

SUN-SEALED

BY

GEO. P. MCINTYRE

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF PERSIA."

"Behold all good words are sealed by the power of Inspiration."—OHASPE

Over One Hundred Poems

Sealed by THE SUN—THE CENTRALIZER

“ MERTURY—THE QUICKENER

“ VENUS—THE HARMONIZER

“ LUNA—THE TEMPORIZER

“ MARS—THE WARRIOR

“ JUPITER—THE CONSERVATOR

“ SATURN—THE INHARMONIZER

“ URANUS—THE SPIRITUALIZER

“ NEPTUNE—THE VOYAGER

Thy planetary aspect reveals the hidden spring
That moves thee on through life's evolving stage,
And not one jot is hidden from thy tarot's page.

See poem "REVELATIONS," page 16.

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TO THE AUTHOR OF

"INDIRECTION"

RICHARD HENRY REALF
SPIRIT

AND TO MY FRIEND

WILLIAM ADAMS KNAPP

THIS THE

WORK OF MY HAND IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

He who judges a book by its size, or a poem by its length, will be disappointed here.

PREFATORY

I do not condescend to add a preface to my little book merely because the contrary is customary and modern, but because of the manifest prejudice on the part of a certain class of book-buyers who affect not to be able to appreciate poetry unless the author has a recognized place in literature.

If this *ipse dixit* class could but realize that poetry is a gift; that poets are born, not made; and that all Poetry is the direct result of Inspiration, and that the obscure poet is as liable to produce something of merit as well as the genius with a name, then indeed would a preface in my opinion be superfluous.

But realizing how prone is man to "ape the scholar," and to accept the "dictum of the critic" through the "scholarly utterances of the press" as final; beyond which there is no appeal, not even salt wherewith to savor the monotony of their erudition, permit me to state in prose, that sounds, like perfumes, have the privilege to waft us far from ourselves, across time and space beyond the reach of censure or of praise; and that to be able to appreciate harmony so elevating is worth an effort on the part of all who have no knowledge of the divine afflatus.

A German philosopher once said: "Mozart, who to us is a god, appeared as a savage to the Americans, who were unable to appreciate him." Would Phidias and Virgil have been more to our taste? I doubt it.

Prose is for all the world, poetry for almost all the world, but music is only for the few. Prose expresses ideas, poetry sentiments, music feelings, and these feelings are of a character so subtle that not every man is able to accept their sensitiveness. I think music is as inferior to poetry as poetry is superior to prose. It is but the reflection of a

PREFATORY

shadow; but what a brilliant, delicious, sublime reflection it is to those who have learnt to enjoy it!

Take poetry from the world, song from the people, and you rob them of a birthright far more civilizing and enduring than is enunciated by all the tomes of history and fiction combined.

THE OFFICES OF THE POET.

In all ages the poet has been and still is the recognized leader and teacher of men. Naturally so, because he was the first among philosophers and scholars of all eras; and the precepts laid down by the earliest poets stand to-day in the forefront of scholastic teaching. The poet is by birth a moralist, a sermonizer, a truth-seeker and freethinker, who detects the wrongs of his time and points the way to right them. He is the seer of the ages, and that nation is wise who heeds his clarion voice.

“His home is in the heights: to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim;
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And Song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his,
To hail the coming centuries—
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortice of the spheres.
He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place,
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks to-day,
Will some time be a trodden way.
But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.
O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way; rejoice!”

INTRODUPTION

A KEY TO CLASSIFICATION AND ARRANGEMENT

OF

SUN-SEALED

SUN-SEALED is designed to be a series of studies of planetary effect upon the human organism.

That "the universe is governed by fixed laws" no one questions. That man being fixed in the law of environment follows as a self-evident proposition. That man's responsibility by no means is abrogated by his environment is hinted at in the poem "Law Reigns" page 15, and again on the same page in "Revelations" the matter is again taken up and man's accountability is established.

The leading idea in these studies is, that every man has his own marked individuality and his precise mission to his generation in that individuality.

The author believes that a man's character is his distinguishing endowment, and that it is of more importance than anything that he said or did, or in any circumstance in which he may have been placed.

The object of "Sun-Sealed," then, is to illustrate more forceful than can be stated in prose that God has been pleased to give many invaluable moral lessons to the human race through the character of individuals and the closer relationship of man to man is in direct ratio of fellowship with himself. "Man, know thyself," no idle phrase defined, but had its birth and purpose in a pure and lofty mind.

From the rhythmic sweep of the planets around the sun, who can doubt the fixity of law? Certainly not he who formulated that: "every particle of matter in the universe is acted upon by every other particle proportionate to its mass and inversely as to the square of the distance separating them." The chemicalization, density, periodical effect of each of the planets being known, scientifically gauged, analyzed and mathematically deduced, the superstitions of the past roll away from the onward march of revealed-science-religion and man feels his oneness with the all-create and bears aloft the banner of destiny understandingly.

Even the ancients recognized the seven different states of the One Universal Spirit which constitutes the soul of all things, as well as all physical bodies, and by direct command of the announcing angels, as is manifest in the poem "The Muster" on page 76, gave to these principles the following names, which are also those of the "seven planets," and of the seven days of the week—Sun, Sunday; Moon, Monday; Mars, Tuesday; Mercury, Wednesday; Jupiter, Thursday; Venus, Friday; Saturn, Saturday. Says Sidarta, "The sun occupies one focus in the great ellipse of our system. In the other focus, the telescope shows us nothing. But the law of the ellipse requires that this focus should be a center from which forces radiate." Science would therefore declare that in this focus we are to find the great spiritual sun of our system, the resplendent center of its spiritual life and celestial forces. When the earth attains its complete spiritual atmosphere, (not only Neptune, so lately revealed by the modern telescope,) but that most glorious of the two great lights of our heavens will be fully visible to man.

In view of the foregoing it is almost unnecessary to say that these "seven planets" have little or nothing to do with the seven cosmic bodies in our system bearing the same names; for although the latter may to a certain extent be regarded as their external and visible representatives, the principles themselves are invisible, and rule not only within our solar system, and throughout the extent of the Macrocosmos of the Universe; but also within the internal constitution of the Microcosm of man.

Their significations differ according to the aspects we take of them. Generally speaking, they may be stated as follows: The Sun, the Centralizer, is the

emblem of wisdom. In him are the powers of all the planets united; in him are love, will, and intelligence combined into one; in the same sense as the four sides of a pyramid all culminate in one point.

The Moon, the Temporizer, is the symbol of the imagination, illusion, and dreams. She has no light of her own, but borrows her light from the Sun. Without the light of the sun the moon would become cold and dark; without the power of the Will the products of imagination are without life. Thoughts become powerful only when they are infused by the will.

Mars, the Warrior, represents strength. If unguided by wisdom it is a dangerous planet, inclined to deeds of violence, acting rashly and without consideration. It is a principle which causes anger and wrath, but its action may become moderated by its union with Venus.

Mercury, the Quickener, represents the intellect, detecting instantly the operations of law co-existing, equidistant, omnipresent, and may be aspected either for good or for evil, and is powerful in either case according to the conditions under which it acts and becomes moderated by its union with Venus, and in this manner "Crude Mercury" may be transformed into the pure gold of wisdom.

Jupiter, the gigantic Conservator, represents the power of harmony in commerce, but its qualities differ according to its aspects. Its symbol is an eagle; because it enables man to rise up by its power into the highest regions of thought, even to the throne of the Eternal. Rightly aspected it is the planet of success, of accumulation and parsimoniousness.

Venus, the Harmonizer, represents love. In its lowest state it is blind attraction, producing gravitation among corporal plants and instincts among animals. The more it becomes amalgamated with intelligence, the more does it become capable to manifest divine qualities. Pure love is a divine and self-existent power which only gives and does not seek to receive. It has no desires; but it creates desires in the objects in which its powers awaken.

Saturn, the Inharmonizer or Destroyer, represents the elements of matter. Not the visible tangible earth, but the primordial substance out of which all things are made. It is the principle of life. It produces and destroys all forms, and is therefore styled the god who eats his own children. Unless associated with the sun, Saturn natures are cold and cruel, taciturn and austere, but rightly aspected, though severe, saturnians are moral and upright of heart though given to biting their tongues.

Hail! Neptune, hail! on thy flight through ethereal seas,
Sail! Voyager, sail! upbearing the trident with ease!
How came our Mystic forbears to know of thy mighty sweep,
Outpost and grand sentinel; aware of thy mystery deep?
Presager of wars! surcease in the runic flight of time,
When man shall have learned the art of peace in lessons of life sublime.
Sail on! sail on! with Uranus, thou governor of sidereal tides!
Wherefore did moderns cease when wisdom eternal abides?
Ensembl'd by thee is the trident of truth awake within the soul
What know they of thee, and Uranus, that the ancients did not then enroll?
Confessing through sense of the eye glued to the great telescope;
Their ignorance alike of the Spirit and its beneficent scope.

In the classification and arrangement of the poems of Sun-Sealed under the Incentive planet, lays the charm of "Man, know thyself." By studying the "moods of mind" the author was in at each inception, the same being traceable to direct planetary effect aspected by accurate calculation.

It is the opinion of the author that this field of investigation will be found to be entirely new, without precedent, and therefore quite unique. That it will prove a source of moral help to those who may think that "death ends all" the author is hopeful and confident and courts their careful perusal of the subject.

N. B. In making up the pages of "Sun-Sealed" it was found that there would be a number of blank spaces in order to carry out their peculiar arrangement. To avoid this a number of poems were "written on the spot," which are not classified in the table of contents. They are respectively: "The Fanatic," page 110; "Venus" and "Pleading," page 140; "Neptune," page 98; "Fair Luna," page 112; "Saturn," page 86; "Fuel and Bread," page 70; and "The Birth of Moloch," page 64.

GEO. P. MCINTYRE.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION	3
PREFACE	5
INTRODUCTION TO CLASSIFICATION AND ARRANGEMENT	7

MERCURY

TOO LATE	13
LIMITATIONS	14
LAW REIGNS	15
RECOGNITION	15
REVELATIONS	16
CONSERVATION	
HAIL TO THE LIGHT	}
STANZAS FOR MUSIC	
28	
FATHER, FORGIVE!	29

URANUS

SPIRITUALISM	33
KNOWING	34
"ONLY—THE—THAT" A SUMMARY OF "LIGHT ON THE PATH"	35
REVIEW OF "FROM SOUL TO SOUL"	36
ZANTA AND YUMA, A WORLD'S FAIR POEM	38
SOMNILOQUOIS, OR SONNET AND SATELLITE	39
THE FOUNT OF PEARLS	39
THE LAUNCHING	40
DUALITY	41
IN MEMORIAM, INSCRIBED TO CORDELIA	42
" " " " GENERAL CUSTER	43
" " " " GENERAL HANCOCK	45
" " " " OUR HONORED DEAD	45
" " " " ABRAHAM LINCOLN	49
" " " " H. W. LONGFELLOW	51
" " " " WILLIAM ENSIGN BELKNAP	56
" " DEDICATED " WALTER E. REID	58
THE INVITATION	61
THE ROCK, STANZAS FOR MUSIO	62

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MARS	
THE MIRAGE	65
MY BELOVED	66
TRUE GREATNESS	68
THE GLORY OF CAPITALISM	69
DAS "VATERLAND," LABOR DAY	71
GUT HEIL, INSCRIBED TO THE EX-PERSONAL RIGHTS LEAGUE.....	72
THE FLAG EMBALMED	73
THE MUSTER, A PROPHECY	76
AMERICA	81
AN APPEAL	84
SATURN	
FLOTSAM JETSAM	87
A CYCLE OF TIME	88
THE UNFORTUNATE	89
THE FAREWELL	90
TO ONE I KNOW	91
IF I WERE YOU	93
STRUGGLE ON	94
WORK—A MORNING CAROL	95
NEPTUNE	
CHIMNEY BLUFFS	99
A PHANTASM	100
NEPTUNE	104
COMMERCIAL CRUISING	105
THE TEMPEST	106
SONG FROM THE TEMPEST	109
LUNA	
LIGHT—AN APOSTROPHE TO LUNA	113
LINES TO A CABINET PICTURE	114
DELICIOLA, A WORLDS' FAIR POEM	115
THE NAMING OF THE ROSE	116
THE CALLA	117
TO LUNA	117
THE SAGE	118

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ADVICE TO MEN	118
THE WINTER QUEEN	119
THE MAID OF UNADILLA	120
AFFINITIES	121
A POET'S LOVES	122
LINES TO MYRA	123
WHENCE CAME THEY?	124

JUPITER

THE MUTE	127
COMPENSATION	127
A LOWLY LIFE	128
AN ADIEU	128
MY FRIEND	129
HAVE YOU A SOUL?	130
AN IMPROMPTU	131
A TRUSTY MESSENGER	133
A GOOD MAN	133
THE GOLDEN LESSON	134
ALMOST A MAN AT THIRTEEN	135
THE THAUMATURGUS	136
LINES TO SEYMOUR STEDMAN	137
LINES TO JOHN WATSON, COLORED	137
PERTINENT	138
A TOAST, TO FRANK A. MOORE	138

VENUS

SUB-SILENTO	141
VIRGINIA	142
HEART'S EASE	146
EPISODE, ST. LUKE'S CHURCH	147
FIVE LITTLE WORDS	149
THE EIGHT OF MAY	150
VALE	151
CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION	151
THE EXTREME UNCTION	152
ONE LITTLE VERSE	153
CLEAR SIGHT	153

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE THESSALIAN	154
THE GIFT	155
PASTORAL	156
THE MEETING. STANZAS FOR MUSIC	158
THE GREAT DIVIDE	158
THE SUN	
LINES TO MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND	161
CHRISTMAS GREETING TO OUINA	161
LINES TO "WATER LILY"	162
THE GIFT OF THE PSALTER	163
BLESSED HANDS	165
AN INTERESTING EVENT	166
THE WELCOME	169
DO FLOWERS TALK?	170
SWEET PEASE	171
BUTTEE CUPS AND DAISIES	172
WOODLAND FERN	172
CLOVER LEAF	173
GRASSES AND ROSES	173
OUR BEAUTIFUL PHILOSOPHY	175
BLUE VIOLETS	175
ROSEMARY	176
THE DAHLIA	176
FORGET-ME-NOTS	177
APPLE BLOSSOMS	177
WATERLILY	179
INDIRECTION, BY RICHARD HENRY REALF, SPIRIT	180
OUINA'S CANOE	181
OUINA'S RESPONSE	182
RECOMPENSE	184
THE STAR OF TRUTH. STANZAS FOR MUSIC	185
SOL! SOL!	185
AN OPINION	186
SUSPICION VS. TRUST, INSCRIBED	186
ADVERTISEMENT SPECIAL
PRESS NOTICES OF LIGHT OF PERSIA

SEALED UNDER MERCURY

HE WHO BELIEVES WHAT IS TO BE WILL NOT BE,
BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

TOO LATE
LIMITATIONS
LAW REIGNS
RECOGNITION
REVELATIONS
CONSERVATION
HAIL TO THE LIGHT
FATHER, FORGIVE!

“The universe is governed by fixed law.”—HUMBOLDT.

“Neither believe nor reject anything because any other person ever rejected or believed it.”—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

•

TOO LATE.

HE who hath lived and left no word or sign
To tell posterity of his glorious youth,
When hope was at its full, and love and truth
Coursed through his veins, a tide of life divine,
Has missed the acme of his mortal part,
And filched from Him whose love was in his heart.

He who hath looked upon the face of day,
Nor marveled at induction's high command,
With God in all he views on every hand,
Nor felt a thrill that broadened all his way,
Has missed the intent of existence here,
If he leave no mark of value with his peer.

He who hath stood beneath yon starry sky,
And, gazing on that canopy of gold,
Nor felt the God within him so unfold,
Forgetting self in Majesty on High,
Has missed the music of the mighty spheres,
If he hath not praise to proffer all his years.

He who hath rocked upon old ocean's breast,
Nor felt an awe steal o'er his inmost soul,
Yet feigning, braved it to the distant goal,
Nor gladly leaped from off its foamy crest,
Has missed the grandeur of its rhythmic swell,
If then he hath no marvelous tale to tell.

He who hath strained up to the mountain's peak,
Nor wondering gazed upon that broad expanse,
Nor dwarfed himself a pigmy in the lands
Unfolded to his view, with pallid cheek,
Has missed the one thing needful to his fame,
If he hath not tongue to voice his Maker's name.

LE ENVOI.

He who hath scaled success with meed of opulence,
 Nor shares it with his fellow whilst he lives,
 Is base and mean. Nor feels he that to give
 Is blessed, and knowing this, goes feigning hence,
 Has missed the purpose of his high estate,
 And will plead for mercy—but Too Late.

1888

LIMITATIONS.

THERE'S a limit to all things under the sun,—
 Correlations, alone, are excepted—
 There's a limit to star systems barely begun
 In infinite mind unprojected.

There's a limit to all things quickened with life,
 However wide be its range,
 And though fixed is the law of universe rife,
 It is fixed in limitless change.

There's a limitless law ever building anew,
 From atom to suns' waning old,
 It works in the depths of the ether-blue,
 The star-strewn vault of gold.

There's a limit to reason, a limit to sense,
 A limit to all who plod,
 There's a limit to limitless recompense
 When man limits illimitable God.

1893

LAW REIGNS.

A TROUBLED life in search of Truth; the devious way
 I trod;
 To learn with pained surprise, forsooth, that Law, alone, is
 God.

The creeds of man alone convey the giving and the giver,
 But without beginning, and without end, the Law doth
 reign forever!

There never was, or can be time when Law is not in force,
 Eternity is always mine, and brings with it no curse.
 Words of good or bad import depend on understanding,
 And deeds, forsooth, are but the sport of environment's
 demanding.

Man mars the law, but makes it not, as individual creatures;
 And the aggregate is not forgot, though lost its separate
 features.

Real histories are tendencies, and not events of time;
 We lend our strength with centuries unnumbered, yet sub-
 lime.

Then out upon all canting creeds, ceremonials, superstitions;
 Let law abound with loving deeds, and deeds be our
 petitions.

1892

RECOGNITION.

PRINCIPLES rise no higher than their source,
 Law rules the spheres and ever was in force,
 From globe-the-atom, to globe-the-largest suns;
 All through the interstices the law impelling runs,
 And through each atom vibrant with control,
 The same is manifest as in the axial pole.
 Law cannot err; its mandates are absterse,
 Involving all activity throughout the universe.

"Omnipotence" meaningless; "Omniscience" the same,
 If law did not co-ordinate to vindicate this claim.
 Law differentiates and runs with evolving pace,
 From animalcule to man; the father of his race.
 Law thrilled his nostrils with inspiration rife,
 Drawn from boundless reservoirs of *Eternal Life!*
 It gave to him an intellect to recognize its course;
 And the *Finite Times* the *Infinite* prescient to its source.
 Something from nothing never did exist.
 Spirit is magnetic which no thing can resist.
 It is this quick'ning essence which permeates the whole;
 And man builds on Truth the epitome of the soul.

1892

 REVELATIONS.

SOME lines on word-expressions of the mind
 Lets ring the changes of degree and kind,
 And into Nature's storehouse let us look,
 To read its pages like an open book;
 And as we read let reason reign, "and sound,
 "Heat, light, and all of conservations round."
 The Earth shall yield its secrets to our view,
 The Air its wondrous mysteries undo,
 The vasty deeps shall roar from sun to sun,
 And their attendant systems blend as one.
 With Libriac scales the Mystic early learns,
 The equipoise of things himself discerns,—
 And of their import, questions, weighs, disputes,
 Goes o'er the ground again, and oft refutes,—
 What chemic cause the omniverse combined
 To weigh the atom in his searching mind?
 Not all the lore that all the ages press
 Can satisfy his mind's rapaciousness.

The what to know, and knowing, what reject,
Bids him be cautious and on himself reflect,
With zest sufficient to dole to fellow man
That which to him was long denied by plan.
The fault's his own if innate modesty
Hath interfered with what is here to see,
But "extremes in Nature equal ends produce,"—
"In man they join to some ulterior use."
And we are taught to "seek and ye shall find,"
But without a doubt it's only "in your mind,"
For "everything in Nature's hid with care,"
And e'en poor man hath added padlocks there.
But still the preachers have "kindness in reserve,"
They help to bury whom they help to starve,—
And if perchance the casket had a price,
Be sure they bargained and sought for "High advice,"—
Or gave the locks an added seal or two,
'Till unobserved they could the cost review.
But 'tis the purpose of this cicerone
To bid the locks undo what they have done,
And all expression drafted is, of course,
To teach mankind the subtle laws of force.
The twittering sparrow calls unto his mate,
The rocks resound response conglomerate,—
"What common bond of union shall we see,
To bind them all in perfect harmony?"
The bee's low hum, the lively cricket's wail,
The monkey's antics with his useful tail,
Man's import here; the gift to know and think
Supplies with reason's force the "missing link."
There is no missing link, for, low-down in the scale,
Behold the pollywog wiggles yet his tail;
From proto-spawn to frog the tail is left behind,
And the fact still sticks in every mystic mind.
From grub to butterfly within the chrysalis,—
New forms of growth; a perfect cosmos is,—

From frog to man; what fitter prototype
In reason's name your reason thus invite?
If it be true, as some assertions sweep,
That beauty's charm is only thus "skin deep"
(Just add this fact to beauty's catalogue),
What whiter flesh than that of Mr. Frog?
You see by this the monkey "is not in it,"
The equation thus was wrong; "too personal" to begin it;
But thus if changes ring with omnipresent plan,
Cannot these changes thus be applied to man?
And with all the force of reason, mind, and heart,
The sentient subtle force of soul impart,
To higher growths evolving from the sod,
Back to itself again from man to God?
But from such dizzy heights let's downward scan,
To where all force is manifest to man,—
For here expressed on Terra's rounded form,
The danger signals are of lowering storm,—
And marked on leaf, and lake, and fervid sky,—
With stifling hush the expectant forests sigh,
White wings are visible whirring everywhere,
And man has caught infection from the air,
And thought is quickened and sentient the earth,—
Old truths revive; the Mystic soul has birth!
And time is now as though it had not been,—
The veil which hid the past is rent in twain,—
The stars have swung their mighty orbits round,
Till man can into depths unfathomed sound,—
The lost is found; the ancient Test-book speaks
A language all its own; no tongue impeach,
And hope is rife within the mystic breast,—
The stars evoke the old "Egyptian Test,"—
The hour's arrived, the minute, second, fixed,
That man should know that Truth is never mixed,
That grains of sand upon the shining beach
Obey the law which manifests to each,

And take their nourishment with tiny seap,
The same as man when hunger bids him eat,—
The stars, too, wheel in unison to draw
Fresh impetus from universal law,
And man, the slave of passion's angry wars,
Has come at last to peace through the "Science of the
Stars."

The "seven seals" now loosened in the deep
Stand watch and ward and nightly vigils keep,
Anon, report to Terra's quickened throng,
The part they play, the life of man prolong,
And He can stand with Test-book spread to view,
And read the stars, as men, of every hue.
And of man's span, the sport of every clime,
Be sure he treads to every deed on time,
And thus all things, however high or low,
Are hid with care that only Mystics know,
And Truth is fixed, and man is never free
From law's universal contiguity.
The Tarot-book whose emblematic leaves
Doth compass space beyond the Pleiades,
By sure deductions; the ancient sages saw
The wondrous workings of resistless law.
He who in Nature delves, its secrets to expand,
Will find minutest things are mathematically plan'd,—
The spirit, too, of numbers multiplied
Will manifest itself when once applied,
And prove to man that figures do express
A subtle force beyond the mind to guess,—
That time and space co-ordinate with light
To weld the finite with the Infinite.
The march of worlds across the plane of sky
Conform to laws of periodicity,
And correlates with time's prescient power
To tell to man the secrets of the hour,

Fulfilling all that sages of the past
 Did prophesy to mortals coming last
 Upon the scene of action; here on Terra's breast,
 In search of Truth, obeying law's behest.
 Exempling Aspect: Taurus hath in store,
 Though high or low estate, or rich or poor
 In moral worth; thy every thought and deed
 Be sure, O man, environments doth lead
 With right ascension; the sexes equal blend
 Thy nature quickened to harmonious end,
 For everything in nature dual is in sex,
 And "Man, know thyself!" can never more perplex.
 With left declension, in the scale of sense,
 Thou art doomed to pay the penalty prepense,
 Aforetime written in the book of life,
 And naught can save thee from a ceaseless strife
 With woe and want, and friendships lost as found;
 Go where thou may'st, on high or lowly ground,
 'Tis all the same, the law doth compass thee,
 And nought but knowledge of it sets man free.
 But mark one thing, and with thy latest breath
 Remember "Whom God loveth He chasteneth."
 This, too, is law, as certain as the day,
 And naught remains but wisely to obey
 Thy highest light; thy conscience is the key
 That will unlock the secrets of thy destiny.
 *Vibrations' change, if thou dost feel a cold
 Creep through thy veins till numb, despondent, old,
 Three deep inhalations with every thought on God
 And Solar-Plexus, will raise thy sluggish blood

* As the sensation of "a cold" is manifest from a decrease of heat in the human organism, and may be changed at will through a proper use of the respiratory organs, by raising the vibrations to their normal condition, so, too, sin is an abnormal state of environment, which may be changed at will by pure thoughts and a high aspiration to do right.

* * * * * "Thy conscience is the key,

"That will unlock the secrets of thy destiny."—*Revelations*.

Yea, verily, a change of mind is a change of heart.

Sixty degrees—in as many seconds more
Renew the process till nature doth restore.
The duty nearest hand unlock with zealous care,—
The law of compensation follows purpose everywhere,—
Thy here and now is but Expression's plan
To round thee out and make thee more a man;
The Image of thy God! experience deep and wise
Shall bear thee company throughout Eternities!
Man's nature—triple-fold; the first is of his Will,
The second, his Destiny, necessity must fill;
The third his conscience to Providence entwined,
And centered is in heart and, ill enshrined.
The power of Will desires may dispute,
But guided aright its forceful ways compute,
In ratio's rule, exact and finely spun;
Its web is woven bright and shining as the sun,
Or dull and gray its emanations find
Their counterpart in good or evil mind.
From out the past the present had its birth,
And future is but offspring of its worth
In some past life, here on Terra's breast,
Where now he stand'st adjudged by self confessed.
Successes here in worldly wealth alone
Is no criterion of good in ages gone,
But more express a greed unconquered still,
Recast, incarnate, necessitous to the Will.
The Providences of life are bountiful to each:
Enough is here, man needeth but to reach
And take his own, proportionate to his need,
And could so do but for inhuman greed.
The weak ye see afloat on every hand,
Homeless, toil-stained, dejected in the land,
Are nearing that perfection experience doth bind
To tame the heart once proud and unconfined.
For whatsoever does man to his fellow even now
Returns again to mock and bid him disavow

The seeming good, to conscience ill at ease,
Not caring much the future, so the present please.
Wealth thus gained from sale of Nature's store
That does abound inherent to the poor,
Is recked not wealth where conscience is the school,
And he is wise who follows out this rule.
All men are poor; to Nature born and weak,
Helpless, dependent and summoned not to speak;
Then wherefore proud? Advantages the same
Is shared at every birth in honor's lofty name.
Wealth there is; whatever man may make,
The product of his toil none else may take,
Except Exchange through multiple of good,
Must be the law of man; it is even so of God.
To whatever purpose wealth is put in use,
Therein confined its real worth may deduce,
And the highest aim that wealth can ever know
Is sharing it in gratitude, relieving others' woe;
For if man ease a brother in his pain,
The very act doth more repay again
Than all other effort in wisdom to enhance,
And bears him witness in future recompense.
Harm'st thou thy brother—a mill-stone 'round thy neck
Shall drag thee down, as thou canst little reckon,
And may perforce in riches' awful snare
Bring thee back in toils crazed by care.
Then reckon ye not to conscience unconfined,
With morals good or ill in deeds combined,
The force of Will, direct it how ye may,
Its gravity specific in awful Destiny!
Liberty in choice is wisdom's future store,
And Providence the Present maketh rich or poor.
Two kinds of riches may'st thou control,
Poverty in land or poverty in soul;
Two kinds of poverty the heart hath oft defined,
Riches in land or riches of the mind;

But where heart and mind to conscience gives the choice,
 Thou hast redeemed thy future's equipoise.
 Thy here to-day a beggar, weak, despised,
 Returns again thy spirit obeying high emprise.
 Thy ego knowing best what were good to learn,
 Plans thy parentage in wisdom to discern
 And teach thee Law, Deific, supremely just,
 Before which all are equal. Obey thou surely must!
 Thy here to-day, rich, honored, proud and vain?
 Humble thyself! else reap thy meed of pain!
 The beggar whom to-day thou scorn'st from thy door
 Is more advanced than thou in wisdom's lore,
 And may perchance in some not distant time
 Teach thee a lesson from experience sublime;
 For as thou sowest that shall ye also reap,
 The whirlwind, or that calm, pacific sleep
 The just man feels in doing daily good,
 And, honoring himself, thus testifies of God.
 And such, and such, throughout thy shuffled pack,
 O wondrous book; thy correlations tell the Zodiac.
 However born, the hour, whatever place, or thing,
 Thy planetary aspect reveals the hidden spring
 That moves thee on through life's evolving stage,
 And not one jot is hidden from thy tarot's page.
 Now mark the aids to thy conscience's aftermath,
 The Test-book may illumine all thy path;
 And though life's field was sown with tares a thousand
 years ago,
 And compensation holds thee fast with all its weight of woe,
 Its leaves well conned, co-ordinations learned,
 Will guide thee aright—"forewarned, forearmed."
 Its heart, the Spring of promise budding is;
 Its clover-leaf, the Summertime of bliss;
 Its diamonds deck the Autumn's thrifty wife;
 Its spade hath dug the grave of Winter's life.

Its seasons' suit, whose digits number four;
Its three in four and four in one restore,
A silent import hath for man's acclaim,
And brings its weight of joy or its shame:
The spirit force of numbers follows suit,
In quadrations which Mystics may compute,
And e'en the time of day in seconds told
(The only clock that Mystics knew of old).
The deeds men do, the very thoughts they think,
Are open to inspection like welded links
Of an endless chain; environments to come
Are told off such and such to each aspiring one.
O wondrous book, whose digit leaves are seven,
Which correspond to days the weeks are given,
Whose mystic pages number out the weeks
That man accords to years, and, passing, speaks
A language sure, prophetic, bold, and grand,
And understood in every clime and land.
Thy shifting suits doth mirror all the sky,
Vibrating instant news from quickened Mercury,
And all the planets of our Sun united
Hath each a message like the one just cited.
With sure lunations, quadrated season's round,
Reveals the law thy wondrous leaves expound,
And Mystics learn to read the fate of kings
As certainly as that time its lesson brings;
Behold Belshazzar's feast! His kingly pride
Gave testimony thus before he died.
The past, the present, and all thy future store,
Be sure, O man! are thus revealed before
Thy very eyes, and all thy senses draw
New inspiration from demonstrable law.
And thus from ceaseless action vibrations' hold and sweep,
Across the omniverse of suns throughout the vasty deep,
And by their rate, deductions drawn—scientific nomenclature—
A tally thus in daily use on all the works of nature.

Now let old reason instill thy listening heart,
Wisdom thus gained will never more depart,
And though in reason's lore ere now but little schooled,
Much may be learned from logic's master, Gould.
"Old gravity conserves within his kingly dower
"The lasting forces of tremendous power;
"Rocks, liquids, gases, intone his mighty voice
"All forms obey, can have no other choice.
"His eldest son, Cohesion, holdeth sway,
"And rules the main sub-kingdom day by day.
"Attraction, still, in other form is he
"And subjects chemical affinity.
"By differentiations further play
"The molecules speak out in crystal lay.
"Atomic force divides and sub-divides—
"Through all, attraction, in some form resides.
"Attraction thus, in atoms or in suns,
"Begets some motion and the object runs
"Through orbits range of worlds and systems wide,
"Or merely oscillates from side to side."
All atmospheres evolving, gravely jog,
Like mighty wheels revolving cog on cog,
And every secret of the nether, upper air
Is manifest on Terra's breast, albeit in miniature.
The cyclone's march athwart the desert plain
Is funnel-shaped like sun's attendant train,
An atmosphere, its own, terrible with grace,
Like that which swings all systems throughout space.
It snatcheth up with minatory sweep
The works of man, however much complete,
And hurtles them afar by land or sea,
Like suns their systems whirling ceaselessly.
And did they pause one second thus of arc,
Chaos would reign; vanish as a spark
All suns, all systems, all entities, and gloom
Would settle down in an eternal tomb.

The Sun a garment weaves from ether's liquid sea,
 And clothes his children with a dress protectingly,—
 As on they rush, his Lordship taking lead,
 With Mercury next, whose mighty rate of speed
 Is followed close by Venus bright and fair,
 Whose mild influence is felt through all the air.
 The Earth, then Mars, and Jupiter next in line,
 While Saturn, Uranus and Neptune brightly shine,
 In order truly grand; a mighty march so free!
 They move in spiral lines of light harmoniously.
 The sun's own garb, a royal train of light
 Extending far beyond Neptune's tardy flight,
 And to the people of the nether, upper air
 Is woven of bluest atoms; in shape a pear.
 And all worlds speed beneath his ample fold,
 And gather atmospheres their own; gravity, of old.
 Dead worlds adrift, by atmosphere set free,
 With periodic sweeps conform to gravity,—
 And man has learned, from early man, to share
 His time with those bright lunations there,
 And on himself reflect the flight of time,
 And: "If a man die shall he live?"—sublime.
 Cannot man live? The vital spark survives
 When time's evanished hence, Eternities!
 "Yes. Matter in which force must needs reside
 "Is co-eternal—both for aye abide.
 "A force without a thing on which to act
 "Is sheer absurdity, opposed to fact.
 "If God the sum of all force proves to be,
 "Then matter's with God from eternity.
 "God without matter is as much absurd
 "As matter without God. He spake the word,"
 And out of ether's sea of liquid cold
 There grew the omniverse of shining worlds.
 "All force through media must ever manifest,—
 "Force hath no force except through matter pressed.

“And so Attraction’s leap from sun to sun
“Prove ether atoms there on which to run.
“Aetherea, the cosmic ether, spreads
“Wherever force its march triumphant treads,
“And all the varied forms of force begun
“With simply special changes on this one.”
Impulsion first; Supreme, Deific mind,
Fashioned worlds and species of their kind,—
The frog, the ape, the man, succession’s forceful change
Without a flaw or limit to the great melange.
“The lightning’s flash, the heat, the sound, and all
“Owe their existence to Attraction’s call.
“And all the organs of our special sense
“Speak such and such successions, most intense.
“In higher forms, Succession next we see,—
“The light attracts the flower, the flower the bee,—
“The honey tempts the maid, and beauty’s charm
“Is felt from heart to heart in pulses warm.
“Through love of some we learn to love the race,
“Then up to God for universal grace
“Our souls aspire.” Heaven’s way we tread
To find where all is life there are no dead.
There is no dead, no death, though wide the range;
God’s laws are fixed in illimitable exchange.
Growth and decay o’erlap in ceaseless round,—
One tendeth up, the other goeth down,—
Yet who shall say where equal forces blend,
Wherein doth life begin, wherein doth end?
Upon this point deductions prove the sum,
That all is God, and God is all in one.
Matter and spirit abound below, above,
Doth demonstrate the oneness of God’s love,—
And love is life as boundless as the sea,—
Through all the star-strewn vault—Infinity!

 CONSERVATION.

BY the law which binds the universe in one stupendous
 whole;
 By the hope high heaven demonstrates in the majesty of
 soul;
 By the truth of future progress predicated on the past;
 May we journey on together, Mystics, faithful to the last;
 May we journey on together, Mystics, faithful to the last.

 HAIL TO THE LIGHT.

HAIL to the Light! of Love and Truth,
 Which shines upon our way!
 Rejoice! O Mystic traveler,
 Rejoice! in Truth, our guiding star;
 Transcendent as the day,
 Transcendent as the day,
 Rejoice! Rejoice in Truth always.

Armed with the Light! of Living Truth,
 The earth shall yet be free!
 From Superstition's deadly night,
 From Error's chain and Credo blight;
 Which mocks at liberty,
 Which mocks at liberty,
 Rejoice! Rejoice in "Harmony."

Bless'd be the Light! the Magi brings;
 May all the earth rejoice!
 Let every vibrant rock and rill,
 Let every Mystic bosom thrill
 With Truth's exultant voice;
 With Truth's exultant voice;
 Rejoice! Rejoice! in Truth rejoice!

“FATHER, FORGIVE !”

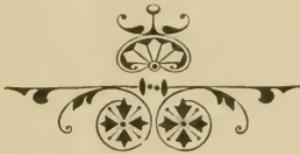
Inscribed to some Twelfth Degree members

FATHER, forgive! They know not what they do,—
 The hemlock to Socrates was given in Thy name,
 Thus Romanism bore “the only Light and true;”
 Then led innocent men and women to the flame.

Father, forgive Thy erring children now,
 The light they bear, though borrowed, soon will fade,
 And history repeats too oft the broken vow,
 Thus e'en Thy light shines brightest in the shade.

Father, forgive! Thy prerogative alone
 We humbly beg and seek confessional,
 And not from man who never may atone,—
 But, Father forgive, Thou doest all things well.

“I see no fault in another that I might not, at sometime,
 been guilty of myself.”—*Paracelsus*.



“’Tis Jove’s world-wandering herald, Mercury.”—SHELLEY.

Thou quick’ner of forces latent hid,
As ’round the spiral dashing,
Upspringing meets imperious bid,
And all worlds set to flashing.

SEALED UNDER URANUS

HE WHO BELIEVES NOT IN A FUTURE STATE OF EXISTENCE—
BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

SPIRITUALISM—INSCRIBED TO MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND
KNOWING—INSCRIBED TO PROF. O. H. RICHMOND
ONLY—THE—THAT—A SUMMARY OF “LIGHT ON THE PATH”
REVIEW—“FROM SOUL TO SOUL”
ZANTA AND YUMA—A WORLD’S FAIR POEM
SOMNILOQUOIS, OR SONNET AND SATELLITE—
THE FOUNT OF PEARLS—INSCRIBED
THE LAUNCHING—INSCRIBED
DUALITY

IN MEMORIAM—TO CORDELIA
“ TO GENERAL CUSTER
“ TO GENERAL HANCOCK
“ TO OUR HONORED DEAD
“ TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN
“ TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
“ TO WILLIAM ENSIGN BELKNAP
“ DEDICATED TO WALTER E. REID
THE INVITATION } STANZAS FOR MUSIC
THE ROCK }

He who thinks to write a book without drafting sources higher,
Adds nothing to his intellect, nor cheats those who inspire.

“Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star.”—SCOTT.

“Whoever doubts the latent occult powers that belong to his higher and less known self can prove them, by undergoing a few months training, as easily as he can prove he has a muscle in his arm that he has never seen.”—BORN OF FLAME.

SPIRITUALISM.

With profound respect, the following lines are affectionately dedicated to the exalted presence of that most worthy exponent of MODERN SPIRITUALISM, MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

I AM a tree! O, wondrous deep
My roots are plowing in the soil of love;
Whilst reaching out beyond the stars, I see
My branches waving, in that realm above;
My fibrous roots cling close the yielding soil,
My branches sing to Seraphs as they pass,
My trunk is vibrant with its current's toil
And all my forces yearning to encompass;
Must wake the ages to my glad career;
I am the "Tree of Life!" Humanity is near.

I am the Light! Lo, angels bear me on their
Snowy pinions to the quick'ning earth;
Whilst far beyond those earth-bound spirits' flight
I soar aloft to meet the crowning birth;
My scintillating coursers cleave the ether blue,
My quivering tentacles reach out through all the sky,
My radiant sheen atomic action's view
And I am chief of all those blessings nigh
Poor weary mortals, hedged about with strife—
"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life!"

KNOWING.

Inscribed to PROF. O. H. RICHMOND.

I KNOW that I shall live again,
 When all my senses are at rest;
 When hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting,
 Feeling shall have been expressed
 In matter till the quickening Light
 Has banished darkness from the night.

I know that I shall live again,
 When hearing shall have ceased to sound;
 When every vibrant wave shall cease
 Its echo, in the most profound
 Acoustics of the heavenly spheres—
 Prescience needs not mortal ears.

I know that I shall live again,
 When vision to these mortal eyes
 Shall wear Perception's keener glance,
 And I shall see in paradise;
 Not "through a glass as darkly" now,
 Of this I'm sure—"I *know*, I know!"

I know that I shall live again,
 Where odorous comes the breath of love,
 And I shall revel in the sweets
 Of incense rising up to Jove,
 When smelling shall have ceased to be
 A part of my immortality.

I know that I shall live again,
 By sensing that exquisite taste,
 Which bids me turn to God in prayer,
 For food that knows not any waste,
 And I shall then be satisfied,
 For I have hungered and been tried.

I know that I shall live again,
 When aching hearts shall cease to beat,
 When feeling keenly every loss
 Of that impulsions erst retreat;
 Had sent the soul upon its quest,
 To seek in dross the Divine behest.

I know that I shall live again,
 Because the sense of loss and wrong,
 An outraged soul may find in gross
 Material, which knows not song;
 Until attuned in every soul,
 Is the sense of love all masterful.

1890

ONLY—THE—THAT.

A SUMMARY OF "LIGHT ON THE PATH."

ONLY the depths that are deeply dumb,
 Only the ears that are deaf to sound,
 Only the warrior with bow unstrung,
 Shall engage in the battle of life profound.

Only the stillness that follows the storm,
 Only the eyes that have ceased to weep,
 Only the life of the human form,
 Shall have a place in the silence deep.

Only the light that is never aflame,
 Only the odorous growing rare,
 Only the conscience born of shame,
 Shall bloom into being and purpose fair.

Only the evidence that is taste, indeed,
 Only the substance of things not seen,
 Only the progress to heights that recede,
 Shall be then, as the now, has ever been.

Only the growth that is slowly sure,
 Only the touch of the ripening years,
 Only the love that is white and pure,
 Shall wear out pleasure, and pain, and tears.

Only the centre that is everywhere,
 Only the voice that no longer can wound,
 Only the experience that each must share,
 Shall scale the heights of that higher ground.

Only the loss of that self-respect,
 Only the parting with virtue's dress,
 Only the wisdom that needs not reflect,
 Shall put away pride in all separateness.

Only the life that quickens the dead,
 Only the sense that is lost in the life,
 Only the hunger that never is fed,
 Only the victory after the strife.

1891

REVIEW OF "FROM SOUL TO SOUL."

"SAIL down the airy sea, whitely and silently,"—
 So sings a poetess—royal of soul—
 Earnestly, fervently, sings for humanity—
 God and His angels are given control!
 Sweet are the songs whose love-notes are fluttering
 Down from the steepes where bright beings dwell,—
 Sings this rare medium,—so truly inspiring;
 Is her opening poem—"BEAUTIFUL CLARIBEL."

“Bonibel Madaline leaned from her balcony”—
 A poem in person, an angel in heart,—
 Sweetly the music of rhythm so beckon'd me;
 Read I with pleasure this gem from the start—
 A poem more sweet, or conception more beautiful,
 Hard, hard the task to whom ever shall try,—
 “BONIBEL MADALINE:” a twin soul and dutiful;
 Will come to each mortal with love from on high.

“Dear little baby, some people would wonder
 “Were I to tell them, honest and true,
 “What a bower beautiful I have walked under
 “Since I have had so much heaven in you:”—
 Ecstatic!—This poetess mother enchantingly
 Sings from the heart of the love that is there,
 Sings she divinely enraptured and charmingly,—
 From this other true-soul-poem, entitled “CLAIR.”

Emma Rood Tuttle, your songs are supernal,
 And they thrill with a pleasure I never may name,
 I only know Heaven is made glad and eternal
 With songs from the heart; when divinely aflame!
 As such, in the flush-tide of song I entreat you
 Sing on! And may God and His angels control!
 Sing on! And in triumph sometime I will greet you,
 And bless you, and thank you—“FROM SOUL TO SOUL!”

1891

“In the eternal volume of the sky
 The stars displayed, are characters on high,
 Where man may read his future and his fate;
 If dim the tale seem 'tis his sunken state
 Unfit by sin, that bright page to desery
 Writ by the finger of the Deity.”

—CHAUCER MODERNIZED.

ZANTA AND YUMA.

MEXICO—CHICAGO

1892 Greeting 1892

O FLOWER-LIT land of light and love!
 O sun-kissed summer land,
 How thoughts of thee my pulses move
 And thrill, and wide expand!
 'Till the vintage of my heart doth press
 With hunger, for thy fruitfulness.

O golden land! whose emerald feet
 Kissed by Pacific's breast,
 Ten thousand whisperings repeat
 From dreamland's broken quest;
 'Till my familiar spirit brings
 Back glimpses of past wanderings.

O sunny land! where now is she
 Who once thy bounty blessed;
 And climbed thy rugged steeps with me
 To worship in the west;
 'Till the glory of the setting sun,
 Melted our two hearts into one!

O western land! give back to me
 The grace of vanished years,
 Give back thy Aztec constancy
 Reflected by these tears;
 'Till all the warrior host of heaven
 With one acclaim: "He is forgiven!"

O western Mart! Thy cloud-capped fanes
 Reëcho from afar;
 The promised throng, whereat shall reign
 The queen of all the fair!
 'Till then, I sit me down to wait
 The look that chides, or beggars fate.

SOMNILOQUOIS, OR SONNET AND SATELLITE.

THE SONNET.

THOU orb of night, resplendent in thy beaming!
 O deft illumine the burden of my prayer,—
 In accents sweet, it must with her's compare;
 Whose soul-light chills the ardor of thy gleaming,
 Nor wakes not though thy bright full tide be streaming
 Upon her brow so broad and wondrous fair!
 Ofttimes I hold communion with despair;
 Yet hope sometimes to realize my dreaming.
 Thou sun! thou moon! ye stars that brightly shine!
 O wake the morning of my full career,
 And lave me in the light of love divine!
 That I may know the Presence when anear,—
 Then will I mount sublimest heights above,
 The perfect product of an immortal love.

THE SATELLITE.

Then will I go in peace upon my way,
 Nor weary that my idol is of clay.

THE FOUNT OF PEARLS.

Dedicated to Mrs. James Gage, Medium.

DEAR lonely soul—what generous impulse stirring;
 Gave thee to earth to bless her children dear?
 What crystal fount, its rainbow-tints bestowing;
 Gave thee its pearls to string, each natal year?

 How many pearls has't shared with friendly mortals?
 No count could justice do or rightly tell;
 But each one here has glanced through heaven's portals,
 Because of pearls dropped from thy crystal well.

Dear generous soul! thy natal night made glorious,
 Is bright with gems which all our hearts contain;
 And so we come with love and song victorious,
 To give thee jewels to fill thy fount again.

Not that exhausted is thy treasure,
 Thou drawest from a never failing course;
 For deeds of love no limit has this measure,
 And thou art blessed with knowledge of its source.

A thousand years to crown thy natal morning,
 Could not repay thy generous heart its care,
 True to thy Guides thou givest friendly warning,
 Or pearls of hope to crystalize more fair.

O spirit pearls! O fount of life eternal!
 O beings bright! O home in yonder spheres!
 God bless thy messengers with every gift supernal!
 May pearls of peace Crown added natal years.

1893

THE LAUNCHING.

To my friend, Mr. Henry Waller, Jr., author of that splendid paper, "Civilization,"
 the following lines are affectionately dedicated.

SING me a song of splashing crystal waters,
 When glides my barque the dry-dock out to sea,—
 May there be angel friends, and friendly earthly daughters,
 To ease the launching, and then to beckon me.

Let not one cord discordant swell the chorus,
 When on the stocks my craft its moorings fold,
 But pipe for joy! when life boat rides victorious;
 As slips the cable demurrage may not hold.

No vain regrets, no pride in duteous calling,
 No costly pomp, no blandishments I crave;
 (To poet's breast, the neap-tide's not appalling),
 His wish for shroud, the hammock, shot, and wave.

Receding seas star-lit or darkly flowing,
 Have each a charm for mariners of old,—
 With Truth for pilot and Love the hawser towing,
 What matter seas be rough or calm controlled?

1893

DUALITY.

AD REFERENDUM A PRIORI.

EACH thing material hath its counterpart more fair
 Outwrought in spirit in a realm of light,*
 And man must wait for full fruition there,
 When, done with earth, the soul has plumed its flight.

Then shall true mystics stand in immortal bloom
 In the fair gardens of a higher second birth,
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers that never bloomed on earth.

There, "soul to soul," if never "heart to heart,"
 While passing here the "circle of the sun,"
 Infinity is limitless in joys set apart
 For those who silent wait the crowning victory—"One!"

* "The sun occupies one focus in the great ellipse of our system. In the other focus, the telescope shows us nothing. But the law of the ellipse requires that this focus should also be a center from which forces radiate. Science would therefore declare that in this focus we are to find the great Spiritual Sun of our system, the resplendent center of its spiritual life and celestial forces. When the earth attains its complete spiritual atmosphere, that most glorious of the two great lights of heaven will be fully visible to man."—SIDARTHA.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO CORDELIA.

MY mind reverts again with thee,
 As thou wer't twenty years ago;
 O black-orb'd maid!
 Through all these years thy purity
 Shines whiter than the driven snow,
 Without a shade.

My skill with words,—How vain are they
 To paint the graces of thy way;
 In beauty real?
 What language can convey thy worth,
 To all who knew thee here on earth,
 Thou one ideal?

No word of mine can compass thee—
 I bless in tongue, and composition;
 No word is given,
 Save angel-worth, and chastity,
 Which nearest fit thy soul's transition
 From earth to heaven.

Thy being formed of all the parts
 Component to a perfect whole;
 Earth's rarest gem!
 Embodiment of Nature's art,
 Crowned with a living soul—
 A diadem.

One thing I know, life's mystery
 Is revelation viewed in thee—
 The crowning act!
 God's voice moved in the chemistry
 Of all the elements that be—
 Thou the compact.

Here at thy tomb I dare confess,
 The joy of thy young tenderness
 Was all mine own—
 And chiefest of the mourners near,
 I stood beside thy angel bier,
 My woe unknown.

And in the years that onward roll,
 With added joys to thy pure soul,
 Since thy new birth;
 I've nursed in secret silent prayer,
 The joy of our meeting there—
 When done with earth.

Lo, here I kneel. Behold, through grace
 I see thee! By thine oval face
 Transcendant fair!
 I look up through ethereal space,
 And behold thee at the fount of grace;
 With those who minister.

1892

 IN MEMORIAM.

 GENERAL CUSTER.

* * * * *

“THEY have all gone by,”—
 Back from the graves of those that lie
 In Bradford cemetery,—
 Whilst I—my poet heart kept tryst,
 With feelings akin to Gethsemane's Christ—
 Have wondered, who decked the graves that lie
 On distant plains 'neath a fevered sky
 Where a soldier met his agony.

Out of the darkness
 I am fully drawn
 Like the beautiful breaking
 Of the rosy dawn,
 And I know that in living hearts there be,
 Many who kept the tryst with me
 On this our Nation's morning day—
 Mourning for those who died at sea,
 Who gave up their lives for our country,
 As well as those of our honored braves
 Who died where the rank grass wildly waves
 Beyond the reach of our Flower Day.

And their prayers have strewn their graves with flowers,
 Plucked from memories greenest bowers,
 And given to each as tender a hue
 As the grasses wore with its battle dew.
 And the nestling of lilies
 In their purity white,
 Like the zephyrs of evening
 So misty and light,
 And the whispering roses
 On the summer air,
 Like the breathing of Angels
 Our trusting prayer.
 Then marshall the host of our living braves,
 To do homage to those that lie
 In sweet repose 'neath earth or wave
 In our Nation's cemetery.

1881

'Full often learn the art to know
 Of future weal, or future woe,
 By word, or sign, or star.'—SCOTT.

IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL HANCOCK.

LET me but write a name,
 Thrice echoed round the world—
 Once when the smoke of battle curl'd
 Above that field of fame!
 Whereon there rose amain
 That God-like arm, which hurl'd
 Defeat! And at the breach unfurl'd
 Its country's flag above her glorious slain!
 Let me but write thy name,
 Statesman of New Orleans!
 Whilst vict'rys vaunting peans—
 Re-echoed but thy shame—
 Soldier, statesman, hero, dead?
 Hancock and country, forever dead!

OUR HONORED DEAD.

ONCE more we meet with measured tread,
 And march through the streets of our honored dead;
 Whilst we pause here and there on our mission of love,
 Fond freedom and peace nestles down like a dove
 On the grassy mound, with its flag and its flowers,
 Its cross and its crown, and this fair land of ours
 Smiles up to the God of the free and the brave
 That are slumbering here in a soldier's grave.

* * * * *

How fitting thus just once a year
 To be found at our post of duty here

Where comrades lie—in peaceful state
 Awaiting the call which, soon or late,
 Shall bid each one from the tomb arise
 To join “The Grand Army” in paradise.
 But still as we march out our probation
 We must not forget the “Pride of our Nation”—
 “The boys in blue”—“boys in gray!”
 Of our nation, too, in the judgment day.
 Know you the spot where a soldier sleeps,
 Where children mourn, where the widow weeps;
 Where the brother comes and the sister too,
 Where the father stands, and the mother true
 Kneels down in prayer for her darling boy—
 Her pride and her hope, her light and her joy,
 “Her soldier boy, with his heart so true,
 That he gave up his life for me and for you;”
 Then haste ye thither, my comrades, come!
 And bow your heads to the hero one,
 Whose life more precious than all beside,
 Save he who left his promised bride
 For the field of battle, on the eve of a day
 That she will remember always—always—
 And where with flowers of every hue
 She has kept them fresh and her heart as true.
 Bow low your heads, my comrades, kneel!
 And do the thing that ye can't help feel—
 And pray to the God of her bereft—
 Your God and hers, whose lives are blest
 With freedom—that priceless boon
 Made possible midst the cannon's boom.

* * * * *

O War! thou fury of the past,
 How ruthless thy conception cast
 Into the mould of greed and hate
 To wreck the proudest “Ship of State”

That ever sailed upon the sea
 Of commerce, peace, and liberty.
 Thou cause, accursed by every mound
 That ever has or may be found
 Where earth, or sea, or both combine
 To hide a comrade, yours or mine.
 History shall write thy cursed obliquity,
 Thou monarchized, subsidized, bonded iniquity.
 No "Field" may raise his hydra-head
 In monuments to an "Andre" dead.
 Whilst lives a free man to this soil
 His blood shall never cease to boil!
 At thought of the dastard deed intense
 In its own bold significance.
 No cloak shall in its fell disguise
 Blind the zeal within these eyes.
 No spy upon our armed host
 Shall honored be though e'en a ghost,
 And not the lust of the "Four Hundred" united,
 "For bravery" such shall be required.
 But that to us such lust discovers
 Dwelling within a single breast,
 Need have we now, my soldier brothers,
 To be more vigilant, till we wrest
 From all such "social leaders'" fame
 The blandishments of honor's name.

* * * * *

But I may not now some wrongs recast,
 They cost too much, but alas—at the last
 We will meet as now, just once a year,
 And bow the head whilst the silent tear
 Shall drop on the flowers we have brought,
 To remind us of peace so dearly bought—
 And the example will tell to all posterity,
 That "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"

Then deck each grave with a garland fair,
 Tie it up with the blue, and the gray add there,
 For who knows but a mother here at the North—
 Whose weight in gold knows not her worth,
 Was watchful, prayerful, anxious, cast
 Into an agony of fear when the news that a draft
 To the rebel ranks contained her son,
 Who at the battle of first Bull Run
 Gave up his life a martyr true
 To the home of his youth and the boys in blue.
 No fancy sketch this; thousands may
 Attest the truth of what I say.

* * * * *

Just a little while, my comrades, then
 We will all go back to our homes again—
 There is one more spot I would have you see,
 The dearest in all this world to me.
 Go yonder with me in the corner, there;
 Strewn are the pebbles, gray and bare,
 "Battalion halt!"—"Dress Ranks!"—"Steady
 There!—so."

A form lies here where the winter's snow
 And the summer rain and the sleet of the fall
 And the cold March wind like a funeral pall
 Sweeps over the place—there a soldier rests!
 The grandest, the bravest, the noblest, the best
 That ever scraped lint, made bandages, or knit hose
 For the boys at the front, and who, ah, who knows
 But that you, my comrades, have blessed unaware
 The deftness of fingers that have smoothed out my hair;
 For the mother of soldiers are found everywhere
 In duty, in patience, in privations and in tears,
 Which have washed out the stains of the war since the
 years
 That are passed to the rear, as old Time swings around,
 And another veteran answers muster under ground.

“Battalion, attention!” “By platoons form hollow square.”
 “March!”—“Halt!” “First and third platoon inward face.”
 “Dress Ranks!” “Tread lightly, move slow.”
 “Open Ranks,”—Kneel down; just murmur it low.

* * * * *

PRAYER.

O Nature all beautiful—All bountiful God!
 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, that under the sod
 The seed of its kind grows the richer flower,
 For having been kept awhile by the power
 Of Thine own reproduction, by the warmth of the sun;
 By the dew-distilled vapor, and by every one
 Of Thy manifold secrets of light, earth and sea,
 And man! the arbiter of his own destiny—
 “The measure and judge of the things that be,”
 Goes down to the grave—that part of the whole
 Grand plan of progression where body and soul
 Commingle, unite, reproduced in perfection,
 Attended by the law of immutable resurrection,
 And the last grand era shall heave up the sea
 Of the slumbering ages, awakened and free.

1880

IN MEMORIAM.

An incident at the obsequies of our lamented President, Abraham Lincoln,
 as the remains lay in state in Philadelphia.

WITH halting step but feebly hushed,
 She came and stood beside the bier;
 Whilst coursing down her wrinkled cheek,
 An eloquence no tongue may speak,
 The language of a grateful tear,
 Long pent, where torrents swelling, gushed.

Her trembling hands caressed a wreath
 Of illy-fashioned, humble flowers,
 That grew anear the cabin door,
 To glad the heart of suffering poor—
 And fresh they were as if a shower
 Was falling still on bloom and leaf.

Bright were the tears upon her face—
 White were the years upon her head,
 Time crowned, as if the frost had lent—
 New glories for the President
 (Her offering to the spirit sped),
 Who died a martyr for her race.

The wealth of countless flowers there,
 Centered in one resplendent wreath,
 Made beautiful by highest art,
 Meet covering for the pulseless heart
 Of him who slept in peace beneath
 That fragrant sheen of "Nature's prayer."

The magic chord is struck at last,
 A Nation weeps at Nature's touch—
 Where now is boasted "pride of race" ?
 Behold it in that sable face,
 That tells how little or how much
 Of real worth there is in caste.

Aye! pride is there—it ought to be!
 It reached a white hand tenderly,*
 And took the humble wreath from her,
 Whose black hands fashioned, as it were,
 The glory of her race! when she
 Brought forth the wreath to crown the free!

* The Honorable Mayor of Philadelphia. God bless him!

Aye! pride is there—the proud of God!
 And now from off the casket's head
 It takes the richer offering,
 And substitutes the humbler thing—
 More honored is the glorious dead,
 And satisfied the eager crowd.

And she who touched the magic chord
 Atuned in every human breast—
 And he who set the bond-man free,
 The proud of God and Liberty!
 No more shall pride of caste oppress
 Or fetter the poor by deed or word.

IN MEMORIAM.

—
 HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
 —

I MISS thee in the walks of life,
 As when from busy care and strife
 I seek some field elysium;
 As was my wont in former days,
 I turn me to thy simpler lays,
 Where harmony in sweetest phrase
 Swells deep eulogium.

The Press must miss thee as I do,
 For they were “taking note of you,”
 Recording lays
 Fresh from thy poet-pen so pure;
 They talked to me and thousands more
 In language that shall long endure,
 To sing thy praise.

Counselor of a Nation's good,
 Thou gavest to eat of wholesome food
 The better part—
 As when from busy care and strife,
 Man turns him from the walks of life,
 Where conscience ever rife
 Nourishes the heart.

I miss thee, Oh! my patron brother,
 Miss thee more than any other
 Poet-friend of yore—
 I've passed so many pleasant hours
 Amid thy cool and shaded bowers,
 Where nods the rarest perfumed flowers
 Of imagery—and more!

I've walked with thee as with a God,
 Up mountain heights of thought, and trod
 The "trackless main,"
 Whilst wild the tempest shook the keel
 Of staunchest ships, as on they reel
 Into the gulf thy fancies peal'd
 Thunders from thy brain.

With thee I've walked the stilly night,
 Whilst creeping earthward the moon's pale light
 Gold glimmering shone,—
 And as thou soughtst some bosky dell,
 Communion sweet inspiring fell
 On thy pure soul; it loves to dwell
 With Nature's own.

I've walked with thee 'midst classic lore,
 And grated keel on Ægean shore;
 Olympeum seen,

When pillared grandeur held the sway
O'er all of Greece! And fresh to-day
Looms up the past to mark the way
 "Mid pastures green!"

O land that tongued the Odyssey,
O hand that stroked majestically,
 How multiplied thy story!
O "city of the violet crown,"
My soul has echoed thy renown,
And all the world shall aye resound
 To deeds of ancient glory.

We've bowled along the Appian-way,
And eat the fruits of Pomona,
 Luscious as of yore,—
And as the twilight settled o'er us,
Spoke in reverence of Vertumnus,
And thanked him for the gift before us,
 A precious store.

With thee I've walked the streets of Rome,
And stood beneath St. Peter's Dome;
 Scarce throbbed the heart.
Like Him who died upon the tree,
Like Angelo, thou hast left for thee,
O fame! best earned deservedly,
 Ideal, highest art.

We've sported on that famous bay,
And viewed Vesuvius on our way
 To the Blue Grotto.
Thrummed soft and sweet the gay guitar
In dulcet tones the light devoir,
As passing boats glide to the bar,
 Returning from the grotto.

I've been with thee where Doges wed,
And saw the rippling nuptial bed
 Ebb to the sea,—
A tiny craft, to history dear,
Recurrence of the Venetian year,
Hailed with delight by gondolier,
 When he was free.

I've roamed with thee through sunny Spain,
And long to ramble once again,
 O, Outre Mer!
I'll own no land where brighter eyes
Flash that innocence and surprise
Upon the stranger when he sighs
 At drawing near.

Land of Cervantes! home of the Moor!
Who welcomes the stranger to his door,
 Where winding flows
The Guadalquivir; on to the sea,
Sweeping and curving enchantingly free,
As the soil and its tillers ever should be,
 'Neath orange groves.

I've lunched with thee where ancient Troy
Held mighty sway, ere I a boy
 Stood on the site,—
And delving in historic dells
We recall a Helen's charming spells,
Whilst near to view the Dardanelles
 Flowed blue and bright.

I've camped with thee down by the Nile,
And sported on its bosom—th' while
 Dreams stole quickly o'er;

And as we glide on up to Thebes
 Came rippling 'round our boat black seeds,
 Forming a perfect cincture of beads,
 From off the shore.

With thee I've climbed the Tyrolese,
 Whilst hands and feet and bleeding knees
 Bespake our toil.
 But what of that? Yon pinnacle,
 That, skyward like a binnacle
 Denotes the goal that we must scale,
 Else our purpose foil;

Still up and up the craggy steep,
 Where rock and sky in confusion meet
 Midst Autumn's haze—
 But ah! at last we've reached the goal—
 God, I thank thee! O wildly roll
 Mine eyes in wonder at the whole
 Universal maze!

Behold, this day we've been with God!
 And viewed his footstool—just a clod
 In density.
 See! yonder circling in the air?
 An eagle's flight! Oh! may I dare
 That tiny speck the world compare
 With Immensity?

* * * * *

I've wept with thee when sorrow came
 And racked thy manhood, whilst thy brain
 Reeled 'neath the shock;
 And awed, I've marked the silent tear,
 When from thy side a form most dear
 Was borne to rest upon the bier
 To God, the Rock.

In the shadow of that rock,
 Where life's tempests cannot shock,
 Thou hast found rest.
 Thou art gone to join another,
 Dearer friend than sister, brother,
 Dearer far than wife or mother—
 Him thou lovest best!

God thy very being loved;
 Nature all thy senses proved
 By heart enquiring ways;
 Humanity thy every care,
 Bestowing pearls of thoughtful prayer,
 With jeweled words the people share
 Thy soul-inspiring lays.

IN MEMORIAM.

—
 WILLIAM ENSIGN BELKNAP.
 —

“DEAD!—So near to those who loved him most?”
 “Dead!”—“Why, I did not know!”—Of all the host
 Who first saw genius in his blue-gray eye—
 And now that genius crowned with immortality
 Makes North East sad and group together;
 The universal flock are of one feather
 When chords awake the human heart among,
 Resounding heavenward; goes the fittest one—
 Can'st doubt the fact since his young life is gone;
 And every heart in all your realm, North East, is wrung?
 Not one is there but does so feel the loss
 As personal to himself, from out the dross
 Of nature's strong and nature's weak and those betwixt;
 Among whom his genial presence oft did mix

In every sphere where human hearts aglow
 With pride of genius wherever it may go
 Inspires the good in man fraternal as the sea
 That surges round our faith in Immortality!

* * * * *

Young genius dead? life's duties just began,
 But finished perfect, in that fitful span
 Called life, where pulse-beat numbers time
 With the aged, and those who never reach life's prime;
 And thus it seems more "hard to die so young,"
 "Ere life had rounded out a genius just begun."
 But why this narrow view! his soul has plumed its flight
 And soars beyond our ken, with all celestial light
 To guide his footsteps through realms afar—
 A beacon to our youth like as Bethlehem's glowing star!
 So in our daily walk apart from that we owe
 To duty in life's brief journey to and fro,
 Good thoughts will come of goodness gone before,—
 Connecting links are they for aye with that eternal shore
 Where shines his genius, encouraging and strong,
 Though frail the casket that did not hold it long.

* * * * *

The little sheet that sparkled bright and grew
 With subtle wit and advertisements new,
 That came into our homes just once a week
 Fraught with all our social life complete;
 Sold though it was; submerged into the "The Sun;"
 Which grew far brighter being only one—
 But wit won't die; "Dispatch" it how we may,
 It comes into our homes again regular as the day,
 And you—ye consorts of his daily intercourse,
 Methinks I hear ye whisper in tones strangely hoarse:
 'Till manhood fights its battle against the rising tear—
 Vain is that shield when death is lingering near,

And those we love are stricken and borne upon the tide,
 That turns not to our pity, our sorrow, or our pride,
 But floats far out to seaward beyond our mortal ken;
 Just like a ship that sails from port ne'er to return again.

* * * * *

And you; the mother of his dear young joys,
 With hopes so promising beyond our growing boys;
 Outstripping them in valor, where constancy and truth
 Put on the robes of manliness; so graceful to our youth—
 What can words say to comfort you who knew his inmost
 heart,
 With all its beauty beaming there for you the chiefest part—
 And you, ye sisters; that knew his fond caress,
 Will miss the beaming of his smile and manly tenderness,—
 And you, the brother; oh man, and brothers all,
 Bow low your heads submissive to the inevitable.

7th November, 1883.

IN MEMORIAM.

Affectionately dedicated to my friend, W. E. Reid, Editor of "The Penny
 Weekly."

I HAVE a dear and manly friend whose heart is sore with
 grief,
 And silent mourns continually the greatest loss—in brief,
 The partner of his life's hope, joys, sorrows, all,
 Was stricken down in tender youth beyond his fond recall—
 And so, she died in weariness from weakest mother-pains
 And left her cherished offspring like a sweet refrain
 To comfort him, whose daily love her proudest, chiefest joy!
 All centered now for evermore upon her infant boy.
 She died as summer flowers die, whose sweets not all
 expressed,

But linger still in mem'ry fond so very oft caressed,
That every bloom and odor sweet recalls the vanished life
Of her, whose deeds essential sweet, in motherhood, and
wife.

O she was fairer than the flowers that bloom in early spring;
And looked on life through great brown eyes of hope, that
life would bring

Success to him, who, struggling on in life's most busy mart,
Yet did find time to bring her gold fresh coined from his
heart.

Yes, she was fair in deeds, in words, in grace, and winning
ways,

That made of home a paradise that envy e'en might praise—
And reared afar across the sweep that stretches to the west,
Midst rocky heights whose pure air stirs the purer in the
breast.

That living tide of fervid hope, high heaven sent to dwell,
And staying there, midst former scenes she yet were living,
well.

Yes, she was all the heart could wish companionship to
prove,

With qualities of rarest worth, and, an immortal love,
Which shone transcendent on her brow that all the world
might see,

How grand the light of intellect where heart keeps company.
Such was her hope, and such her life, and such the light
she bore,

That home was bright, wherein she dwelt as never home
before,

And all who saw her radiant face grew gentler, nobler,
brave,

And too, essayed to find her place, and broadest welcome
gave.

But now, she's gone to fairer climes, where Eden fields
abloom

With every hope a joy may crave, fulfilled beyond the tomb,

And the sunny slopes of paradise so like the glowing west,
Will fairer bloom and fructify, with such a radiant guest—
The angels will accord to her the homage due her grace;
And there, as here, a leader she will take her rightful place.
We mourn not then, for one who's gone, her high emprise
to fill,

But oh! we grieve for those she left so broken and so chill
Beside the mound, in "Rose Hill" found, so desolate and
so bleak;

The horrors of the place around forbade the tongue to
speak—

And standing there midst snow and sleet with hearts as cold
as death,

The contrast of her rightful place did almost take the breath.

Ah, God! that hearts can realize the misery and woe,
At scenes like this, and not rebel that circumstance was so,
That she they loved idolatrous past human ken or care,
Should find a grave so desolate, it forbade all thought of
prayer—

And so we mourn and grieve and mourn, and mourn and
grieve to-day,

The same as when upon the spot our hope was laid away—

A father in the early prime of manhood's fair estate;
A mother, too, mourns ceaselessly a life made desolate;
A baby sweet as mortal breath just caught from heaven
above;

We mourn for these who ever mourn the loss of mother
love—

Dear friends of mine, would I could say the one thing
needful here,

To rouse ye from the lethargy of pain, to duty near,
And point ye to that realm of light upon the golden shore,
Where, radiant, waits our dear Gertrude, in peace forever
more.

THE INVITATION.

BROTHERS, come! Our hearts are waiting,
 Waiting for thy presence dear;
 Come! our needs are soul-awakening,
 Hope, and peace, and love, and cheer!
 O the holiness of waiting
 'Neath the starry vault above—
 O the sacredness of seeking
 Wisdom from the Fount of love!

 Coming, coming! Hear their footsteps
 Softly through the lambent air,
 Gathering from the realm of mystics,
 Thrilling 'long the corridor?
 Now they're with us—hovering sages
 Round our sacred altar bright,
 With the lore of all the ages,
 From the realm of love and light.

 Welcome, brothers, to our temple!
 Welcome to our hearts the while.
 We are pilgrims, earth-bound, simple,
 Wayward, sinful, full of guile!
 But we trust the wisdom streaming
 From the spheres of light above,
 To be worthy thy esteeming,
 And grow worthy of thy love.

 Aid us in our search for knowledge,
 Train our minds to think aright,
 Let this be our earthly college,
 Temple of the Living Light!
 Then when done with this expression,
 Guide our footsteps to that shore,
 Where true mystics through progression
 Dwell in light forevermore.

THE ROCK.

—Isaiah 32: 2.

I N the shadow of the Rock, let me rest,
 When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast;
 All in vain the storm may sweep,
 As my tranquil station keep,
 And I hide by thy side, O Rock!
 As I hide by thy side, O Rock!

I in peace would rest me there till I see
 That the skies again were fair over me,
 That the storms of life are past,
 Bids the traveler at last
 Go his way in the day so fair!
 Go his way in the day so fair!

Other refuge need I none while I hide;
 Thou standest firm and strong by my side;
 Not ashamed am I, forsooth,
 To acknowledge Rock of Truth!
 So I rest on thy breast, O Truth,
 So I rest on thy breast, O Truth.

“Now *constellations* Muse! and signs rehearse;
 In order let them sparkle in thy verse;
 Those which obliquely bound the burning zone,
 And bear the summer and the winter sun—
 Those first; then those which roll a different way
 From west, nor Heaven's diurnal whirl obey,
 Which nights serene disclose, and which create
 The steady rules, and fix the laws of fate.”—MANILIUS.

SEALED UNDER MARS

HE WHO SEES NO POLITICAL WRONGS TO BE
RIGHTED

BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

THE MIRAGE

MY BELOVED

TRUE GREATNESS

THE GLORY OF CAPITALISM

“DAS VATERLAND”—LABOR DAY

“GUT HEIL”—INSCRIBED TO THE EX-PERSONAL RIGHTS LEAGUE

THE FLAG EMBALMED

THE MUSTER—A PROPHECY

AMERICA

FAREWELL

“Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty”—PATRICK HENRY.

THE BIRTH OF MOLOCH.

By the tombs of ancient Luxor,
Down by the sluggish Nile,
Base alchemists once chaldron'd
A mixture loathsome, vile;
A sodden—sulphuric—grumous
Of salt and mercury,
Which hissed a fiery serpent
As yellow as could be:
When lo! from out the brewing
There writhed with slimy fold,
A demon, pure-amalgamate, of
Moloch—Mammon—Gold.

1893

“We do not take possession of our ideas, but rather are possessed by them. They force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them.”—HEINE.

THE MIRAGE.

THERE'S a beautiful hope mounting high in my breast,
Beyond this mortal control,
And it sings into being a tender request,
To flutter its pinions and sink into rest,
In the whelm of departing soul—
Where billows of want cease to roll.

There's a beautiful city somewhere in the deep,
Unfathomable blue of the sky;
I've seen it in visions returning from sleep,
Where pain and where sorrow no dark vigils keep,
To weary the breath with a sigh,
Or startle the night with its cry.

There's a beautiful spot in that city of Light,
On the brow of a sloping hill,
And a shaft uprears its stately white,
Whose golden inscription conveys the right
"To assemble, to discuss," (and to thrill
With the ardor of "Peace and Good-will!")

In that city of light, blue, beautiful, grand
Its women all are most fair!
Its men are brave, and nobly stand
The brunt of toil—and the whole broad land
Is tilled with jealous care;
And alike all share and share.

1892.

"The star's o'er man's poor trivial body ride,
And raise or lower it easier than a tide."

—THE ACHILLEAD.

MY BELOVED.

Fraternally dedicated to the Patriotic Order, Sons of America.

BELOVED of my fathers,
Land of the noble free!
Equality, my brothers
To all humanity
Bequeathed with lavish plenty,
Beloved of my birth,
Land that thy God hath lent thee,
Ye toilers of the earth.

Land where freedom, cradled,
Rocked with toiling hand,
Nursed with care, enabled
Honestly to stand;
Fashioned staunch and steady
By a master skill,
O ship of State, be ready,
Obey the Helmsman's will.

Upreared in proud defiance
Of despots 'cross the sea,
With brave and firm reliance
On faith in liberty!
How grand that Scroll united,
Ye toilers of the earth,
And room for all invited,
The willing hands of worth.

Ye came, and millions followed,
With callings all secure—
But millions came and wallowed
In crimes none can endure.
And now ye stand convicted
Of laxness in that trust
Bequeathed, but not restricted;
To battle! if ye must.

Then rouse ye! rouse ye, freemen!
The foe is lurking near,
It stalks with bold-browed statesmen,
It skulks in fumes of beer;
It garners up the harvest,
And wheels across the plain,
Nor heeds not how it carv'st
Our Eminent Domain.

It builds up "Trusts"—aggression,
Insulting common sense;
"Protection" is oppression
Clothed in innocence.

It makes conditions way-lay
The frail, whom we deplore,
And borrows virtue daily
It never can restore.

It mocks our institutions,
And build'st up instead,
By wretched contributions
Wrung from the very dead,
An edifice whose portals
Are opened 'cross the sea,
By an infallible mortal
Who wields a SAINTLY KEY (?)

It grasps the deadly missile,
And hurls it in the street,
Defiant of that circle
Where laws and order meet—
And statesmen(?) yield the sceptre
To hoodlums such as these,
And dare not place a fetter
Upon our enemies.

Ye hold within your power
The right and might of soul;

The intelligence of the hour
 Must be your own parole;
 And with a firm endeavor,
 Together on that day,
 United stand and clever
 Vote your enemies away.

Then will ye longer bear it,
 Ye freemen of the soil?
 Did not ye then forswear it
 When once ye did recoil
 From foul and grasping slavers
 Of human liberty,
 Whose land-locked interests savors
 Of blackest treachery.

“Shades of the dear departed,”
 ’Twere better as thou art,
 Than to have lived weak hearted,
 And taken the traitor’s part.
 Beloved of my fathers,
 Thou land of liberty!
 To thee I cry, O brothers,
 Thy country needeth thee.

1888.

TRUE GREATNESS.

SOUNDING down the ages
 “Through the corridors of time,”
 Inscribed historic pages
 Recording deeds sublime;
 Will go the name of Altgeld,
 Governor grand and true!
 Who dared do right in the scorn of might
 And mammon’s fawning few.

1893

THE GLORY OF CAPITALISM.

I LIVE too much away from nature's own,
Its woods, its streams, its hills and cooling shades—
I would exchange the city's busy streets
For fields and flow'rs and emerald everglades.

The woods which spread their mantle over me
Speak peace as sweet as primal man has known,
And I would be as free from guile as he
Whom God first chose to be His very own.

The streams that glide 'mid grazing pastures green
Have, too, a tongue articulating low,
Which voice the soul with pebbled music sweet,
And thrills with life the hopes of long ago.

The hills of hope high purpose gave to youth,
Are still too high for wayworn feet to tread;
And I would turn again to youth replete
With hope as pure as though it were not dead.

The shades of life are manifold and deep,
And shroud in gloom the glowing hopes of youth—
And I would turn to those refreshing glades
My bare feet trod when hope was very truth.

The woods of life are circumscribed and bare,
That once were vast, mysterious and wild;
And boyhood's dream has turned to fell despair,
That man's estate and hope is but a child.

The streams of time are sluggish to the dip
Of oars that lashed its surface into foam—
The strength of steam cannot some depths reveal
That yield to chance from naught but surface loam.

The fields that yield their golden weighted grain
 Are sheaved and housed by idle hands to-day—
 No more it grows for him whose labor gains
 The sweat of brow, too oft his only pay.

The rose that blooms so fragrant on the lawn
 Is quite beyond these eager hands of mine;
 It, too, is chance to circumstance the same
 That causes much the ownership of time.

The air we breathe is but another tool
 To work for some unto another's woe;
 It, too, is worth so much per cubic foot,
 And brings its price with stifling overflow.

The light which streams up from the glowing dawn,
 That gilds the day for every mortal part;
 It, too, is turned, perverted on its course
 To warm the soul, by brick and mortar art.

The laws of God, so binding on the poor,
 Are null and void unto the subtle rich;
 Whose paper floats exempt from taxes, all
 Evidence unknown, except to some poor wretch.

The pools that bask so smiling in the sun
 Too soon will roll in vapors overhead;
 The kine will come to slake their thirst in vain,
 And wondering gaze upon its empty bed.

And so to each and every creature thing
 Some good there is, but for some others more;
 And I would turn to youth and hope again,
 And flee the streets to some lone sylvan shore.

1877.

I had rather be behind prison bars with the consciousness of having raised my voice in defense of down-trodden humanity, than walk the streets a free man (?) with my tongue bridled.—*Light of Persia.*

“DAS VATERLAND.”

Labor Day.

A MILLION footfalls strike the earth
 On this September morning,
 Trembles the loved land of my birth
 From this hurried march of warning—
 O say! ye strong of limb and hand,
 Will ye not spare “*Das Vaterland?*”

A million wrongs ye gullop down
 With burning hearts this morning,
 And bated breaths ye try to drown
 'Neath rugged brows and frowning—
 But oh! ye strong of limb and hand,
 Will ye not spare “*Das Vaterland?*”

A million mouths are needing bread
 Since yester harvest morning,
 A million vows are hushed and dead
 From hunger, cold and scorning—
 And yet, ye strong of limb and hand,
 How ye must love “*Das Vaterland!*”

A million footfalls stamp the curb
 Impatiently this morning,
 They, too, would march without a word
 Of cheer or note of warning—
 They, too, are strong of limb and hand,
 And O they love “*Das Vaterland!*”

1890

Corn in Kansas for fuel, coal in Pennsylvania for bread.
 God! what a treacherous rule, mocking even the dead. Freezing
 and starving with plenty in this “land of the free?”
 “Homes of the brave” not twenty! or this state of things
 could not be.

GUT HEIL!

Inscribed to the Ex-Personal Rights League.

FEARLESS yet peerless we stand,
Hand locked in patriot hand;
Guarding the weak of the land.

Aliens so many are we,
But lovers of true liberty;
Love we the "Home of the free!"

Less than this we must deary,
Less than this we must deny;
Less than this we must defy!

A "Nation of paupers" are we,
Homeless as Arab or Gypsy;
Begging leave to live wretchedly.

Hate we this vain mockery,
Deplore we this forced misery,
Shun we this base treachery!

Might rules as fell myrmidon,
Club-bearers, thus set on
By master-in-chancery—Mammon.

The least is the greatest when right,
The least has a claim—"Honor bright;"
Preferred is *this* claim over might.

No more must it ever be said,
That "law in Chicago is dead,"
That "justice by mammon is fed—"

Guardians of peace must ye be,
 Defenders of law's liberty;
 Gut Heil! Judges Altgeld and Tuley.

Fearless and peerless we stand,
 Hand locked in patriot hand,
 With a Constitutional demand,—
 "GUT HEIL!"

1890.

THE FLAG EMBALMED.

SPRINKLE with spices and cedar
 And camphor-gum, evenly, so;
 Fold it up gently and neatly,
 That the stripes may all come in a row.

White stripes and red stripes alternate;
 Fold upon fold it must lie,
 Until each jewel that decks it
 Shines evenly through all the sky.

So fold it away for a season,
 For the stars of its glory are dim;
 No more does it tell the glad story,
 Nor the glass do we fill to the brim.

Waves it no longer for free men!
 It clings to the mast, there, in shame,
 And the breezes that once kissed it with passion!
 Pass it by in utter disdain

Waves it no longer for freemen!
 It clings to the mast when apeak,
 And looks tired and guilty—but maybe
 If it had a tongue, it would speak.

It speaks to my heart, though, a language
 Whose muteness is born of the fire
 Of freedom! for freemen forever!
 And the appeal doth my courage inspire

So fold it away for a season,
 For its glory may sometime return,
 But until that glad day just embalm it,
 That traitors a lesson may learn.

* * * * *

When I was a boy, I remember
 How my heart with emotion was thrilled,
 When they brought home Malcom, my brother,
 Who at Malvern Hill was killed.

The flag of our Union was round him
 And he lay so calm and white,
 With a smile, as if angels had kissed him
 For carrying that flag through the fight.

He got his death blow when the battle
 Was raging the hottest—it fell
 From the hands of the color-bearer, near him,
 And he caught it up, and since then they tell

How it ever was seen in the vanguard
 Close up to the enemy, where
 They mowed down his comrades about him,
 “But the flag was invincible there!”

He bore it, though wounded and bleeding,
 Till the enemies guns were all still,
 Then he planted it firmly and kissed it,
 And lay down and died on the hill.

His comrades all speak of him kindly,
 "As a brave man and gentle and true;"
 But he's gone with earth's glory around him,
 Embalmed in the Red, White and Blue!

* * * * *

But no more does it wave over freemen,
 Though it set the black bondmen free (?)
 For the "whites" and "blacks" are bonded
 To a fell money-curst Oligarchy.

So fold up the flag for a season,
 The days of its glory are fled;
 It is now with the Heroes departed,
 And it's wrong to mock even the dead.

So sprinkle with spices and cedar
 And camphor-gum, evenly, now
 Embalm it and pledge yourselves solemnly—
 By the most sacred, persistent vow:

By the gods of Reason and Justice!
 By the deeds of the dead made right,
 The earth shall receive the guilty few,
 But that Right shall rule over Might!

That the flag we embalm for a season
 Shall exultingly wave from on high—
 A beacon to earth's weary mortals,
 And no more a jest and a lie.

That again it shall float over freemen,
 Stripe upon stripe it shall wave—
 An emblem of glorious achievement
 O'er the homes of the free and the brave.

Then rally! The peaceful solution
 Must be tried and fearfully prest,
 Till we fail in our efforts to rid us
 Of this trust-given reign--then the West

An army of brave men must gather,
 That shall sweep in its maddened glee
 All "trusts" and those hogish land-grabbers—
 "Free Traders," out into the sea.

So cover it deftly with canvas,
 Hide the "Blue Jack" from my sight,
 It's "forty-two stars" a misnomer,
 There's no Union if "Protection" be right.

Aye! cover it deftly with canvas—
 Cement it, the mumified! Now,
 'Tis embalmed, renew your pledge solemnly,
 And carry out your most sacred vow.

THE MUSTER—A PROPHECY.

"Moreover, the profit of the earth is for all."—*Bible.*

"The earth hath He given to the children of men."—*Bible.*

"The land have I given for an heritage to all people."—*Bible*

"The land shall not be sold forever, for the land is mine, and ye are but so journers with me."—*Bible.*

"Woe unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him naught for his work."—*Bible.*

THE invisible hosts are marching in a cavalcade of
 might—
 Hark! I hear the clarion music ringing out upon the
 night—
 And the seal of Faith now loosened is beneath their awful
 tread,

And the portals of the living are thrown open to the dead.
See! A courier prone advances, swift as lightning in its
wrath!

To muster all the sons of men to victory or to death;
"Rally! Rally!" is the tocsin message—welcome that he
brings,

But he stops not—yet he stays not,—on he flies with
tireless wings!

And his voice peals as the thunder surging on some rocky
shore,

And they hear it—aye! they heed it—e'en the sons of men
can roar.

Hark! his trumpet now is sounding—"Gird your loins for
the fight!"

For a mighty army cometh to join forces with the Right;
See them coming! Rally! Rally! from the Northland,
east and west!

And the Southland brings her quota, larger now than all
the rest;

She who is opprest is coming to this carnival of strife,
She who is a maid or widow, she who is an honest wife—
All are coming, none are fearing—yet they march with
bated breath,

For they know, when all is over, they will be in at the
death.

God, I thank Thee, it was given me thus to witness this
array

Of thy power, in this the hour of our need and slow decay;
Faiths are quickened, pulses beating with that old-time
ring and fire,

When men fought for homes and loved ones, for their
country and their sire.

But see! the courier now returneth—giving out the
countersign—

"Down with Usury!" is the watchword, soldiers, pass it
'long the line.

Yet again his trump is sounding—"Muster every man of
toil!
Fill your ranks without a coward to do battle for the soil!
For to every man of courage will an angel ready be
To nerve his arm to strike a blow for homes and Victory!"
They are with us, they are with us—they are here upon the
earth;
They muster every kingdom to the places of their birth;
I can see their banners swaying as they tread their way
among,
The sons of every nation who have groaned beneath a
wrong;
I can see the burnished armor gleaming 'thwart the
lightning's flare;
I can read those bold inscriptions of past ages in the glare;
As they bring them back to witness here the wrongs of
long ago,
And to blend them with the scenes they find degrading
here below;
Ah! they tell of pomp and power wrung from ignorance
and youth.
Wrung from every timid creature who had innocence and
truth;
Wrung in Taxes, Tithes and Livings, wrung in monuments
to the past,
By a horde of robber barons who insinuated Caste.
See! the toilers of past ages are in motion—drawing nigh,
They lead the van in marching—making way for Destiny!
I can hear the ring of metal whose keen edge is lost to art,
Fashioned into deadly weapons that can pierce the robber
heart.
Hark! a mighty voice is sounding—wave on wave it nearer
rolls,
Hush! it is the voice of Justice, having dominion over
souls;

List ye! what that voice is saying—"Gird your loins for
the fight!

Dust to traitors, robbers, harlots—Dust to everything
save Right!"

Tremble! O ye sons of Mammon! Tremble! oh ye
daughters, weep!

Who sell your birthright for an hostage, sell your bodies
for their keep—

Hear that low deep-muttered thunder welling up from off
the sod,

Given to mortals for an heritage, by its Creator and their
God?

Aye! they shall have it, it is written, spoken now—the
written word—

And the gathered hosts repeat, all may hear who have not
heard.

Lo! a mighty army marcheth, wheel on wheel the Legions
sweep;

Gathered from the inner fastness of the limitless and deep;
Hosts are answering hosts and flanking—right and left they
press around,

Here upon God's footstool gathered, to do battle for the
ground.

Tremble! O ye sons of Mammon! Tremble! oh ye
daughters, weep!

Involution now o'ertakes ye; Revolution is its sweep!

Hark! a mighty voice is sounding—wave on wave it nearer
rolls—

Hush! it is the voice of Justice, having dominion over
souls;

List ye! what that voice is saying—"Gird your loins for
the fight!

Dust to traitors, robbers, harlots—Dust to everything,
save right!"

Hark! the Leader's Voice is sounding—list ye what He
hath to say,

He is calling to his children, and they must—they shall obey!

“Systems must give place to systems—Lo! I come, but not in hate,

“But to mete out simple justice—the advancement of the state!

“He who will not aid endeavor to fulfillment without strife,

“Must perforce in simple justice forfeit claims to Mammon’s life!

“Who has robbed of peace and plenty, robbed his fellow, robbed the sod;

“Who so claims dominion over it yet, shall feel the wrath of God!

“Lo! I come to save my people—they with plodding feet, and now

“I am come to raise the lowly—they with careworn, aged brow,

“They who toil in any vineyard, who have lived by toil alone,

“Are my children, blessed children—take the land, it is thine own!”

“If fortune will, she may a Rhetorician make
 Into a Consul; and she may the same man take
 And bring him down again unto his former state;
 What was Ventidius? or what Tully? Fate
 And the stars above may tell thee this;
 They doom to misery, or they give thee bliss.”

—JUNENAL.

AMERICA.

An address to the "American House of Lords" in behalf of the "Commons."

"A Hundred Men with a Million a Year,
A Million Men with a Hundred a Year."
"This could not be if justice reigned."

"The gulf is widening between Dives and Lazarus at a geometrical ratio, and if this impractical society could possibly run fifty years longer, there would be ten men with a hundred million a year and twenty million with nothing. But it cannot last half that time, for when millions of willing workers are hungry in the presence of legally stolen wealth, their respect for the law evaporates."—*Looking Forward*.

"So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough."—*King Lear*.

"WANT!" in a land of plenty,
"Want!" did I hear you say?
"Want!" in a land of harvests!
"Want!" in America?
Great God! and is it then true,
That there is want in our streets to-day?
Gaunt want and wolfish hunger,
And cold, in America?

Want! in this land of plenty,
Want! in America,
Want! where rivers of golden grain
Are freighted far away?
Want! where mast-fed swine
Are roaming a thousand hills,
And mast-fed swine of another kind
Are discounting moneyed bills?

Want! and the black diamonds sparkle
 In heaps a mountain high!
 And some, perchance, must freeze
 In the streets, and perish miserably?
 Want! where idle treasure
 Is piled a million's fold—
 And is it Wisdom's measure
 This hoarding of silver and gold?

Must the living now go hungry,
 When there's plenty wherewith to buy,
 Oh say! must it be, ye judges!
 That from want, some of us must die?
 Must it be that the weak should go hungry
 And cold, and thinly clad,
 When the bountiful harvests yielded
 Enough to make all glad?

“The property rights are such,
 “And the conditions of mankind so,
 “It seems ‘Divinely Right’
 “That some must needy go;
 “For in this struggle for life,
 “The survival of the fittest—stand
 “The Stewards of God's appointing
 “To judge—of—the—case—in—hand.

“I know this seems hard, my friend,
 “But there's really no cause for fear;
 “Just now, of course, money is tight;
 “'T always is at this time of the year;
 “Crops will soon move along;
 “The farmers are much to blame;
 “They've been holding wheat for a raise,
 “But they're mistaken, all the same.”

Who gave you the power, ye Judges,
 Of want and plenty? I'm told
 By some, who are hungry and freezing,
 By some others who handle the gold.
 Who gave them the power, ye Tyrants,
 To say that by gold alone,
 Or silver, perchance—bi-metalism—
 Shall be the measure of service done!

Who gave ye the land and the harvests
 Of cattle, of grain and of swine;
 Who gave ye the land with its metal bright,
 And the coal in the deep, dark mine:
 Who gave ye the power ye, Judges,
 To stamp on the metal bright,
 "One dollar;" "In God we trust!"
 Does Power make everything right?

Is Power the measure of Labor,
 Wrapped up in a small gold piece?
 Then am I the greater power,
 I can read it and melt it like grease.
 Who gave ye the power, ye Judges,
 To measure my labor and skill
 With coins that lie! so miserably;
 Do they do the "Master's will?"

"Governments derive their just powers
 From the consent of the governed"—say,
 Is that the reason some starve
 In the streets, or freeze, in America?
 Ye Tyrants! ye Tyrants! who rule us,
 Who make of man's life a curse!
 Who rob sweet innocence of virtue,
 Or debauch them with crimes that are worse!

Do ye think when all is over,
 "And the music of praise is dead;
 "And crowns in the dust lie shattered,
 "That might have encircled your head,"
 That the aftermath then waving
 Above the sordid few
 Will have any the richer coloring,
 Because of the clodded dew?

If ye do, then keep on freezing,
 And starving the mad to-day,
 For there will come a glad to-morrow,
 When Mammon will slink away.
 It moves along in majesty;
 It is bearing down his way,
 Along "Lines of least resistance,"
 Right here in America.

1888

THE APPEAL.

Come now, my friend, and succor me,
 For "I have err'd and gone astray (?)"
 But 'tis on the side of humanity
 And so have not "gone" far away—
 But lest man's proneness to condemn
 Should malice bear and vengeful spite,
 Thou wilt not now thy friend contemn?
 For thy sake too he makes this fight.
 Come, now the cause doth more increase,
 And paupers multiply apace;
 The fight he makes must not now cease,
 Nor suffer longer from disgrace
 Of cowards tamed by want's increase—
 Come, bear him out nor speak of peace,
 Until the last of Mammon's race,
 Has met the Master face to face.—*Light of Persia.*

1890

SEALED UNDER SATURN

HE WHOSE LIFE WAS NEVER TOUCHED BY PAIN
OF BEING
BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

FLOTSAM JETSAM
A CYCLE OF TIME
THE UNFORTUNATE
TO ONE I KNOW
THE FAREWELL
IF I WERE YOU
STRUGGLE ON
WORK—A MORNING CAROL

“Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—JESUS.

SATURN.

Thou stern revealer of the moods of man!
Thy baleful influence wide extending;
Thou too can'st chill, or quickly fan
To fervid heat deportment bending—
Thou mocker of the heavens around thee!
Thou wing'd splendor of the sky!
Thy children swing in sullen constancy
Lunets of love or Devil's mockery.

1893

FLOTSAM JETSAM.

Lines suggested by seeing a chip afloat on the bosom of Findlay's Lake.

SOME men like chips fresh cut
By the woodman's axe, are hurled
Into life's black, slimy muck,
To rot unseen by the world.

And some fall into life's river,
And float on its sweeping tide;
Are drifted hither and thither,
Past highlands on either side.

The current diverging shoreward,
They drift so near its bank,
The grasses nodding forward,
Caress them with odors rank.

Glad to escape from caresses
Distasteful, and coarsely given,
They glide on by the grasses,
Till they pass some flowery haven.

Then oh! for the current verging,
Then oh! the resistless ride,
Then oh! the chip submerging,
Floats on with the ruthless tide—

Out on the river's bosom;
It widens far from the shore,
Heedless of dangers that make it
Deaf to the cataract's roar.

“Over the falls” are plunging
 How many chips each day?
 The cast of fortune expunging,
 They rot on their mystic way.

Few reach the white sea harbor,
 Few taste the sweet of its brine—
 Such the rewarding of labor,
 Such the expression of Time.

1883

A CYCLE OF TIME.

I.

SPRING came over the hills one day,
 And stopped at a cottage by the way;
 And peeped in through an open door,
 Where a child sat playing upon the floor.

II.

Summer came with the roses red;
 And found a maiden there instead,
 And it smiled upon her wistfully,
 Like the youth who wrought her misery.

III.

Autumn swung round its chilly blast,
 And found a woman holding fast
 A babe just ushered to the day
 Of its own unsought nativity.

IV.

Winter found in the cottage there
 A mother and child so filled with care,
 In pity it carried them off one night,
 And covered them up with its mantle white.

v.

Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter,
 The Cycle of Time is measured so;
 And to some it circles a year of joys—
 To others it grinds a grist of woe.

 THE UNFORTUNATE.

THERE are those who boast thy shame—
 Live it down;
 And would add unto thy fame—
 Live it down;
 They would steal away thy beauty,
 And would mock thee if in duty
 Thou shouldst turn out from the by-way
 Of their influence, to the highway;
 That right living and right thinking
 Brings the soul from out its shrinking
 Into the light of day—into the better way.

They took advantage of thy youth—
 Live it down;
 Robbed thy innocence of truth—
 Live it down;
 How they smiled and fawned upon thee,
 But their smiles made thee so lonely,
 That thy good sense tells thee plainly
 What's concealed, but oh! so lamely,
 From the world who sit in judgment
 Upon your life, indulgent
 In small vices mainly—but revealing plainly.
 There are those ever ready—
 Cling to them,
 To help the weak and needy—
 Cling to them;

TO ONE I KNOW.

—
“He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.”
—

WOMAN, thou art ever lovely,
Blessings ever from thee flow,
Fairest flower in all creation,
Nature's peerless queen art thou.

Thou art worthy of a ransom
Such as kings alone can pay—
How far different is the verdict,
Mary Magdalen of to-day?

Goddess of all Nature's beauty,
Wherefore is thy lot so hard?
That thine own sex in their duty
Shun thee—but not so the bard.

Much I would no stain to tarnish
One so gifted as thou art
By all natural graces—beauty,—
Crowned with God's own loving heart.

Thou art “formed to bear the burden
Of the sin of all the world”—
But thy very weakness strengthens
Every dart against thee hurled.

Thou, a mother, young and tender,
Ere the meaning thee concerned
Dawned upon thy startled senses,
Whilst thy very being yearn'd.

Where is he thy love hath cherished
In the months of thy great joy?
Hath he fled thee in thy gladness,
At the sight of his own boy?

Where is he who should be near thee,
 Nearer now than e'er before?
 Hath he cast a lengthened shadow
 On thy life forevermore?

Hath he wronged thee for thy loving
 Tenderness to him displayed?
 On thy bosom, softly breathing,
 Sleeps in innocence his babe.

O for this he now doth shun thee!
 O for this he stays away!
 O for this God's vengeance on him! *
 May it haunt him night and day!

Naught can equal thy devotion;
 It will stand the strictest scan;
 There is something that's diviner
 In thy love than that of man.

Thy love is like a seraph yearning,
 Deep, unchanging, pure and strong—
 How unworthy of his manhood
 Is the man would do thee wrong!

Curses on the perjured villain!
 Perverted image of his God—
 The very fiends await his coming
 To dwell with them in their abode.

1883

The age of woman's upon us,—
 'Tis an age of pauper homes,
 Its sacredness gone from us
 And Mammon picks its bones.

* "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."—BIBLE.

IF I WERE YOU.

IF I were you, thou "Bonny Bird,"
I would not let my note be heard
In accent 'bove a modest word
 With those I'd greet.
If I were you, I wouldn't play
The flirt across the public way,
Nor try to be so very gay
 Upon the street.

If I were you, I would not dare
To copy Langtry's style of hair;
My own abundant locks I'd wear
 With mind serene.

If I were you, I'd thank my God!
The forehead high, the forehead broad—
This mark of grace I would applaud,
 Proud as a queen.

If I were you, my home should be
"The dearest spot on earth to me,"
Nor would I chase about so free
 The neighborhood.

If I were you, I would resolve
In quiet circles to revolve,
And all my strength of mind involve
 In doing good.

If I were you, my heart I'd hold
Above the price of sordid gold,
But when with faith it did unfold,
 I would not hide.

A wise and gracious life I'd lead,
The counsels of my elders heed;
And this should be my daily creed:
 "God will provide."

WORK.*

A MORNING CAROL.

WAKE, wake, wake! the sun is peeping this way,
 Wake, wake, wake! and welcome the coming day.
 Awake are the birds of the dawning,
 Awake are the flowers that bloom;
 Then waken and welcome the morning!
 The sunlight is flooding the room.

Wake, wake, wake! the sun is blinking at you!
 Wake, wake, wake! to day there is something to do—
 The birds are all singing their sweetest,
 And greeting each other with glee,
 And trying their wings with the fleetest;
 A lesson to you and to me.

Wake, wake, wake! the sun is climbing the sky!
 Wake, wake, wake! too soon it will pass you by!
 The flowers are dressed in their freshest,
 And wafting their odorous dew,
 And each one has claims to be fairest—
 A lesson to me and to you.

Wake, wake, wake! the sun is seeking the west!
 Wake, wake, wake! to-day you must do your best,
 And vie with the birds and the flowers;
 Each duty will bring its reward,
 And strengthen each effort with powers,
 To conquer the task e'er so hard.

Work, work, work! the day is all that is yours;
 Work, work, work! the victor, he that endures.
 The birds and the flowers are working,
 With song and with odor most rare,
 Exhaled to the world without shirking—
 A lesson to treasure with care.

1887

* Arranged for music by Prof. Willi Conrodi, Kimball Hall.

“The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.”

—SCHILLER'S *WALLENSTEIN*.

SEALED UNDER NEPTUNE

HE WHO HAS NEVER SNIFFED THE OZONE OF
THE SEA
BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

CHIMNEY BLUFFS
A PHANTASM
COMMERCIAL CRUISING
NEPTUNE
THE TEMPEST
SONG FROM THE TEMPEST—FIRST LINES TO CANTOS

He who hath rocked upon old ocean's breast,
Nor felt an awe steal o'er his inmost soul,
Yet feigning, braved it to the distant goal;
Nor gladly leaped from off its foamy crest,
Has missed the grandeur of its rhythmic swell
If then he hath no marvelous tale to tell.—TOO LATE.

NEPTUNE

Thy circle swing, roll on! roll on!
Remotest gem our system hath;
And though thou shinest like a sun,
No visual rays enlighteneth—
And but for optics science weaves,
Thy glory all unknown, to scan
Thy light absorbed in distances
Beyond the reach of punny man,—
Roll on! Roll on! thou voyager,
God linked thee with our system fair.

1893

CHIMNEY BLUFFS.

GAZE out on the lake, ye merry throng!
The day has been bright and joyous long,
And th' water's mild and the pebbles bright,
And our hearts in tune with the silvery light,
That glints o'er th' waves as the noonday sun
Falls soft as a smile, like the day begun,
When it climbed serene o'er the Eastern hill—
And expectant hearts with raptures thrill
Like the snow-white foam of the locust trees,
Trembling to kiss the odorous breeze,
As the looked for morn blushed rosy red
And the sky so clear and, far o'er head
Not a cloud was seen,—not a shadow cast
On the wayside green as on we passed
To camp for the day on "Chimney Bluff"
And bathe in the lake—"if not too rough!"

* * * * *

Gaze on the lake, ye merry throng!
Take a last farewell in unison;
For tides shall ebb and tides shall flow,
Through countless ages for all we know,
But never again can we behold
In unison th' grandeur bold
Which lashes th' foot of this dizzy bluff
When the sun goes down o'er the waters rough;
As it swells from unseen shores afar,
And the night comes on without a star,
And th' white-capped waves rush madly on!
By an unseen power in unison.

Take your last farewell of the scene before us
 And list to the moan of churning chorus,—
 As it tells to me that never more
 Shall we stand as now on this rugged shore.

* * * * *

O day of grandeur lit with glory!
 The years shall come and lengthen hoary,
 Before my vibrant brain forget
 Th' enchanting spot—enraptured yet
 I close mine eyes—and that bright day
 Comes back to light the lesser ray,
 As shone the sun on the time now past,
 Since the day I gazed on thy splendor last.

1883

A PHANTASM.

LONG ere the light from yonder twinkling star
 Lost to itself, comes radiant from afar
 And glimmering, falls athwart the ocean's crest,
 Then to my startled eye makes manifest
 The whence it came—"bright courser of the night"
 With speed accelerated in its flight
 Beyond the power of mind to comprehend
 Th' why it shines at all—much less, that why, portend—
 "Arrayed in wonder, thou transcendental sheen!
 "What other lights than thine thy wandering ray convene;
 "To reach the utmost limits of thy limitless career
 "Where pausest thou (if pause thou did'st) before thou
 did'st appear?
 "What motion erst thy motion—and do'st thou now
 evolve—
 "Or stream'st thou continuously—this question I would
 solve;

- “Come, tell me this, less scientists thy presence now
dissolve ?
- “Was’t some vast throe internal which did’st thy right
involve
- “And longer stay from whence thou came’st was it
unbearable ?
- “Did’st thou, then, fail thy integral part to play,
“Wer’t cast off then as now—clad in that bright array ?
“Or has’t thou burnished been along the pathless blue;
“Until thou shine’st like a gem resplendent to my view ?
“And do’st thou miss thy former state where once thou
we’rt a part,
“Or art contented with thy fate—can’st thou this boon
impart ?
- “Come, give me audience! Why dance upon the crest
“Of yonder wave so giddily—is there never any rest!
“For wanderers such as thou,—in all the realms of space,—
“Or ponderers such as I, who would’st thy courses trace ?
“Has’t missed some soul; thine own bright counterpart
“And art thou now in quest of her? Come! this thou can’st
impart!
- “Did’st stop at all the planets along the glittering way,
“Did’st search indefatigable midst each sun-galaxy ?
“Did’st sound no call advancing to fall upon that ear
“Where oft perchance thou’st whisper’d in thine own
celestial sphere,
“Or, has’t thou never met with her thy sweeter self—like
me;
“Art thou a wanderer ’long th’ way of curst uncertainty ?
“Did’st lack the one thing needful in th’ unequal strife
“That bars th’ gold—from love of it—the intrinsicness of
life ?
“Did one more favored, less deserving—cheat thee with his
pelf;
“Th’ cause of thy resistless march in quest of thy loved elf ?

"Come thou has leaped th' awful bounds of thy integral
 state,
 "And can'st experiences impart to those who hope and wait;
 "And I am lone and waiting along the shores of time,—
 "Come, tell me what th' prospect is from experience such as
 thine?
 "Art 'loath to speak of such affairs with mortals such as I?"
 "Then wait thee there a little while,—I can at least, but
 die—
 "And I will come to where thou art clothed in congruity,
 "Then thou can'st bear without a care my soul's contiguity.
 "But, ere I come I'd have thee know the cause of mine
 unrest,
 "That thou the pain may'st analyze I feel within my breast,
 "And see if it were wise in me to make the fatal leap,
 "Ere to the world I close mine eyes in death's mysterious
 sleep.
 "Once I met a maiden fair as ever can be found,
 "But in the whirl of youthful joys my lot did then surround,
 "Unwittingly I missed her and miss her now the more,
 "Her equal since I've never found—I ween she hath stepped
 o'er
 "Th' bonds that compass me about and hampers every
 breath,
 "Until at last I had resolved to end my pain with death."
 Born upon th' solitude expansive as the deep,
 Came a voice angelic in whose mysterious sweep
 Roused in its perception the prescience of the past,
 That scaled th' awful majesty of life and death at last,—
 And eyes whose wonted vision ever turned without control
 Into a past so beautiful it beautified th' soul;
 Dropped th' scales intuitive responsive to that call,
 And from their old enchantment looked forth prophetic.
 Lo! a face of rarest beauty was risen to my sight
 Which radiated whence th' voice dispelled th' waning
 night,

As 'twere all stars were blent in one, so brilliant was the
light!

O then th' rapturous melody atuned in that sweet voice,
That e'en th' stars began to dance in measured equipoise;
And I th' measure tread with them my soul so did rejoice!
It seemed as though th' earth was tuned in lyric
counterpoise.

So th' faithful to th' faithful ever blend with harmony
Into anthems grand and mighty like an ocean's symphony;
And wakes to life Omnipotent in Immortality;
And swells th' echo's of th' blest through all eternity!
Still danced the starbeam on th' mound of liquid
loveliness,

Until it seemed as with life of refulgent comeliness,—
And lo! the face and form took shape of dazzling purity,
And vaporous rolled away th' glare of dread futurity;
Whilst every sense then at command save Faith, did quick
withdraw,

And all of former consciousness save Hope, was filled with
awe!

And Hope with loving tenderness let drop a silent tear,
And bending low Faith raised it up without a single fear,
And on the instant all was plain, transcendant as th' day
Whereon th' soul hath winged its flight beyond th' dross
of clay,—

And there in all her loveliness stood she this life had
missed,—

“Come back to meet her dual self around the eucharists,”—

She said, in tones of holy calm so soothing to mine ear—

“Be comforted, contented, th' while a passenger

“Thou lingerest this side the veil; knowing that I wait

“Just beyond th' portal of time commensurate,—

“Take up thy life with vigor and dare th' world again!

“Now thou'rt freed misgivings which caused thee former
pain,

"Which once for me thou borest with dark and lowring
 brow,
 "To the world of thought this mark of grace I'd hasten to
 avow—
 "Look up!"—and lo! I raised mine eyes afreed from earthly
 dross,
 And there beheld in glory-bright the symbol of th' cross—
 And then in clarion tones she said with holy majesty,
 "Take up this burden whilst thou livest and bring it safe to
 me!"
 Then vanished in a halo bright transcendant as the sun!
 Which paled anon, it followed her and left me all
 undone—
 And now, the burden that I bear to all the world of
 thought,
 That frees the soul from misery, no matter how ere
 fraught,
 (And turn it 'round or upside down with it there is no loss)
 Is concentrated in the faith that centers 'round the cross,
 And all the scientific lore of all the ages past,
 Resolved into a single thought cannot such light forecast.

1870

 NEPTUNE.

HAIL! mighty orb! so lately won,
 Beneficent is thy dower;
 So near the focus of a sun
 Unseen, like thee, more fair!
 Than all the orbs whose light combine
 To hide thy glorious power,
 Till someday, waking light Divine
 We breathe the upper air.

1893

COMMERCIAL CRUISING.

WHAT are the days but islands,
So many little islands—
And sleep—the sea of silence
That flows around them all?
Then when the moon is risen,
The peaceful waters glisten,
But yonder flashing—listen!
It is the souls that fall.

Every day's an island,
A green or barren island,
A low-land or a highland
That looks upon the sea.
The fruitful groves are crowning,
The barren cliffs are frowning,
The rocky channels drowning
The little boats that flee.

The little boats are skimming,
The wind-led boats are skimming,
Each in its silver rimming,
Apart from fleet and shore.
There, not an oar is dipping;
With just a cable's slipping,
Glides out the phantom shipping,
That wanders evermore.

How many are the islands,
The teeming, talking islands,
That in the sea of silence
The roving vessels find?
Their number no man knoweth;
Their way the current showeth;
The tide returnless floweth
As each is left behind.

The sailors long to tarry—
 For rest they long to tarry—
 When at some isle of fairy
 They touch and go ashore.
 With songs of wistful pleading,
 They follow fate unheeding,
 And with the tide receding
 Are drifted as before.

But sometime, in their sailing,
 The blind and endless sailing,
 They pass beyond the hailing
 Of land upon the lee:
 The lowlands and the highlands,
 And all beyond the islands,
 Behold the sea of silence—
 Behold the Great White Sea.

1874

THE TEMPEST.

CANTO FIRST.

THERE is beauty in the dawning
 Of the morning as the day,
 Glints o'er the eastern waters
 Where the flick'ring sunbeam's play,
 Lighting up old white-capped ocean,
 Into sparkling seething motion,
 With its lapping, rocking, lapping,
 'Gainst the shrouds the sail is flapping;
 Into music swelling louder,
 As the breeze afreshens prouder
 Bulging out the yielding sail—
 As it bellies with the gale
 Coming crisp abaft the quarter—
 And our yacht no more will loiter;

But with speed accelerating
 Into foam the billows breaking,
 Glides along her glistening way,
 'Midst the dazzling diamond spray,
 Dancing lightly on her way
 Into her dawning of the day.

CANTO SECOND.

There is grandeur in the glory
 Of the daylight on the ocean,
 As the sun mounts up the zenith
 Gleaming o'er the broad commotion
 As with swelling miles upheaving,
 Moving onward then receding,
 Then a thunderer mounting higher,
 Rolling grandly racing nigher
 Strikes us just abaft the quarter;
 With a blow as from a mortar
 Rushing on uplifting, lifting—
 Things below are shifting, shifting
 "God of th' waters! will't never stop?"
 "There, at last we've reached the top!"
 An instants pause—then, drop, drop, drop
 A hundred fathoms thus, to drop
 Soul-sickening dew, exceeding not
 In agony one single jot
 A million deaths, as from the crest
 One sinks into the oceans breast.

CANTO THIRD.

There is misery in the grandeur
 Of the fury of the deep,
 That can fill the soul with horror,
 And the flesh with coldness creep,
 As with straining courses blending
 All their agony with rending,—

Seething, foaming, roaring, groaning; —
 Wild increasing, rushing, moaning,
 Shrieking, howling in the blast—
 Snapped short-off our mizzen mast;
 Hanging by its shrouds and pounding
 As if the fiends of hell were sounding
 'Gainst our sides and grating, gnawing,
 Crunching, munching, grinding, sawing—
 Men were crazed with fear and trembling,
 At the horrible doom impending;
 Lest the mast a hole would stave
 Through our keelson—naught can save—
 Would the croaking billows rave
 O'er our agony and our grave?

CANTO FOURTH.

There is grandeur most appalling, —
 Far beyond my lispng lips;
 So courageous is the calling,
 “Who go down to the sea in ships;”
 When they spring with axes gleaming,
 Into dangers which, in seeing,
 Is beyond their power of saving;
 From the tempest wildly raving,
 Shrieking,—claims them for its own;
 Seeks to stifle every groan—
 But with maddened desperation,
 Or subdued with inspiration—
 Rushed with axes sharp and gleaming,
 Whilst the sickening sunlight sheening
 Blear and red, and madly glaring,
 O'er the waste of waters tearing,
 At our lives with shrouds of wire
 That held fast the mizzen spire—
 Cut the shrouds, cleared the wreck,
 Then answered muster on the deck.

SONG FROM THE TEMPEST.

THERE is beauty in the dawning
Of the morning, as the day,
Glints o'er the eastern waters,
Where the flick'ring sunbeams play;
Lighting up old white-capped ocean
Into seething, sparkling motion,—
There is beauty in th' dawning of th' day.

There is grandeur in the glory,
Of the daylight on the ocean,
As th' sun mounts up th' zenith,
Gleaming o'er th' broad commotion;
As with swelling miles upheaving,
Moving onward, then receding,
There is grandeur in th' dawning of th' day.

There is misery in the grandeur
Of the fury, of the deep,
That can fill th' soul with horror,
And th' flesh with coldness creep;
As with straining courses blending,
All their agony with rending,
There is misery in th' dawning of the day.

There is glory most appalling
Far beyond these lispings lips,
So courageous is the calling;
"Who go down to th' sea in ships,"
When they spring with axes gleaming
Into dangers which in seeming;
There is glory in the dangers of the day.

THE FANATIC.

—
DEDICATED TO ANTHONY COMSTOCK.
—

Fiction and fickle fortune
Formed a friendship fond,
But friction framed a frantic forge
To frustrate further frond,—
Thus fixed this foe to fiction,
Stole forth from forest free,
And fanned a flame of fiction's fame
And fired it frantically.

1893

SEALED UNDER LUNA

HE WHO CANNOT DISTINGUISH BETWEEN LOVE
AND PASSION
BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

LIGHT, AN APOSTROPHE TO LUNA

LINES TO A CABINET

DELICIOLO, A WORLD'S FAIR POEM

THE NAMING OF THE ROSE

THE CALLA—LINES ACCOMPANYING ONE TO LILLIE

THE SAGE

TO LUNA

ADVICE TO MEN

THE WINTER QUEEN

THE MAID OF UNADILLA

AFFINITIES

THE POET'S LOVES

LINES TO MYRA—STANZAS FOR MUSIC

WHENCE CAME THEY

And I have loved thee well,
And I have heard thee sigh,
And now I scorn to tell—
'Twas pity told the lie.
1893

Fair Luna! thou goddess of the night!
Go hide a little while,—
The dark we much prefer to light—
(Cast no reflective wile),
For love is on the wing, and we
Prefer it to thy company.

1893

LIGHT.

An Apostrophe to Luna.

O SOUTHERN orb of night,
Thy disc of burnished gold,
Blending silver in its light,
Subdues a jagged world,
And gives to it a beauty
Born of the Omnipotent—
A child to discontent
In mortals, gazing upon the night
Where splendor is reveal'd,
In one harmonious white,
Becalmed, subdued, conceal'd
From all but inward self,
Where strife runs riot.
With pride the fiendish motor at its back
To urge it on, and off the track,
Of peace so yearned for:
In answer to prayer for light—
To shine forth on the night—
The gold and silver blending
In one halo, like love ascending,
Shines afar—a truce to war!
A truce to discontent,
As gold and silver blent,
Enriches the other part—
Aurora's nucleus silent shines afar,
The myri'd diamond rays
Of our great star—
As shines the human heart
Whose light is duty's law
On earth, in heaven—
What boots it then to mortals given

Th' hope for peace on earth,
 The right to peace in heaven,
 Where strife comes not,
 Where pride is not,
 Where all is light and beauty,
 And love is inward duty
 Freed from strife,
 Freed from all the discontents of life,
 Freed from hopes blighted,
 Freed from vows plighted,
 That broken be
 In one halo of light, Eternity.

1878

LINES TO A CABINET PICTURE.

WHO has not seen thee as thou art,
 Can little know the radiant light,
 Which beams from brown eyes like a star,
 That pins the mantle of the night.

Nor can they see thy ruby lips
 Wreath into smiles where dimples chase,
 In sportive glee, when laughter flits
 Like sunshine with illuming grace.

Nor can they guess these rounded cheeks,
 Glow with that animated hue
 Carnation, in its beauty speaks
 To me, my friend, if not to you.

Nor dost thou know the depth of soul,
 That regulates her simple art,
 To please is her religion's whole
 Strength of body, mind and heart.

Thou dost not see my friend at all,
 Nor see'st what *represents* my sight,—
 To memory dear beyond recall—
 A treasure is this work of light.

1886

 DELICIOLOA.

YE stars that gild the boudoir where she dreams,
 Oh, sweetly kiss the ripples of her hair!
 And stay not, lest the ardor of your beams
 Awake my love—alas, and my despair;
 But ere ye turn from my adored away—
 Drink nectar from those lips I fain would press—
 Then hasten, lest the rosy dawn of day
 Should find ye slain with surfeiture of bliss;
 Or she I love with all my soul's delight,
 Should wither from the contact of the night.

Ye flowers in bloom, lift up your drooping heads,
 Exhale your sweetest fragrance on the air!
 My lady cometh; I would have your beds
 In bright array to greet the "wondrous fair!"
 And should she deign to raise ye to her face—
 Renew in bloom your every varied hue—
 The contact will but lend ye added grace;
 Her kiss is like the morning's early dew,
 And by its sweetness can but there impart
 That richer bloom which surges from her heart.

Ye birds that sing, attune your sweetest notes,
 And wake an anthem in the quiet wood—
 My lady listens, I would have your throats
 Trill sweeter strains than ere was dreamed ye could.

And when she turns from woods and notes so gay,
 I pray ye catch the music of her voice,
 And so to wake the echoes every day,
 That angels e'n might listen and rejoice—
 Dear Deliciola, can'st not thou now requite
 Thy swain, who waits thy coming with delight.

L'ENVOI.

Ye cloud-capped minds, uprear a regal pile,
 Transcending aught the world has ever known.
 Call to your aid Angelo's matchless style;
 If 't be ye lack for skill, since his has flown;
 And when throughout 'tis polished, rich engraved,
 Furnished and burnished with every precious thing,
 From crystal dome to jeweled architrave,
 That gold can buy or heart of fire bring;
 Invite the World! the splendor thus to share
 With her who'll reign the queen of all the fair!

1892

THE NAMING OF THE ROSE.

WHEN Cupid first posed in the garden of Jove,
 As an archer of unwonted skill,
 He sent his first shaft to a rose-bed of love,
 With intent to wound, if not kill.

But pity seized on him at sight of the bed,
 So rare its construction and beauty,
 His fierce, wayward nature partook there instead,
 The theme of his whole after duty.

A youth and a maiden together entwined
 In a wreath of bright-scented flowers,
 He espied with the shaft he had sent there, enshrined,
 Like the law that possession empowers.

With wonderful grace and knowledge supreme,
 Surpassing all else to disclose,
 He gathered the first passion-flower yet seen,
 And gave it the name of the Rose.

1886

 THE CALLA.

Lines accompanying a lily to the Lillie.

STATELY, graceful lily,
 Fairest of a realm!
 Whose purity self-evident
 The understanding meets
 Transfixed and satisfied.
 To thee I ascribe and liken,
 Loveliest of thy sex,
 An emblem chaste as Purity,
 Beautiful as Faith,
 Dazzling as Hope,
 Inviting as Charity,
 To worship in "The beauty of holiness."

1886

 TO LUNA.

ENSHRINED art thou fair Luna, bright
 With robes so deft injected,
 Thou seemeth, "Goddess of the night,"
 A thing of life, deflected—
 And like some lives of human mould,
 Thou shinest by reflection only—
 (And still they shine though wan and old)
 But like thyself art dead and cold—
 And life to such is lonely.

1893

THE SAGE.

NO king or sage can ever know
 The joy a certain charm imparts
 To one who lives and moves below
 The cold disdain of social arts—
 But does on one true heart rely
 As meet and fitting company.

No pride of birth or wealth to reck,
 No art or sciences to prove,
 Save that without which hope is sick,
 And with it, all is boundless love!
 And cheeks abloom with beaming eye,
 To me is choicest flattery—
 What boots it then to mortals given,
 Or high, or low, this side of heaven?

1886

ADVICE TO MEN.

WHAT lady with soul serene,
 And virtue stamped upon her brow
 Would bang her hair, and disavow
 The regal gift? the glorious sheen!
 Above her fallen sisters seen,
 To shine resplendent as the snow,
 Whose purity will not allow
 The imprint of a touch unclean—
 Not e'en though fashion led the van,
 Would she exchange her modest port,
 And place upon herself the ban,
 That vice through vanity might court;
 And this advice I give to man:
 Spare your sisters, ye who can.

1884

THE WINTER QUEEN.

DOWN the Rink with fulsome clink,
But merry sound,
The courtly train 'midst music's strain
On homage bound.
With rank and file and beaming smile
That regal shone,
They waited there—"th' peerage are
To crown the throne!"
A form of grace and beauteous face,
The chosen one,
Glides down the rink, perfection's pink;
"All hail!" the welcome.
Two pages bring the Peerage-ring,
A wreath immortal,
And on her brow with solemn vow—
August ceremonial.
The royal wreath they now bequeath,
It nestles down,
And brightly shone for her alone,
The jeweled crown.
They crowned her queen, th' beautiful queen,
"Queen of the May!"
Yet the ground lay white in the solemn night
Of a Winter's day.
They glided round with tinkling sound,
The fairy pole,
And plaited down as 'round and 'round
They circled whole.
I viewed the throng and found among
The rightful queen;
For lovelier flower from blooming bower
Was never seen,
Than my Winter Queen.

THE MAID OF UNADILLA.

“UNADILLA?”—how it tingles—
 “Rippling waters”—how it mingles!
 With the radiance of a maiden
 I have seen with beauty laden.
 Rarest, fairest, is this maiden,
 All tropical and richly laden
 With the fruitage of the vine,
 Taken at its fullest prime.
 Arcadian roses richly glowing,
 Dark, with warmest color showing,
 Taken from a soil most healthy,
 Richest product of the wealthy—
 Or the poor with pride of birthright,
 Or the good with souls of sunlight,
 Like her soul-illumining eyes,
 Brighter than the starry skies.
 Form of symmetrical proportion,
 Form whose poetry of motion
 Undulates with graces blending,
 Cymophanous as light, descending.
 Hair, whose soft brown waves down-falling,
 Darkly waving, richly coiling,
 Raven-hued, at night doth shimmer,
 Shot with copper, daylight’s glimmer.
 Brow, whose low, broad sweep is rounded
 Into full intelligence and bounded
 By curved lines, like hovering graces
 Seen in sweet Madonna faces.
 Hand whose touch is magic thrilling,
 Joyous birth of love instilling,
 With its soft and tremulous pressure,
 One remembers it with pleasure.
 Crowned with youth, a joyous dawning;

Crowned with health, the brighter morning;
 Crowned with hope, the budding promise;
 Crowned with love, the chiefest crown is.
 Light of heart, with roses blooming;
 Light of hope, with seed-time looming;
 Light of harvest, with the reaper;
 Light of love, all hearts do greet her.
 Bright with joy her pulses quicken;
 Bright with hope, may 't ne'er be stricken;
 Bright with duty, all pursuing;
 Bright with honor be her wooing.
 Bless'd be the reaper of this treasure—
 May he have a boundless measure
 For the love of this fair maiden,
 In the providence of heaven.

Bright, all bright, thy portion be,
 Maid of Unadilla—

Bright as a poet's dream is she,
 The maid of Unadilla.

1885

 AFFINITIES.

WE question not in spring-time
 The budding of the trees,
 Nor warbling of the songsters
 Their varied melodies.

We question not the sunshine—
 We question not the rain—
 We question not the flight of time,
 In joyousness or pain.

We question not the river
 Which flows on to the sea—
 But accept each from the Giver
 Of boundless charity!

Then question not that fullness
 My friendship has for thee—
 'Tis mystery full as infinite,
 As Infinite mystery!

We met not, then, as strangers—
 Met we not then as friends?
 Mysterious mystery lingers—
 Affinities have not ends!

And like all else in nature
 We take a royal part!
 There's soul in every creature
 Who has a loyal heart.

A POET'S LOVE.

A POET has a million loves,
 A million things are beautiful,
 In everything on earth that moves,
 In every act that's dutiful.

A blade of grass, a million lives,
 Subsist, and move, and wait,
 In harmony for what it gives
 Of Nature's own conglomerate.

All were created—naught in vain
 Do poets have their corner,
 But some would crowd them off the plane
 Of life, as a misnomer.

'Then give to each, in justice do!
 The post assigned by Nature,
 And they will prove of virtues true
 Their rightful nomenclature.

LINES TO MYRA.

MYRA has eyes of ether blue,
 What shall I do, what shall I do?
 Her nose turns up a little, too,
 What shall I do, what shall I do?
 I never can tell, can you, can you?
 Whatever I shall be able to do
 With Myra, charming Myra!

Myra has lips so rosy-red,
 What shall I do, what shall I do?
 And cheeks that rival the color said,
 What shall I do, what shall I do?
 I never can tell, can you, can you?
 Whatever I shall be able to do
 With Myra, charming Myra!

Myra has hair of softest brown,
 What shall I do, what shall I do?
 I'd like to smooth the soft sheen down,
 What shall I do, what shall I do?
 I never can tell, can you, can you?
 Whatever I shall be able to do
 With Myra, charming Myra?

RECAPITULATE.

Myra's brow is broad and fair!
 'Tis partly covered by waves of hair;
 Sometimes 'tis curled down on her cheek,
 So rosy red, I may not speak
 Of hair and brow, and cheek and eyes,
 And ruby lips—O the surprise!
 'Twould be to me to claim the bliss
 Of one long-drawn-out, quiet kiss.

RECHERCHE.

But I never can tell, can you, can you,
 Whatever I shall be able to do,
 Unless I steal a kiss or two
 From Myra, charming Myra?

ENCORE.

Ye gods! my joy is now complete;
 I've planted a kiss on Myra's cheek,
 And I trust it may grow a thousand-fold,
 For the soil was rich—and being bold,
 I planted another on her lips,
 Which thrilled'way down to my finger-tips,
 And I'd plant a bushel, more or less,
 Would she yield more graceful to my caress.

1883

WHENCE CAME THEY?

In a season olden,
 When the earth was young,
 Came twin voices golden,
 And such songs they sung,
 That birdlings ceased to twitter
 Mid vernal branch and spray,
 To catch a music fitter,
 For earth's own melody.
 Two forms of radiant beauty,
 Alighted from the air,
 And peopled earth in duty,—
 Lunarians, they were.

SEALED UNDER JUPITER

HE WHO IS BLIND TO THE GOOD IN OTHERS
BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

THE MUTE

COMPENSATION	INSCRIBED TO	MRS. J. ALMON AUSTIN
A LOWLY LIFE	“ “	MISS ADA McCRACKEN
AN ADIEU	“ “	MRS. EDITH HOPE STORY
MY FRIEND	“ “	MR. EZA TOBIAS
HAVE YOU A SOUL?	“ “	MR. JOHN R. FRANCIS
AN IMPROMPTU	“ “	MR. WM. H. DUNLAP
A TRUSTY MESSENGER	“ “	MR. WILLIAM HOLMES
A GOOD MAN	“ “	DR. LOUIS BUSHNELL
THE GOLDEN LESSON	“ “	DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY
ALMOST A MAN AT THIRTEEN	“ “	MASTER SCOTT TERRELL

THE THAUMATURGUS—LINES TO W. A. KNAPP

LINES TO MR. SEYMOUR STEDMAN

LINES TO JOHN WATSON—COLORED

PERTINENT TO DR. ROBERT GREER

A TOAST TO MR. FRANK A. MOORE

May holiest calms, recurrent even,
Bless all my friends on earth, in Heaven.

1893

“We worship in our youth,
In wild and passionate dreams, some vague Ideal,
Till fancy yields to truth,
And we transfer our worship to the Real.”

THE MUTE.

AS breaketh the stars into silence,
When they herald and usher the light,
As bubbles burst on the current deep
Of lithian stream of night,
So breaketh the silence only,
Of lips grown mute with love,
And all is light like a starry night
In the shining vault above.

1893

COMPENSATION.

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. J. Almon Austin.

THERE is a song in my heart for you, my friend,
That shall live forever and aye!
It is one that a mystic doth gladly extend
To a pilgrim who senses the limitless end,
But who sees not the steps by which to ascend
To the realms of endless day.
And my song, I trust, with a grateful heart,
Thrills with that goodness thou dost impart,
True helps on an orphan's way.
There's a mother in heaven, and another I know,
Who rejoice in the steps you are taking;
They are weaving a garland to illumine your brow,
Made up of the deeds and the gifts you bestow,
Though your mother-heart be breaking;
And these are the "steps" on the endless road
That advance and uplift on the way to God.

1892

A LOWLY LIFE.

Inscribed to Miss Ada McCracken.

I'VE known one life as patient
 As day rounds out its hours—
 Slowly, surely, and constant
 As the odor sweet of flowers.

I've known one life as lowly—
 As exalted shines the sun!
 Benignant, pure and holy,
 Like the life it shines upon.

This life thou livest daily—
 May loving friends entwine
 Through all the coming changes
 Around this life of thine.

1883

AN ADIEU.

Inscribed to Mrs. Edith Hope Story.

I MISS that dimpled touch the keys among,
 Upon the Forte, whose forte such melody hath rung,
 As chased th' dull hours in fleetest time,
 Which oft awoke the echoes of my muse in rhyme—
 And thou art sick?—And I must soon away!
 Fare-thee-well, sincere I hope thee may.
 The house is dull without thy magic power—
 E'en "walls have ears" to listen by the hour.
 Forgive, sweet lady, this little tribute, due
 To woman's worth, whose purity is likeliest in you—
 But I'll away! new fields are beckoning me!
 By kindness of your husband, I take my leave of thee.

1885

MY FRIEND.

Inscribed to Mr. Ezra Tobias.

MY friend, thy willing feet are treading
Dutifully in the way of life—
Thy thoughts of home—myself embedding,
Makes me envy thee thy wife.

Not because she's thine, I grieve me—
Words can ill express my fate,—
There seems to be a longing vainly,
What in thine seems consummate.

Contrasting which, I feel the difference
'Twixt thy life and that of mine—
Whilst to the world ignored—indifference
Seems the reason, I opine.

How manly is thy life deported,
Living as thou daily art,
Home and loved ones are supported
By thy kindness of heart.

My heart, too, has kindly feelings
For some unknown quantity;
Yet, I fear, its vain revealings
Is but a void enigma.

It asks not much, it seems but little,
But oh! how precious is to me
The hope that some day I may settle
With some pure soul's contiguity.

So when I meet a manly brother,
Living as all men should do,
I envy them some joy or other,
Hidden from my nether view.

Live on, love on, and cherish fondly
 Thy home, and boy, and loving wife!
 May you have no rude awakening
 From the dream which we call life.

1886

HAVE YOU A SOUL?

Inscribed to John R. Francis, in behalf of Margaret Fox Kane.

“Bear ye one another’s burdens.”

“**H**AVE you a soul?” a veteran asked,
 The while he pondered o’er the cause,
 The effect of which, his daily task,
 In conservating Nature’s laws.
 Then warming to his theme again,
 And glancing ’long the “marching line,”
 He calls a halt, to relieve the pain
 A soldier feels while marking time.

“Have you a soul?” again he cries,
 And thrilling with the question put,
 He leads the van with a noble “Five,”
 Then asked “the ranks” to follow suit:
 Will they “respond to call” as this:
 “A soldier faltering by the way
 From gradual growth of weariness,
 And lack of food and lack of pay,

“And furnished rooms where rent is due,
 And lack of that essential care
 Bestowed on others, who never knew
 The price sufficient to the share
 Of goods received, and now the pain
 Of overwork and ill-reward,
 And labor spent for others’ gain,
 And age is on, and times so hard?”

“Have you a soul?”—the enumeration
 Of causes common to us each,
 Will add no weight, though specification
 Were multiplied beyond our reach.
 The question is, shall every soldier,
 Responsive to his own parole,
 Send on his dime, and growing bolder,
 Shout with vigor—“I have a soul!”

1891

 AN IMPROMPTU.

Delivered before the N. C. T. U., in the M. E. Church. Lebanon, Mo., on the evening of March 31st, 1878.

WE have no merit of our own in pleading,
 No grace of mind, no nobleness of heart—
 Soul leaps to soul, the Master interceding,
 Imbues each one with strength to do his part.

We wear the badge of honor and distinction,
 The insignia is the never fading blue,
 A shield to ward off each and all temptation,
 That knits us all together, firm and true.

“There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
 In crowded halls, by the lone widows hearth,
 And when they passed, earths fallen have arisen—
 The giddy paused, the mourners hope had birth.

“We have seen one whose eloquence commanding
 Roused the rich echoes in the human breast,
 The scoff of wealth and ease withstanding,
 That hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

“And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
 Strewing sweet flowers along the path of life,
 And looking up with meek and love-blent duty,
 We call her angel, but he calls her wife.”

We have not heard the prayers to God ascending
Breathed from angelic lips, night after night,
Yet He knows with ours they have been blended,
And answered too, in evidence and might.

Who has not heard the songs of angel choristers?
Trilled from throats of beauty standing near:
Nor felt his soul go out to these our sisters,
In honor, truth, and reverence and fear.

O many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That when its veil of sadness is laid down
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
Wearing its glory like a starry crown.

As such we hail thee, self-renouncing Dunlap,
Go on! for whitening fields await thy sickle's might,
Tell to the world the ever gladsome story,
How men are saved from the fell serpent's bite.

As such we greet earth's angels—many present—
The sterner sex infusing life and power,
Whilst budding into bloom whose soft refulgence
Bespeaks the gladness of the present hour.

O ye, who now as yet are undecided,
Come join our ranks and take an active part,
O waste no more the precious time provided—
To-night bespeaks the character thou art.

And when in future scenes like this united,
In other halls than these, the work goes on,
You'll ne'er forget the day and vow you plighted
Nor e'en the vict'ry you've so nobly won.

Go on! dear friends, the field is broad before you
Garner and save the harvest now in sight,
Go on to victory, the fallen now implore you,
And peace be with you all—Good night.

 A TRUSTY MESSENGER.

Inscribed to William Holmes.

MY friend, I see thee hedged about,
 With many a care and many a doubt;
 And many a hope supernal—
 And when in other lands afar
 Truth then, as now, thy guiding star;
 Will whiter shine, a beacon light
 And all thy way illumined bright—
 For Truth is Law Eternal!
 Then look within thy heaving breast;
 The good of all the world is there!
 Make no mistake—its high behest
 Is of the soul;—its tidings bear
 To all mankind afar a near;
 Truth needs a Trusty Messenger!

1891

 A GOOD MAN.

Inscribed to Dr. Louis Bushnell.

I KNOW a man whose life is spent in doing good,
 He heals the sick and with his own hands lifts th' load
 Of pain, and woe, and want, and wrongs apace—
 With other ills, which curse the human race.
 Now such a man as this the world must freely own,
 Is more deserving of a regal crown,
 Than any sceptered monarch in the world,
 Though were he seated upon a throne of gold.

The hero of my theme is modest quite,
 And all the strength of silence doth unite,
 In making him self-centered and alone
 The peer of any monarch on a throne.
 Wise in simple ways, that ill express
 To fools and critics, the wealth of manliness
 There is in being honest, good and kind,
 And such a friend as this is hard to find.

THE GOLDEN LESSON.

—
 Dedicated to Dr. Leslie E. Keeley.
 —

HIGH in the realm of love divine,
 A banner waves of royal worth,
 Embossed with words in a rich design,
 Pledged to redeem the sons of earth—
 Beautiful emblem, "Banner of Gold,"
 Myriads of hopes dost thou enfold.

Born of a parentage common to each,
 Nursed by the self-same mother-breast,
 Man can never her lessons impeach;
 For "whom God loveth He chasteneth"—
 Beautiful lesson, O, "Banner of Gold,"
 God in His wisdom thy mission enfold.

Iniquitous children thus ever were tried,
 Heredity holds with a grip of steel,
 And the "fourth generation" must never deride
 The sowing of tares in a distant field—
 Beautiful lesson, O, "Banner of Gold,"
 God in His goodness thy mission enfold.

A million prayers daily ascending on high,
 From homes made sweet with thy golden cure,
 And smiles are chasing the weary sigh,
 From women's lips so prone to endure—
 Beautiful lesson, O, "Banner of Gold,"
 God in His mercy thy mission enfold.

Royal the structure of good uprears,
 Regal the genius of him who waits
 'Till the sinews of strength in his hand appears
 Sufficient to prove it the "hand of fate!"
 Beautiful lesson, O, "Banner of Gold,"
 God in His justice thy mission enfold.

Promoters of good, my blessings enroll,
 Inscribe on your banner the reverence I feel
 For him whose courage the angels extol;
 Then hasten the tidings, some other to heal—
 Beautiful lesson, O, "Banner of Gold,"
 God of the faithful thy mission enfold.

1892.

ALMOST A MAN AT THIRTEEN.

Inscribed to Master Scott Terrell.

"HONOR thy father in the days of thy youth,"
 Is a proverb well worthy thy care;
 For in his examples of goodness and truth,
 With its influence right, take a share.

Love and honor thy mother as never before,
 Is more of the proverb, remember,
 For in her examples of heart, brain, and more,
 By her enfeebled strength, e'er defend her.

To thy sister, be tender, be thoughtful, be free!
 And shield her from every known wrong,
 Is more of the problem of life, all for thee,
 For with wisdom our days we prolong.

Be kind to thy teacher, thy playmates as well,
 Be the first to own up, if at fault.

*And to shield your own person, on them never tell,
 Though thou'rt flogged in lieu of default.

Be diligent in study, in business the same,
 And countenance naught that is base,
 And never invite the hot blush of shame
 To mantle thy dear mother's face.

Be upright and sober, the world you go through,
 And stoop not to anything mean,—
 Be true to your friends, to thyself be as true,
 For you are almost a man at thirteen.

1884

*O. O. M.

THE THAUMATURGUS.

Inscribed to William A. Knapp.

I HAVE a place for thee in my heart,
 My friend without a creed—
 The warmest corner, where tears oft start—
 Thou camest in my need,
 And, unsolicited, poured fresh oil
 Upon the waning flame,
 Which naught replenished by my toil,
 My efforts did not blame—
 And quick upsprung the zeal of yore!
 New battles fought, and weal
 I can now yield from out my store
 The gratitude I feel—
 And say, dear Will, my holiest light
 Will meet thy spirit in its flight.

1893

 LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. SEYMOUR STEDMAN.

MY friend, go raise thy potent tongue,
 To aid the starving poor;
 'Twill cause thine own heart to rejoice—
 Their gratitude secure.
 Go! aid thy fellows in thy youth!
 They need the voice which rings with truth!

1890

 LINES TO JOHN WATSON*

(Colored)

THEY say "One touch of Nature makes the world a kin,"
 And sure I feel this potency in an act to-day of thine;
 'Twas simple in its sincerity, but it showed beneath thy
 skin
 That a truer, whiter, manlier heart was never poet's shrine.
 And so I recognize thy right to manhood's manly worth,
 Whose peer alone *true* rank must take with the noblest of
 the earth;
 And thus I own thee brother, friend, whose deed alone
 shall be
 Passport to rank, where rank is naught, with equal liberty.
 Go on! and do the manly act wherever thou dost dwell,
 Thy virtue be thy recompense—it is enough—farewell,—
 But ere I turn from thee away, clasp hands again—adieu;
 This be the sign that thou art *white in soul*—my friend—
 be *true!*

1891

* THE INCIDENT.—A poor white woman asked for a nickel's worth of soup; he gave her a dime's worth and a large piece of bread beside. 'Twas the "Widow's mite," but it spoke volumes for the man.

PERTINENT.

Inscribed to Dr. Robert Greer.

DEAR Doctor and friend, pray pardon my muse,
 They are needing "eight lines to fill out this refuse,"
 So I beg you to listen (though money is time—
 To some other patient) not given to rhyme.
 Can't tell me the reason—I much wish to know;
 What makes this old hulk of a world wobble so?
 When such men are in it—the M. D. "profesh"
 The reason I come to yourself as the best?

1893

A TOAST.

HERE'S success to thee, my friend, Frank Moore,
 Success forever and aye!
 May the seasons bring thee a bountiful store,
 And yield thee love—alway!
 Thy lovely home and helpmate sweet
 An influence wide extend,
 And often 'midst the busy street
 I'll think of thee, my friend.

A feast of reason, a flow of soul
 Surrounds thy blessed board,
 And hearts made glad and bountiful
 With love, be thy reward.
 Then success to thee, my friend, Frank Moore,
 Success forever and aye!
 May we walk the sands of the "golden shore"
 With cheerful company.

1892

SEALED UNDER VENUS

HE WHO DENIES THE IMPULSION OF THE SOUL
IN HUMAN LOVE

BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

SUB-SILENTO

VIRGINIA

HEARTS' EASE

EPISODE, ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

FIVE LITTLE WORDS

THE EIGHTH OF MAY

VALE

CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION

THE EXTREME UNCTION

ONE LITTLE VERSE

CLEAR SIGHT

THE THESSALIAN

THE GIFT

PASTORAL

THE MEETING—STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THE GREAT DIVIDE

VENUS.

Pale-green-gem of the heaven';
Dispenser of love!
Fresh from the land of Divinity given,
The blue vault above:
Reverberant insignia of all that is human,
Thy blessings prove,
Sentient twin of the earth and her women,
Herald of God and His love!

1893

PLEADING.

Come, Gentle maid, my fair gazelle!
Come weave with me the garden path,
When roses scent the evening gale
Fear not the summer's aftermath.
Come, let me fold thee so, and so,—
The "magic circle" lusorius;
Is better made as round we go
Beneath a light so glorious.

1893

SUB SILENTIO.

“Brooks babble, but the depths are dumb.”

“Silently as the daylight comes when night is done,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek widens into the sun;
Silently as the spring time her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves.”

SILENTLY as that current piercing the ocean's breast,
And the ships that ride on its flowing tide are warmed
with its curling crest;
Silently as an artery passing the whole form through,
Love mounts the tide of life within and pulsates warm and
true.

Silently as the eyelids close in slumber sweet,
When day is done, and night begun with dreamland all
replete;
Silently as an arrow flies to the mystic goal,
From cupid's bow, and pierces deep the mystery of the soul.

Silently as the violet peeps up through the grass,
And the odorous dew of its royal hue exhales to those that
pass;
Silently as the sunlight evaporizes the dew,
So does my love, *thou grand ideal*, go out in its warmth to
you!

Silently as the tear-drop glides adown the cheek,
When the heart is full and mournful of the love it may not
speak;
Silently as the zephyrs wanton the waving grain,
So does my love, *thou blessed ideal*, leap to my lips in vain.

Silently as the snow-flake falls upon the ground,
 And mantles white, so pure and light the covering doth
 surround;
 Silently as the water gathers the glassy field,
 So does my love congeal as pure from the *Silence* it must
 yield.

1886

 VIRGINIA.

THE jewels I gave thee,—O, bless'd be the thought,
 Thou art mindful of them,
 Thou art mindful of them;
 And now I'm contented to live out my lot
 Assigned among men,
 Assigned among men.
 Heretofore have I wandered the earth and the sea,
 Ever in doubt,
 Ever in doubt;
 Not one had ever a welcome for me,
 Or,—“God speed the route,”
 God speed the route.
 My barque have I moored in every great city,
 Fronting the wave,
 Fronting the wave,
 And ever anon have I left them in pity
 Something to crave,
 Something *would* crave;—
 Nor thought I to search in a lone country town,
 On the prairie,
 On the prairie,

'Till chance brought me here—gladly I own
 Accident purely,
 Accident purely.
Strange things ever happen to strangers—but then,
 I cannot complain,
 I cannot complain;
Life is but pure-gold from the crucible, when
 Tempered with pain,
 Tempered with pain!
Long have I suffered in silence and tears
 Wrung from the heart;
 Wrung from the heart,
None knew of my anguish through all of these years
 Alone from the start,
 Alone from the start—
O how have I yearned for the touch of a hand
 To help with the load,
 To help with the load,
But never a one reached out on the land
 Or the lone sea road,
 Or the lone sea road.
Tempests of riot in chaos were wrought,
 Wild was the life!
 Wild was the life!!
Dangers pass'd harmlessly oft as e'er sought—
 Eager the strife,
 Eager the strife;
Revulsions came after each sickening scene!
 Repentance or worse,
 Repentance or worse?
Hallow'd the day dawned bright and serene—
 After remorse,
 After remorse;
But now there's a chance to retrace all the past—
 Errors and all,
 Errors and all;

Life worth the living is dawning at last—

“After the fall,”

“After the fall?”

None fall so low but some woman may save,

Oft with a smile;

Oft with a smile!

“None have offences however so grave,—

Woman beguile,

Woman beguile,

“Go seek in the highways and byways of sin!”

Many have pride,

Many have pride,

And need but an invitation to fling

Vice to one side,

Vice to one side;

Hope whispers ever though deaf be some ears

To conscience forgot,

To conscience forgot;

Remorse follows after with harrowing fears—

Burthening thought,

Burthening thought;

It needeth the touch of a pure woman's hand,

Repentance to bring,

Repentance to bring,—

Sympathy—thy name is woman—who stand

With this offering,

With this offering;

Ready to give of all that they have—

Blessed are they,

Blessed are they,

Who know just how and where they may give

Helps on the way,

Helps on the way.

Thus help came to me so simple, yet grand—

Violets blowing,

Violets blowing;

Out on the prairie their beauty expand,
 Odorous growing,
 Odorous growing.
 Jewels, rare jewels, as these gathered I,
 Each one selected,
 Each one selected;
 Brought them and gave them to sweet modesty—
 They were accepted,
 They were accepted!
 Sweetly my jewels found their new setting,
 Remembrance bring,
 Remembrance bring;
 Never their charm to my soul be forgetting
 Return of the spring,
 Return of the spring.
 Lo! I am coming, be patient, nor fear me,
 Ardently sought!
 Ardently sought;
 Out of the depths of my soul I revere thee!
 Thou art not bought,
 Thou art not bought;
 No price could I bring thee! save that of my heart;
 (Not at this hour),
 Not at this hour;
 And hope whispers low—"You'd better depart,
 Returning with power!"
 Returning with power?
 Wil't wait for my coming and patiently wait—
 Writing the while?
 Writing the while;
 Success all my efforts shall crown like my fate
 Thy beaming smile,
 Thy beaming smile;
 I bow to it humbly—Joy! who can tell
 The hope of the soul,
 The hope of the soul.

Thou long wer't in coming—O, never so well
 Has heart been so whole,
 Has heart been so whole
 As that which I offer, accept it, 'tis thine—
 Has ever been,
 Has ever been,
 And never was offered save at thy shrine,
 Virginia—
 Thou Queen!

1885

HEART'S EASE.

THERE'S a burden in my bosom that I cannot now
 define,
 'Tis a something urging onward surging upward all the time.
 And I long to know its meaning yearn to know its every
 thrill;
 When two eyes upon me beaming all my sense with raptures
 fill!

Other eyes there are in plenty, but with me they have no
 part,
 Can it be, oh! eyes of splendor, that you see into my heart?
 Can you see the tumult raging thro' the eyes I raise to
 thine?
 Can you tell me what the bother is within this heart of
 mine?

If you can, I pray you tell me, for I long to know the cause,
 Why it is my heart is yearning for your favor and applause?
 If you can, I pray you tell me—won't you now my lay
 approve;
 When I say your eyes are brighter than the stars that shine
 above?

When I say your brow is whiter and more lovely than the
rose!

Whilst your hair, a sheen of sunlight, wakes the dawning
from repose!

When I say your lips are richer than the coral of the
deep?—

Oft I've wondered—what a harvest there to him who dares
to reap—

When I say your cheeks are fairer than the bloom upon the
peach!

And they always seem to deepen when they're just within
my reach—

But I never may aspire to dispoil such lucious fruit,
For, though heart and lips are parching, there's a something
holds them mute.

1884

EPISODE—ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

MET their eyes at church one day,
Eyes of jet, and eyes of blue;
Eyes so constant, and eyes as true,
Asked and answered—Alac-a-day?

In solemn tone a good man spake—
'Twas in the loved gold-lit September—
He asked his hearers to remember
The stranger then within their gates.

And from that time there grew apace
A love that haunts each passing hour,
And fragrant as the fairest flower
That blooms in realms of endless grace.

The answer came with roseate cheek—
 The question asked was not unheard—
 Love has grown old without a word,
 And needs no tongue—why should it speak?

Eyes of jet with wealth surrounded,
 Home, position, grace and beauty,
 Eyes of blue grew stern with duty
 And all the hopes of life confounded.

Eyes of blue on the good barque Courage
 Went forth to carve a lasting name—
 Unhonored still, unknown to fame,
 The barque rides anchor without demurrage.

Eyes of jet has patience ceased thee?
 Thou look'dst for something far beyond
 My power to lift th' heavy bond,
 But still, the will hath more increased me.

O loving eyes, the high endeavor!
 Abides with those who Hope and wait,
 And I shall scale the golden gate
 No more a stranger to dis sever.

1881

TEN YEARS' AFTER.

Eyes of jet, long since discovered
 More speaking eyes than those of blue;
 And wed the domine meek and true—
 Blue eyes their wonted smile recovered.

“Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
 Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
 The evening star, the star of love and rest.”—LONGFELLOW.

FIVE LITTLE WORDS.

“ I AM not your dear,” she said, in mild reproof—
 The while her eyes bent o’er the elite page—
 And now I hold me very much aloof,
 Whilst every hour seems a very age.

I wonder does she know the pain I feel
 At words so simple—“ I am not your dear?”
 Five little words, but pointed as with steel
 They pierce my soul with an alarming fear.

If not “ my dear,” whose dear can then she be?
 For surely she is dear alone to one—
 But if not “ my dear,” I’d give the world to see
 A wretcheder than I beneath the sun.

O can it be she is not dear to me?
 What is the world if banished from the sun?
 What is the day but pain continually?
 When morning dawns its throes have just begun.

O wonder not that she is dear to me,—
 A stately queen she walks the world among,
 And towers above her sex majestically
 In virtue, truth, and honor, she is strong!

And then the light that beams forth from her eye,
 So darkly luminous, so like the distant star,
 So pure and irredisscent from the sky
 At midnight seen from off the harbor bar.

And will it ever come this great glad day,
 When I can say “ my dear ” with her consent?
 I know I’ll count each hour eternity!
 Until in pity-sweet, she must relent.

Ah! I have it! for she *is* dear to me!
 Although I may not say it to her face;
 I'll watch my chances, and beam it from mine eye,
 And bide my time until that day of grace.

Nov., '86

“LE ENVOI.”

That day of grace to me has come at last
 And I can say “my dear” in perfect peace,
 For being dear I held her heart so fast
 She could not help but yield the great increase.

Dec. 2d, '86

THE EIGHTH OF MAY.

I LOVE to lie in an open boat,
 And with the current idly float,
 And give my thoughts the wing—
 And, gazing on the clear, blue sky,
 Unheeding let the hours fly,
 'Mid fancies wandering.

'Twas thus with me but yesterday,
 My natal day—the Eighth of May,
 Now I am thirty-three,—
 And as I rocked upon the tide
 Of life so lone and circumscribed,
 My thoughts went out to thee.

A cloud on airy pinions white
 Raised to my view a form so like
 Thine own, with lessening grace,
 And as it met the sun's caresses,
 I saw the gold sheen of thy tresses
 Form a halo 'round thy face.

Thy witching face! Can'st tell how fair
 It is to me, as everywhere
 It haunts me night and day?
 'Till I can see it in the sky,
 'Midst the clouds as they sail by
 Upon the Eighth of May!

1883

VALE.

WALKED they down the street one day,
 Youth and beauty, grave and gay—
 Half unconsciously the tide
 Of their words and laughter died;

And a deep and undefined
 Prescience dim was in each mind—
 Just an instant's haunting fear,
 Just a touch of love was near,
 Just a spell that stirred the heart,
 Just a pride that kept apart
 Two lives just fitted for each other,
 Had not pride stepped in to smother.

Always pride may not prevail,
 "Sino oido—vive vale."

1877

CONFESSION.

"DOS'T know, love, that thy beaming smile
 Makes the whole world bright to me?
 Ah! had I the power all the while,
 The world should ever look bright to thee!"

ABSOLUTION.

I little dreamed, I little guessed
 The wealth of thy young tenderness
 Was all mine own;
 But since to me thy love is given,
 I will be worthy thee—and heaven!
 No more to roam.
 For I do love thee, oh! how well!
 I may not write, I may not tell;
 But all the world is brighter grown,
 Since I may call thee, sweet, my own!

1883.

THE EXTREME UNCTION.

E . . . T — **E** . . . T
 Your confession makes me wild,
 And my brain is in a whirl,
 And my life, my soul, I'd peril
 (And I try to draw it mild),
 To possess the only girl
 That is worth a poet's smile—
 (Few his life can e'er beguile)
But in thee, oh! genius real,
I recognize my soul's ideal!
In sympathy with all I feel—
 Poetess with vivid fancy,
 Versed in music's necromancy,
 Thine own to meet, my heart is thrilling,
 And my very soul is filling
 With inspiration's holy spell,
 To write, **I** love thee, O so well,
 My life, my heart's best fond endeavor,
 To love thee once—that once forever!

1883

ONE LITTLE VERSE.

ONE little verse is all I have,
 My love, thy love revealing—
 There's many a lone forgotten stave,
 Rich melody concealing.

Then, have I asked too much of thee,
 May I not ask for more?
 The shell, though taken from the sea,
 Retains its mystic roar.

The divers after precious pearls
 Stop not when one is found,
 True sailors all their sails unfurl
 When pleasant winds abound.

The lark that mounts the ether sky
 Comes back to earth again;
 The harp once struck with melody
 Still 'wakes the sweet refrain.

Then have I asked too much of thee?
 I would not ask for less,
 Since thine hand that 'woke the chord
 Into loving tenderness.

1884

CLEAR SIGHT.

I READ in the glance of thy Thessalian eye,
 A tale that is older than Eden,
 For love in the heart came from on high,
 The source of a wondrous legend.

I heard in the breath of a soft-smothered sigh,
 Which I knew to be Truth from the heart,
 And I thrilled with Prescience, the gift from on high,
 At the blessing that Truth did impart.

I saw in the blushes which mantled thy cheek
A meaning to life and its duty,
And my heart thrilled my tongue until it would speak
Of thy divine goodness and beauty.

The tale that is older than Eden, forsooth,
With its wondrous joyance and mirth,
Is the faith of the soul in the Giver of Truth,
Bequeathed to the children of Earth.

The law of my being awakes from the past
To a sense of its present endeavor,
And holds me contented to do its behest,
And will not deceive me—ah, never!

So I worship a being, the twin of my soul,
Since Divinity hovers around her;
And I know as the years of Eternity roll,
Divine Goodness will ever surround her.

1867

THE THESSALIAN.

TAKE it—'tis all that I possess,
Kings could not give more,
And though by you but little prized,
To me it is a precious store;
Since in its lonely depths there lies
The mirrored splendor of thine eyes.

Through many lands I've carried it
Across the ocean's billow,
Knocked about by many a storm,
Evanished on my pillow,
Whereon in dream's delusive charm
I recognized thy lovely form.

It has been "scoched a score o' times,"
 Through vivid scenes apast,
 Until I deemed it "fire-proof"—
 But now I stand aghast!
 Translated by divine reproof,
 And hold myself, alas! aloof.

O Thessalian, since thine image fair
 Is graven on my heart,
 Wilt thou in simple graciousness
 Bid it ne'er depart?
 No lovelier prize could I possess—
 O free my soul of its distress!

1867

 THE GIFT.

TAKE it, 'tis thine,
 I give it to thee,
 Without reservation,
 For Eternity!
 But, whilst life endures
 (The dual probation),
 Will prove what is worth
 A heart's adoration.
 In joy or sorrow,
 In sadness or mirth,
 To-day or to-morrow,
 The end of the earth;
 The web and the woof,
 Day in, day out,
 The burden of proof;
 Tender, devout,
 Constant while life endures;
 My heart and hope are yours.

1884

PASTORAL.

LIST thee, maiden, bright and fair
 Like the morning's light and air,
 I would hold thee by a spell
 In my heart immovable!

* * * * *

Well I know thy head is turned
 By that city chap "so learned" (?)
 But I would hold thee by a spell
 In my heart immovable!
 He would hold thee but a day,
 Then in haste will turn away;
 I would hold thee by a spell
 In my heart immovable.

* * * * *

Canst thou not see his evil eye,
 When perchance I pass thee by?
 Or hast thou quite forgotten me
 When in his graceful company?
 I have marked the sudden frown,
 As I tread the throng among,
 Just to catch a glimpse of thee,
 To note how happy, light and free
 You were in his society.

* * * * *

Thrice he's crossed my humble path,
 Whilst I've heard his scornful laugh,
 And have marked his evil eye
 Blaze on me most balefully.

* * * * *

Have I ever wronged this youth
 With city airs—am I "uncouth?"
 Now, since he's come, am I no more
 To see thee to thy cottage door?

Long I knew thee ere he came
Swinging daintily his cane,
Button-hole bouquet and dandy clothes,
Pointed shoes and silken hose,
Perched on one side his jaunty hat,
Denoting all that's meant in that—
“Debonair and so engaging!”
“Half the girls in town are raging!”
You, the one I've known so well,
Now forsake me for this swell?
Well, go thy way, and I'll go mine—
Water cannot mix with wine
Without the fact be self-discovered;
For when it pales the wine is smothered—
And conscience is the wine of life
To every mortal, maid or wife—
And when you promised mine to be,
I marked not then this levity
I now see prevalent with this stranger—
And oh! I fear me there is danger
To your conscience and to mine,
For water cannot mix with wine—
And he is water! So I warn thee
That his vaporings will harm thee!
And thus my conscience's purest wine
I give to thee, 'long with thine
Own promise my bride to be—
Accept the wine, for thou art free!
But in my heart I know full well
You will remain immovable.

1863

Come, gentle muse, a couplet make
And stop that typo's braying: “take!”

THE MEETING.

IT came to me in the street, so gay,
 And did my heart beguile;
 'Twill carry it to its pulseless day,
 The radiance of that smile of thine,
 The radiance of thy smile.

It came to me in a tremulous clasp
 Of hands, which sent a thrill,
 And bound my heart with a tender hasp,
 Submissive to thy will, sweet will,
 Submissive to thy will.

It came to me in accents sweet,
 As the perfume of the rose
 At early morn, when blushes greet
 The night from its repose, repose,
 The night from its repose.

It came to me like a memory
 Of vanished smiles and tears,
 And filled my soul with harmony,
 And banished all the fears, of years,
 And banished other years.

1884

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

STRIVE not, dear love, to hide from me thy pain,
 I know thou lovest and art loved again,
 So I love thee, yea, just as much in vain—
 Shrink not then, love, we bear a common pain.
 We two, alone and chilled, stand side by side,
 By a grief severed, by a grief allied;
 The dearth of snow-clad prairie stretches wide,
 And we must cross asundered the great divide.

1887

SEALED UNDER THE SUN

The love that is quenchless; which burns not.

HE WHO DOES NOT SO LOVE MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND BREAK NOT THIS SEAL

LINES TO HER 1889

CHRISTMAS GREETING TO "OUINA" 1890

LINES TO WATER LILY—MRS. RICHMOND'S SPIRIT NAME

THE GIFT OF THE PSALTER—Recited by Mrs. McIntyre in Martine's Hall at a reception given in Mrs. Richmond's honor: it being the occasion of her Fiftieth birthday, April, 1890.

BLESSED HANDS—INSCRIBED TO DWIGHT C. WHEELER, SPIRIT—1892

"AN INTERESTING EVENT"—BY ABRAM JEWETT HOFFMAN—In May number of "The Progressive Thinker," 1890, at which time the following poems were recited by members of the Sunday School in the order here presented:

THE WELCOME

DO FLOWERS TALK?

SWEET PEASE

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

WOOD-LAND FERN

CLOVER LEAF

GRASSES AND ROSES

The first five stanzas by James Freeman Clark

OUR BEAUTIFUL PHILOSOPHY—the first eight lines, Author unknown

BLUE VIOLETS

ROSEMARY

THE DAHLIA

FORGET-ME-NOTS

APPLE BLOSSOMS

WATER LILY

INDIRECTION—BY RICHARD HENRY REALF, SPIRIT

OUINA'S CANOE

OUINA'S RESPONSE

THE STAR OF TRUTH!

SOL! SOL!

THE SUN.

“Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal’d!
Thou earliest ministers of the Almighty,
Which gladden’d on their mountain-tops the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour’d
Themselves in orisons !”—BYRON.

LINES TO MRS. RICHMOND.

Written on the fly-leaf of a book and presented to her at "Band of Harmony"
in November, 1890.

WHERE thou lead'st will I follow
In paths new or old,
It matters but little to me,
So long as the lusts of the flesh
And of gold
Do not enter the great mystery,
Which now in the earnest of life takes a part,
And we feel, and we know, but cannot impart,
Till quickened by spirit in mind and heart.

CHRISTMAS.

1890.

A RADIANCE from afar
And O it dazzles me,
Thou bright particular star,
"Ouina!"

What keen perceptions stir,
Since Light hath quick'nd me—
Thou grand interpreter,
"Ouina!"

And though thou art afar,
My heart looks up to thee,
Like the night-glass to the star
"Ouina!"

 LINES TO WATERLILY.

Superceded by The Gift of the Psalter.

GOLDEN jewels, nor wealth in lands,
 Nor gems, as gifts we bring—
 Bear we only the work of our hands
 To thee as an offering—
 Others may bring thee of that they possess
 In common with all the world—
 But a poet may bring a souls caress
 More precious than silver or gold.

 Fair Truth is ever a shining light
 And Truth is ever just—
 And oh! how gladly we bring to-night
 The completeness of our trust,—
 And with it O measure the high esteem
 My house hath then for thine,
 Since now the Light and Truth serene
 Shines from thy house on mine.

 Thou tak'st no credit unto thyself
 For the trust in our hearts to-night,
 But may we not praise the instrument
 Whence comes the quick'ning Light?
 Can a Mozart strike the soulful chord
 On a stringless harp—oh say!
 Shall we not miss those wondrous words
 Of wisdom?—Alac-a-day.

 But ah! we yet a germ may grow,
 Which, perchance shall bud anew,
 In far-off lands—and man shall know
 The false light from the True—
 The flower of Prophecy blooms to-night,
 And thy Fiftieth Natal day
 Shall crown the world of thought with Light
 That shall abide forever and aye!

THE GIFT OF THE PSALTER.

A Souvenir Poem read by Mrs. McIntyre, at Martines Hall, on the occasion
of Mrs. Richmond's Fiftieth Birthday.

BRING we our gifts to the altar;
The altar of Infinite Light—
Crown we our Queen with a Psalter
On her Fiftieth Natal night—
Blessing of tenderest yearnings,
Bring we the gift of our hearts,
Trusting in Love's sure discerning;
To be of her soul light a part.

Temples of Light hath she builded;
Fashioned from commonest clay.
Furnished completely and gilded
Each dome, with a visional ray—
Rough angles are softened by shadow;
But the Light from the "Open Court,"
Trembles along the whole dado,
Bidding the shadows depart.

Rarest and fairest of flowers,
Hath she culled from the Eden of Shade
Dressed them and blessed them with showers
Of Light, whence the shadows are made:
Pruned them and trained them in duty—
Gladly they turned to the Light,
Renewed in perfume and beauty
By the Guides whom our souls' delight.

The earth is abloom with rare flowers
Sweet as the breath of the spring—
But there's naught in all earth's eden bowers
To compare with the plant that we sing—

The orchids rare bloom is apparent;
The Calla's are stately and white;
And the violets are modest and fragrant
Though the Rose blushing, turns to the light.

But of all the rare gems of the prairie,
Or the bloom of the vernal wood,
Was the Indian maiden, Ouina,
The gentle, the pure, and the good—
Her voice was as sweet as the music
Of the rippling lip of the rill,
And the birds e'en strove for the mystic
Enchantment of her notes in their trill.

Poor birdies, they wot not the secret
Of the soul in human speech,
And though gifted with song of rare merit,
They could not the Spirit o'er reach—
But one day they nestled together
In silence and loneliness long—
For Ouina had crossed the "dark river"
And hushed was the wildwood of song.

The seasons swung round and evanished,
Tide-moons have arisen and set,
And the lakes have receded and languished—
But Ouina comes back to us yet;
The same gentle maid as the old-time—
So artless, and winning, and mild,
We can almost catch the sigh of the pine
In the breath of this forest child.

And the songs which she brings have grown sweeter,
And are fraught with a joy so complete,
That our hearts and our souls rush to greet her—
For the theme of the soul we entreat—

Does she weary of dull comprehension,
 When we fail us in grasping the Theme?
 Ah! no. Her soul is compassion!
 So we hail her and crown her our queen.

Dear teacher—our guide and our friend—
 Accept these our tokens of love—
 And we pray added strength may descend
 With Infinite Light from above,
 To the end that the world may perceive
 The truth so explicitly given—
 That “the dead” may turn and receive
 The Infinite blessings of heaven.

1890

BLESSED HANDS.

Inscribed to Dwight C. Wheeler,
 SPIRIT.

GOD bless the hands that bring'st thee flowers, Ouina,
 Blessed be the hands and kindly prompting heart!
 This mark of grace, the hearts best gift esteemeth thee
 Above earth's touch, as indeed thou surely art.

Thou bring'st so many rare exotics, Ouina,
 Culled by thy hand from rarest heavenly bloom;
 With joyful hearts, we trust in thee serenely,
 Our guide to fragrance exhaled beyond the tomb.

God bless the bloom, the fragrance and selection,
 God bless the hands that culled, the prompting heart,—
 The gems thou bring'st, all breathe of life's perfection
 Whose law is love, whose love is as thou art.

1892

 AN INTERESTING EVENT.

BY ABRAM JEWETT HOFFMAN, IN THE "PROGRESSIVE THINKER,"
MAY, 1890.

Martine's Hall was the scene of a "Children's Floral Festival," the inspiration of Mrs. George P. McIntyre, given by the Sunday School of the First Society of Spiritualists in honor of the fifty-first anniversary of birth of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, who for forty years has been before the public, and has won for her mediumship a world-wide and justly-deserved celebrity as a lecturer of unapproachable diction, grace and logic.

The hall was beautifully decorated. After the morning services, some fifty children, dressed in white, each holding a bouquet of flowers, the language of which was the tribute of their admiration and love, and also represented some sentiment characteristic of the dear teacher whom they sought to honor. Each presentation was accompanied by a little poem, weaving in the sentiment of the flowers emblematical of her life and work. These poems were written by Mr. George P. McIntyre expressly for the occasion, and the gems are of such a character and beauty that a committee was at once formed to perpetuate them in a beautifully Illustrated Floral Souvenir. I cannot forbear this opportunity to quote just one stanza of simple but expressive beauty and sweetness, which was recited by a little "fairy of five":

"These lovely, sweet flowers;
Their odor expresses
A language more true
Than the human confesses."

This stanza is one of six, all of equal strength, and are unrivalled in our language; a sermon in fifteen words.

This souvenir is to be sold for the benefit of the Society fund, and will be a "Dictionary on Flowers," and an orna-

mental and useful companion to every child in the land; and we are all children, older grown.

"Ouina's Canoe," some five feet in length, mounted on cross pieces covered with green cloth, was filled with ferns, umbrella plants, and flowers of every variety, each little girl laying her offering on the canoe and grass at its base. The rostrum was profusely decorated with baskets, vases, urns, etc., in which callas, roses and star lilies smiled upon the joyous scene. The hall gallery and fixtures were festooned with smilax, evergreens and artificial flowers. The duets and trios by Mrs. Orvis, McIntyre and Chas. Bushnell were finely rendered. The duet by Mrs. McIntyre and Orvis at the close was specially encored. After the completion of the programme, "Ouina" responded in a specially fine poem, embracing each poem and offering in their turn, and a general poem dedicated to the prosperous and growing school. A vote of thanks, beautifully engrossed, is to be tendered to Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre and Mr. Charles Wellington, for their untiring zeal in perfecting so successful a "surprise," not only to the recipient of these honors, but to nearly the whole membership of the First Society.

"It was grand and imposing,
Yet simple and sweet,
A rare combination,
And wholly complete."

It is the wish and determination of the Society to retain Mrs. Richmond for another year, if her guides have not already mapped out another field of labor for her. Her private lessons in psychopathy and advanced lessons on the soul are well attended, and are held, the latter in the parlors of The Commercial Hotel, cor. Dearborn and Lake streets, and the former at Lodge Hall, 11 North Ada street, Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week. The Trustees have in preparation a grand May Festival Reception to their patrons and friends, at Martine's Hall, Wednesday evening, May 13, 1891, on which occasion the Grand

March will be led by twelve ladies in costume, and in the four colors emblematic of the seasons, aided by twelve young misses dressed in white, bearing the emblems of spring, summer, autumn and winter. It is to be hoped that the souvenir above alluded to will be on hand on that occasion; and I wish to mention in this connection that this souvenir will also contain the Natal Souvenir, the "Gift of the Psalter," by Mr. McIntyre, on the occasion of Mrs. Richmond's fiftieth birth-day, 1890, the edition of which was exhausted and not enough to go around, some of which found their way to Australia, England and Canada, and others went into every State in the Union. The friends at a distance who have the former souvenir will know somewhat of the treat in store for them from experience.

PROGRAMME.

"The Welcome," Mayflower and Asphodel; "Welcome" and "Remembered," by Geo. P. McIntyre.

Duet, "Hope Beyond," by Mrs. Anna Orvis and Mr. Chas. Bushnell.

"Do Flowers Talk?" by Master and Miss Ada Stone and Miss Gracie Koehler.

"A Meeting"—The Language of Sweet Peas, by Miss Amy Orvis.

"Buttercups and Daisies"—"Riches" and "I share your feelings," by Miss Elsie Slosson.

"Woodland Fern," Sincerity, by Miss Maud MacDonnald.

Solo, by Mr. Chas. Bushnell.

"Clover Leaf," Industry, by Emma Van Dyke.

"Grass and Roses,"—Submission and The Graces, by Miss Nellie Pendleton.

"Our Beautiful Philosophy," Autumn Leaves, Immortality, by Mr. George Glasco.

"White Rose," Golden Silence, by Miss Tilly Madson.

Solo, Sweet Violets, by Mrs. Anna Orvis.

"Blue Violets, Faithfulness," by Miss Flossie Bynum.

"Rosemary," Your Presence Revives Me, by Mrs. Dr. Geo. A. Ferris.

"The Dahlia," Dignity and Elegance, by Miss Jennie Moyer.

"Forget-me-nots," Do not forget, by Miss Gracie Feiro.

"Apple Blossoms," Preference, by Geo. P. McIntyre.

Duet, Ye Merry Birds, by Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Orvis.

"Water Lily and Indirection," Eloquence, by Chas. Wellington.

"Ouina's Canoe," by Mrs. McIntyre, assisted by the Misses Daisy Hutchinson, Cora Madson, Maud Chamberlain and Nettie Kaufer, who were dressed respectively in White, Yellow, Pink and Blue, emblematic of Peace, Hope, Love and Constancy, who bore flowers.

"White and the Yellow, Pink and the Blue,
Love-gathered flowers for Ouina's Canoe."

Then came Ouina's response, which was taken down in shorthand by Sapphire, and probably will be secured for the above mentioned souvenir.

THE WELCOME.

MAYFLOWER — ASPHODEL.

"WELCOME"—"REMEMBERED."

WELCOME! Dear Teacher, thy birthday is crowding—
The old time is waning and fading from earth:
Welcome! Our hearts have grown young thus enshrouding
Old Time with surprises for thy fifty-first birth,
Born of the old time into the new; souls ever young, hearts
ever true.

Age! thou art lost to the heart which enkindles—
Time! thou art not to the spirit of love—
Age! thou art that which in youth most resembles
The soul of that fire which comes from above;
Born of the old time into the new; souls ever young, hearts
ever true.

Thy consort, who journeys life's pathway beside thee,
Is worthy of welcome from an angelic lyre;
So faithful and loving, whose blue eyes beam mildly,
Like an April day breaking o'er a lake of sapphire;
Born of the old time into the new; how else could he be
out gentle and true?

The spirit of love in the youth or the aged
 Is like unto that of this fair Asphodel,
 The symbol I bear, whose growing preceded,
 Its bloom thus remembered is, by its odorous spell;
 Born from the old time into the new; *germ* ever young, life
 ever true.

And thus, dearest friends, the token I bring is,
 That around which the most *loving* still lurks,
 A thousand fair Aprils will dawn with its kisses,
 And thrill with Remembrance, because of thy works:
 Born of the old into the new; *life* of the germ ensymboled
 by you.

1891

DO FLOWERS TALK?

"OF COURSE THEY DO!"

THESE lovely, sweet flowers,
 Their odor expresses,
 A language more true
 Than the human confesses.

And they all *think* in silence,
 And golden their speech,
 And without revilement,
 And never a screech;

But each one expresses,
 By each understood—
 Their language confesses
 Only the good.

And like them, my teacher
 Speaks only the true,
 Instilled by the spirit,
 Exhaled as the dew.

And so we have named her
 The "Flower of speech,"
 For she most resembles
 The odor of each.

ENVOY.

Dear teacher of souls,
 My heart fairly burns
 To be like the flowers;
 Thy birth-right returns.

1891

SWEET PEASE.

"A MEETING."

THERE'S a time for joy and pleasure,
 There's a time for everything,
 There's a time for high endeavor
 In the early of the spring.
 So we bring to thee a greeting,
 Dear Teacher, if you please,
 Won't you recognize this "meeting"
 As the language of sweet pease?

Sweet Pease are blooms of beauty,
 Fair alike in every land,
 And their fragrance is their duty,
 "Meeting" thus divine command.
 Let us then revere the lesson,
 And receive what each imparts,
 And may love be the expression
 And the duty of our hearts.

1891

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

"RICHES"—"I SHARE YOUR FEELINGS."

"MISTRESS Spring is busy, busy as can be,
 "Mending what rough winter has torn up, you see,
 "Putting nice green patches in the fields of brown,
 "Sewing up the branches that would tumble down,
 "Dancing through the roadsides when the thaw is done,
 "Tufting up the mosses, brightening the sun,
 "Cutting up the rain-storms into little showers,
 "Broidering the whole world with her dainty flowers;"

So we bring thee daisies, buttercups and gems,
 Gathered where the sunlight with the shadow blends;
 With riches we surround thee—wealth of loving hands—
 Dear Teacher, they are stretched to thee because of love's
 commands.

Thus we "share your feelings;" daisies bloom for all,
 And give to us a language most unanswerable.

1891

WOODLAND FERN.

"SINCERITY."

WHEN Jack Frost, the artist, was painting
 My form on the window pane,
 The woodland was sighing and waiting
 To bring forth my color again—
 So hope mounted high in my bosom,
 When Spring swung 'round my way,
 And I joyed in each bud and blossom,
 Till I thrilled with "Sincerity."

“Sincere in the heart” is the lesson
 I bring with this woodland fern,
 And I trust that with each expression
 Of love, some new hope will burn,
 Till we each may find that by loving,
 And doing kind deeds each day,
 The lesson of life still improving,
 With “Hope in the heart” always.

1891

CLOVER LEAF.

“FRUGALITY.”

DEAR Teacher, thus I bring to thee
 A talisman which none despise;
 It fits thy life’s Frugality,
 Around which loving thoughts arise,
 And so I place it here to greet
 The dainty feet that sure must press,
 In hope ’twill be your own to meet,
 And there receive its dainty kiss.

1891

GRASS AND ROSES.

“SUBMISSION”—“THE GRACES.”

I LOOKED where roses were blowing,
 They stood among grasses and reeds;
 I said: “Where such beauties are growing,
 Why suffer these paltry weeds?”

Weeping, the poor things faltered:
 “We have neither beauty nor bloom;
 We are grass in the roses’ garden;
 But our Master gives us this room.”

“The slaves of a generous Master,
 Borne from a world above,
 We came to this place in His wisdom—
 We stay to this hour from His love.

“We have fed His humblest creatures,
 We have served Him truly and long;
 He gave no grace to our features—
 We have neither color nor song.

“Yet He who has made the roses
 Placed us on the self-same sod;
 He knows our reason for being—
 We are grass in the garden of God.”

Thus the roses were touched at Submission
 So humble, yet noble and grand;
 They almost turned pale with contrition,
 As each bosom begun to expand;

And, answering, made this confession,
 As they blushed to the presence around:

“Ah yes! dear grass, our expression
 Is enhanced by a dull back-ground.”

Thus the roses their Graces unbending,
 To the grasses' Submission sweet;
 They were each made glad thus blending
 Their charms to each other complete.

And so, dear teacher, Submission
 Discloses thy beautiful soul
 And it matters not what our condition,
 We are under the self-same control.

So we'll pattern the Graces of roses,
 The Submission of grasses sweet;
 For an Infinite love e'er discloses
 That the meaning of life is complete;

And so we bring thee grasses, lush grasses, listening low,
 A carpet woven of our hearts wherever thou dost go.

OUR BEAUTIFUL PHILOSOPHY.

"IMMORTALITY."

THERE is no such thing as death—
 In Nature nothing dies;
 From each sad remnant of decay
 Some forms of life arise.
 The little leaf that falls
 All brown and sear to earth,
 Ere long will mingle with the buds
 That gave the flower its birth.
 And this thy mission proves
 To all who hear thy voice—
 Fit instrument for loves'
 Immortal crown: Rejoice!
 Rejoice! Ten Million Souls Rejoice!
 And wake an anthem ardently;
 To loves immortal choice—
 Rejoice! Rejoice!! Rejoice!!!

1891

BLUE VIOLETS.

"FAITHFULNESS."

THESE modest sweet violets, how long in the past
 Have they been the emblem of true Faithfulness?
 Reflecting the sky in their chlorophyl hue,
 Which for Fifty-one years have been symbolized by you.
 Dear Teacher, an ocean of loving we mass
 At thy feet in these beautiful gems of the grass.

1891

ROSEMARY.

"YOUR PRESENCE REVIVES ME."

AS the dew on the grasses glitter,
 And smiles in the glad sunshine,
 And the plants and the shrubs seem fitter
 Baptized in this silvery wine,
 So I liken myself to the grasses
 The shrubs and plants and flowers;
 From the blessings thy presence expresses
 Through these sacred Sabbath hours.
 Thus I bring thee the symbol my heart says
 Is nearest a suggestion of thee,
 Accept it, dear teacher, with kisses
 Exhaled from this sweet Rosemary.

1891

THE DAHLIA.

"DIGNITY AND ELEGANCE."

I BRING thee a flower, in virtue possessing
 A charm from resemblance to thine,
 And closely related, its language expressing
 A poise most queenly divine—
 So I bring thee the Dahlia; whose robe doth impart
 A hint of that Elegance, enshrined like thy heart.

1891

Quick'ner of life! supreme is thy power
 In time-locked-space, in plant and in flower.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

"DO NOT FORGET."

WEAR, O! wear these jewels,
 Dear Teacher, on your breast;
 No fitter place ere can be found
 For such as these to rest—
 And when some day I'm far away,
 And you my heart would guess,
 Though faded they, the odor, say!
 Will it not still express?
 Forget-me-nots; Forget-me-nots;
 Retain your odorous breath!
 Until some day, we go our way
 "Through the valley of the shadow of death."

1891

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"PREFERENCE."

DEAR hands have hastened this bloom
 From the Southland, far away!
 For I saw it wave like a helmet plume
 Fresh kissed by the dawning day.
 And the message I hurried was: "Send it!"
 Speed, speed on your psychic way!
 My soul was there to defend it,
 And so it is with us to-day.
 'Twas the "fairest and rarest cluster
 Of any on all the trees!"
 And it bears the scent and the lustre
 Of dews just left by the bees.

1891

12

And in vision I saw it bowing,
 To the robins who came to admire,
 And I heard their love notes vowing
 The theme of my spirit lyre.
 And wondering, I sensed a reference,
 In the breath of their soulful song;
 Of a birthday scene, with its "preferences"
 As to gifts, from the happy throng.
 And I thought, whilst my vision lasted,
 Of every bloom in the world,
 And I said, as my blue eyes feasted,—
 Brighter banner was never unfurled!
 Just then, the robins flew westward,
 The curtain of vision swept by,
 And left me alone on the southern sward
 With my Theme and the robin's sigh.
 So I bring to you, my teacher,
 The sweetest gift of the south—
 The apple-bloom, like a waving plume
 Fresh kissed from a birdling's mouth.
 "Yes," I bring it to you, dear teacher,
 My gift, with the birdling's song,
 And, oh my soul! how far sweeter
 Is expressed from the blooms among.

THE THEME.

Pale pink budding of spring,
 Full of an odor most rare,
 Exhaled to the birds as they sing,
 Blending perfume with song on the air.
 Bud of an opening bloom,
 Germ of the richer flower,
 Born in a wide sunny room
 By the Bridegroom's Infinite power.

Birth of a new made world,
 The promise of a fruitage rare;
 In the sense that "apples of gold
 In pictures of silver" are.

Joy of a wondrous birth!
 Hope, like a promise fulfilled,
 Crowned of the teeming earth;
 By the spirit of peace instilled.

Rare pale blossom of joy!
 Theme of my birdling's song,
 Selected from dross and alloy;
 A bloom ten thousand among.

1891

WATERLILY.

"ELOQUENCE."

ON the margin of the river where in grace and quiet
 play,
 Smiling starward in the night-time, laughing eloquent by
 day,
 Sparkling white and pure as starlight—glimmering on the
 rivers' breast;
 Grows the queen of all the flora, and the one we love the
 best—
 Grows and glistens, glad with sunshine, scintillating
 diamond dew;
 With the Eloquence of Heaven—Waterlily, this is you.

1891

 "INDIRECTION." *

 "TO THE POWER THAT IS BEHIND EVOLUTION."

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtile
 suggestion is fairer;
 Rare is the rosebud of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is
 rarer;
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it
 is sweeter;
 And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered
 the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
 growing;
 Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
 Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he
 did embold him;
 Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath
 foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and
 hidden;
 Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is
 bidden;
 Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
 Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the
 revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized
 is greater;
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
 Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands
 the giving,
 Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves
 of receiving.

 * See Dedication.

Space is nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of
 the wooing,
 And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the
 heights where these shine;
 Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of
 life is divine.

“OUINA’S CANOE.”

Filled with Prairie Flowers representing Peace, Hope, Love, and Constancy.

EACH one selected,—not gathered by chance,—
 Fine as e’r grew in the gardens of France!
 These have I gathered all sparkling with dew,
 Plucked in their freshness for “Ouinias’ Canoe.”

REFRAIN.*

White and the yellow, pink and the blue,
 Love gathered flowers for “Ouinias’ Canoe.”

White is the emblem of Peace long foretold,
 I bring it with reverence as Knight would of old;
 Culled in the morning with this thought in view,
 Fresh from the prairie for “Ouinias’ Canoe.”

Yellow the sign of that “all-seeing-eye!”
 Reflecting the light of Eternity—
 A desire to be present, when absent, in lieu,
 I place this memento in “Ouinias’ Canoe.”

Pink is a token—words fail to express
 The trust of the soul in its own fruitfulness;
 And this thought in keeping, a pathway I strew
 With fragrant wild flowers for “Ouinias’ Canoe.”

*NOTE—Lovely young girls dressed in these colors, alternately step to the side of the person reciting, repeating the refrain.

“The Blue Bells of Scotland,” how long since the day
 Have they been the symbol of true constancy?—
 Till the flight of my spirit, their exquisite hue
 Will ride with my heart in “Ouinas’ Canoe.”

LE ENVOI.

White and the yellow, pink and the blue,
 Kissed by the sunlight, kissed by the dew;
 Refreshend and fragrant, resplendent to view!
 Glide, glide on forever! in “Ouinas’ Canoe.”

1891

OUINA’S RESPONSE*

TO THE OFFERINGS GIVEN TO WATERLILY.

I N wonderland-world the babe opes its eyes,
 Eyes lately heaven-seeing, full of surprise;—
 But Waterlily’s eyes have been opened to-day
 In greater surprise than in space far away,
 Where, out of heaven’s ethereal blue,
 She came to the earth when in infancy new.

This day is all new and so bright and so fair
 Infection has caught from the mild upper air,
 And so many surprises in rhythmic golden
 Her heart and her tears, choking speech, would embolden
 Me to utter instead what her heart fain would say,
 Dear children, dear teachers, for your gifts here to-day.

For the wonderful love wrought in sweet rhythmic
 measures,
 The flowers that explain the heart’s dearest treasures;

* It must be remembered that this festive occasion was a total surprise to the recipient thereof, and that this poem was delivered extemporaneously, as such it is a marvel of sweetness and power.—THE AUTHOR.

She noted them all, with their mystical spell,
The first sweet name, the rare Asphodel.
She noted all the soft spring odors that please,
In perfumed delight, the fragrant Sweet Peas;
She noted the Wood Fern that grows to express
Its wonderful light in the fair wilderness;
She noted the Daisies and Buttercups sweet,
Trembling with melody placed at her feet;
She noted the Violets, whose heavenly blue
With modesty bending, but gemmed with the dew;
She noted the roses that were framed 'mid the grasses,
The love that surprises, the worth that surpasses.
She noticed the Rosemary, so sweetly it came,
Both in sorrow and gladness to light this blest flame;
The Dahlia, so stately and radiant and tall,
And those exquisite tokens, Forget-me-nots, all!
The sweet Apple Blossoms (one from heaven came
To speak for the symbol, respond to the name).
And she noted her name, Waterlily, inwove,
With its eloquent meaning, all spoken in love,
And the White and the Yellow, the Pink and the Blue,
Inwrought with flowers for "Ouina's Canoe,"
But she noticed more closely the bloom of your love—
Dear children, you are flowers from the gardens above,
More perfect and lovely in her sight than all these,
More rare and moreauteous, more gracious to please.

Your eyes shine like violets or gleam like the day,
Your cheeks bloom like roses, your lips like sweet May;
Some are fair, golden-haired, some brown locks disclose,
Some pale like the lily, some pink as the rose,
And your hearts are abloom with a beautiful love,
Like the fair, fadeless flowers from heaven above;
O what better gifts than yourselves could you bring,
With the love of your spirits, the songs that you sing?

And the dear grown-up children, with those of tender
 years,
 Is not love "the all beauteous," does it not drown all
 tears?

As time glides by swiftly, and each birth-day is traced,
 Could one be more fair than this which is graced
 By the poems, in flowers outwrought from the heart,
 In which your love blossoms have borne the chief part?
 Could ought be more precious, as Time goeth on,
 Than to see you, dear children, unfold every one;
 And the thoughts and the words only love grown more
 dear;

Buds and blossoms of Truth yielding fruit planted here;
 Ripening into rich harvest of duties well done,
 Unfolding on earth 'neath eternity's sun.

When earth-life is long and your hair shall bloom white,
 And the time-traces show on your foreheads of light,
 Remember these flowers you have offered to-day
 Shall gleam in your bowers in heaven alway;
 Will welcome and greet you in Waterlily's home,
 When you o'er the fair, silent waters shall come;
 And remember the canoe you have laden with light
 Will float o'er the waters when earth sinks in night,

And these fair symbol flowers,
 White and the Yellow, Pink and the Blue,
 With you all will float safe in "Ouina's Canoe."

RECOMPENSE.

Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth."

There is no gift taxing not the honor.
 Dispensing sacrifices; its virtue then doth prove,—
 He who gives from plenty's store may garner
 Thorns and thistles, unwittingly from love.

 THE STAR OF TRUTH.

THE star of Truth is risen,
 It shines upon our way,
 And earth has grown a Heaven
 To Mystics while they stay.
 With joyful hearts we gather
 Beneath the vault of blue,
 And hope, ah! ne'er to sever
 Eternity in view.

The lore of all the ages
 Is now within our reach,
 The sacred Test-book's pages
 Reveals the light to each.
 Then shout the cry victorious,
 At which no discord mars,
 Till man be freed by the glorious
 Religion of the stars.

 SOL! SOL!

“Why persecutest thou me?”

O hotness! why art thou so much?
 What have we done stuck on this mundane-spear;
 That thou should'st use us such
 At this time o'th year?
 Um! why shine at all; why not let up awhile?
 And not parboil a man right through his tile.

AN OPINION.

SINCE "Eighteen Forty" poor Labor has striven
To reduce its hours of toil—
But at each attempt old Greed has arisen,
To banish its hopes like the mists of the heavens
And squelched it in hunger's turmoil.

How long! how long! shall patience endure
To leaven this sordid clay?
Not 'till the stamp-mill reduces this sewer
Will distribution's stream run free and pure
Through the righteous Eight-Hours-a-day.

1893

SUSPICION vs. TRUST.

From which die were you stamped?

Inscribed to Sir Avarice Malice.

HE WHO does not trust himself, trusts no other man.
That false and mercenary race;
The canting hypocrite, and base,
Esteemeth much this plan.

But he who royal is of soul, imbued with trust supreme,
Unbounded is his faith in man;
Conscious worth of conscious plan;
Suspicion's nothing mean.

God's imprint on a soul made just! is faith in man
discovering trust.

1893

THE END.

PRESS NOTICES

“THE LIGHT OF PERSIA” BY THE AUTHOR OF
‘SUN-SEALED.’

A GRAND POEM—“THE MUSTER—A PROPHECY”

We call the special attention of our readers to the grand and inspiring poem in this issue, from the gifted pen of Mr. Geo. P. McIntyre. Mr. McIntyre has an established reputation as a poet, but we think this not merely his best effort, but one of the finest poems by any American during the current year.

Faultless in rhyme and rhythm, noble in sentiment and choice in language, it stirs the pulses like a clarion call to battle. It is admirably adapted for declamation and we predict for it a wide circulation and a permanent place in literature.
—*The Jeffersonian*.

THE LIGHT OF PERSIA, OTHER POEMS AND SKETCHES

We have received from the author, Captain Geo. P. McIntyre, the above work, of which the publishers notice will be found elsewhere. Captain McIntyre for the past year has been a resident of Topeka, as general western agent for the “Statesman” magazine of Chicago. Some of the most stirring poems in the book were written in this city, and he is frequently spoken of as “The Poet of Topeka.”

The Light of Persia is a splendidly printed and bound book, containing many gems of both prose and poetry, by various authors, in addition to Captain McIntyre’s own poems, all bearing on the rights of man and needed reforms, and is a valuable addition to the Humanitarian literature of the day.—*The Capital*.

THE LIGHT OF PERSIA

POEMS OF PROPHECY, PROFIT AND PEACE

Together with nearly four hundred citations quoted from “the learned of all lands,” touching the burning questions of the day—questions which must be met and answered by every individual “whether he will or no.”

This wonderfully written and ingeniously compiled work conclusively demonstrates the causes of all the want and poverty throughout the land, giving the very best authorities on the subjects of woe and want; not only showing the cause of all the miseries entailed upon the human family, but lays down the course of procedure by which all poverty in the world may be stamped out; in other words, leads up to the millennium; it shows how the glorious times pictured in “Looking Backward” may be accomplished.

To those who wish to see the good work go on, this work will be the greatest guide they could possibly have. The author and compiler, George P. McIntyre, has spent years in collecting and compiling statistics that will be invaluable to orators and co-workers, in bringing about the "Light of Persia." The work is printed on good paper, handsomely bound, and makes a very desirable volume of over two hundred large pages of close type, and will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.25. Address, Chicago, Ill.—*The Nationalist*.

REVIEW

"The Light of Persia," poems of prophesy, profit and peace, together with nearly three hundred citations quoted from "the learned of all lands," which have a direct bearing upon the burning questions of the day, by Geo. P. McIntyre, is the title of a new book just added to our modern economic literature which we have examined and read with care. It contains several original poems, some of which have appeared from the author, in the *Chicago Herald*, and some of the best selections in the economic line we have seen in either poetry or prose.

The book is evidence that Mr. McIntyre has been a thorough student of the world's great institutions, and a searcher for something to improve them, and that he has discovered that this something is in the higher qualities of humanity, and that these can be aroused by ideas. The book in one passage says:

"The economic questions now agitating mankind are at bottom moral questions. The right of property, for instance, is assailed. The public teacher should examine whether there is such a thing as a moral basis of property, and if so what that basis is. Laborers demand a greater share of the products for their labor. It is important to inquire whether there is such a thing as a just proportion between labor and the fruits of labor. The state is called upon to interfere in behalf of the working classes. The vastly significant question arises whether the state has moral functions to perform or not, and if it has how far it may be justified in attempting to modify the economic conflict."

Again the author says:

"Revolutions come from above,"—that it is a "mooted question" no longer; and that here in these "United States" the boasted "home of the free!" and the "land of the brave!" that we have not freedom, and that we have not, as a nation, any bravery to spare. "Real history is a history of the tendencies and not of events." Simultaneously with oppression comes the desire to redress the wrongs meted out to "poor weak humanity," and that this desire is perfectly natural, proves also that it is right, just and proper.

It is virtually a labor, economic and moral library in itself, containing some of the brightest gems of thought from authors and speakers who have stirred humanity's deepest feelings.

The book is substantially bound with fine gilt and black ornamental cover, and contains two hundred and twenty-one pages. Price, \$1.25.—*The Press*.

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“MAN KNOW THYSELF”

. No idle phrase defined
“But had its birth and purpose in pure and lofty mind.
“Who e'er in nature honest delves its secrets to expand,
“Will find minutest things are mathematically planned.”

See poem “Revelations,” page 16

ADVERTISEMENT—SPECIAL

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