passeth understanding, Inner Life  
Seems to the mind upon its sensuous plane  
The poet's fancy and enthusiast's dream.

As the great atmosphere, whose massive weight  
Presses upon the body, is not felt,  
The mightier spirit-ether, that descends  
And holds the Spirit in its fixed embrace,  
Is all unknown, though in its breath we live.  
Through solid substance runs th' electric flame,  
Invisible to sight; the mountains ope  
For its mysterious movement, and the sea;  
So flashes thought; the Spirit like a sun,  
Yet shaped in human form, in luminous robe  
Of living light, pervades the natural sphere;  
And thoughts, like sun-fires, penetrate the world,  
And go where they are sent; so mind with mind  
Communicates though oceans roll between.  
Affinity determines intercourse.  
Surely as chemical affinities  
Unite and blend material particles,  
Moral affinities unite mankind.  
All men are parts of one another; none  
Live separate from the being of the race;  
All share in its ascension; for a time,  
Perhaps, misled and trodden under foot,  
But destined at the last to culminate,  
Rise with its sun and triumph with its noon.

There is a triumphing, all-conquering law ;  
The evolution of interior powers,  
Which makes all men seraphic and complete  
In the integral harmony of life,  
Wrought out by God, through inmosts of the soul,  
To ultimates of the external form ;—  
'Tis fixed in the necessity of things.

Peal the great Truth from star to answering star,  
Blazon it on thy shield, O orb of day,  
Breathe it in all your sweets ye summer flowers,  
Chant it, ye winds, in all your harmonies,  
Let the dull midnight feel it, let the grave,  
Until it bursts its massive gates to let  
The conquering Lord of light and mercy in,  
Chant it in temples that no human hands  
Have built, on heavenly mountains in the skies,  
Angels and hierarchs of truth and love ;  
Messiah-like, God-manifest in law,  
As once in flesh, the Harmonizing Power  
Streams from the Infinite, pervades mankind,  
Uplifts the blind from ignorance and sin,  
Smites down the idols of mythology,  
Raises the dead world from its grave, reveals  
Immortal light to the recovered blind,  
Restores the paralytic sons of fear  
To intellectual vigor, wipes away  
All tear-drops from all eyes, and feeds the race  
With science, art and culture multiplied,  
And clothing all the world with plenteousness,

While Angels chant, 'Glory to God on high,  
And peace on earth and love for evermore.'

The world needs a new theory of crime  
And retribution, based on all the facts,  
And fixed in all the reason of the race ;  
As full of hope as Christ's great heart of love.  
Men never yet were hunted into Heaven  
By howling devils barking at the rear.  
The sheep will follow where the Shepherd leads ;  
Christ calls his flock, and all shall follow him.  
Men, in the absence of their Christ, have sinned,  
And, most of all, those claiming to be known  
As his professed disciples. Not in vain  
He groaned and wept and died and bore our sins,  
Though rapport with the universal race.  
He flung his own great heart into the scale  
Against the ponderous load of human pain,  
And conquered the world's enmity by love.  
That one example, that one influence,  
That Holy Spirit, felt and realized,  
When it hath time to work, must ultimate  
In universal righteousness. No man  
Is mightier in his hate than God in love,  
Stronger in falsity than God in truth.  
O the divine persuasiveness, the speech  
Of everlasting tenderness, the voice  
That is God's heart, in music running o'er,  
Informing all the barren waste of night,  
Transforming all its darkness into day,—

Worlds hear it, and they clothe themselves in flowers ;  
 Suns hear it, and grow opulent with worlds ;  
 Heaven hears it, and each Angel leaps to song,  
 And every heart melts in its kindred heart,  
 And all the universe melts into God,  
 Reposing in His bosom like a bride.  
 No man, no spirit, can resist that voice,  
 Renewing and restoring ; yea, though hell  
 Had made its base all Nature, and its spheres  
 Of discord like the pebbled beach around  
 The ocean of immensity, whose drops  
 Are constellations, still that harmony,  
 That voice divine, in mild, persuasive speech,  
 Like rain upon the desert, would transform  
 Hell into Paradise, and every sphere  
 Make full of love, as roses of perfume.

Earth is an atom floating in the light  
 Of summer sunshine with its kindred stars ;  
 A dew-drop shaken from God's blossomed thought.  
 He suffers evil in it for an end ;  
 This end is like himself, divinely good,  
 And pure and sweet and infinitely free  
 From pain. All men are parts of one great whole ;  
 Let but a dust-grain burrow in the eye,  
 And consciousness is tortured till that eye  
 Is freed from it, and harmonized again.  
 Humanity is many minds in one,  
 And many hearts and many lives in one.  
 All men and Angels find their place within

The universal human race, that dwell  
On every earth, in every spirit-sphere.  
Were one world in the universe a hell,  
Were one soul in the universe a fiend,  
Damned hopelessly to everlasting pain,  
'Twould be the torturing atom that inflames  
The vision. Every world and every sphere  
Would weep in woful sympathy with wo.  
The consciousness of all created life  
Would yearn and grieve and anguish. God himself,  
Who, in the universal consciousness  
Dwells throned and radiant, would receive no joy,  
But only grief, from his fair universe.

Angels deprived of love would retrogress,  
Since every Angel draws his life from God.  
An angry God would make man retrogress,  
Because his wrath their source of life would be,  
And, drawing in the breath of life from hate,  
Hate would become the world's necessity.  
A cruel creed makes men, in seeming, fiends ;  
A patient, kind, and loving Father makes  
His children kind and lovely like himself.

Diseased organizations intercept  
And modify, and sometimes turn aside  
Into inverted channels that great Life  
Of truth and goodness streaming forth from God,  
The source of life, thought, energy, in man.  
Organization, be it good or ill,

Harmonious or discordant, beautiful  
 Or disproportionate, determines life.  
 A bad organization curses man,  
 And limits all his active faculties.  
 The mental idiot cannot see the truth,  
 The moral idiot cannot feel the good,  
 The leper's skin is dead and cannot feel  
 Love's tender kiss and its divine embrace.  
 No barren form can reproduce its kind.  
 Born evils fester in corroding flesh  
 And harrow up the features of the soul.  
 Madness pertains to frail humanity,  
 Mal-organized, perverted from the womb.  
 'Tis love alone that sanctifies and saves,  
 Teaches through truth, works through benevolence,  
 And, by degrees, removes the cause of crime,  
 By quickening latent powers within the soul,  
 Which love alone can quicken, while with sweet  
 And patient care the suffering form is nursed,  
 And its disorders limited. God's love,  
 Flowing through man's sweet pity, hath no bound ;  
 'Tis adequate all natures to restore.

Exemption from the consequence of crime,  
 Pardon for sin in any other sense  
 Than wise forgiveness, that corrects the fault,  
 And seeks to cure it through the penalty,  
 Is an impossibility. Nay more,  
 'Twould make men devils were it possible  
 And change creation to a final hell.

For joy is love's necessity, and pain  
Follows the momentary thrill of sin.  
God speaks through anguish in the hidden soul,  
God speaks through sorrow in the human breast ;  
Grief hath a sable veil, but it conceals  
The face of joy, the mind's immortal bride.  
Why frowns the mother on her froward babe ?  
When she corrects her darling's willful fault  
Her breast dilates with untold tenderness,  
And, rather than her child should suffer wrong,  
The rack might draw her body into shreds,  
And red-hot pincers tear her breasts away.

The mother feeds her sickly babe with food  
Drawn from the essence of her inmost life.  
The milk of human kindness should be given  
To the sick children of the human race.  
First, there are babes in mind whose brains are small  
As the weaned infant's, who have never thought  
Beyond a boy's capacity ; they sin  
From ignorance. Designing statesmen use  
Blind foolish multitudes to set on fire  
The stately fabric of the Commonwealth.  
There always is a class of narrow minds,  
Devoid of a capacity to think  
Beyond the limited external sphere ;  
They are the dupes of clergymen and serve  
To draw the ponderous chariot of sect.  
These need the simplest truths. Their crimes are great  
Against humanity, their errors great ;



They pile fresh faggots round the burning stake ;  
 They cast themselves beneath an idol's car ;  
 They rob their offspring to make rich the priest ;  
 But most of all they wrong their better selves.  
 From an angelic stand-point this is crime.  
 Pity them, love them, they are children still,  
 Frightened by fancied goblins of the dark,  
 Bribed with the sugar plumbs of fancied joy,  
 Rewards of merit, that the school-dame gives,  
 Or whipped by Superstition's birchen rod.  
 They know not what they do, they think the thought  
 Some narrow bigot has imparted them ;  
 All their essential nature lies asleep ;  
 The real man is dormant as the grave.

A second class of criminals are those  
 Who sin from too much conscientiousness,  
 Morbid, unduly exercised, without  
 A balance-wheel in soundest common sense.  
 Such become Mormons, \* \* \* \* or monks,  
 Jerk on the camp-ground, wallow in the straw  
 In the railed sanctuary, where lone woods  
 Glimmer with midnight torches, and the loud  
 Revivalist with terror smites the soul.  
 Some think the dance the unpardonable crime ;  
 Some call the marriage tie a bond of hell,  
 And tear themselves from husband or from wife,  
 Chilled by a cold abnormal piety ;  
 Some think a tea-cup holds a deadly sin ;  
 And wearing rings or ribbons, or a dress,

Not ugly as an old New-England church  
Unpardonable in the sight of God ;—  
Some eat no meat on Friday lest they dine  
At last with devils in the fiery pit ;  
Some whip young infants not a summer old  
To drive the evil spirits from their forms,  
Messiah-like, in sacred innocence,  
Fresh from the portals of the Angel world,  
With God's own kiss imprinted on the brow.  
Some cast their infants to the crocodiles ;  
More terribly some take the infant mind  
And blast the budding thoughts with hateful lies,  
Drawn from some fiend-like Calvinistic creed.  
'Tis terrible to see the mother take  
The little child upon her knees and tell  
Of hell and devils, of th' abyssmal fires  
That eat forever through the quivering hearts  
Of human beings ; damnable to hear  
The Priest impressing on the infant mind  
Such terrors as the strongest minds receive,  
Deluded, as they might a thunderbolt  
Crushing the brain and withering up the soul.  
O it is fiendlike to behold the young,  
Frighted with pandemonium till they curse  
With their young lips the day that gave them birth,  
And ask annihilation in their fear,  
And in their faith that little children die,  
And wake among the damned in endless fire.  
Fathers, and priests, and mothers do these things,  
With awful reverence and godly fear,

And think that they are doing all the while  
An act of merit.

When the thunder-blast  
Devours the blossoms of the woods and fields,  
The budding fruitage and the ripened grain,  
And smites the sheep-fold and destroys the lambs,  
The country mourns and chronicles the tale,  
And calls it ruin ;—but when madmen rave  
And curse and foam in pulpits, till the young  
Crowd fearfully and throng the anxious seats,  
And call for mercy from the wrath of God,  
And fear lest, unconverted, they should wake  
From their next slumber where the quivering heart  
Writhes 'neath the crushing heel as writhes the worm,  
Trampled by God Almighty ; when dread groans  
Rise from convulsing bosoms, and the brain  
Is scourged to madness ; when the mother goes  
And drowns her infants in the wintry flood,  
And immolates herself—dear mother-heart,  
Dear woman-heart, likest of all to Christ,  
Yet driven all desperate with mother fear—  
Seeking to save in heaven their tender souls,  
By taking up her home with spirits damned ;  
When young men cut their throats ; and maidens fall  
In terrible convulsions, that bring on  
Consumption and the grave, before the snow  
Has melted from the grave-yard ; when despair  
Springs like a wild wolf at the dying man,  
And drives its fangs into the quivering breast,

And howls through all the chamber of his pain,  
'Perdition, fierce perdition; when the home  
Is ransacked and the 'unconverted' wife  
Called reprobate, and all one mass of sin,  
Because in her serene integrity  
She will not own herself a wretch all vile,  
And hurl her reason prostrate in the dust,  
Lay bare her secret soul, that snow-white flower,  
Crouch at the knees of sleek Depravity,  
And ask the prayers of Hypocritic Cant;  
When life-long virtue is no shield against  
The public curse; when crime and folly thrive,  
And fat themselves, with ignorance and hate,  
And jesuitic artifice and craft,  
And keen sectarian malice, at the board,  
Heaped with the holocaust of blighted lives;—  
O then men say, 'This is the work of God,'  
Unthinking that a cruel wrong is done  
To body, heart and mind, to old and young,  
To old men on the confines of the grave,  
And unborn infants cursed within the womb.

The men who do these things are ignorant;  
The Christ of Love they crucify in each  
Poor tortured heart, that groans and weeps and dies  
In utter anguish; and the Christ of Truth  
Is scourged and beaten, in each brain the lash  
Of fear and hatred lacerates; yet still  
These dread assassins know not what they do.  
They are the victims of their own false faith,

The martyrs of diseased and morbid zeal.  
O hate them not, though hatred grows and thrives,  
And wrath and malice and the night of mind ;  
And keenest tortures of the broken heart  
Attest the spirit of the work they do ;  
Weep over them and mourn for them, as one  
Mourns for his brother, who, inflamed with wine,  
Stabs in the dark his own most loving friend.

When the dark Ethiop learns to change his skin,  
When the fierce leopard takes away his spots,  
When wolves turn shepherds and protect the sheep,  
When frosts grow kind and kiss to life the flowers,  
When tyrants fall in love with Liberty,  
Sectarian creeds will cease to stab the soul.  
Assassins of the Intellect ! not long  
Shall ye pursue your execrable trade.  
God stands within the reason of the race,  
As if he wore a glory-robe of suns,  
And flashes forth great day, whose burning light  
Drives ye, despairing, to your evil dens.  
Rejoice, O Spirit of mankind, O Earth,  
Sweet mother Earth, whose plenteous breasts have fed  
Races and peoples varied as the stars,  
Yet all by turns made victims to the wrath  
Of cruel zealots—mother Earth, rejoice.  
No more shall robbers make the Church their den,  
Or victim souls, in lonely dungeon-hells,  
Groan through the midnight of a life of pain.  
The Inquisition totters to its fall,

The thunders of the Vatican fall dead,  
Geneva, Augsburg, Westminster, no more  
Shall pour their dread artillery of wrath  
On the sweet flower-fields where the children play,  
Or the glad homes where wedded lovers dwell.  
Break forth into thanksgiving all ye saints,  
Ye martyrs of humanity, who wear  
In Heaven's pure light the palm-branch and the crown.  
The day of freedom dawns upon the world,  
The liberating Eras rise and shine,  
And, like a millstone cast into the sea,  
Oppression rolls its brazen axle down  
Oblivion's cliff, and rises not again.

The Indian Brahmin will not kill a worm,  
But hunts the poor Pariah from his door,  
Believing that he stains his holy hand  
By giving food to save him from the tomb.  
The Brahmin and Pariah mark th' extremes  
In all the social systems of the earth.  
Conventional Self-righteousness disdains  
Conventional Depravity; one sits  
With purpled Dives at his lordly feast;  
Lean dogs draw near to lick the other's sores;—  
Which flies to Abraham's bosom you may guess.  
Alas, Self-righteousness, the social bane!  
'Tis said great Lucifer once fell through pride,—  
Hath he no followers in the present time?  
Who hath not sinned against the moral law?  
Why then should one exalt himself above

His brother or his sister ? Why condemn  
 One sex to hopeless ruin for a fault,  
 And open for the other all the halls  
 Where wealth stands bowing to receive the guest,  
 And beauty crowns him with her festal flowers ?  
 Two sinners fall into the same great sin ;—  
 One lays her pale, white infant in the grave,  
 And, broken-hearted, haunts the public streets ;—  
 Perchance the other rises in the scale  
 Of wealth and office, till the people's voice  
 Hails him as ruler of the Commonwealth,  
 And bishops bless for him the plenteous board ;  
 And when he dies the public papers groan  
 With weight of lamentation ; for ' his worth,  
 They say, ' was great ;' the obelisk ascends,  
 The statue, poem, picture, eulogy,  
 All tell his virtues and make wide his fame.  
 The prodigal son returns, and from afar  
 The father hastes to clasp him in his arms ;  
 For him they kill the fatted calf ; ' for this  
 Our son,' they say, ' was dead and is alive,  
 Was lost in sorrow and in joy is found."  
 The prodigal daughter, whom excess of love,  
 Misplaced affection, false unreal vows,  
 Have led to slaughter as the lamb is led  
 To sacrifice, unconscious of its doom,—  
 Alas, not oft for her the aged sire  
 Opens his arms when she comes home to die.  
 His gray hairs curse her, and his cruel lips  
 Doom her beyond redemption ; yet perhaps,

He in his youth destroyed some innocent girl,  
Whose ghastly dying image haunts him still,  
And, from the hollow gulf of memory,  
Pleads with him for his own sweet child in vain.

The rich man's son is shielded by the laws,  
His crimes are looked upon as venial faults,  
And justice winks on many a wild excess,  
And juries often find him guiltless, though  
He smites some nobler nature to the death,  
In cool deliberate malignity  
How fares it with a man who hath no friends ?  
Too oft even circumstantial evidence  
Condemns him guiltless to a felon's doom,  
While in some far off land beyond the sea  
His wife and children wait for him in vain.  
Great crimes against Humanity enthrone  
The purple criminal 'mid crowned kings,  
But lesser crimes against Society,  
Committed oft in ignorance of law,  
And sometimes in the fierce necessity  
Of hunger, cold and nakedness, condemn  
The miserable wretch to vilest depths  
Of shame, and life consuming agony,  
Where manhood dies, or seems at least to die.

Treat all mankind as brothers, though they fail  
Seven and seventy times the seventh time.  
Thy own repented errors, all the sins  
That almost broke from impulse into act,



And lived as wishes yet were never deeds,—  
 These, thy short comings, man, should make thee feel  
 The common nature and the common life,  
 That makes thy erring brother part of thee.

Some men grow prosperous through their very crimes.  
 Some by their generosity are made  
 Want's abject slaves. Some toil for years in vain,  
 While others climb to fortune in a day.  
 Misfortune proves not man's depravity.  
 The lowest in the social scale may be  
 Nearest in love and virtue unto God ;  
 The highest in the social scale may be  
 One rotting mass of crimes against mankind.

When Cæsar fell, and lay, a reeking corpse,  
 Beneath the marble statue of the foe  
 Whom he had triumphed o'er in mortal life,  
 Pompey through Brutus' dagger was avenged.  
 Justice haunts Wrong's proud threshold, not in vain.  
 God punishes all crimes against the poor,  
 The weak, the erring, the unfortunate.  
 There is no expiation for the sin  
 Of man against his brother, till that mind  
 Unlearn the cruel lessons of its hate,  
 Its biting satire, its contempt of love,  
 Its perjured villany of act and speech,  
 Its Sunday pretense and its six days' sins,  
 And finds God's love through loving deeds to all  
 Who sin, weep, fall and perish by the way.

Our duty and ability are one.  
Wisely and prudently, with just respect  
To all his obligations to his kind,  
Man should dispense the charities of life.  
Better be wronged a thousand thousand times  
In wealth, heart, reputation, than inflict  
One needless pang ; and better far go poor  
And honest, than to wear the Austrian crown,  
And share one millionth of the Hapsburgs' crime.  
Better with Garibaldi toil for bread,  
Than wear Venetian honors bought with price  
Of crime against thy soul, O Liberty !  
Kossuth is nobler far than Palmerston.  
The last rules England and is Satan's thrall,  
The minion of Oppression, whose rank heart  
Breeds infamy as putrid flesh breeds worms.  
The first dwells in that purple modern Tyre,  
Britannia, as the Prophet dwelt of old  
In Nineveh, and sees with prescient eyes  
The ruin that awaits it ; he discerns  
The future through the haze of present things ;  
He hears the tramp of armies in his sleep ;  
He sees the great Republic yet to be,  
Whose boundaries shall be the world, whose states  
All tribes, all peoples.—I, too, see with him,  
The battle of the Race against its foes.  
The Carnival of sin is almost o'er ;  
The great world's Passion-week is near at hand ;  
Freedom derided, crucified and slain,  
Shall roll the rock from its dark sepulcher

And throne itself in majesty thereon,  
With face like lightning and with robes like snow.

Fire crumbles to its native elements  
Man's body, but the spirit cannot die.  
The body of the human race is made  
Of thoughts grown solid, petrified to facts.  
The institutions of the world should fit  
The race as fits a perfect form the soul.  
As 'tis, the rack, the thumb-screw and the cord,  
The axe, the poinard, scaffold, dungeon, cross,  
Death, madness, all the fearful brood of pains,  
And all the rabble rout of goblins damned,  
And all gigantic hells of ancient creed,  
Are types and symbols of the social state.  
The world is made through government corrupt.  
Fill clouds like sponges with corrupting blood,  
And crimson torrents inundate the land,  
Springs, brooks, lakes, rivers spout or drink alike  
The sanguine stream. Oppression, at the source  
Of legislation, is that death-red cloud.  
Humanity is all agape with death,  
Pierced in each member. War with murderous blade  
Reaps nations as the sickle reaps the corn.  
Freedom like Abel writhes, while cursed Cain  
Demonic smites it to a seeming death.  
All o'er the wide world man is held in chains ;  
And like caged lions the huge masses growl.  
What if heaven's lightning melt the dungeon bars ?  
England's a lion governed by an ape ;

The mighty People feels its hungry strength,  
While, jacko-like, aristocratic knaves  
Play their fantastic pranks upon the cage.

When English armies fly like beaten dogs,  
Or, held in death-gripe by the Russian bear,  
Like faithful mastiffs do their best and die ;  
When as the anaconda opes its jaws  
To swallow its doomed prey, whose sinews fail,  
While every nerve is paralyzed with fear,  
The huge fierce serpent Bankruptcy devours  
The nation's wealth ; when commerce flies the Thames  
And the huge steamers crowd the docks no more ;  
And Parliament breaks up, while anarchy  
Bursts like a conflagration from the deep  
Fire-damps of squalid want ; when harvests fail,  
And three cold summers rot the standing corn ;  
When Manchester and Birmingham consume  
First wealth, then credit, and then close their doors,  
While like an inundation pour the streams  
Of hungry operatives through the streets ;  
Let those fly to the mountains where on high  
Throned Independence waves her flag of stars,  
Who prize home-quiet, peace and blessed love.  
For, surely as the living God endures,  
The day of England's ruin draweth nigh ;  
These signs her desolation go before.

Alas, Napoleon thought himself most wise,  
When, taking to his arms an Austrian wife,

He plunged his armies in the Russian snows.  
The Angel of the North, who sits above  
The hyperborean realm, with wintry smile  
Gazed on that host: they slept, they woke no more.  
'Tis thus with England—she has dug her grave;  
The blood of all her martyrs unavenged,  
All patriots murdered by the Second Charles,  
All freemen slaughtered in America,  
And slain like sheep through trampled Hindostan,  
All wrongs against all people she has wronged,  
Like the returning tide arise and dash  
Against her shivering, creaking, rotten state;—  
America shall be her sole defense.  
O, England, I have loved thee, as a babe  
The breast it sucks, and love thee still; thou art  
A double Empire huge and terrible,  
Yet sweet as Indian airs from citron groves  
Blown o'er by amorous winds, a double state.  
Millions of rotting hearts, corrupt and foul  
With every sin that brutalizes man;  
Millions of sterling hearts, good loyal souls,  
True to the right, though ignorant, are thine.  
Patriots and placemen, traitors, tyrants, tools,  
Pimps, harlots; and their most extreme unlikes,  
Pure women virginal, whom heaven's own dawn  
Mantles with rosy hues and living charms—  
Kings of the intellect that hold no thrall,  
The Alfreds and the Cromwells of the brain,  
Sidneys and Hampdens of the moral will,  
Patriots like those who ruled by noblest time,

Champions of right whom fiery-throated war  
Daunts not, and whom corruption cannot bribe ;—  
These are thy children. All the mighty Past  
Almost has lived and reproduced in thee.  
Sheol the blood-red hell ; and Paradise,  
The home of Angel-natures wise and pure,—  
Two hostile worlds—unfold from out thy life  
And struggle all invisibly within  
Thy inner being. Fierce and terrible,  
Through tribulation of a million deaths,  
Thy second birth must be. O England, rise,  
And purge from off thy soul the clotted stains ;  
Thy sins against Humanity abjure,  
While yet delivering Mercy pleads with thee.

He who sows nettles reaps a crop of stings.  
Hatch serpents and they bite. Trust fools with fire  
And palaces are tinder. Every wrong  
Brings its own vengeance. Every right makes right.  
Had Bonaparte not plunged in Russian snows  
He would not have gone down at Waterloo.  
Crises occur in every Nation's fate—  
Two pathways open to as different ends  
As death from life, and gladness from despair,  
Or fame from infamy. Now England stands  
At the dividing of the roads. Her last  
Redeeming opportunity has come.  
God will arouse her starved and beaten serfs,  
And through them revolutionize the state,  
And a new Freedom build above the tomb

Of her existing order, huge and old,  
Which has a name to live yet lives no more.

Break from thy deep, O flood, and oversweep  
All social wrongs, and all ye tempests blow,  
Scatter the dead leaves of the social tree,  
Root up the mighty oaks of ancient form ;  
Ye serpent-streaming lightnings leap from heaven ;  
Roll ye loud thunders, hurl your levin-bolts  
Ye clouded storms, 'gainst all her massive towers.  
When Pharaoh fell and Egypt writhed in pain,  
The Hebrew race triumphant crossed the sands.  
Whatever is of truth and manliness,  
Justice and mercy, purity and love,  
Shall rise victorious from that wreck of forms  
Which have been and are not—Art, Science, Law,  
Religion, Equity—shall rise again.  
Then shall arise, to bless the New-born Age,  
The Five States of the English Commonwealth.  
One central Equity of Government,  
Whose pulses stream with living light, and gush  
Through the great arteries of law, shall then  
Be visible where slaves to tyrants bow.—  
The crouching menial shall become a man,  
Put off the livery of servitude,  
And fawn no more on pampered vice, but own  
All men his brethren, and in each discern  
A man God made of substance like himself.

There are two theories of Government ;

One based on the eternal right of man  
To fashion from his wisest, purest thoughts,  
A social order, like himself, divine ;  
Where justice shall be meted out to all,  
And thought be, like the soaring eagle, free ;  
Where every heavenly grace shall mold the mind,  
And every virtue beautify the life,  
And sweet contentment, with her smiling train,  
Beautify existence. Not a man,  
Unless deprived of half his better self,  
But longs for universal liberty.  
Slaves pine for freedom, dreaming in their sleep—  
Thank God for sleep, the prophecy of rest,  
Co-ordinate with motion, love and thought,  
When for a time, free as the fluttering lark,  
The soul flies up to Heaven's high gate and sings.

Plato's Republic, Sidney's Golden Dream,  
All social prophecies that ever fell  
From ancient seers of Palestine or Greece,  
Wrought out through centuries of cheerful toil,  
Shall grow into the concrete world of facts,  
And Liberty shall clothe himself with law,  
Not as the maniac girds himself with chains,  
But as the world adorns herself with flowers.  
As the glad maiden, singing at her toil,  
Makes labor poetry, and, day by day  
Becomes more beautiful, so toiling Man,  
Who, Atlas-like, hath staggered 'neath the globe,  
Shall smite away the wrongs that drive their beaks



To drain his heart's blood ; changed in face and form,  
Happy and free as blithesome infancy,  
Winged as with morning, up the golden slopes  
Of the new Future he shall lead the way  
Where stands the temple of Eternal Might ;  
There, kneeling in Jehovah's inmost fane,  
God's hand shall take away his crown of thorns.

There are two classes now in every state,  
And must be, of necessity, so long  
As men remain averse to Nature's law ;  
First, those who labor only with their hands,  
And, lacking brain to calculate, and will  
To force their thoughts to utterance, these all are  
As so much mindless force ; they cannot work  
Save as the menials of another's will.  
The education of the powers of mind  
In man and woman, the development  
Of higher types of body, nerve and brain,  
And better organized existences,  
Alone can end the present state of things.  
Sickly abortions of intelligence,  
Gross as the swine's flesh, miserable slaves  
To all that fires the brain and kills the heart,  
Discreted from the spiritual plane,  
And, through inversion of the inward powers,  
Slaves wheresoe'er they dwell, and not to one  
Tyrant but many, how can such become  
Free men in fact ? They tear the generous hands  
That feed them, and they lick the despot's rod ;

They pile fresh faggots for the heretic.  
New York would be like Paris, when of old  
Blood was knee deep within the Palace Yard,  
Could the blind serfs of Papal Rome let loose  
Their caged and hidden hatreds ; and to-day,  
Could Calvinistic bigots bear the rule  
Of any sect, the law itself would serve  
As pretext for a thousand crimes ; and those  
Who in the mighty Spiritual Faith  
Stand regnant o'er depravities of creeds  
And cruelties of custom, and drink in  
Beauty and Truth from Heaven, as flowers drink dew,  
Would suffer as Servetus did of old.

'Tis ignorance that multiplies the wrongs  
Of human nature. Almost all the crimes  
Directly may be traced to ignorance,  
And indirectly through the passions all.  
The man is ignorant of law who gives  
Being to offspring, cursed, before their birth,  
With passions that destroy their future peace,  
And make the stately fabric of the soul  
A dungeon of impure depravities.  
The man is ignorant of law who takes  
A forced reluctant wife into his breast,  
Whose inward soul another's spirit claims,  
Whose deepest heart expires in constant pain,  
Dying and waking daily to new deaths.  
O cursed Ignorance, that educates  
Maidens for public barter ; that first crowns

With orange blooms their brows, then turns the key  
 Of wedlock, falsely called so by divines,  
 To crush them in its infamous Bastile,  
 Making the marriage bed a rack, where they  
 Must wed themselves, poor children, to despair,  
 As to an iron giant, while the fire  
 Of madness inundates the reeking brain.  
 O God, 'tis terrible!—Thou who didst once  
 Rest cradled in the sainted Mary's arms,—  
 Whom woman loved, bathing thy sacred feet  
 With costly tears, wiping them with her hair,—  
 Break thou that spell of ignorance that makes  
 Woman the slave; redeem her captive heart.  
 Let marriage be the sacrament of soul,  
 The deathless union of accordant minds,  
 The blending of two perfect lives in one,  
 Whose home shall be a paradise, whose bliss  
 Chaste, fervent, lasting as an Angel's love.

The ancient theory of Government,  
 Based on the ignorance of natural law,  
 Supposes no inherent right in man  
 To freedom, culture, influence in the state.  
 Blind slaves of a forlorn necessity  
 It makes all people; to the monarch gives  
 Despotic power to sate his pride and lust  
 Of glory and dominion. Kings have risen  
 By foulest crimes 'gainst God and man; through blood  
 And spoil and rapine trod to power supreme;  
 Torn from the million serfs wife, lands and child;

Plundered the race of its God-given rights ;  
Built a colossal aristocracy  
To buttress their proud reign, grown old and died.  
The Hapsburgs, Bourbons, Coburgs, Romanoffs,—  
Grim wolves who rule the sheep-folds of the world,—  
How have they won, maintained and kept their state ?  
What crime against Humanity or God  
Have they not dared ? What perjuries have fallen,  
What oaths and hatreds, from their felon lips ?  
The violators of the virgin, Peace ;  
The murderers of the Liberties of men ;  
Whose hands, hearts, consciences, are steeped in blood,—  
Scaffolds and torture-chambers, dungeons deep  
Have been their gift to patriots bold and free,  
And patient lovers of their suffering kind.  
Ribbons and crosses, rich insignia,  
Titles and gold and palaces and lands,  
They have bestowed, numerous as summer flowers,  
On courtiers, harlots, butchers of the race.  
So came the orders of nobility,  
So came Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Lords and Knights.  
The robber chivalry of Europe sprang  
From bold assassins,—churches from their gifts,  
When, scared with death and hell, unwillingly  
They parted half their bloody spoil to buy  
A Papal passport into Paradise.  
These, too, were ignorant of what they did ;  
They sucked the tiger breasts of Crime, and grew  
Tigers in feeling, impulse, thought and act.

The great free cities ancient Europe saw  
 Rose from the sweltering sea of tyranny,  
 Like island-heavens above the gulf of hell,  
 Founded on commerce, labor, science, art,  
 Developing a burgher class, through toil  
 Amassing riches ; standing by their own.  
 O Switzerland, thou heaven amid the hills,  
 Upon whose sovereign heights the Future sat,  
 The virgin Mary of a Christ unborn,  
 The new Humanity, thou land of Tell,  
 God held thee that thou shouldst not fall, and gave  
 His Hero-angels charge concerning thee.  
 These were exceptions to the common rule ;  
 England, France, Austria, Poland, Russia, Spain,  
 Were despotisms of a varying type.  
 As Aaron's serpent-rod devoured the rods  
 Of the magicians, where the purple Nile  
 Watered the mightiest Empire of old time,  
 So kingly despots by degrees absorbed  
 The feudal barons, centralizing power ;  
 Or as a sun absorbs the planet worlds,  
 And their green splendors in its orb of fire,  
 While their blue skies dissolve like azure domes  
 Of some huge temple, and the builders fall  
 Whelmed in the lava-sea of molten gold.

Kings have made war on aristocracies  
 When they, too powerful grown, sought to restrain  
 The despot's wild caprice. The cause of strife,  
 The latent source of centuries of war,

Was jealousy 'twixt rival kings and lords.  
Women, wine, tournaments, debaucheries  
Too horrible to name were their pursuits  
And their proud minions'. Priests absolved their sins  
For castles, manors, serfs and hoarded gold,  
Grew rich, built abbeys, minsters, stately seats,  
Till, Wolsey-like, their state eclipsed the kings'.  
Some ruled like Richelieu and Mazarin.  
Grown to be popes, insane with lust for power,  
Some set their feet on necks of Emperors, prone  
In vilest dust; damned nations at their will,  
Till priestly Rome became the foulest spot  
That earth had ever seen.

When Luther came  
He left his mightiest work undone, and died.  
Had he but spoke the simple truth that man  
Is source of all authority, that right  
To govern springs but from the people's will  
Alike in church and state, then had he won  
A place with Moses; but he joined the kings  
Against the people. Kings and priests are one,  
Save those true kings who rule o'er realms of truth  
And those free priests who minister in love  
At the eternal altars of the skies.  
The kings and priests of earth hold power by means  
Of the same falsehood, building up the domes  
And battlements of empire based on crime  
Deep as the lowest pit. God made man free;  
But they assume that God made all men slaves.

Authority to rule by right divine,  
Whether in church or state, keystones the arch  
Of despotism ; smite that stone away,  
And the huge fabric falls to rise no more.

Men who bear rule against the popular will,  
Claiming God-given right—alas ! ye groan,  
Deluded millions, 'neath their cruel sway,  
Yet crouch like spaniels 'neath their spurning feet,  
And bare your slavish backs for every blow.  
As Sinbad bore the Old Man of the Sea,  
Ye lift your tyrants, in their dotage now,  
Supply the place of arms, hands, legs and feet,  
And feed them while they curse you. Are ye men  
Or craven hounds, masked in the human form ?—  
That answer shall be given in fire and blood,  
In shotted guns and swords as lightning keen,  
When, ere the century closes, Europe springs  
To sudden manhood and her tyrants fall.

The chief end of existence is to grow  
Perfect in God's perfection, and to feel  
The life of God in body, heart and brain,  
As consciously as water, fire and light ;  
And willingly to breathe, in all the breast,  
The effluence of God, our native air.  
For everything within the universe  
There is a function, and the highest forms  
Have highest uses. Man, who is the sum  
And complement of every form in one

And universal, therefore rightly tends  
To uses manifold and like himself.  
The greater part of man hath never yet  
Flashed into action. But a narrow rim  
Of his huge orb yet shines to light the world.  
Not Christ, not Moses, not all seers, all saints,  
Not all the human race, in all their deeds,  
Thoughts, feelings, prayers, have outwardly revealed  
One soul's capacity. The world is yet  
In embryo, and the human race unborn  
Within the matrix, and the world's huge pains,  
The sentient woes of nations, all predict  
Great Human Nature's birth into the sphere  
Of Reason, Justice, Liberty and Love.  
All men are parts of one Humanity ;  
All spirits members of a Commonwealth,  
Whose states are numerous even as the stars.  
The true Religion is Democracy,—  
Equality of rights before the law,  
Maintained and justified through perfect love.  
The universe is like the human soul ;  
For every faculty in one man's mind  
There is a corresponding world of souls,  
A sun-sphere and a planetary star.  
When God looks in an infant's mind, He sees  
A picture of His own fair universe  
Grown conscious of its Father, whose rich heart  
Ope like a rose, filled with excess of love.  
Each finite faculty of man receives  
A separate influx from the Infinite.



God is the all of all ; each separate sphere  
Within the brain receives a varying form,  
Essence and element from His Divine.  
God never made a faulty human soul.  
There 's not a spirit in the universe  
Defective in its birth. All evil comes  
Through imperfection in material spheres,  
Which veil the sphere of reason, which defile  
The streams of feeling, and with midnight films  
Of ignorance bedim the spirit-eyes.

The unfledged swallow thinks its nest the world ;  
But when its wings are plumed it flies afar,  
To breathe the fragrance of the tropic isles.  
Man like the unfledged bird within his ball  
Of clay, chirps feebly ; soon with flashing wings  
A spiritual universe he'll trace.

This Poem is the death-song of the Past,  
The birth-song of the Future. It reveals  
The real state of Nations. Dark and dim  
The plummet drops through the unsounded sea,  
But brings up treasures ; thus the sounding thought  
Of living mind explores the depth of ill,  
And brings to light what rests beneath the deep.  
Boldly the seamen journeys when the lead  
Reveals deep waters ; boldly when the light  
Streams from the beacon tower upon the shore.

The perilous ocean of the dark To-day,

O man, an Angel's mind sounds on before ;  
On every headland of futurity  
It kindles an immortal beacon light.  
This Poem is a plummet in the wave,  
A Light love-kindled on the spirit-shore."

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Part Four.

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## A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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I stood in Rome within the People's Square,  
And saw the temple Michael Angelo planned  
Lift its huge dome. A Spirit met me there  
And said, "That shrine shall be a pantheon grand,  
Where every hero of the Fatherland  
In marble effigy shall dwell enshrined ;  
And wisest freemen, by Arch-pontiffs banned,  
Triumphant rise and guide the public mind  
The new Augustan Age of Liberty to find

All Italy shall be a garden-land,  
The streams of Wisdom, like the sacred Nile,  
Shall rise, and with a sea of light expand ;  
Each hamlet like a new found Eden smile,  
And cruel priests no more the race beguile  
With many an impious and fraudulent lie ;  
But Industry and Art their temples pile ;  
And the stained windows of idolatry  
No more obscure the beams of the transparent sky.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, mankind,  
 O Rome, without a tear shall see thee pass ;  
 Then dawns the brotherhood of human kind ;  
 Tyrants alone shall cry, ' Alas, alas.'  
 The wealth thou didst by fraud and crime amass  
 Shall feed the hungry and shall clothe the poor,  
 And, shivered by God's hand, the dome of glass  
 Thou call'st Religion fall, and evermore  
 Oblivion's fearful sea o'er shrine and dungeon roar.

O Europe, Europe, thou art but a ruin  
 Haunted by vipers. Thou art blind and old,  
 Madly in love with wrongs thy heart undoing,  
 Thou giv'st thy children chains, thy tyrants gold ;  
 The pauper's coffin and six feet of mold  
 Begrudging to thy noblest, bravest men ;  
 But thou, ere long, shalt see that torture rolled,  
 Burning through thee, whereto thou dost condemn  
 The Sons of Light who wear great Freedom's diadem.

Alas, 'tis pitiful to see the wreck  
 Of stately palace, sumptuous ducal hall,  
 And kingly splendors, that thy tyrants deck.  
 Kings shall be mourners at thy funeral,  
 And Pontiffs weep thee in thy ashy pall,  
 Thou galvanized Hypocrisy, thou form  
 Of hollow seemings. Terribly shall fall  
 That bloated, swinish Beast, of evil born,  
 Monopoly, as falls swift reaped the harvest corn.

Think not thy evils can endure, because  
 Shielded by Armies. Soldiers are but men.  
 Oppression is more terrible when laws,  
 Framed by the rich, the helpless poor condemn ;  
 And when the poor once learn heart-union. then,  
 Rising as one, their angry frown shall sweep  
 Their foes before them ; voice, sword, tongue and pen,  
 When once united, shall like panthers leap,  
 Avenging all the wrongs men dare not now to speak.

For there are seasons when the Earth renews  
 Her virgin beauty ; when the winter snows  
 Are changed to April rains, and feed profuse  
 The tender grass, the myrtle and the rose.  
 Earth puts away its night with many throes ;  
 Children are born through sweetest mother-pain ;  
 And outward life through anguish oft must close,  
 That so the soul its freedom may obtain,  
 And rise to that high realm where god-like Angels reign.

And Earth, methinks, e'en now thou 'rt like a mother  
 Thrilled with swift throes ; thy coming child shall be  
 Inheritor of Time, and yet another  
 Shall follow him and rule Eternity.  
 The liberated peoples glad shall see  
 Thy offspring, children of thy hoary age.  
 Lo ! Angels throng with sweetest melody,  
 While in thy arms, new-born, young Truth, the Sage,  
 The Seer, the Prophet-king, unrolls life's morning page.

Thy womb is pregnant with new-coming nations  
Of Saints and Heroes, harmonized and just.

War shall depart, and peaceful inspirations  
Follow the plow, and Wisdom, from the dust  
As from the sepulcher whose gates of rust  
Fall never more to rise, lead Ceres dead ;  
And millions, starving for the beggar's crust,  
From Plenty's hand receive unstinted bread.

Earth teems e'en now with wealth, man's plenteous board to spread.

For Science, leaving all her theses vain,  
Her idle logic and her formal schools,  
Shall sit in new-found Eden once again,  
And teach mankind those economic rules  
Whereby the stagnant fens and shallow pools  
And arid deserts radiantly shall sing :  
No more a crop of vain, pedantic fools,  
Starve rude-born hinds, but Science star-led bring,  
O new-born Christ, to thee, Earth's tribute offering.

Then, Labor, thou shalt win thy coronation ;  
Then the swart artizan, like sages wise,  
Shall offer through his works the grand ovation  
Of Use and Beauty ; then the fraudulent lies  
Of creed-bound zealots, who mankind despise,  
Disproved as man's interior life sublime  
Unfolds celestial to the upper skies,  
Shall perish, and a Faith of Love divine  
Make all mankind one fold, and Earth itself a shrine."



So sang that Spirit, rosy-lipped, while morning  
 Gleamed on his face, then suddenly he cried :  
 " O Earth, thou art, methinks, a flower adorning  
 The virgin breast of Heaven, that lovely bride,  
 A flower she plucked, wandering her lord beside,  
 And pressed sweet kisses on it till it spread  
 A diadem of leaves, while azure-eyed  
 She smiled above it, and her bosom shed  
 A joy-diffusing life its deathless veins that fed.

Once, Brother, I was thrall'd in dust like thee,  
 And, like a purple aster by a brook,  
 When the cold north wind sweeps the frozen lea,  
 Killing each blossom with its envious look,  
 I drooped and died ; my soul its dust forsook.  
 Hyperion and Endymion still have power  
 To keep for me a green and fragrant nook  
 In Memory's dim and spirit-peopled bower.  
 I shine a star, though once I perished as a flower

From death-like, agonizing throes of pain  
 That racked my form, the spirit passed away ;  
 As crocus buds when winter comes again.  
 I found the night-shade where I sought the bay.  
 Once gentle as an unweaned lamb at play,  
 I danced with daffodils upon the green,  
 In love with Laughter and the frolic May,  
 And all things jocund, blithe and sweet ; but keen,  
 Cold satire killed me in my life's fresh April dream.

They made my body's couch 'mid pansied bloom,  
But not my Fame's ; that blossomed from the sod.  
My spirit rose beyond its outward doom,  
And merged in joy, as in the peace of God,  
That passeth understanding. O the rod  
That smote me cruel-sore became to me  
A golden scepter. Joyfully I trod  
The snow-white porch of immortality ;  
Safe from life's anguish there as moonbeams o'er the sea.

In sweet Elysium, garlanded, caressed  
By Sister-angels, each a jocund grace,  
My spirit rested till the high behest  
Of Heaven renewed my being, every trace  
Of sorrow banished, and illumed my face  
Like Joy, that flushes o'er some new-found bride ,  
And all my form that influence did pervade,  
'Till I arose inspired and glorified,  
And cleft the sounding air my kindred soul beside.

And I, the poor Boy-poet, whom with curses  
They hounded on to death's untimely doom,  
Now chant amid revolving universes,  
And pour swift songs, like roses in full bloom,  
Weaving a chaplet, Europe, for thy tomb ;  
And for thy stately brow, America,  
A wreath of hope, and joy undimmed with gloom,  
A crown of splendid thoughts, a sacred lay,  
That, like thy mighty Youth, shall never pass away.

Let thy young spirit plume its deathless wings  
And rise with me," the Spirit Keats began.  
Then suddenly, methought, through spiral rings  
Of space I traveled. Soon the azure span  
Of heaven receded, and the homes of man,  
And beautiful Parnassus reared its hight,  
Clothed to its summit with rich verdure than  
The sun-lit emerald brighter; through the night  
Shone ivory fanes afar, radiant in their own light.

A three-fold morning dawned; 'mid rainbow gleams  
Of seven-fold glory rose the Spirit-Sun;  
And, as the light diffused itself, the streams,  
Hills, mountains, with a three-fold day in one,  
Grew brilliant, and the Eastern horizon  
Glowed green and crimson, and the purpling fire  
In music through the atmosphere did run;  
Sky, air, groves, temples, thrilled as if a choir  
Of Angels poured through all their love's intense desire.

All things grew harmonists; it seemed to me  
No form but had its spirit; vale and grove  
And mountain sang; that stream of melody  
Woke in my beating heart a seven-fold love,  
And gave me wings of light to soar above  
Sense-born illusions of material time,  
And Keats was with me there; this Poet wove  
In that rich atmosphere a Grecian rhyme,  
And the Parnassian hill above us shone sublime.

“High over Nature reigned a Spirit wise,  
Lovely and loving; and the Cosmos grew  
Bright in the radiance of his beaming eyes,  
And suns and heavens unfolded in his view,—  
Once a new world, sphered in celestial blue,  
Grew dark, with agony and wrong defiled,  
And man forgot the eternal Good and True,  
Till He appeared through an immortal child;—  
The blinded race their Lord through him denied, reviled.

He passed from Earth like sun-set from the West,  
But every spirit-sphere beheld Him still;  
The universe of souls through him is blest;  
He circumscribes creation, and doth fill  
Its orbs with life. He moves through all the will  
Of all the Angels. Unto Him is given  
Dominion, glory, praise, and shall be till  
He, by His love, which hath all men forgiven,  
Makes every heart his home, and earth unites with heaven.

He shone o'er high Olympus, and the sun  
Gleamed radiant o'er his head and wreathed his brow  
Then thronging from the Elysian fields did come  
The deities of Greece, with noblest vow,  
Paying grand homage; and his smiles did sow  
Their hearts with joy, like summer when it crowns  
Mountains and hills and vales. The heavens did glow,  
And the stars came so near that midnight's frowns  
Dissolved in mellow light. Cities and peopled towns

Thronged with bright deities ; their sun-bright gate  
Did open, and their temples, flushed with day,  
Resounded with high songs. Imperial states,  
Persia, Etruria, hidden far away,  
Saw his sublime appearing, and a ray  
From his effulgent eyes all hearts did thrill.  
Argos and Ephesus in bright array  
And all the hundred isles the sphere did fill  
With Angel forms of Light and Victory and Will.

Then spake mild Jove from off his sun-bright throne  
Unto the crowned Olympians ; and the race  
Of nations bound within the Grecian zone,  
“ Behold above the eternal Father’s face.”  
Then Demigod and Muse and smiling Grace  
Lifted the pean glad. “ Behold ! behold ! ”  
And in the skies above with sweet embrace,  
The ancient nations of Earth’s Age of Gold,  
The Grecian Heaven with bands of tenderest love did fold.

Immortalized anew and blent together,  
In that embrace, the Heavens beheld their joy,  
And all the skies grew vocal ; spirits never  
Before beheld sweet bliss without alloy  
Like theirs. Then came that winged celestial boy  
Who drove thy flocks, Admetus, Shepherd-king,  
And sang : “ This union shall at last destroy  
The spiteful serpents to mankind that cling,  
And Earth rejoice to see a new Arcadian Spring.”

Sublimely o'er the grand Olympian hill  
Transfigured Christ shone down ; the deities  
With praises unto him their sphere did fill.  
Then suddenly there came a rapid breeze  
Of winged music ; sounding harmonies  
Were piled together massively and vast,  
Changed to a burning Pantheon ; and bright seas  
Of lucid dawn above it rolled and past,  
Forming a sun-like dome sublimely there at last,

In spheres of seven-fold brightness. Thrones were there  
Of sumptuous ivory, adorned with art,  
Sculptured with forms of Love and Beauty fair ;  
But o'er the Pantheon, solemnly apart,  
Shone a bright Sun, vibrating like a heart  
Of deathless love, it was Messiah's throne.  
In that great temple, Wisdom's glorious mart,  
The ancient demigods rejoiced to own  
The Eternal King, Divine, Majestic and Alone.

Then suddenly their souls were filled with longing ;  
Pregnant with thought as summer with rich sweets,  
Their minds expanded. Nations came, and thronging  
Filled the vast amphitheater whose seats  
Held millions. Then through all its spiral streets  
On every brow a winged expectation  
Sat like a star, and like a heart that beats  
Inspired with love, heaven thrilled with adoration,  
And all grew still as night before the world's creation.

Then from the Infinite came Splendors flying,  
Nobler than demigods, and these did throng  
The massive temple, "Holy, Holy," crying,  
"Lord God, Almighty, to thee doth belong  
Dominion, greatness, might, and Thou art strong  
In love and wisdom. Thou alone art great;  
Creation is thy grand harmonic song,  
And new creations even now await  
Through Thee their birth; Thou art Life, Destiny and Fate.

Thou didst unfold the Earth and stars together,  
Outwinding their sweet essence by degrees,  
Till it divided into earth and ether,  
And central fire and music-thrilling seas.  
Thou didst from heaven send down that vernal breeze,  
Wherein all odors, virtues and delights  
Lay sleeping; Thou didst fill with melodies  
Of joy and love its templed days and nights,  
And gild its sapphire dome with swift revolving lights.

Thou didst unfold the glorious Eden Ages.  
Adam and Eve were beauteous tribes that wed  
And then gave birth to demigods and sages,  
With lips by thy great inspirations fed;  
And, when the radiant Golden Age lay dead  
On sun-set threshold of departing time,  
And earth, pale mourner, bowed her widowed head,  
Thou didst create Elysium, didst enshrine  
Divinest thoughts in speech and poetry divine.

The first-born ages did not veil their being,  
 To them disguise was not, their thoughts were things ;  
 No cloud obscured the organ of clear-seeing ;  
 Then the interior spirit had swift wings,  
 Man talked with heroes, demigods and kings ;  
 Minerva led him to her temple ; Jove  
 Opened for him the Olympian gates, the springs  
 Of Helicon flowed round him, and above  
 Shone the sun-heaven divine and filled his heart with love.

The veil of language afterwards was woven,  
 And many a glorious Ideality,  
 By whose bright wings the mind's clear sky was cloven,  
 Assumed the aspect of divinity.  
 The Grecian gods and heroes, mild and free,  
 Were attributes of Truth, in that sweet time,  
 And their companion-souls in harmony,  
 Filling with bliss their high Olympian shrine,  
 Were attributes of Love and forms of Joy divine.

The demigods, whom they believed translated,  
 Were human Mediums of immortal thought.  
 They knew that man from Heaven was nobly fated,  
 They knew the gods bright inspirations wrought  
 In human bosoms, bearing unbesought,  
 Rich gifts divine, and they in solemn verse,  
 Inspired celestial verities out-wrought,  
 Delighting in their temples to rehearse  
 The inner things of Heaven's unfolding universe.



And gentle deities of field and flood,  
Whom lovers saw in trance and twilight dream,  
Were human natures principled in good,  
Risen from decay, o'er death and ill supreme.  
Elysium with its shades was all a green  
And peaceful world, where Sages, just and wise,  
From golden goblets drank sweet hippocrene ;  
And Spirit-suns with mild illustrious eyes  
Illumed with calm delight that flowery Paradise.

And they in Spirit-heavens above their isle  
Of flowering beauty saw the stars ascend,  
Each like an Angel with love-beaming smile  
Throned on his orb, like some all-glorious friend ;  
These they called gods, and as bright thoughts do wend  
From the deep spirit to God's infinite,  
Through worlds and heavens sublime, at last to blend  
In the Supreme Creator's smile of light,  
So they through these rose to the Uncreated Might.

With these bright deities they held communion,  
Hymned praises to the swift revolving years,  
And, blended with their spouses in sweet union  
Of joy and beauty, with their wise compeers.  
Of orient nations, reigned.—These happy spheres  
Receded from mankind as evils grew  
And sorrows multiplied, and bitter tears,  
Until at last they bade mankind adieu ;  
Remote and tranced away beyond the envailing blue.

In after years mankind with sensuous errors  
Vailed the traditions of ancestral lore,  
Transformed their shapes divine to Hates and Terrors,  
Retaining still the outward guise they wore ;  
An inward and an outward Faith of yore  
Unfolded thus ; and where the Grecian seas  
Fringe loveliest coasts, men blindly did adore,  
As infinite eternal deities,  
God's attributes divine and Wisdom's harmonies.

From age to age more vast, in brightness kindled,  
Heaven grew through Earth's disastrous years of night,  
Till when on earth to nothingness had dwindled  
Man's faith in heaven, Thou didst rekindle light,  
And pour it, Lord, on man's illumined sight.  
One more mankind, the chains of slavery spurning,  
Drank in Thy life, Thy love, Thy joy and might.  
Earth kindles from Thy glance electric burning,—  
Earth came from Thee at first, now 'tis to Thee returning."

Then came one elder far than these, a spirit  
Coeval with the sun ; his strong right hand  
Displayed a triple scroll, and he did 'herit  
Such glory that his presence filled that band  
Of seraph splendors with an influence bland  
Of summer and sweet morning, and his sphere  
Of joy, like spices from some tropic land,  
Diffused rich odors through the atmosphere,  
And from his robes outstreamed a light like day-dawn clear.

No words He uttered, beautiful descending,  
But smiled in tenderness and love divine ;  
That smile of love, with every spirit blending,  
Like fire that falls from Heaven on holiest shrine,  
Kindled in every breast a song sublime.  
Loudly it rose, its billows rolled afar,  
Shivering the temple's vaulted crystalline ;  
The pantheon changed to an Harmonic Star,  
Rolling with spherul song through heavenly spaces far.

O star, O world, O realm of joy and wonder,  
O Paradise of blessedness complete,  
Outpouring song like swift melodious thunder,  
Heaven saw thee roll beneath Messiah's feet.  
Then all the gods of Greece their God did meet,  
Falling before Him ; then He spake and said,  
" Rise, O my children, let your ancient seat,  
Serene and vast o'er western earth be spread,  
And mild immortal light on man diffusive shed."

As morning pours its billows of red gold  
O'er lawny vale and hill, that star became  
A sphere of undulated light and rolled  
O'er western Heaven, kindling all air with flame,  
And its invisible and gentle rain  
Of love and wisdom to the earth descended :  
O'er the New World that vast Olympian fane  
Sublimely shone, and with its ether blended,  
And overarched its vault with spheres of beauty splendid.

And Phidias came, inspired with life divine,  
From the Olympian Hall, on earth to fashion  
A new and Jove-like form of strength sublime,  
Impervious to the shafts of mortal passion.  
His pure celestial ardors did impassion  
And animate a youth ; no Parian stone,  
No granite rock he wrought that waves may dash on,  
And fires consume ; he arched a mental dome,  
That mind received a soul, that soul was Washington.

And Jove the Thunderer gathered in his hand  
The streaming lightnings and he wove a spell  
Round a young child ; and wise Minerva planned  
His mental structure, and Jove's thunders fell  
Harmless and mild, night's darkness to dispel,  
And made that mind deep-thoughted as bright seas  
Of intellect, that roll with solemn swell  
In heavens above ; and ancient Socrates  
The youthful Franklin nursed on his immortal knees.

And then young Alcibiades, the swift  
Mercurial spirit, gathered in his hand  
Bright sun-fires golden from the purple drift  
Of the sky's ocean, hastening to the land ;  
And silver-footed Thetis from the strand  
Of her divine Atlantic formed a bay,  
And there grew up a youth in spirit grand,  
Fed by salt seas and storms in wild affray,  
Impetuous, fierce and strong, and terrible as they.

His soul was formed for deeds of dreadless daring,  
And he, companioned by the free-born gale,  
Unfurled the Starry Banner, with it sharing  
Peril and victory ; 'mid battle hail  
He stood, nor blenched, though even Hope did fail ;  
A sea-born Mars upon the bloody deck,  
Pallid with rage, a meteor fiercely pale,  
Keen as Despair, till burning flames did fleck  
That watery hell of rage ; he thundered from his wreck

Defiance to Old England, and he tore  
Saint George's ensign with his red right hand  
From its high place. 'No more,' he cried, 'no more  
Shall the Red Cross bear rule o'er sea and land.'  
He scourged Saint George's channel with a brand  
That failed him never ; and his cannon roar  
Shook fearfully, although he bore command  
O'er one frail barque, her proud imperial shore.  
So the grim Viking stormed through pathless deeps of yore.

Themistocles flew down as when of old  
He burst old Persia's might sublime asunder,  
And reared a son impetuous, daring, bold,—  
The wild steeds of his thought defied the thunder,—  
Still northern men recall with prideful wonder  
How Allen stormed Ticonderoga's hold,  
How, Samson-like, his spirit did outnumber  
His multitudinous foes ; defiance rolled  
And hundreds cowered before one freeman strong and bold.

The Spartans came, and in the rock-built towers  
Of rudest North they fashioned into men  
Their spiritual essences and powers.  
The ruddy Argives thronged the land of Penn,  
Great Illium's off-spring where with diadem  
Of stars the emerald mountains lift their head  
Toughened the limbs of mountaineers, to them  
Gave constancy and truth; their souls were fed  
With fires of patriot zeal,—this was their spirit-bread.

To Marion's men in southern climes, inspiring  
Came Epirots and Thracians; he who fought  
With elephants 'gainst Rome, their spirits firing  
With deathless valor, in their bosoms wrought  
Imperial constancy. All unbesought  
Achilles from his heavenly mansion trod,  
And to the Chief of patriots richly fraught  
With love and wisdom, gave bright arms; the God  
Of Morning sent to him the victory-bringing rod.

And Sylph-like Spirits, peopling heaven's white ocean  
With Amphitrite and her Naiad train,  
Thrilled the great deep of that young world's emotion.  
Theseus with all his mighty compeers came;  
Star-bright Medea left her glowing fane,  
And leaning from her fierce revolving car  
Threw burning snakes to pierce with dying pain  
Great Freedom's foes; and from Olympus far  
All Heroes drave their steeds, each shouting nerved the war.

Then, leaping from the corpse of Europe dead,  
Swept by white whirlwinds to his native heaven,  
Young Revolution unto Jove was led,  
In bright Apollo's car of splendors driven.  
Then suddenly that burning vault was riven  
Above Olympus, and in light descending,  
The Demi-gods of nobler worlds, in seven  
Great spiral hosts were seen with mortals blending,  
Their victory-bolts they threw, inspired with love unending.

The camp of Freedom gathered, and the roll  
Of Fame with added heroes shone ; mankind  
Thrilled everywhere and spurned the vile control  
Of Tyranny, the Cyclop sudden blind ;  
Then dawned the liberty of human kind ;  
Then tusked Evil fell, and from his gore,  
Wisdom, like young Adonis risen and shrined,  
O'er ancient Madness smiled, and clasped once more  
Sweet Love, and taught mankind the Father to adore.

Nine spheres of power direct the Modern World  
To harmony and lead the Golden Age  
From heaven to where, with starry flag unfurled,  
Young Freedom rules his western heritage.  
Nine mighty Sons of Morning ever wage  
War against Ignorance, and Vice, and Fear,  
And Slavery ; each laureled Grecian sage  
In modern thought glorious shall reappear,—  
On earth the gods of old renew their bright career.

And Jupiter and Mercury and Mars  
And Vulcan tame the Titans of the deep,  
And harness the wild flame-steeds to the cars  
And wile the lightnings from their airy steep.  
No more men sow in toil and sparsely reap  
The narrow glebe. A million thoughts combine  
To shape colossal forms, whose forces leap  
Through nature with a strength and skill divine,  
These are the epic songs of the immortal Nine.

The new Republic speeds with conquering march  
Northward and southward far toward either pole,  
Seeking with all the heavens its realms to arch,  
Speeding toward the illimitable goal  
Of universal empire. Every soul  
In heaven beholds the fires of Freedom burning  
New kindled in mankind, the dread control  
Of the old Anarchs Fear and Hatred spurning ;  
While all the earth's dim orb to noon-day light is turning."

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He ceased his song, and still and calm  
As is the radiant sunset sky,  
Or as the earth when winds of balm  
Sleep in the groves of Arcady,  
A new divine enchantment fell  
Upon my being ; far away  
We sped, drawn by some inward spell,  
To a deep hidden jasmine dell.  
Indra sped with us. On our way,



“O brother dear, I long to know,”  
To that sweet poet Keats I said,  
“Through what mild wonders thou didst go,  
Passing from earth and from its wo.”  
He turned and bowed his angel head.  
“A little while, a little while,  
And thou shalt see an Indian isle  
Balmed in a lotus-wreathed lake.”—  
Answering my thought that spirit spake—  
“Then shalt thou know how I was led  
Up to the living from the dead.

---

“Peacocks in gardens trim display  
Plumes brilliant as the hues of day ;  
Swans o'er the placid waters go  
White as the winter's drifted snow,  
Yet is their beauty incomplete,  
Because the voice is harsh, not sweet ;  
Their wings are fair, not so their feet.  
Deformity thus appertains  
To brightest shapes of woods and plains.  
All creatures on the earth have some  
Deficiency ; I know of none  
That can be called the absolute  
Of beauty. Some are fair but mute,  
Some vocal but in plumage mean ;—  
No partial form in heaven is seen.  
The stately peacocks meekly go

Through gardens where all flowerets blow,  
And the wild swans with wings of snow,  
With airy voices tuneful-sweet,  
And plumes of down adorn their feet ;  
Nothing in nature but doth find  
Its type in heaven, but fairer far,—  
All forms are perfect as the mind ;—  
Earth's dust in heaven is crystal spar."

So Indra sang with golden lute,  
Then added : " As a fish is mute,  
So forms are voiceless oftentimes  
On earth ; yet in the heavenly climes  
There is no form without its own  
Melodious utterance."—Dimly shone  
In distance now a rosy cloud,  
It was the Indian heaven that glowed.  
A fragrance wafted from its breast  
Tranced us in deep delicious rest ;  
And floating through the perfume dim  
We heard what seemed an evening hymn.  
Through vast cathedral aisles we sped,  
Formed of mysterious trees, that shed  
From yellow flowers a perfume rare,  
Thrilling our bosoms like a prayer.  
And Indra to us said, " Behold  
These mystic trees with flowers of gold :  
These Brahma loves, and here repairs  
Ofttimes to breathe mild evening airs,  
And hold communion, through the deep

Interior presciences of sleep,  
With things to come that yet shall be."  
He ceased. An inward melody,  
As if the soul of that sweet sphere  
Grew vocal, murmured to the ear.  
By strange enchantments filled and fed,  
Following the windings of that stream  
Of harmony and joy supreme,  
We reached a crystal streamlet's bed.  
A golden barge received us, and  
We glided from that mystic Land.  
The golden waters seemed to be  
Thought-mirrors of eternity,  
And all our minds were mirrored there ;  
Our thoughts grew vocal in the air—  
Each thought took on a voice and form.  
The south wind bore a fragrance warm  
And steaming, and an Island broke  
Out from the mist. Then Indra spoke:  
"O, welcome to our jasmine grove,  
O, welcome to our Isle of Love."

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Mother-angel, thou whose breast  
Pillowed my young heart's unrest,  
Thou who didst the world forego  
Ere thy child thy love could know ;—  
Mother, thou didst meet me there,  
Gleaming through empurpled air,

Like a saint by Guido drawn,  
Thou whose heaven-name is 'The Dawn,'  
Thy divine felicity  
Pouring o'er the restless sea  
Of my sorrow, Angel bright!  
Lilies of the upper light  
Wreathed a young girl's brow beside  
That mild mother glorified,  
My soul's counterpart and bride.

---

" In a trance of wonder led  
By the spirits Pain and Dread,  
By the spirits Joy and Grief;  
Joy who wears the myrtle wreath,  
Grief who wears the crown of thorns,  
Whose pale breast the cross adorns,  
We were guided," gently said  
One my spirit longed to know,  
One my infant lips who fed  
With fond kisses long ago,—  
" To the land where roses blow,  
To the land where lovers go,  
When the pang of death is o'er.  
Evermore the waters curl  
On the calm and tranquil shore,  
Sowing all the strand with pearl.  
Brighter than the golden ore  
Flow the tranquil waves and flow;  
Nothing there but fills the breast

With a sweet delicious rest.  
Crimson stars begin to glow  
When the wind is in the west,  
Crimson stars, Hesperides,  
Isled orbs 'mid shining seas ;  
Alcyone burneth there  
'Mid her Pleiad sisters fair.  
But the north wind blows and brings  
Star-fire, whose keen luster springs  
Like the diamond into light ;  
And the east wind brings to sight  
Emerald galaxies, between  
Whose green splendor isles are seen,  
Sun-tinged ardors opaline ;  
And the south wind's breath divine  
Bids the azure skies unfold  
Leaves instarred with crimson gold ;  
And the light grows rich and strange  
Till the star-fires interchange  
Their mild rays, and, all as one,  
Melt and mingle in the sun.  
And the joys the Angels' own  
Through the illimitable zone  
Of the heaven's immensity  
Undulating form a sea ;  
And it flows and flows until  
Every heart doth pulse and thrill  
With divine delight, and there,  
While the night-hours bloom more fair,  
Music fills and perfume rare

All the undulated air,  
And the music winds and winds  
Through the hearts and through the minds  
Of the Spirits who repose  
In that heaven as in a rose."

So I heard my Mother sing ;  
Years before, sweet soul, she trod  
Far from winter into spring,  
Homeward to the loving God.

Then a Grecian maiden drew  
Near us, flowers of crystal dew  
Oped their silver petals, 'mid  
Her dark tresses well nigh hid ;  
They were diamonds of the sun,  
And she said : " The swift hours run,  
And our brother soon must go  
To the world of mortal wo ;  
He must meet with many friends  
Ere the morning lusters glow."

Mild and meek Panthea came,  
Wisest lady of old fame,  
Unto her of old was given  
Wisdom from the Grecian heaven,  
And her sacred soul was shrined  
In all harmonies combined  
Ere she left her mother's side ;  
And a maiden azure-eyed,  
Pure Anadyomene.

Born beside the Grecian sea,  
With her came ; and, following her,  
Veiled in star-bright gossamer,  
Loved by all the Muses mild,  
Athenais, that sweet child.  
And I heard the train rehearse  
How the poet Keats was born ;  
How his soul was fed with verse,  
And his spirit crowned with morn,  
Far above the azure span.  
Thus the mystic strain began :—

“ From deepest recesses of human nature,  
From cells of thought deep-hidden, where the mind  
In its self-consciousness dwells, God-enshrined,  
One day came forth a fair celestial creature,  
A peerless woman-soul, but part confined  
In outward substance, playful as the wind  
That dallies 'mid Love's Eden ; 'mid the flowers  
Of love and joy she dwelt, celestial powers  
Attended her. In her full breast there slept  
Twelve angel creatures, like herself, so clear  
In crystal brightness that the atmosphere  
With all its light shone through them, and they crept  
At nightfall, when the moonlight shuts the rose,  
And Nature to her bridal chamber goes,  
Into young hearts of maidens, kindling there  
Sweet dreams, Elysian dreams of golden air  
And purple sunlight woven fresh and fair,  
And gentle beyond all imaginings.

These sportive Genii, in their wanderings,  
Fed Keats, that radiant genius ; he was young,  
And wildest wo and richest joy his tongue  
Alternate did control. He was a youth  
Of vestal whiteness, an embodied truth,  
A miracle of love, a sweetness veiled  
In sorrow. In his genius he was mailed  
Sun-clad, star-saddled, but within his breast  
His heart mourned like the sea that hath no rest,  
Beating forever on the shores of Fate.  
He stood unconsciously by Eden's gate.  
The very atmosphere of spirit-skies  
Drooped in rich folds above his agonies.  
Like young Adonis murdered in red gore,  
He lay, heart-bleeding, dying evermore,  
Just on Heaven's outer verge ; of all mankind  
The chastest, gentlest, noblest, purest mind.  
To him the Spirit of the Future came,  
And kissed his sleeping eyes with lips of flame,  
And he, inspired in heart, made Poetry  
His mistress. Earth and air and sky and sea,  
Brutes, men, with phantoms of the human brain,  
And Titan sorrows, shapes of wo and pain,  
And lithe, swift splendors that, without a name,  
Dwell in the expanse where Death holds gentlest reign,  
Peopled his mind with images sublime  
And beauteous. In his dreams he loved to climb  
Ethereal steeps of unimagined glory ;  
And where, with brow serene, Earth's promontory



Juts out its wedge-like shaft o'er life's dim sea,  
He stood and communed with Eternity.

That mild, sweet Gentleness, was named of old  
Panthea, in the ancient Age of Gold  
The elemental essences of mind  
Evolved rare splendors ; these being recombined,  
Took sylph-like form, and floated with bright wings  
Of crimson rose, than all imaginings  
More lovely, in the human shape. Her eyes  
Were kindled from the twin eternities  
Of Love and Wisdom, and her beating heart  
Thrilled through its form. Its curved lips apart  
Perpetual smiled ; such bliss enhaloed it,  
That, wheresoe'er with winged grace it lit,  
Music awoke in all Earth's breathing things,  
As when a lute unto a wind-harp sings.

The little Graces, in Panthea's breast,  
Were her own thoughts, beyond all blessing blest ;  
And they did build, in unimagined seas  
Of ether dim their fair Hesperides,  
Attracting to that dim domain by nights  
Young Poets, feeding them with sapphire lights,  
Caressing them by turns and weaving white  
Pale dreams, and blessing their enamored sight  
With visioned Arcadies and shepherd throngs  
Caroling love-lays, mirthful vintage songs  
And hymns to Pan and Ceres. In the zone  
That binds the world, there is an isle unktown,

Melodia called ; a planet-orb so fair,  
Its white ray hides from earth's material air ;  
A planet peopled by a deathless race  
Of sweet Humanities, with fond embrace  
Delighted and delighting, heart to heart  
Thrilling forever ; there no mortal smart  
Of anguish keen is felt ; they have no name  
For anguish ; every spirit hath a frame  
Corporeal, but refined until it burns  
Electric in the air ; no soul but yearns,  
No heart but palpitates, no breast but moves  
Companioned by its counterpart of loves ;  
Adoring Perfectness and rising on  
Immortal wings from their world's horizon  
To heaven. The fair Melodians came to earth  
The night young Keats was born, and ere his birth  
Panthea breathed into his heart ; and all  
Her fair child-graces thronging at her call,  
Wove round him, orb'd in that sweet mother fair  
Diaphanous vails of heaven's ethereal air ;  
Round his young nerves exquisite they did wind  
A seven-fold strain of music, that the mind  
Of all celestial loveliness might be  
Poured through them in perpetual ecstasy.

There lived in Athens once, beside the sea,  
A lady called Anadyomene  
She was the child of one whose life was given  
To poetry, sweet love, and dreams of heaven ;  
And when she perished, to her daughter dear

She said, "Sweet girl, alas, I leave thee here,  
Dove-like, 'mid vultures." Then a silver boat  
Of spirit-fire that mother's soul did float  
Into Elysium. O'er celestial streams  
Rose-sparkling in the fiery sun-rise beams,  
Her pinnacle flew, blown by a viewless blast;  
The heavenly Delphos glimmered at the last,  
In distance. Through pale silver mist she sped  
To an enchanted isle; her form on earth lay dead.  
Her daughter lived in solitude and nursed  
In her white breast an uncontaminated thirst  
Of love. It was no youth of mortal mold  
Her spirit pined for, and her heart would hold  
No mortal passion. She too pined away.  
Mysterious sounds were heard by night to play  
Through all her dwelling; with the morning light  
'T was said two forms, than dawning day more bright,  
Rose from her home and vanished in the glow  
Of sunrise. Her pale outward form below  
With sacred rites upon an odorous pyre  
Exhaled, and being pure, fed flames of purest fire.  
Her sacred ashes in a golden urn  
Were buried; it is wiser to return  
The form without corruption to its own  
Pure ether; for the form, the soul's glad throne,  
Should never feed decay; the dust should rise  
Borne by sweet odors and rich harmonies  
Of music to the viewless middle skies  
Whence it descended in its finer part.  
'Tis mock-ry all, the vain embalmers art,

Unnatural and unjust. 'T were sweet to see  
 A burial made divine, and spirits free,  
 Circling in golden flame and pouring down  
 Love songs the sacred funeral rites to crown,  
 Chanting their own great immortality,  
 While beautiful their dust exhaled away,  
 Rising through purifying flame and blent  
 With glories of the crystal firmament.  
 So sacred Augurs taught and taught aright.  
 The inspirations of an Infinite,  
 Eternal Beauty rested once on Greece,  
 As flame on golden altars, and de cease  
 They made poetic, as all life should be.  
 O that bright spiral flame is type to me  
 Of the soul's progress through celestial skies ;  
 And Love, whose chariot of pure harmonies  
 Transports the spirit to its own abode,—  
 Fire being the type of love and love the name of God.

When Keats was born this lovely maid descended,  
 And with her bridegroom spirit being blended,  
 Became his Guardian, leading him in dreams,  
 Where Arcady's blue skies and crystal streams  
 Are filled with stars and lilies deep and still ;  
 His honeyed heart grew ripe, his lips did trill  
 In slumber 'neath their influence wise ; at last  
 His dreams into his outward being cast  
 Supernal gleams and ravishments divine ;  
 Through his tuned lips the beauteous Grecian clime

Flowed musical ; his pure heart-precious lay  
Filled earth with sweetest bliss no more to pass away.

---

“ In a slumber deep and holy,  
Like a cradled infant, wholly  
Free from sin and sorrow, keep  
Him forever, gentle Sleep ;  
Lead him through thy twilight vales,  
Feed his lips with honey-dew,  
He was kind and good and true ;  
Like the crescent moon, that sails  
Far away through sunset skies,  
He hath gone from earthly eyes ;  
Lead him, Sleep, O lead him where  
Death, who 'herits all things fair,  
Dwells 'mid trophies rich and rare.  
Gentle Death, to him be mild,  
He in spirit is a child ;  
Show him not thy dungeon deep,  
Where the old-time monarchs sleep  
Wrapped in glory for a pall,  
He is but an infant small ;  
Lead him through thy stately hall  
To the Angel-guarded gate,  
Where his kindred for him wait,  
Deathless, clothed in purple state ;  
Fairest lords and ladies they,  
Dwellers in the realms of day :”  
Voices low were heard to say,  
Where that gentle Poet lay.

Sleep, who haunts the Indian dells,  
Where the purple asphodels  
Wave, 'mid dusky foliage hid,  
Heard and oped the drowsy lid  
Of his deep and dewy eyes,  
As a mist-wreath glad to rise  
From a violet bank in May,  
When 'tis neither night nor day;  
Lingering on his way to cull  
Night blown roses beautiful,  
Hawthorn buds and eglantine,  
From their leaves distilling wine,  
Pure as tears by mother shed  
O'er a little infant's bed,  
When its faint breathed evening prayer  
Melts away through twilight air,  
And it seems a cherub fair;  
While a sunbeam rich and rare,  
Turns to gold his chestnut hair,  
Playing like an Angel's wings  
O'er him as he tries to smile  
Radiant through its glimmerings  
In his mother's face the while.

Sleep and Death together came,  
Sleep and Death so calm and mild,  
And the dim-eyed Evening smiled,  
And the stars with silver flame;  
And the mystic Pilots three  
Of the spirit's destiny,

Faith and Hope and Charity,  
Gazed with high approving mien,  
Holding lamps of gold unseen,  
That diffused a fragrant light  
And an odor of delight  
Through the dimness of the night.

Sleep drew near the couch and smiled,  
Pouring out his mystic wine ;  
Drink,' he said, ' this draft divine,  
Gentle Poet undefiled.'  
And he drank and said, ' I feel  
Sense-dissolving music steal  
Through my being. I depart,  
And I feel the daisies start  
O'er my breast.'—So Keats was led  
To those islands fair and large,  
Far beyond earth's ocean marge,  
Where, attired and garlanded  
With divine felicity,  
Mild, and beautiful and free,  
Lyric Angels held their court.  
Joy and Mirth and frolic Sport,  
Peace and Pleasure, free from pain,  
Hold therein unceasing reign.  
Fairer than the English May  
Blooms this halcyon world alway,  
Rose-hued Night with golden Day  
Share an alternating sway.  
There serene Tranquillity

Sitteth like a queen on high ;  
And the yellow rivers flow,  
And the crimson lilies blow,  
And the crested swans appear  
Doubly in the tranquil mere.  
Earth and atmosphere and sea  
Share the mind's transparency.  
Through each form its spirit glows ;  
Hearts their secret thoughts uncloze ;  
Two-fold blooms each deathless rose,  
Two-fold shines each upper light.  
Every nature finds delight  
In celestial marriage ties ;  
Two-fold are all harmonies.  
'Tis the Indian Heaven, as old,  
Almost, as the Age of Gold.  
There our Keats is newly born,  
He is clothed and crowned with morn ;  
Life's distress is all forgot,  
He is not dead and dieth not ;  
Daisies grow not o'er his breast,  
By his own True Love caressed.

So when he died to earth, that Angel boy,  
Young children, Cupid-like, and clothed with joy  
As with new blossomed roses, guided him  
To a white chariot, and there pealed a hymn  
Of welcome from his guardian Angels blest,  
And sweetest Loves with tender kisses pressed  
His dewy lips. 'O Joy, once veiled in sorrow,'



They sang, ' O Light that on the earth did borrow  
 From envious hearts a shroud, all hail ! all hail !'  
 He rested in that chariot, silver-pale,  
 Till with auroral beams a purple cloud  
 Received him. There his lovely spirit, bowed  
 On earth like a bent lily in the rain,  
 Sun-like and kingly, free from every pain,  
 Thrilled to divinest music ; evermore  
 Joy made her nest in his deep bosom's core,  
 Breeding young poems fed on festive bliss,  
 And tranced in Eden realms of purest happiness."

There this tale I heard him tell,  
 In that Indian jasmine dell,  
 How his spirit rose from earth,  
 Blooming to immortal birth.

" Night overcame me ; I was but a youth,  
 Slain by mankind, when still the glad heart fed  
 On fair Imagination's daisied banks.  
 The young moon lost in a dissolving rain,  
 Endymion dead ere Dian's eager kiss,  
 Were types of my sad fate. My name was writ  
 In water, but the crystal drops exhaled  
 To heaven, and clothed my spirit like a star.

Where grows the painted columbine, where lush  
 Musk roses drink the golden summer dew,  
 In Arcady, my spirit, silver-swift,  
 Treads daintily, and there my joy exhales  
 Rich teeming from the spice-groves of my heart,

Laden with sense and sounds. Such mines of bliss  
Beneath my footstep open, that I seem  
To tread old Sinbad's fabled diamond vale.  
Methinks Aladdin's magic lamp is mine.  
They rolled the death-stone, those mysterious Fates,  
The dark magicians of the outer world,  
And cold Decay beside the head-stone sat,  
And grim Mortality companioned him.  
The crickets, chirping in the summer grass,  
Burrowed above my head. Meanwhile I sped  
Through that enchanted avenue, till burst  
All Paradise, a world, in teeming wealth  
Upon my vision; and there came to me  
A queenly woman, robed in amethyst,  
Sandaled with opal, and her zone imperaled  
Below the milk-white heaven of her breast,  
Chilled me, or seemed to, with delicious calm.

'How far is this, O Poet-boy,' she cried,  
'Say, tell me, come, sweet guest, how far is this  
From Iran's fabled groves? The bul-bul sings  
In the rose-gardens all the sweet day long;  
The jasmine-blossoms scent the humid air;  
The dripping spices feed the enamored bees;  
The tamarind trees their feathered branches wave;  
The rich carnation droops oppressed with sweets;  
The fountain sings as if the swans had fed  
Its drops with music; never jangling tones  
Mar the full concord, sense is here divine.  
Astarte with her mooned maids is high;

And Dian with her crescent throng is here ;  
 The innocent child Eros lies asleep  
 In an enchanted garden not afar.  
 Look not enamored in the stream ; within  
 Its depths the Naiads dwell, and Loreley  
 Lives there, and hath her court in coral groves.'

Music and love and sweet deliciousness  
 Of perfume made my breast a living grot,  
 Cool, fragrant, haunted by delightful thoughts,  
 All pleasant sounds and murmurs of a joy  
 Coming to meet me that I had not seen.  
 This was my waking in the Spirit-world,  
 Whereof I often dreamed, while outwardly  
 A mourner, half entranced by Poesy,  
 And half by sorrow and disease made wan,  
 Heavy and desolate, on earth I lived.

Bring me a silver lute I sang,  
 Bring me a silver lute,  
 When all things round me breathe of song  
 My voice shall not be mute.  
 Like an unfolding rose my heart  
 Within my bosom lies :  
 The budding loves uncloset and part,  
 And this is Paradise.

The crescent moon that dimly shines  
 In white felicity,  
 Ere yet a star-beam from the skies  
 Hath kissed the hawthorn tree,—

That crescent moon grows momentarily  
 'Mid all her queenly train  
 A fairer goddess, while descends  
 The golden evening rain.

O Goddess of the silver bow,  
 Endymion-like I start;  
 Thy words in music through me glow,  
 And tremble in the heart.  
 Thy haunting eyes through all my soul  
 Flash jewels rich and rare,  
 And they are thoughts that bid me wake—  
 But where am I, O where?

I cast my outer form aside  
 As 'twere a serpent-skin.  
 My soul as through a perfumed sea  
 Thy isled sphere doth win.  
 But where am I, and what am I?  
 Sure, sure I know not now,  
 Save an unfolding bud of life  
 On heaven's rich fruit-tree bough."

---

"Tell me," I whispered, "O thou spirit calm,  
 Who shinest o'er the clouds of human sorrow,  
 More of thy story." "Nay," he cried, "to-morrow,  
 New scenes await us." While he spake, the balm  
 Of precious flowers came wafted with a full  
 O'erpowering sweetness; heavy grown with sleep,

My senses failed me. In my heart I keep  
Close-veiled a Lyric Poem, beautiful,  
The Angels told me in that jasmine grove,  
Because the world cannot as yet receive.  
It was a poem of Conjugal Love.  
Hereafter still I hope in verse to weave  
And clothe it with an outward form and lay  
It on the world's heart. But before that day  
Thought-toils in many lands seem waiting me.

I wakened from that inward ecstasy.  
Panthea waved a dawn-flower such as grow  
In Jupiter, and said, "Dear brother, go  
With me, explore a wonder never known  
By earth-born mortals; unto thee 'tis shown."  
More words she added, but I heard them not,  
But slept again, and woke 'mid purple air;  
It was upon the planet Jupiter.  
Here I beheld a wonder never known  
Or dreamed of on the earth. A pale orb shone—  
It was the spirit of a star unveiled  
As yet in natural substance. There stood near  
A mighty spirit, Zaphtholim, the Seer,  
A magnate of the planet. Unto me  
He said, "This star shall yet a planet be."

An ancient Poet of the Grecian Age  
Rehearsed to me, reposing afterward  
In the Greek heaven, his own deep-thoughted view  
Of the same wonder. Thus he tuneful sang.

“ Forests of apples lie within a seed,  
And wildernesses bright with starry suns  
Within each separate world of peopled space.  
All matter is a medium wherethrough God  
Reduplicates and multiplies the worlds.  
Once in a flight of wonder I was led  
Into the planet Jupiter, and there  
Saw a young planet budding from the old,  
Like those mysterious fruits that hold concealed  
In every twig a new unfolding tree.  
I'll tell you of that infant sphere. Self-poised  
And luminous from an inward light it hung,  
Like a translucent amethyst, between  
The green orb's emerald and the golden sky,  
Held in the planetary atmosphere,  
Cradled in all its harmonies, a form  
Of aggregating melody, a sea  
Of rounded aromatic life, a bud  
Of world-existence twinkling on the stem  
Of its pure mother-sphere. Beneath it lay  
A sacerdotal city, whose bright streets  
Wound in a spiral from a central fane,  
Builted of massive jasper, and along  
The branchy avenues, like veins of light,  
Rivers of fluent silver ran, or lay  
Like mirrors, holding in their sacred breast  
The fixed untremulous images of spires  
Of green and golden fire, that lessening rose  
From pyramidal temples. Breathing low,  
Yet by degrees advancing like a charge

Of rushing thoughts upon a poet's brain,  
Unnumbered melodies, each one the voice  
Of some Angelic Spirit, gathered round,  
With their embattled forms of speaking love ;  
And each became to my immortal mind  
A tuneful seraph. By degrees I learned  
The magic of their wisdom. Few can bear  
The wonders of creation unto me  
In that surpassing wisdom-sphere made known.

A milk-white eagle, whose innocuous food  
Was purple grapes and fruits that have no name  
On earth, yet correspond to soaring loves  
And pure ambitions of the loving heart,  
Bore me through diamond ether, and below,  
Like an embodied dream of God's own thought,  
The multitudinous temples and the streams  
From Paradises, rich with purple blooms,  
Clothing each terraced height and multiplied  
Into aerial distance, round me lay,  
Each the abode of some all-glorious tribe,  
Or family of many-thoughted minds,  
And many-voiced perfections of sweet song,  
And many-powered forms of mighty will.

The organ of God's consciousness, that holds  
The pictured universe in all its forms,  
Hues, harmonies and loves within itself,  
Which yet is vaster far ; and unto them  
As substance to its shadow, or as light

To its own dimness, or as perfect day  
To the reflection of itself that shines,  
In, through, and over all; the ground,  
The continent, the origin and end,  
The streaming source of life, the joy that makes  
Each form a pulse-drop of its own delight,  
A thought of its intelligence, to move,  
To flame and brighten in perfected sphere,—  
That consciousness omnific seemed to be  
Out-imaged in that floating orb of light,  
That germinating planet, twinkling pure,  
And filling up the fluent space above.  
Crystals and minerals, birds, beasts and men,  
And branchy trees and constellated fruits,  
And floral galaxies of every hue,  
In intervolving spiral forms convolved,  
All folded in the orb's pure brightness lay,  
And it pervaded and insphered them all.

Then spake an Angel who maintained his throne  
In the bright sphere of an aromal world  
That clasped great Jupiter, and held within  
Its galaxy of substance, most like thought,  
The orb'd perfection; "This thou seest now  
Is the beginning of another world,  
To twinkle as a satellite, ere long,  
In outer space, glowing with emerald beams  
Of vegetative life, and putting forth  
Crystal translucence into splendid forms  
Of all metallic bases that compose



The bodies of material shapes, and tinge  
With beauty from their own interior life  
All fixed and moving bodies. Far away,  
In years remote, this infant orb shall be  
A virgin world, where birds shall sing, and flowers  
Diffuse their sweet perfection, and the air  
And sea and earth become instinct with life ;  
And rapid shapes in wildernesses green  
Shall multiply their kind, and crystal waves  
Gemmed with immortal islands, and the marge  
Of the diffusive sea, and calmest depths  
Of tranquil waters, each receive a race  
Of fit inhabitants ; and man shall build  
Purple pavilions in the eastern sky,  
And pile the mountain hights of sculptured gold  
For the adoring sun, and evening light  
Melt by degrees, as ends some good man's life,  
Dissolved in radiance of divinest joy.  
And love hereafter shall unfold a sphere  
Mantled with crimson lusters, and create  
Amid these jeweled groves and valleys green,  
Beside these crystal streams whose daisied banks  
Shall drink refreshment from the lucid wave,  
The destined paradise of human kind.  
Here shall a youth and maiden rise to life,  
In such consummate perfectness of form,  
With such exceeding blessedness of thought,  
With such transcendent kingliness of will,  
With such divine effulgence of bright soul,  
Such spiritual ardency of love,

Inspired in dual perfectness of peace,  
 That Heaven's own form shall through their forms descend,  
 That Heaven's own life shall through their life create.  
 They shall the parents be of forms of youth  
 And beauty, innocent as is a star  
 Upon the brow of God, born from his thought,  
 Between whose brightness and the Father-mind  
 No shadow interposes from itself.  
 From harmony to harmony that race,  
 Love-quicken'd, truth-pervaded, shall unfold,  
 And all their world be like one happy home,  
 Gliding through space as moves some thought from God,  
 Through the white ether of an Angel's brain."

That Grecian Spirit paused, and grew more fair  
 With inward light. "I too was sent to thee,"  
 He said, "to sing of a bright world afar,  
 Melodia called." He ceased; harmoniously,  
 With prelude soft, upon a lyre of light,  
 He chanted this sweet strain from his full heart's delight.

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"There is a world beyond Urania moving,  
 A virgin world, new-peopled; on its shore,  
 White as an angel's mind, the green waves pour  
 Sweet lullabies forever; tired of roving,  
 A Spirit-angel once found glad repose  
 On that far planet that no mortal knows.

That world was all unpeopled when he first

Beheld its virgin beauty, and he slept,  
And in his sleep this glorious vision burst  
Upon his mind,—for joy he smiled and wept.

He saw the landscape drowned with fluid gold ;  
The planet grew impregnate from the sun ;  
Through all its veins the solar effluence rolled,  
And then convergent shaped a seven-fold zone  
Of undulating splendors round the globe.  
Then from the sun seven mighty Angels trode,  
Each bearing in his hand a ruby vase  
Wherein the embryos of a seven-fold race  
Were shrined ; wherever passed that bright procession,  
Plants, trees and living things of flood and field  
And air came forth in beautiful progression ;  
And splendors in each living form concealed  
Unfolded, and a swift melodious race  
Of sylph-like beings filled the realms of space,  
And all was vocal as a lover's heart,  
Breathing sweet joy to his sweet counterpart.

And round about this green and glowing sphere  
A sky-blue heaven was pictured ; far above,  
A seven-fold Spirit-sun, whose heat was love,  
And light was wisdom, and whose rays were powers,  
Shone, never setting ; from their splendid towers,  
Their battlements of crystal, from their halls  
Of amethyst and sapphire-glowing walls,  
The sentried Angels, pacing all night long,  
Chanted an infinite immortal song

Of pleasure, that so sweet a world should be.  
Upon this orb there grew a wondrous tree,  
And budded stars and milk-white clustering spheres  
Shone 'mid its leaves; and evening's dewy tears,  
And morning's smiles, and music from the skies,  
And solemn winds, and pealing harmonies  
From every angel heaven matured its fruit.  
There came a serpent gnawing at its root,  
And the tree fell, and swarms of loathsome things  
Consumed its fruit, and winged shapes with stings  
Ate the green leaves, and the tree moldered there,  
And poisoned with decay the earth and air.

The Principle of Evil then arose,  
And breathed his venom on the clouds, and they  
Rained tempests foul of anarchies and woes,  
Obscuring with their pall serenest day.  
Birds, beasts, and bright ephemera grew fierce,  
And in their madness sought their kind to pierce.  
The orb ran red with slaughter, beast on beast,  
And bird on bird, and worm on worm did feast  
Unnatural, till by slow degrees there grew  
Terror and fear; until at last a new  
And glorious germ of life from heaven down fell,  
Took root within that planetary hell,  
And bore one golden sky-flower, in whose breast  
A Child lay sleeping, tenderly caressed  
By new-born zephyrs. Such sweet unison  
Bound him to the unknown and heavenly Sun,  
That he drew down its very life, and rose

From that sweet blossom in that world of woes  
Immaculate. The wild beasts where he trod  
Tore him, as one accursed and loathed of God.  
But, smiling down their madness, by degrees  
He fed them from his heart's deep harmonies,  
And wolves turned into lambs and learned to crop  
The flowery herbage of the mountain-top,  
The valley's tender grass, and lapped the flood  
Whose crystal quenched their appetite for blood.

This lovely being vanished as he came,  
Yet still his spirit filled the mighty frame  
Of all the world. His presence was a part  
Of all things lovely, and the planet's heart  
Still owned him present, though unseen, for still  
Through all its veins a grand harmonious thrill  
Responded to all loveliness of Love.  
Round the dark orb a white melodious dove,  
Flying forever, sang a prophecy  
And all who heard it knew that wondrous tree  
Of Eden old should blossom and unfold  
Once more, and Earth renew her Age of Gold.

This was the prelude of that Angel's dream ;—  
Mightier the stream of spirit thought rolled on—  
His inward mind glowed like the effulgent sun ;  
He saw the orb renew its vernal green,  
And blossom from the dust. Once more its breast  
Grew pregnant from the sun ; such life possessed  
Its veins that forms obscene refused to feed

On that new-blossomed herbage ; from the mead  
Sprang, golden-cupped, God's thoughts, insphered in flowers ;  
The sky rained down divine auroral showers.  
In every flowered chalice dew-drops bright  
Were changed to winged beings of delight.  
All the wild landscape glowed ; wheree'er a thorn  
Had been a wreathed blossom of the morn  
Opened its pure corolla. Desert sands  
Became rich meadowed wolds and prairie lands,  
And the hoar mountains dropped their crown of snows,  
And wreathed themselves with myrtles and with rose.  
Earth's central fires grew pregnant, and at last  
There ran a tremor through her spirit vast ;  
And from that central heat a crystalline  
Immensity shot forth ; as in the mine  
Form diamonds and rubies unbeseen,  
So now in air above Earth's prairied green,  
Great pantheoned structures, fanes not built by hands,  
By magic art divine shone o'er the lands,—  
Sun-builed cities for the human race,  
Temples whose prised light reflects God's face.

O'er marbled ruins of dark empires past ;  
O'er crypt, o'er dungeon, and o'er vaulted tomb ;  
Aerial gardens, beautiful and vast,  
On floating ether-isles began to bloom.  
Each atom of that orb received new birth,  
All atoms formed one grand harmonic earth.  
The spirit of each particle became  
An elemental splendor, every stain

And scar, and wound, and sorrow, and disease,  
Fled from that world; storms left the smiling seas;  
Soft zephyrs, changed to gondolas of light,  
Floated toward that earth-like crysolite,  
That new Hesperian island. Sun and Moon  
And constellated worlds, whose kingly Noon  
Reigns o'er transfigured races, sent their hosts,  
Bearing rich treasures from all heavenly coasts,  
Enriching that new paradise; from Mars,  
And Jupiter, and all fraternal stars,  
The Genii of the Seasons came to sow  
That orb with flowers of unimagined glow.  
Hesperian fruit-trees blossomed; all the sky  
Rained odors; man respired deliciously  
Heaven-fragrance full of love and bliss divine.—

The Angel woke; 'This dream,' he cried, 'was thine,  
O God, and Thou didst give it; thanks to Thee.  
Dreams are the souls of mighty things to be;  
Some world there is in space by wrong defiled,  
Some world there is where God through form of child  
Descends to conquer Evil, and restore  
Peace, joy, and beauty where the sin-storms roar.  
Some world there is whose future years shall see  
This dream more grand in fixed reality.' "

O Earth, beloved Earth, that Angel far,  
Reposing on that undiscovered star,  
Dreamed this concerning thee. When Christian men  
Cease to oppress the poor, and not till then,

Shall it be realized. And when the strong  
Nourish the weak, who now oppressed with wrong,  
Stagger on all the highways ; when for creeds  
Men substitute humanitarian deeds ;  
When the stone temples open wide the door  
To gather in the hunger-bitten poor ;  
When, swarming from dark dens of crime and want,  
Pale human creatures, brutal, fierce and gaunt,  
Jostle no more the gay and painted crowd  
Of human butterflies, who cruel-proud,  
Loathe the poor outcasts, near to God as they,  
Methinks that then effulgent dawn will play  
O'er the bright hill-tops of the new-born age.

Three armies now with fierce delirious rage  
Are battling round Sevastopol ; by night  
The bomb-shell and the rocket wildly bright,  
By day the devil-throated cannon roar,  
And lance and saber drip with human gore ;  
Whistling, the hail of musketry flies shrill ;  
The sabered victims cover plain and hill ;  
Contending hosts on wall and rampart shout ;  
Fierce, desperate heroes scale the strong redoubt ;  
From rank to rank hell-madness nerves them on ;  
Red blood-shot eyes gaze fiercely on the sun,  
That sun shall set on stark dead shapes begrimed  
Strewn o'er the earth. Hark ! hark ! borne on the wind,  
The death wail comes. O God ! fierce specters pale  
Rise from those corpses pierced with leaden hail,  
Sabered or cleft with cannon-shot in twain.



Serenest heaven's divine immortal fane  
Above the scene of terror shines, and those  
Ascend as brethren who expired as foes.  
Seized with divine delight they thrill, they glow  
'Tween heaven and that red slaughter field below ;  
Instinct with life, oblivious of all pain,  
They seek to make their presence felt again.  
Christian and Mussulman, forgetting all  
The creeds that held them in despotic thrall,  
Loathing alike the Koran and the Mass,  
From tent to tent among the slumberers pass.  
Soldiers asleep they magnetize and thrill,  
Whispering in every ear, "Thou shalt not kill."  
Priests who have hounded on the inhuman horde  
And 'blessed the war-flag and baptized the sword,'  
Shudder asleep, the bleeding Christ they see :  
"These wounds," he cries ; "with these ye torture me."  
And liveried princes, chieftains of the war,  
Slaves of Britannia's Queen, or Russia's Czar,  
See in their visions gaunt thin starvelings crowd  
Around them, crying terribly aloud ;  
Mothers with infants at the haggard breast,  
Wives widowed, in despair and torture drest,  
Pale, beaten children, 'mid the blinding sleet,  
Crying for hunger—these all clasp their feet,  
And cry, "O, where is father ! husband where ?"  
Forbear, O laureled chief, thy hand forbear.  
O church, misnamed of Christ, how long, how long  
Shall misery's martyrs, trampled by the strong,  
Thy devotees and panderers, cry in vain

For vengeance 'gainst thy demon-peopled fane.  
O Church, misnamed of Christ, how long wilt dare  
To trample on the poor God made thy care ?  
How long with greedy fingers clutch the spoil  
Of murdered nations ? Fiery snakes that coil,  
Adders that hiss, scorpions that sting the race,  
Foes of God's Word, how long will ye disgrace  
Religion with your blasphemy ? Awake,  
O mitered Prelates, minions of the state,  
Christ knocketh at each stately temple gate,  
Crying, " My children, where, O where are they ?  
Wolves, wolves are ye, who make my sheep your prey,  
Fatten with tigers on my lambs who die,  
Slain where vain prayers rise to the awful sky :  
Prayers without acts recoil ; your prayers to me,  
Because your works are pride and cruelty,  
Fall heavy as the wrongs of all mankind  
On you, blind leaders of the nations blind."

Were 't not for priests, state-churches, bloody creeds,  
Mankind would feel how great the wrongs, the needs,  
The woes, the sufferings of the sons of men.  
O Thou, who didst not even her condemn  
Whose crimson face of shame revealed her fall,  
But said, " Go, sin no more," Thou who didst call  
An angel-blessing on each guilty head  
Of all thy foes ; no blood by Thee was shed ;  
Yet in Thy name, pirates of sea and land  
Unfurl the war-flag, draw the murderous brand,  
Call those who strive against their yoke Thy foes,—

Curse them until the eyes death-smitten close,  
 Then to the mourners impious preach and tell  
 How these Thy enemies revive in hell.

•  
 Are there no wrongs of nations to redress,  
 No misery-frozen sons of wretchedness,  
 No orphans, homeless, staining with their feet  
 The very flag-stones of the wintry street,  
 No broken-hearted daughters of despair,  
 Forlornly beautiful, to be your care ?  
 Is there no hunger, ignorance, or crime ?  
 O that the Prophet Bards of old sublime,  
 That grand Isaiah, and his kindred just,  
 Might rouse ye from your slavery to the dust.  
 O that some living thought, some utterance keen,  
 Heart-piercing from the murdered Nazarene  
 Might reach the sluggish multitudes who wear  
 The priestly vestments, nerving them to share  
 The poor man's misery and the weakling's wrong.—  
 “O Church of Christ in heaven, whose martyrs throng  
 The purpled hills of morning, shining down  
 With truth's white robe and love's all-glorious crown,  
 O Church of Christ, whose symbol is the Cross,  
 Whose spirit lifteth man from every loss,  
 Making earth's hell God's heaven, redeeming all  
 The captives held in sorrow's bitter thrall,—  
 O Church of Christ, whose martyr ages shine  
 Celestial from the scrolls of ancient time,—  
 Thou Angel-Woman, who dost wear the sun  
 And glow amid the orient horizon,

With all thy stars around thee, thou whose breath  
 Is living tenderness, o'er-mastering death,  
 Whose eyes reveal great heavens of love to be,  
 Whose white hands sow the world with charity,  
 Whose bounteous breasts an orphaned race might feed,  
 Dawn from thy upper sphere—the nations bleed  
 And anguish for thy coming ; send thy hosts  
 Of risen Angels ; people all our coasts  
 With thy bright myriads, numerous as the flowers ;  
 Pour down thy inspirations like the showers ;  
 Melt the hoar-frosts of Evil with thy smile ;  
 Strike terribly each proud cathedral pile ;  
 Smite dumb prelatic lips that rail and curse  
 And darken with their lies the universe ;  
 Break every yoke, let every bondsman see  
 Thy Christ, and rise in love and wisdom free."

So prays the weary-hearted world. The dumb  
 Despairing nations in their misery come,  
 Haggard and spectral, through the gates of sleep  
 Each night, and look through the unveiling deep  
 Of that great unknown world, beyond the sphere  
 Of outward nature, till their Life appear.  
 All nations have one form, one heart, one face ;  
 The scarred, worn Spirit of the human race  
 Cannot be torn asunder, and its form  
 Sits anguished on its orb through night forlorn,  
 Blinded with anguish, palsied with despair,  
 Ice-cold and shivering through the wintry air  
 Of all its sorrows. Its great lips are dumb,

Yet inwardly it prays, "Thy kingdom come."  
And there are orbs unnumbered rolling on  
Through space, each orb more glorious than yon sun,  
And every orb is filled with Angels wise,  
And every Angel hastens from the skies,  
And all the skies as one their brightness pour  
On thee, O Earth; thy night is almost o'er—  
Thy spectral face, thy shriveled form, thy hands,  
Nail-pierced, thy bosom scarred with Slavery's brands,  
Thy poor heart-broken spirit that hath bled,  
O'er Hope, and Love, and Peace, and Beauty dead,—  
Joy, joy, it lives, self-magnetized no more  
With doubt and terror, but like Christ of yore,  
A form that God inspires, a shape to be  
Th' harmonic temple of Divinity.



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Part Five.

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## A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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**AFTER** wild storms how sweet it is to see  
The ocean slumbering like an unweaned child.  
When War hath been by crowned Victory  
Led homeward, it is blest to see the mild  
And quiet Peace. Then Earth, no more defiled  
With slaughter, clothes in robes of freshest green  
Her matron form ; her bounteous breasts untorn  
Fill with new milk of love, and sabers keen  
Repose, and harvests wave where slaughter-fields have been.

Upon the Grecian heaven's most radiant slope,  
Pavilioned by white skies, are temples golden,  
Reared by Immortals to sweet Love and Hope,  
Whose diamond statues rise in sun-fire folden,—  
Vailed Iris in mysterious ages olden  
Had no such temples ;—and with solemn rites,  
These gentle deities, yet un beholden,  
Are worshiped with an offering of delights,  
And millions hymn their praise on crowned celestial hights.

And there are times, when, from the solemn hall  
 Of their divine abode, great Prophecies,  
 Like winged Archangels issue, unto all  
 The choiring spirits uttering mysteries  
 Of knowledge, and like multitudinous seas,  
 Elysian continents and islands laving,  
 Their uttered thought unfolds rich harmonies,  
 Feeding that hunger of the soul, that craving  
 Angels and spirits feel; and where in distance waving,

The Paradises with their trees of life  
 Gleam preciously, communing Angels press  
 Bloom-covered grass, with new-born gladness rife,  
 Echoing these thoughts divine. Sweet happiness  
 Holds them in thrall. The flowery wilderness  
 Of their sweet Eden, through its coverts dim,  
 From every flower breathes new deliciousness,  
 While they chant many a sweet and vocal hymn;  
 And there this solemn strain entranced I heard begin.



“Thou whose bright thoughts, like javelins of flame  
 Kindle dark air, sing peans; let swift Morn,  
 With steeds, Jove-crowned, for heaven’s Olympian game,  
 Scatter thy thoughts. Sing on, thou goddess-born,  
 Radiant Apollo, who dost Night forewarn  
 Of dissolution,—let thy songs prevail.  
 Joy! joy! in choral robes thyself adorn—  
 Let Zephyrus, before thy song shall fail,  
 Bear it to earth swift-winged by heaven’s Ausonian gale.”

Apollo rose, and, where the sun-bright mountains  
Glowed royal purple from his feet, he blew  
A golden clarion. From his heart's deep fountains  
Joy infinite and sweet with sparkling dew  
Of living words came forth. The south wind blew,  
Bearing the winged thoughts; meanwhile his breast  
Subliming language breathed. To Angel view  
His mighty strain shone forth, by life possessed—  
His harp of sevenfold strings meanwhile his hand caressed.

The cygnets who their mother swans do follow,  
Drawing the white car of the Queen of Love  
O'er silver mountain ridge and emerald hollow  
Of the sky's ocean, floated far above.  
The nightingale and its attendant dove  
Flew warbling sweetly from the bright pavilion  
Wherein the listening Jupiter did move,  
And Spirits, azure, snow-white and vermilion,  
Thronged round him. From his song's swift flight a million

Lithe fluttering splendors fell upon the grass,  
Imprisoned in the honeyed cups of flowers;  
And, where in glory o'er heaven's dome of glass,  
Burning with golden lamps, the warbling hours  
Fly toward the slumbering west, surcharged with dowers  
Of music from his lips beatified,  
They circled in wide flight, elate with showers  
Of honeyed bliss, and, floating in that wide  
Deep Hellespont of song, drank wine from its full tide.

“There was a shaggy rock, that centuries hoary,  
Titan-like built; and there a Woman stood,  
Chained to its topmost cliff; her feet were gory.  
Dark waves rolled round that sea-girt solitude;  
In the drear night she sang this mournful strain,—  
The spouting billows echoed it again.

I am Humanity, the weary slave!  
I am Humanity! O rock, O grave,  
O shaggy cliff, O sea, O Titan brood  
Of Anarchs mad and fierce, O Solitude,  
O Desolation, hear me, hear my groan.  
Pale Hesper, beautiful on silver throne,  
O hear me! Would I were the icy stone  
That is my pedestal. The dark drear night,  
Hunger, want, madness in my entrails fight;  
Delirium tiger-like couched in my brain,  
Cranches fawned Sympathy. Thy cup I drain,  
O Desolation. O, I drink the flood  
Pressed from Love's vintage, changed to tears and blood.  
My godhood dies within me,—dies! O Fate,  
I cannot die! Bound to my rock I wait  
One Friend who cannot come, no, never come!  
O that some meteor from Night's hollow dome  
Might end my being and its agony.—  
Change into serpents all thy waves, O sea;  
Breed scorpions dire, O air, consume this wo,  
Myself. Vain, vain, alas, in vain ye flow,  
Unpitying on, ye waves. O, could ye feel,  
With freighted horrors ye would all congeal,

And every billow, like my visage wan,  
 Gleam madly, ever, ever looking on  
 Through sunless depths of space, with misery  
 Unparalleled. The long eternity  
 I have endured already,—it hath passed  
 With its drear ages like a furnace blast,  
 Circling around some torture-doomed soul.  
 The brazen-axled suns above me roll,  
 Unpitying my distress. The years decay  
 Like hoar frosts on the threshold of bright day,—  
 I die rot. Flame is self-consumed and ends;  
 Decay earth's universal shroud attends,  
 And all its motes surcease. I cannot be  
 Aught than a slave—enslaved Humanity.

“Woman, by love alone thou art consumed,”  
 To her groaned Evil. Then a self-intombed  
 And burning specter, death-like, dragon-fierce,  
 Drew near Humanity. His words did pierce  
 With serpent heads her bosom. “Nay, not so,”  
 The woman cried; “O love is not my wo,  
 I am Humanity; love, love to me  
 Is joy, peace, freedom, immortality.  
 Could I but find my love, though cleft with pain,  
 My nature would revive. Wo, wo! I drain  
 Destruction's bowl of madness, being bound  
 In spirit; in my heart a grief profound  
 Wails like a dead child, living but to grief,  
 Mourning because its life was all too brief,  
 And never can return.” The monster came

Still nearer, hissing through shut teeth of flame,  
Crying, "Fond fool, teach thy own heart but hate—  
Love is thy slavery." "Nay," she cried, "I wait  
My bridegroom; he will come; for him I keep  
Secure from thee my spirit's golden deep.  
Rich is the sky with suns, the heaven with spheres;  
Time rich with multitudes of stately years;  
So I am rich in love." The woman rose  
Dilated by her love o'er all her woes;  
Around her sun-bright head shone heavens of gold,  
And from the circling stars sweet thunders rolled.  
"Love on, love on, Humanity, love on,  
Through Love at last shall be deliverance won."

As the billows recoil with a terrible roar,  
Then leap with a scream on the foam-covered shore,  
The Foe of the Woman recoiled from the light,  
Then shot like a comet that sweeps through the night.  
Calm smiling and radiant the Woman stood still,  
Unminding the terrors; her beauty did fill  
That wide sunless air with a glory of love,  
And still sang the stars from their splendor above,  
"Love on, love on, Humanity love on,  
Through Love, at last, deliverance shall be won."

Slavery, the horrent monster, blew a blast  
Of armed men. The fiery torrent passed  
Streaming toward Humanity; but she,  
In her full bosom, thrilled with Deity,  
Embraced that multitudinous host, and then

The choiring stars together sang again,  
"Love on, Humanity, forever on,  
Through Love at last shall be deliverance won."

That Monster fierce then rose from out the sea,  
And the chilled vapor called Mortality,  
Which was his robe, he poisoned with his breath  
And cast it on the Woman. Pallid Death  
Lurked in each fold. She rose sublimely strong,  
Still sheltering in her breast that human throng,  
While deities from all the stars spake loud,  
"Love on, Humanity, though in thy shroud."

The Woman sank, slowly as drops the sun  
When the sweet day fades from the horizon.  
Wan luster played upon her beauteous face;  
Her form, within that ashen pall's embrace,  
Fell prostrate on the rock. Her foe drew nigh;  
She met his look with her love-beaming eye,  
And whispered full of peace, communing deep  
With her own soul, "O loving spirit, Sleep,  
Close thou mine eyes, be thou my gentle guide  
To inward dreams." Humanity then died,  
And lay upon her icy cliff, all sweet,  
All beautiful, and sacred. First her feet  
Crumbled; blue violet odors rose from where  
They mingled in the ether, then, with rare  
Dissolving sweetness, face, hands, breast, surceased;  
Her form thereby from Slavery was released.

A beating Heart alone that could not die  
 Lay on the rock, and evermore did sigh,  
 And thrill, and shudder. Summer music bland  
 And liquid, like a joy dissolved in wo,  
 Seemed through its winding avenues to flow  
 Forever; and the Heart, that wondrous thing,  
 Lay there within a charmed and luminous ring  
 Of brightness from itself. The Gorgon trod  
 Upon it; and a wail, that went to God,  
 Rose from it as it broke;—that wail was love,  
 Still love. Meanwhile the heavens grew bright above.

Slavery the Titan, one by one, with fierce  
 Dread tortures toiled that broken Heart to pierce  
 As it lay 'neath his feet. The Heart died not,  
 Though soon it had no particle or spot  
 Untouched by Slavery's arrows. Throbbing still,  
 It poured its wail of melody until  
 The air thrilled with it, and the silent sea  
 Grew vocal, echoing its misery.

Barbed and keen and red with deathless fire  
 Of hate, that still the heart should not expire,  
 The Gorgon's venom'd folds and forked tongue  
 Coiled round it; to its quick the Heart it stung;  
 Still the Heart lived; amid the Titan's breath  
 Of fire it thrilled, invincible by death.  
 Through the bright sky the stars sang loudly on,  
 "O loving Heart, deliverance shall be won."  
 Still the Heart died not 'mid the furnace heat,



But fed the fire with love ; the fire did borrow  
Red luster from it. Thrilling wildly sweet  
The Heart poured forth its love-attuned sorrow ;  
Amid the flames it prophesied the morrow.

Then came the crowned Spirit of a star  
Of the seventh magnitude, and from afar  
Gazed on the Heart. The Heart began to thrill  
With melody, and rose in air, until,  
Glowing it spread bright wings, the sun did rise,  
On the New World, man's golden Paradise ;  
And Liberty looked up and owned his bride,  
And smiled to see her hastening to his side.  
And then the Heart paused silently before  
The New World's Eden, then sank down once more  
Upon the strand, with folded, fluttering wings,  
Still pierced by Slavery's envenomed stings,  
Beating with deathless love. A giant hand  
With skeleton fingers grasped it on the sand,  
And from the sea, dark terrible and proud,  
A mighty skeleton arose, clad with a shroud,  
The ghost of Superstition,—and he tore  
The Heart's right ventricle, while spouting gore  
Ruddied the sand. The Heart died not, but still  
Shuddered and bled, when lo ! a miracle !  
Morn flushed the billows ; brightening o'er the sea  
Came swift-winged Revolution. Tyranny  
Pursued him ; fiery flames around them ran ;  
The Heart lay shivering, bleeding, till began  
That mighty contest. Then once more it rose,

Fluttering in air, pierced with unnumbered woes.  
Young Revolution shone sublimely high,  
Soaring amid the splendors of the sky,  
Clothed with the sun, and with the heavenly stars.  
But Tyranny rose like infernal Mars,  
With Gorgon head, with serpent tongue, with wings  
Burnished and armed with multitudinous stings  
Of triple madness; underneath his feet  
Appeared a lurid orb, a throne-like seat,  
Vast as a continent, and on it lay  
A Woman vast as it, but turned to clay,  
And rancorous flames around her form did play.  
Envenomed adders nestled on her tongue,  
A gorgeous basilisk shone in her breast,  
And blear-eyed shapes of wretchedness distressed  
Vainly for sustenance to her bosom clung.  
'Twas mother Europe. Tyranny cried loud,  
And all the Titans gathered. First came proud  
Oppression, marshaling on the giant host.—  
Pallid and beautiful, and like the ghost  
Of the new Day, a white transparent form  
Of womanhood divine, as yet unborn,  
Floated between the New World and the sky,  
And the winged Heart of lost Humanity  
Lay cradled in its breast. In heaven unfurled  
At this a starry banner; for the world  
Henceforth the symbol and the covenant sign  
Of the New Age of Liberty divine.  
Dead Europe crumbled; Shapes of wo and fear  
Rose from her ruins. In the atmosphere,

Invisible to men the Angel throng  
 Chanted from heaven ; that stream of solemn song  
 Renewed Humanity. She sat once more,  
 A lovely Angel-woman, on the shore  
 Of the New World ; and Tyranny's dark crest  
 Of snaky terrors, and his burning vest,  
 Were pierced by Liberty."—Here ceased the song  
 That bright Apollo chanted to the throng  
 Of heavenly deities. The fluent lay  
 Melted like crimson dawn in golden light away."

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"Thou hast told how Humanity trod through the portals  
 Of Light, that unfold to young Eden again ;  
 O tell us," in chorus loud sang the Immortals,  
 "The Future of Freedom, of Earth and of Men.

The Storm-god who sweeps where the thunder-blasts rattle,  
 The Wind-god who dashes the waves on the shore,  
 The War-god who shouts through the trumpets of battle,—  
 O tell us how soon shall their empire be o'er ?

How long ere great Freedom shall triumph all glorious ?  
 O tell us, thou Prophet of Harmony ; tell  
 What woes shall befall ere God's love, all victorious,  
 The phantoms of Night from the Earth shall dispel."

Apollo rose serene as is the sky  
 When every star is gliding silently,  
 And not a whisper dares invade the night.

Inwardly lifted to the Infinite  
 He stood awhile, then sang this prophecy,  
 Of Freedom and the Earth's futurity.

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"Freedom, on his Atlantic promontory,  
 With constellated ensign wide unfurled,  
 Rejoiced; ethereal dreams of future glory  
 Filled all his breast. Then Rome against him hurled  
 Her serpent. 'Twas the winged worm Error she  
 Fed with all crimes and vices, till its pinions  
 Grew dark and strong; her cowed and slavish minions  
 Blended their incorporeal selves to be  
 That loathly serpent's form. When Freedom slept,  
 That horrent monster through the darkness crept,  
 Enthralled his senses, breathed upon his eyes,  
 Then smote him. Freedom moaned; he could not rise.

Loyola, rising from his deep perdition,  
 With fierce Saint Dominic by Freedom stood,  
 And the cowed murderers of the Inquisition  
 Sated themselves with Freedom's flesh and blood.  
 The shades of ancient Tyrannies departed—  
 From fiery shroud and sable pall with eyes  
 Of madness gazed; sweet Peace fled broken hearted,  
 And wept on the bright threshold of the skies;  
 "Ah me," she cried, "ah me, now Freedom dies."

In their Plutonian hall twelve Terrors lay,  
 Each couched in a sarcophagus of flame;

These rose and sped their dark tempestuous way ;  
 To Freedom's death and burial they came.  
 One sat upon his lips, with purple gore  
 From Freedom's heart he fed them, with a curse  
 He cried aloud, "O prophesy once more."  
 The lips moved, even in death, outbreathing hosts  
 Of murdered thoughts, dim visionary ghosts  
 Of joys, Hopes, Wisdoms, Virtues, Liberties ;  
 And they rose shrieking through the air and skies,  
 "Wo, wo for Earth, Freedom the savior dies."  
 Then like dead rays from an extinguished sun,  
 That, self-consumed expire, yet seem to run  
 In streams of darkness to oblivion,  
 They perished, and the mighty lips were dumb.

One Terror crushed the brain, its thoughts to kill  
 Unborn. Those infant Lights and Royalties,  
 And Empires, and Dominions, whom the skies  
 Had fed to rule great Earths and Heavens of Art  
 And Beauty, and to sit in mightiest mart  
 And palace, and in temples, filling all  
 The world with bliss divine, their lives in spoil  
 Yielded to the destroyer. But a throng  
 Of mighty Thoughts, impetuous, fierce and strong,  
 Gathered in Freedom's bosom, and they made  
 His heart their fortress, and the death-tide stayed,  
 And bade defiance to the Terror still.

A third and mightier Terror with a mace  
 Of iron smote Freedom's temples, to efface

All starry splendors of wise years to come.  
Then the cerebral vault—the mind's clear dome,  
Which like blue heaven was arched, was crushed and fell.  
Like souls that writhe within the lake of hell,  
While the white lead of Time's wrath-melted roof  
Splashes upon them, with a fiery woof  
Of madness winding round them by degrees  
Till every soul in all those burning seas  
Grows cased about with a white globe of fire,  
That falling dome of mind, the spirit-forms  
Of Freedom's unborn thoughts, that tuneful choir  
Of hymning seraphs once, with flamy storms  
Did compass; and each thought stood, deathly white,  
Than its hell-garment clearer and more bright,  
Myriads on myriads of those thoughts within  
That fiery doom lay thrall'd. As martyrs win  
Life through destruction, every thought awoke  
To deathless being, and they were bright crowns  
And coronation robes. As 'leaguers towns  
Hold armed thousands, every thought concealed  
Its own God-quicken'd elements, that grew  
And multiplied, as stars in heavenly blue,  
And every thought held an Achillean shield  
And sword seraphic. Through the thoughts there ran  
A tremor. Each more like a god than man,  
In the great mind of Liberty, though dead,  
Nursed hate of Rome, whose winged worm Error fed  
Ever on Freedom's flesh. The thoughts meanwhile  
Chanted, as in some vast cathedral aisle

Sing worshipping archangels ; their loud psalm  
Earth heard, and all the waves, and they grew calm.

A fourth Despair came with live coals from all  
Earth's martyr fires, burning each sightless ball  
In Freedom's spell-bound eyes ; with fiendish glee  
He cried, " These eyes were wont in trance to see  
Visions of Freedom's great futurity ;  
When, throned above isle, continent and sea,  
The new and harmonized Humanity  
Should stand, God-browed, strong as eternity ;—  
O eyes, what visions now encompass ye ?  
Wake, see, then shine no more eternally."  
As looks a dead god on dissolving space  
And with it dies and vanishes, divine  
Intelligence seemed through those orbs to shine.  
All visions of serene tranquillity,  
And future ages luminous and vast,  
When man should share the Father's ecstasy  
Of love and wisdom came ; the Vision cast  
Returning looks on Freedom's eyes, that fed  
Those cruel flames ; the lovely vision fled  
Aghast and vanished. But the eyes were wed  
To life, and died not ; calm they shone, and spread  
From their bright radiance a golden sphere  
Serene as Christ, when, shining calm and clear  
On Stephen, He removed his dying fear.  
And Liberty's immortal Visions grew  
Alive in that new glory, and they flew  
Circling like worlds or heavens, and in their light

The picture of a new creation, bright  
As are the sculptures on God's throne, shone forth,  
And the eyes fed them in their second birth,  
With ever-opening images, each more  
Illustrious than all that went before.

A fifth Despair crushed Liberty's deep breast,  
Through every atom darting a swift tongue  
Of poison ; so a serpent strikes the nest  
Where the white dove broods o'er her callow young.  
"Die, die," he cried, "ye fond conjugal loves,  
Ye mated angel shapes, ye symbol doves,  
And heart-red roses, that felicity  
Of pure communion emblem, die, O die.  
Arcadian nightingales that sweetly sing  
In bowers of beauty, ye too feel the sting  
And perish ; let the spotted adders breed,  
And the foul scorpion coil, and hiss, and feed,  
Till all the breast becomes a charnel-house  
For murdered Eros and his maiden spouse."  
He ceased : the loves, within that bosom hid,  
Fluttered and died. That loathly Horror slid  
Into the bosom. At his touch it grew  
One plagued-spot ; from its gaping wounds he drew  
Each murdered love, and they dissolved away.  
Couched in that shuddering, withered breast he lay  
Like Death on a dead world, but still the breast  
In its most inward being was possessed  
With consciousness and died not. 'Mid the burning  
Of all that agony, it felt the yearning



An earth feels for its sun, for heaven, for God.  
"O Love, O Love," it cried, "come from thy throne,  
And animate this me. this trampled clod,  
This breathing death, O make this breast thine own."

A Sixth infernal Madness took the Heart,  
And drove through its left ventricle a dart,  
With seven-fold barb of fury. "Vain, in vain,"  
He cried, "slain Freedom's form of life to drain  
While the heart beats;"—"Vain," cried the Heart, in vain;  
The brain sets like the sun beneath the sea;  
The lips grow dumb and perish silently;  
The eyes grow dim as if the sun might die;  
The Heart survives them. Here, O Liberty,  
Is thy last refuge; here thy spirit reigns  
Invincible; fires, dungeons, poniards, chains,  
The dwellers in the Heart may never own;—  
God makes the Heart as lasting as His throne.

Another Terror came and with a flood  
Of fire, which had been human tears and blood,  
Transformed through agony to madness wild,  
Deluged the Heart. Its deathless dwellers smiled,  
And sang triumphant. Like an island fane  
Of Beauty and Religion, that above  
The billows of the red Tartarean main  
Upreats the sacred cities of its love,  
So Freedom's Heart invincible arose,  
Bidding defiance to those Giant foes.

As when sepulchral Night with tempests wild

Gathers round some forlorn dismantled wreck,  
 And with an opiate, slumberous and mild,  
 Numbs the worn mariners who pace the deck,  
 And still the vessel drifts where breakers roar  
 Loud for their prey on the grim rock-bound shore ;—  
 With softest melody that stills the breath,  
 Came the Eighth Terror ; “ Sleep thou weary Heart,”  
 He sang, “ O sleep, let all thy sorrows fade  
 From thee in dreams.” But in that solemn mart  
 The love-embattled multitudes arrayed  
 Sat watching ; their unslumbering camp-fires gleamed,  
 Their trumpets blew, their sun-like banners streamed,  
 Blazoned with lightning, and their solemn songs  
 Filled the rude blast. They sang of human wrongs  
 And rights. That Heart impulsed the sea  
 Of its deep love in billowed melody  
 Against its foe, whose incantation failed.  
 Meanwhile a silver mountain was unveiled  
 In the vast ether, and the heavens were filled  
 With chariots and with horsemen, for the fane  
 Of heaven was opened.

The Ninth Terror came ;  
 And with him brought from Rome the seven-hilled,  
 Her trophied treasures. “ These, O Heart, are thine,”  
 He cried, “ and thou shalt be Religion’s shrine.  
 O sacred Heart, in majesty and pride  
 Thou shall triumphant rule eternity.  
 Glory and Fame shall pour their swelling tide  
 Of joy and empire through thee ; unto thee

All kings and potentates shall bow the knee,  
And the vicegerent of divinity  
Make thee the trump wherethrough his lips shall blow.  
Through centuries thy undying fame shall grow  
And fill the world." The Heart with eyes of love  
Looked up, and saw the heavenly throng above,  
Felt their delivering might, and cried aloud,  
"Thou Terror ; lo, the brightening heavens are bowed  
With the descending God, whose mighty law  
Is harmony, and he shall fight for me."  
"God comes, God comes," spake murdered Liberty.  
The thoughts of his dead Mind awoke and cried,  
"He comes,"—"He comes," the anguished breast replied.

Another Horror the sad corse drew near,  
And with him one more terrible ; they spread  
A pall of armed nations, dark and drear  
And miserable souls to blindness wed.  
All creeds, all crafts, all sorceries and crimes  
Were knit into that shroud ; the flaming shrines  
Of old Idolatry around the pall  
Kindled their altar-lights ; the crimes of all  
The fraudulent Past, the wiles of Tyranny,  
Each artifice of old Diplomacy,  
Each state intrigue and diplomatic lie,  
Each falsehood coined by despots in their wo  
To make men slaves and ever keep them so,  
Formed a huge funeral pyre, round Freedom piled.  
There all that murderous crew, with hearts defiled  
By lust and cruelty and falsehood, cast

Curses upon dead Liberty. "At last,"  
They cried, "O enemy, thou diest;" then  
They fired the pile.—Souls of all murdered men  
Slain in the cause of Freedom and the Right,  
Gazed from God's heavens upon the awful sight.  
When, lo! the fire consumed itself and spread  
Outward, and on the gathered Despots fed.  
Creeds, crafts, and superstitions like gray smoke  
Melted away; the twelve dread Anarchs fled,  
But the fire followed them, and they were wed  
To nothingness; and Freedom from his sleep  
Deathless awoke; his brain again grew bright  
With inspirations, and his eyes' calm light  
Diffused young morning, all the Earth to gild.  
Hopes, Joys and Glories, once by Error killed,  
Revived and shared his empire. All his breast  
Became a Paradise by Love possessed,  
And in his mind sat Wisdom. In his hand  
A golden scepter shone. The skies were spanned  
With visible heavens, like rainbows, and his heart  
Became the pure God-animated mart  
Of deathless life, no more to suffer pain.  
Then Freedom cried aloud, "Let every chain  
In Europe, and wide Asia, and in far  
Dim Africa, be broken." Then a star  
Arose the world had never seen before,  
The Star of Christ. Two suns shone evermore,  
And Freedom dwelt in their commingled ray.  
The natural sun illumed Earth's outward day,  
But brighter still, even as light than shade,

The Star of Christ a seven-fold sphere displayed  
 Of spiritual glories, and its light  
 Was joy, and love, and beauty, and delight,  
 And ecstasy, and bliss ; and men grew bright  
 Even as its rays, and there was no more night."

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"Thou hast sung how great Freedom shall conquer the Terrors  
 Of Rome and her anarchs," the multitudes cried ;  
 "How Love shall deliver the Race from its errors  
 And Earth rest in Heaven's embrace like a bride.

O sing to us, sing to us, tell of the Morning  
 That dawns on mankind while the Angels descend,  
 What triumphs the years of her reign are adorning ;  
 How Night and its fears in oblivion end."

A white celestial star  
 Shone o'er Apollo's head,  
 And inspiration hastening from afar,  
 His mind with wisdom fed.  
 Of Light Divine he sang,  
 And conquered Gloom, its prize,  
 While with melodious joy around him rang  
 The beauteous Grecian skies.

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Celestial Light sat on her throne of glory,  
 Twelve Splendors tended her like Angels great ;  
 "Night, Night, thy evil reign is transitory,"  
 She sang, "now dawns the New World's Eden state."

Twelve eagles, bearing up a sun-like throne,  
 Were her proud bearers ; each one wore a crown,  
 And toward the Western Earth went flying down.  
 And winged Emperors, twelve, around her flying,  
 Chanted the song of melody undying  
 That went before her, each a Spirit mild.  
 But Light, the Titaness, imperial smiled  
 Above them, and her sceptered hand, victorious,  
 Held a bright rod shaped like a winged caduceus ;  
 All notes of song thrilled from each burning key  
 Of it ; joy, love, peace, pleasure, harmony,  
 Bliss, faith, content, progress, art, victory,  
 Flowed from it. Clothed in bright mail, lightning-proof,  
 Her form dilated ; from her burning eyes,  
 Splendors of infinite eternities  
 Glowed beautiful ; divinely speeding on  
 She sang, meanwhile, to God this orison.

“ Thou who dost sit in atmospheres of flame  
 In the deep heart of Nature’s universe,  
 All spirits from thy Father-Spirit came ;  
 Thou art the Poet whose immortal verse,  
 In seven great octaves floating through the stars,  
 Transforms them into sphered revolving cars,  
 Thronged with illustrious myriads of free,  
 Wise Angels, drinking light and liberty from Thee.  
 Thou Father art the Poet, Thou the Maker,  
 Whatever is is thine. O Light of light,  
 O Sun of suns, Thou makest man partaker  
 Of inspirations from Light infinite.

Man drinketh light in soul, and all mankind  
 From One grow bright ; through man Thy light descends,  
 Inspirer of man's free celestial mind.  
 Through light Thou comest down ; through light ascends  
 Humanity to Thee ; O Father wise,  
 Man wins, by light from Thee, love, knowledge, and the skies.

O Father, pitiful smile from Thy brightness  
 Of Love divine, and end Earth's bitter sorrow.  
 Clothe me, Thy daughter, with immortal whiteness ;  
 Send to my aid Thy love, and when the morrow,  
 Feared by all Tyrants, by all priests abhorred,  
 Breaks radiant, utter Thou Thy mighty word,  
 ' Let there be light,' that I, Thy daughter, may  
 Bathe the illumined world with golden streams of day."

Mild mother of sweet dreams, immortal Sleep,  
 Thou art what all men most desire ; they weep,  
 They agonize and grieve, they suffer pain ;  
 Thou comest to them, and with drowsy strain  
 Bring'st peace serene, oblivion of all ill.  
 Thou hast twelve cup-bearers for thee who fill  
 Twelve odorous chalices ;—the sacred Nine  
 Attend thy footsteps. Indian maidens shine  
 Dusky and star-enzoned around thy way.  
 Mild mother of all mysteries, thy sway  
 O'er demi-gods and men and spirits wise  
 Thou dost extend, and over all the skies.  
 Thou sittest in the porch of heaven's bright palace

And gazest on the evening-jeweled world ;  
And when thou drinkest from thy sun-set chalice,  
Thou risest borne by Dreams with wings unfurled,  
Floating above the earth, that swoons away  
In trances blest beneath thy gentle sway.  
Thou art the great awakener of the Soul  
To its immortal life of joy divine ;  
Released by thee from matter's dim control,  
Man, the freed spirit, strives the heights to climb  
Of that world-bounding sphere, that with a zone  
Of tenderest love and royalty unknown,  
Circles that little star he calls his own.

O Sleep, thou hadst of old a bright attendant,  
Named Consciousness ; man's memory was his throne,  
There he inscribed, with diamond pen resplendent,  
Visions of loveliness, that man might own  
Two empires, god-like, infinite, sublime,  
Of love and wisdom. Mighty Sleep, 'twas thine,  
With thy attendant Consciousness, to make  
Slumber man's heaven, that he, again descending  
To outward life, might feel with joy unending  
A seven-fold heaven through all his nature flow,  
And the great life above stream through the life below.

Night, the dark Titaness, thy sacréd form  
Did hate ; she sent fierce madness to destroy  
Thy influence gentle. Thy sweet dreams, unborn  
In human bosoms, fled again to thee,  
And many a sun-bright Ideality



Of wisdom, that through sleep descends to birth,  
Floated, an unborn splendor, o'er the Earth,  
Finding no inward living mind wherethrough  
To shine upon mankind's adoring view.

O Mother of delights, O Sleep serene,  
'Twas sad to see thy young dreams vainly yearning  
To rest in human hearts ; enthroned supreme,  
Dark Night fierce scowled, and Madness unreturning.  
"Alas, alas," the Naiads of the streams  
Of slumber cried to thee, their weeping mother.  
"Alas, alas," with fierce resounding screams,  
The wild witch Nightmare strove thy dreams to smother.  
"Alas, alas," the forest Nymphs who rove  
O'er Arcady's thyme-covered steep did cry,  
"In vain for man the myrtle-crowned Loves  
Prepare sweet bowers of joy in Arcady.  
He comes no more to share the mild delights  
Of Innocence and Peace ; but fierce affrights  
And lurid terrors bind him to his form ;  
Madness his clay-bound essence doth deform."

Sleep flew to heavenly Morn, and made complaint,  
And Morn, the heavenly Titaness, descending,  
Met Night, her enemy ; like some pure saint,  
Doomed by fierce cardinals to stripes unending,  
She saw Humanity chained to a rock  
By Madness, with Night's progeny to mock  
Its dying throes ; her six dread brethren came ;  
Thunder, Hail, Lightning, Frost, and Fire, and Rain

Danced with them madly, and the shrieking Air  
Hugged terribly mankind with arms of fierce despair.

“Wake, wake, bewildered mind of man, awake,”  
Mild Light exclaimed ; then Darkness fierce did sever  
A lock from her wild brow, a triune snake,  
And whirled it at the Light. And calmly ever  
Mild Light stood regnant on her eagle throne,  
And the fierce serpent caught ; the snake did groan,  
Held in her burning hand. To it she spake,  
When, suddenly transformed, that cruel snake  
Became a Bird of Paradise, with plumes  
Of changeful opal shining, and it flew  
All over earth’s wide wilderness of tombs,  
Singing of Love and Hope. Then Night’s dark crew  
Of myrmidons by her twelve giants led,  
Swift at bright Morn a whirling meteor sped.  
Morn caught the meteor, ’twas a burning sphere  
Of miserable souls, forlorn and drear,  
Night’s victims. And she pressed it to her lips,  
And the dead sphere of spirits in eclipse  
Became a hymning orb. This orb she nursed  
In her white bosom, feeding there the thirst  
Of its pent spirits, till at last it burst,  
And all those viewless messengers were sped  
Like javelins swift, they pierced Night’s gorgon head ;  
She fell with horrent clang, and with her fell  
The giants bred in her deep womb, that hell.

Then Light beyond herself grew beautiful,

And smiled above the world ; the world arose  
To greet her. Gentle Sleep, with goblet full  
Of sweetest joy, drew near, the eyes to close  
Of sad Humanity. 'Twas sweet to see  
Divinest dreams from their eternity  
Descend ; their forms filled all the spheral air,  
And all mankind for rest they gently did prepare.

These dreamy Splendors came, some from the South,  
Where nation-peopled constellations rove,  
These lit like kisses on the tuneless mouth,  
And the lips thrilled with melody and love.  
On every organ of the human brain  
A separate dream descended, there to reign. '  
Some came from where great Jupiter shines bright ;  
Some from Saturnian realms of harmony ;  
Some from those orbs of golden chrysalite  
That smile unseen by any mortal eye,  
Some from the sun ; but, mightiest of all,  
Diviner shapes from that effulgent ball  
Of snow-white light that holds the mighty fano  
Of sun and planets ever, as a brain  
Holds thoughts, that Spiritual Sun that folds  
Humanity, and all its life beholds.

Where the first-born Titan stood,  
War, the Enemy of Good,  
In the dark Plutonian hall,  
Night lay dead beneath her pall.  
Cold and ashen, gray and wan,

Her twelve giant children lay.  
Each reposed his bier upon,  
Vanishing in smoke away ;  
For their mighty forms were burning,  
Self-consumed, and swift returning  
To their primal nothingness.  
Then, behold, that drear abyss  
Changed into a burial place,  
And the murdered human race,  
All the martyrs priestly slain,  
All the heroes, not in vain  
Who poured forth their lives to thee,  
Love, the eldest Deity,  
All who died that man might rise,  
From material tyrannies,  
All who died that man might be  
Crowned with immortality,  
All who died that states again  
Might be made of free-born men,  
All who died that slaves might win  
Freedom like the Seraphim,  
All who ever thought or spoke  
Truth, on human minds that broke  
As the sun, that kills the night  
With the arrows of the light,  
All who died on gibbets high  
Slain by priestly cruelty,  
All who fed the cruel pyre,  
Borne to heaven in car of fire,  
These all gathered, wise and free,

Night's dark burial to see ;  
All the crimes of old did pass,  
Mirrored in the judgment glass ;  
All the wrongs of freemen sold  
Unto kings and priests for gold,  
All the wrongs of millions slain  
On imperial battle plain,  
All the wrongs of sages wise,  
Crushed on earth by priestly lies,  
Formed a burning shroud to be  
Tomb for Night eternally.

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Apollo ceased. The Grecian Heaven receded.  
Earth twinkled in the distance like a star.  
Swift as a thought we flew and passed unheeded  
Mild galaxies of Angel bliss. The car  
That bore us moved through space without a jar ;  
And, through the deep of all my heart's emotion,  
A loving voice, descending from afar,  
Thrilled me with joy, inspired me with devotion,  
Till harmonies of song burst from each pure emotion.

I saw the world afar in distance lying,  
Like a pale mourner prostrate o'er a tomb ;  
Above it One like Christ with life undying  
Stood whispering comfort through its fearful gloom.  
"This," said the voice, "forbodes the day of doom.  
Christ hath descended to Humanity,  
Earth shall behold her deserts bud and bloom,

And thrill in all her veins with Deity ;  
And Error die, and Love make all men wise and free."

There is a blossom in that glorious planet  
Melodia, called the sky-flower ; 'tis the crown  
Of Flora ; all the odorous zephyrs fan it.  
Its essences all sacredly flow down,  
In its deep chalice lie, and chrystalize,  
And form an astral diamond. The eyes  
Of angels in its prism are reflected  
God's throne, worlds, suns and systems resurrected,  
In spiral flames of living splendor burning,  
And evermore to God's own life returning.  
That flower has leaves of azure star-besprent,  
Each new-born bud is a white firmament,  
Folded round a million-leafed rose  
Of golden sapphire ; when the buds unclose  
Each like a young sun, bursting, rains bright showers  
Of sparkling odors through celestial bowers.  
In every bright corolla Angels view  
Pictures of solar systems ; and the dew,  
Transformed, becomes a silver star of flame,  
When it descends to clasp it. 'Tis the same  
Mysterious flower an Angel in the night  
Showed to the Virgin Mary's tranced sight ;  
Immaculate, divine, the blossom lay  
Upon her breast. This flower is type alway  
Of Christ's religion—Papal Rome, the worm,  
Blighted its sacred bud, made it the wide-world's scorn.

Rome hath three ages. In her first she rose  
Beside old Tiber, hatched amid the tombs,  
Man's last and mightiest Tyrant. As a rose  
Conceals a worm that nips its budding blooms,  
So Christ's religion, dropt from heaven, the flower  
Of all humanity, in its young hour  
Of budding life, pierced by that worm, was blighted.  
Its golden petals ruthlessly were torn,  
Its sacred leaflets pierced and disunited,  
Its fragrance to Elysian gardens borne.

In its first age, Rome crept, a loathsome thing,  
From the deep charnel-vault of Midnight's King,  
Fatted 'mid spoil from dead old empires lost,  
Grew rich by pardoning tyrants at the cost  
Of half their robber spoil. A wild wolf nursed  
Her city's founder, so tradition says,  
But human wolves nursed Rome. Her eye betrays  
Her wolfish origin ; with downcast eyes  
The priest walks through the streets. Truth's orbs ariso  
To God's bright throne ; the free look up, not down ;  
Not so Rome's zealots of the shaven crown.

Wolves, when they once have tasted human blood,  
Become the demons of their race ; they prowl  
Through wold and hamlet, hunting men for food ;  
So with the wolves who wear the priestly cowl.  
When Rome invented the confessional  
Each devotee became the fettered thrall  
Of her caprice. She pandered to the lust

Of monarchs, or abased them in the dust ;  
Blew hot or cold, all things to all became  
In this her second age, her bold bad aim  
Being despotic power o'er all mankind.  
Snake-bones and rags she goldenly enshrined,  
Fragments of rotten trees, and finger nails,  
And high above the chancel's holy rails,  
'Mid seven-fold splendors reared her gaudy shrine,  
And there these sacred relics held before  
Besotted crowds. So on the Guinea shore  
His fetish even now the negro makes  
Of rags and feathers, bones of men and snakes.  
In this, her second epoch, Mohammed  
Became her rival ; which was less divine,  
The grisly Terror who the nations fed  
With sorceries, drinking human blood like wine,  
Or that wild Zealotry that swept the sands  
Of Araby ? Were all the murderous brands  
Sharpened by Rome, were all the coats of mail  
Blessed by her priests, thrown in a ponderous scale  
'Gainst Turkish scimetars, the last would be  
A feather in the balance. O the free,  
The wise, the strong in love, that Roman wo  
Hath murdered !—they, like flakes of winter's snow,  
Are numerous. Islam, cruel though it be  
Compared to Rome's enormous tyranny,  
Is but one murderer to a hell. Shame ! shame !  
That Rome builds even now her fiendish fane  
O'er young America. And yet 'tis well  
That in the New World she should, face to face,



Confront all martyrs sent from Heaven to tell  
These truths. Thank God, Rome cannot there efface  
Truth's glowing tablet. As a murderer wakes  
In spirit worlds, and, when the morning breaks,  
Sees troops of slaughtered men, immortal each,  
Waiting by turns the assassin to impeach,  
Rome, thou in that New World awakenest now.  
There, where thou didst in thy delusion vow  
Humanity's enslavement, from the skies  
All martyrs dazzle thy fierce, murderous eyes.  
Thou dread eclipse, thy bloody shroud shall be  
Torn from the golden sun of Liberty.

To recreate mankind, to re-unite  
Man with his fellow and all men to God,  
To kindle up the dark material clod  
Of man's external, to remove dull night,  
Is thine, O Immortality! Thy reign  
Is not alone in that supernal Fane,  
The Temple of the Skies. To Earth below  
Thou comest. Wheresoe'er thy Angels go  
Man's body is renewed. To harmonize  
Man's form material, with swift ministries  
Of Love and Wisdom, they perpetual toil;  
Man from his grief and bondage to assoil  
They labor. It is theirs to purify  
Man's inward shrine, to clear the mind's blue sky  
From earth-born shadows, to remove the veil  
That hides the Spirit-world. Where they prevail

Body and mind alike are born anew,  
As flowers that drink new life from morning dew.

“It moves, it moves!” The sun rolls on in Heaven,  
The stars move on, and ye too move, ye spheres!  
Earth rises, Death departs, and unforgiven,  
Dread Rome, plunged down, forever disappears.  
As a red bombshell bursts, and then expires,  
So Rome, in her third age, convulsively  
Shakes Earth and vanishes. Thy light inspires  
All nations now, O Immortality.

Twelve Angels rule the planetary scheme;  
Each hath an orb; one Deity supreme  
Is their indwelling life; they bow the knee  
To one God-man who rules immensity.  
Twelve Angel nymphs in air, earth, sea and fire  
Dwell with a viewless and unnumbered choir,  
Ruling the elements; twelve oceans roll  
Their light waves from the one Creative Soul;  
Twelve archetypal spheres rule time and space;  
Twelve primal splendors shine from God's own face;  
Twelve empires on the Earth are yet to be—  
America, the first is given to thee.  
Twelve ages wait mankind to glorify;  
Earth, at their end, shall change but never die.  
A spiritual star, O Earth, thou'lt rise  
And bear the name of Christ through all eternities.

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A Parting Word.

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## A Parting Word.

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THE water-lilies rot upon their stalks ;  
The purple asters pale beside the brook ;  
With painted leaves are strewn the forest walks.  
Autumn from off the loaded trees hath shook  
Apples and nuts. The swallows have forsook  
The gables. Flushed with death the maples burn,—  
Our task is ended. Take this offered book  
O world, nor from its tuneful numbers turn,  
Though priests and devotees the sacred story spurn.

'Tis an authentic picture of two spheres—  
In one thou art, in one art soon to be.  
Its mission is to dry the mourner's tears,  
And ope to light serene futurity.  
The breath of Autumn's being sweeps the sea  
And Winter hastes from his Siberian snow,  
But we, in our divine eternity  
Of love and wisdom, free from every wo,  
In calm mid-summer dwell, and feel no mortal throes.

Hope on, O weary Heart, heaven's glory shines ;  
 Earth fades, and soon we shall rejoice together ;  
 Night hastes and Death its drowsy wreath entwines ;  
 Into our realm from earth's Decembral weather  
 We bid you come. Gently as drops the feather  
 From the swan's breast, your dust, ye weary hearted,  
 Shall from you fall, and none shall ask you whether  
 Ye feared or hoped ; each rankling wound that smarted  
 Shall pain no more, for peace dwells with the world's departed.

Crowned with rose-blooms, on thymy banks reposing,  
 Sweet lovers wait you ; O one fond embrace,  
 One loving smile, from eyes their love disclosing,  
 Shall compensate you for this mortal race,  
 And every sorrow from the heart erase.  
 Love God in man, and thus on earth obtain  
 The victor's wreath ; Lo, Death shall not efface  
 Aught from the soul save disappointment's pain ;  
 All shall be yours in heaven the young heart hoped to gain.

The calyx falls, the winged seed ascends ;  
 The chariot stops at the triumphant goal ;  
 New Worlds await us where the dim wave ends ;  
 Fear not to live or die, thou suffering soul.  
 Hast thou not heard, " Winds waft and waters roll  
 Power to the good, and joy and Deity ;—  
 Conquer the wrongs that would thy mind control,"  
 Strive in thyself to realize and be  
 That Beauty, Truth and Love, that Heaven reveals to thee.

Farewell ;—the curtain drops upon the scene,  
Yet bear away a blessing in the heart ;  
And if perchance our ministry hath been  
To hurl the idols of the wide world's mart  
From their proud pedestals, ere we depart,  
From the deep fullness of our love we cry,  
“ Vengeance in all our labor had no part.  
We strove alone with Wrongs that crucify  
Christ's universal form, oppressed Humanity.”

If we have uttered words that blanch the cheek  
And terrify weak natures, still 'twas ours  
To liberate the Poor, the Blind, the Weak.  
Our levin bolts were aimed at Wrong's grim towers,  
We strove 'gainst mailed Oppression's haughty powers.  
Forgive us if a word, misread, has brought  
Pain to a single heart ; we cull fresh flowers,  
In paradises of celestial thought,  
To wreath each radiant brow from heaven divinely taught.

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