

GEMS OF INSPIRATION

BY

MRS. MARCIA M. SISCO

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MRS. MARCIA M. SISCO.

PART FIRST.

A SCRAP BOOK FOR THE MANY.

PREFACE TO SCRAP-BOOK.

In the poems contained in this scrap-book I have endeavored to portray the conditions of the present age, which have been thrust upon us through the social, political, financial and religious bondage which we, through ignorance, have been forced to accept.

But as the earth now stands upon the threshold of a new era, I hope the time is not far distant when we shall all realize where we stand, and see the cause and learn to seek and apply the remedy, which is freedom and co-operation.

It is indeed a pitiful sight to look over our civilized and so-called Christian land and there behold the penitentiaries, insane asylums, almshouses, jails, houses of correction, reform schools, etc., etc., to say nothing of our fallen women and animal men, tramps, idlers, etc., but try as we may we cannot blind our eyes to the sight if we have any heart or soul left, and we are all seeking for a clue of thread to guide us out of those Cretan labyrinths and place us on our feet. But we are looking in the wrong direction, for we are looking to the money-god instead of the man-god as our Savior, for our religion is of the earth

earthly and binds us through ignorance to ceremonies and customs.

If earth's children are ever saved it must be through woman's emancipation, but woman will never be free until she is delivered from financial dependence and the yoke of custom. This I have tried to show in the poems, "What is Man?" "What is Woman?" and "An Appeal to Liberty."

Above all, women and men must be free spiritually, for the great architect of a human soul is spiritual truth, and she cannot work with material gloves on. And this is where we all have failed; we have been building from a material standpoint instead of spiritual, as our divorce courts very clearly prove, and some of the poems in this little volume show the present dilapidation of the social fabric and also the order that must come out of all this chaos. It is my belief that this change is governed by planetary laws, and must be brought about through the plan of the ages; so we must hope and work with as much patience as we can command for the new age to be born which is to make us all free, man as well as woman.

MARCIA M. SISCO.

THE TIME WILL COME

I make no moan above my faded flowers,
I will not vainly strive against my lot,
Patient I'll wear away the slow, sad hours
As if their sombre ray were quite forgot.

While stronger fingers snatch away the sword
And lighter footsteps pass me on their ways,
I'll bow submissive to the stern award
That says I must go humbly all my days.

I know some heart is beating quickly yet,
I know the dream is sweet and subtle still,
And struggling from the clouds of past regret,
I yield the conflict to my fate's stern will.

And when the surging waves of human scorn
Shall break my hold on all the heart holds dear,
I'll find that throbbing pulse in some bright form
Filled with the love that casteth out all fear.

I do not mourn, for on this bright spring morn
I know that leaf in my life's book is turned,
The golden memories from my heart are torn,
I know this gall will into sweet be turned.

The blotted pages in my book of life
Shall be torn out and scattered to the wind,
And with new hopes my future shall be rife,
Oh! may a lofty purpose fill my mind!

I know that I must bear the scoffs of creeds,
But if need be I'll die for truth's sweet sake;
Yes, I'd give all to show the world its needs,
To show the world the fetters it must break.

For lo, the time will truly come, when all
The filth of ages must be gathered up
And burned by fire of truth in one broad hell,
That joy may fill life's universal cup.

OCTOBER

Oh, this soft October sunlight,
How it dallies with the ferns,
Turns to day the soul's dark midnight,
When for some unknown it yearns.

Ah, indeed, the hearts are many,
Craving pure and holy love,
Like this soft October draping,
Tinging lake and field and grove.

But away from love's fair glory,
We pierce the shimmering mellowed light,
Until we stand in heaven's own gateway,
Bathed in October's colors bright.

Sweet emblems of the coming ages
Are the many colored leaves,
When *His* hand shall turn the pages
Which disclose life's autumn sheaves.

Are they filled almost to bursting,
Like October's sheaves of earth,
With fruits of gladness everlasting,
Or are those soul sheaves filled with dearth?

Are we like October's sunset,
Tinged with heavenly glories bright?
Or are we like earth's cold December,
Shut out from love's own warmth and light?

Aye, do we live in hopes and fancies,
That each year will fill our sheaves
With bright glories fit for mansions,
Standing near Icarian seas?

SINCE WE PARTED

A thousand hours have come and gone,
And left their mark on our weary brain;
A thousand miles have drifted between
Your home in the city and mine on the plain.

A thousand fancies have knitted a chain
Of orient hues and somber shade,
Which oft lies low on the cold, dark plain,
And as oft reaches up to the sunniest glade.

A thousand tides have ebbed and flowed
On the stormy shores of life's surging seas,
And a thousand ships have gone down with the
flood,
With never so much as a rollicking breeze.

A thousand banners have been flung to the winds,
Some laden with hope and some with despair,
And a thousand fetters have been unforged,
To free weary souls from canker and care.

A thousand tyrants have been at work
In monopoly's furnace, welding our chains,
While the angel hosts have been keeping their
books,
Recording therein all our losses and gains.

A thousand friends we thought to be true,
Have floated off with the outgoing tide,
And a thousand more have arisen to view
The golden truths on the other side.

A thousand tendrils are weaving a web
Of joy and sorrow and pleasure and pain,
And a thousand souls are daily led
By the Master's hand to eternal gain.

THE LAST TRUMP

Hark, we hear the trumpet sounding,
Light is breaking in the east—
The night is passing,
The morn is flashing,
And earth's blackest night is past.

Hark, the jubilee is booming,
The clouds of error have fled away—
Light is streaming,
The earth is teeming,
With great truths of earth's coming day.

Hark, we hear the thunder's rumbling,
Back in the dark discordant past—
Kings are weeping,
Mammon is sleeping,
Beneath the trumpet's welcome blast.

And lo, the coming of time's warriors!
Marshaled into merry lines—
Their step is heeded,
Their presence is needed,
To light the torch of modern times.

Hark, we hear the bright waves dashing
On Lethe's shores of sin and hate—
Swords are rusting,
Creeds are musting,
And old hydra sees his fate.

Hark, the new-born age is singing,
As the angels sing with power—
 Stars are gleaming,
 Banners are streaming,
From the courts of wisdom's bower.

Hark, we hear Apollo tuning
His golden lyre as in ages gone—
 Bacchus is dancing,
 Pegasus prancing,
But the morning stars still sing their song.

Hark, we hear the angels calling
To every nation in all lands—
 Orion is kneeling,
 Chiron is healing,
Just by laying on his hands.

Lo, the gates of heaven are opening,
To let earth's ignorant children in—
 Angels are hoping,
 Sinners are voting,
For a life that is freed from sin.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Oh, these terrible black clouds that lie across my
 way!
When will they break asunder and show me the
 light of day?
And, oh, this leaden weight that is crushing me
 with its might!
Shall I ever be able to stay the fiend in this un-
 equal fight?

To-day I held the mastery o'er Satan and his throng,
To-night I yield the conflict although he's here alone,
To-morrow's fight will spill the blood of virtues great and grand,
Then I hope to slay the vices by the help of the angel band.

Ah, such is life, to-day we sail on clouds of fleecy
To-night in bitter agony the very dust we bite ;
To-morrow we go to battle and slay the good and just,
While the wicked are left to revel in their unholy lust.

This morn I plucked a lovely rose and twined it in my hair,
At noon it began to droop and die, tho' it was passing fair ;
To-night it lies at my very feet, a faded and lifeless thing,
But I know its fragrance has gone above to where the angels sing.

THE WIDOW'S FIFTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY

Long years have passed since I first saw the light,
And I can scarcely tell where they have flown ;
My sun seems setting in rainbow tints so bright,
It seems the grave with flowers must be strewn.

No roseate morn shone on my early life,
For I was born a sickly little elf,
And worst of all, I was unwelcome here,
For even God did not consult himself.

To know if I would like to live or no,
But in my childhood hours I found *some* joys
As fleeting as the balmy morning dew,
While here and there I gathered up my toys.

In early youth I lived my life alone,
A wanderer here and there in nature's halls,
Seeking companionship in tree and stone,
Or in the waves that beat against their walls.

How like myself those restless waves appeared,
As ever and anon they beat their breast,
And tried to leap above their fountain head,
Then settled back in an unquiet rest.

At noon a darkling cloud obscur'd my way,
My hungering spirit tried to pierce the mist,
It beat against its earthly prison walls,
But angels waved it back and would not list.

Oh, how I prayed that God would rend the cloud
That I might thro' the cleft behold *one* ray
Of spirit light, but as I humbly bowed
The cloud grew thicker and blocked up my way.

Lo, then I prostrate fell, weary and faint I cried
To heaven for light, for hope's lone star had set,
Which, until then, had been my soul's true guide,
And whose fair glory I could not forget.

To keep want from my door I struggled hard,
And harder still to keep my frenzy down,
E'en midnight labors brought me no reward;
I bore my cross and wore my thorny crown.

In vain I bore my cross up Calvary's hill,
And wore the thorny crown upon my way,
For faith was dead, and joy had flown at will,
And I was left alone to grope and pray.

I pray'd for strength in vain, I pray'd for light,
But selfishness withheld them both from me ;
Behind the cloud those golden words shone bright
From God's own throne, "Praise waiteth here
for thee."

Alone I pray'd, while angels stood and smil'd,
Not at my agony or thorny way,
But at the birth of one poor sorrowing child,
Who pleads with them for just one little ray.

At last I heard a voice from out the depths
Saying, "Arise, my child, cast off thy shoes,
If thou wouldst wisdom choose make now thy
choice,
But with much wisdom you must sorrow
choose."

I wavered then—could I more sorrow brook ?
Weary and worn I stood before the cloud—
I had no faith to trust the hand I took—
I stood erect ; unto no creed I bow'd.

In darkness then, I stood before the throne,
Wisdom and grief, twin sisters, stood afar ;
Pleasure and folly beckon'd me to come,
And said my pleasures ne'er a grief should mar.

I courted wisdom, but dark grief repell'd
For misery had ever been my fate,
Against all tutor'd knowledge I rebell'd,
But wisdom is science born of truths innate.

Much as I wished for wisdom from above,
I had no strength to brook her sister, grief ;
I begged for faith and hope and charity,
For these, with wisdom, sure would bring relief.

I bowed me then before the sovereign throne
And begged the eternal powers to choose for
me ;

While thus I bowed my soul poured forth a moan
Which rent the cloud and left my spirit free.

Lo, then I faintly touch'd the golden harp
Which prophets and poets and bards have tuned
for all

Who have the power to reconcile the heart
To all the ills that human life befall.

Tears brought relief, but pleasure mocked at me,
While wisdom took my hand and raised me up
And pointed out my future destiny,
Yet holding to my lips the bitter cup.

I drank it up and tho' it bitter seem'd,
It proved a healthy balm and strengthen'd me,
The light of life's elixir in it gleamed,
Pointing the way to a higher destiny.

'Twas then my guardian did new power lend,
While wisdom taught me out of nature's book,
Yet said to classic lore I should not bend
But o'er the cycles of the ages look.

And as I looked the darkness fled away,
The glory of the morn shone bright and fair,
Ignorance and bigotry had had their day,
And wisdom's wand was set with diamonds
rare.

Which, as she dips in time's swift rolling years,
Robs death of its malignant hated sting,
Will banish victory from the welcome grave,
And peace and joy to all on earth will bring.

So, as the years have passed, they've paved my
way

With a prophetic light that is born of truth ;
And age shall find its youth again for aye,
Clothed in the garments of perpetual youth.

And now I own 'tis pleasant to be here,
Tho' my spirit longs to reach its home above,
To meet my kindred and my loved ones there,
And bask with them in heaven's flowery grove.

ETERNITY, ROLL ON

Roll on, roll on, ye mystic years, roll on,
Unfold the secrets which are hidden yet
In the eternal laws of God's great plan,
Where time his signs has set.

Peal on, peal on, ye truths of nature's might,
Send back your echoes to the squalid past,
And then look forward to the radiant light
Where all *must* stand at last.

Dash on, dash on, ye shining orbs, dash on,
Perform your cycles with unerring zeal,
O'er the unremembered ages yet unknown,
For life's eternal weal.

Smile on, ye suns of awful might, smile on,
And dip your beams in streams of living rays,
Flooding the uncreated time to come
With your mysterious ways.

Flow out, flow out, ye streams of bloody gore,
And satisfy the gods that warp our fates,
Ye miscompute the lives that evermore
Waste even to heaven's gates.

Wave high, ye gods, your banners of golden lore,
And sweep away all creedal priests and bonds,
Set firm your flagstaff on the eternal shore
Of heaven's unmeasured grounds.

Drink deep, ye souls of endless life, drink deep,
From nature's pure and never-failing fount,
The redeeming glory of your power to keep,
While you ascend the mount.

Stand high, stand high, on Zion's holy mount,
And sound thy trump of joy to worlds afar,
Give them to drink from life's pure living fount,
That they thy wisdom share.

A WAIL FROM THE UNFORTUNATE

The clouds are gathering thick above my head,
All damp and cold the night is closing in,
And yet I find no place to lay my head,
For lo, my mortal life is stained with sin.

And tho' the Christ has risen, he comes not
To say to me as did the Christ of old :
"Neither do I condemn thee ; sin no more,"
Nor lead me with his flock up to his fold.

What shall I do, add blackened crime to sin,
And stain my hand with blood of innocence,
Or shall I seek the river and plunge in,
Or seek the poison cup in God's defiance ?

Shall I make clean the outside of the platter,
And thereby shun the taunts of human hate,
Or shall I listen to hate's gibberish chatter,
And leave the last great judgment to my fate ?

I will be strong in purpose and in will,
And bare my breast to catch the flaming sword
Aimed at my soul with the intent to kill,
And ope my ears to hear hate's taunting words.

But where shall I go, where shall I lay my head,
Sleep on the cold, cold ground this bitter night,
With nothing for my pillow but a stone;
Oh, *can I live* to see the morning light?

But God, who tempers winds to the shorn lamb,
Will care for me, if not then let me die
Here on the street all freezing and alone,
With none to shed a tear or heave a sigh.

Well, Christians always told me "God is love,"
And so I know he will draw near to me,
And mercy will unlock her bolted doors
To let the pinioned sinbound soul go free.

If God should say, "Depart, I know you not,"
He cannot justly take my child from me;
I know he'll let me bear it on my breast
Thro the long ages of eternity.

Curse him, *no, never*, he is not to blame,
'Twas woman's love, stronger than death itself,
That prompted me to do this deed of shame,
And as God lives, I'll bear the blame myself.

Love my child? go ask the drooping flower
If it loves the evening dew it cannot see;
Go ask the bird in yonder shady bower
If it loves the tiny nestlings yet to be.

Go ask the sunbeam in the valley green
If it loves the little flower it stoops to kiss;
Go ask the breeze that skims the water's shore
If it loves the water lily it doth caress.

Go ask the matron in her palace home
If mother nature is more true to her,
And gives her mother's heart a deeper love
Than God imparts to the lone wanderer.

Go ask the bride before the altar there,
Clothed in her satin robe of richest folds,
And bridal veil with orange wreath so fair,
If she loves him who by the hand she holds.

Am I cast in a meaner, humbler mould?
Too low to love, and yet too high to hate
Aught save the price of virtue bought and sold—
Too low to love aught save a perfect mate?

Well now, most righteous judge, come take my
hand,
And lead me up before thy gilded throne,
I'm anxious to receive thy just command,
That sends me to perdition or says Come.

THIS SILVERY HAIR

In old Golconda's mines there is no gold
So vastly rich as is this slender cord,
All silvered o'er with freighted years untold,
As it twines around the throne of reason's lord.

This silvery hair was bought with the price of
years
Of grief and pain and unrequited toil,
Bathed at the baptismal fount of scalding tears,
Tried in the test of pestilential fears.

Yet it bears the shades of lilies pure and white—
Sweet emblems fair of some forthcoming joy—
Oh, may it serve as guide to peace and right,
And heavenly joys unmixed with earth's alloy.

No richer boon could to my soul be given
Than this bright waymark of the coming life;
It stands as mile-stone on the way to heaven,
Cleansed from all dross by earthly pain and
strife.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Friend after friend we thought sincere
Have proven false and left us lone,
And oft we've shed the silent tear
As cords were broken one by one.

Not more than twelve have proven true
To friendship's pure unselfish claims,
And those we treasure far above
The richest, rarest diadems.

Nor can we dote on all of these
Since Christ could only boast of eleven,
Indeed we would not be surprised
To only find the Jewish seven.

And e'en among the eleven was one
Who came with smiles and oily tongue,
And whom e'en Jesus could not see
As he stood there amid the throng.

A worse than Peter was this one,
This Judas of the olden times,
Tho' ancient as the Hebrew's song
He marches on thro' creedal lines.

And sits to-day 'neath costly domes,
Beneath tall spires that point to heaven,
While Peter his great sin bemoans,
Judas still lurks among the eleven.

And so we still expect to find
Peter and Judas among the few,
We thought sincere, for we are blind
Till hidden springs are brought to view.

Tis very hard to doubt a friend
Who clasps our hand with earnest zeal,
On whom we think we can depend
In times of woe as well as weal.

And yet we have so often felt
A Judas kiss upon our cheek,
And with a Peter we have knelt,
Who us denied within a week.

That we have almost broken faith
With sunny smile and pleasant nod,
And iron grip of hand that saith
I want you for my present good.

ONE BY ONE

One by one our footprints vanish
From the sands of long ago,
One by one are memories banished
From our hearts by weal or woe.

One by one our moments hasten
Into dim visions of the past,
One by one are fountains opened,
Each one different from the last.

One by one the angels meet us
With a balm for every tear,
One by one the bright lights greet us
From the future heavenly sphere.

One by one the sands are running
Thro' the glass we cannot turn;
One by one our thoughts are turning
To the lessons yet to learn.

One by one we're passing over
To that bright and flowery plain;
One by one the angels guide us;
One by one we'll meet again.

One by one cold hands are folded;
One by one our footsteps cease;
One by one are spirits moulded
By His hand to stern decrees.

One by one earth's bonds are broken,
And the pinioned soul goes free;
One by one the words are spoken,
"Come ye weary, rest with me."

MY WINTER GARDEN

Dame Nature last night while I was asleep
Carried me off to the land of dreams,
She led the way over oceans deep
And I gathered strength from the golden
beams,
That were poured over bright Italian plains
By the tropical sun of that beautiful clime,
Laden with odors from fragrant moors
Embalmed with the touch of a hand divine.

As if by magic while I was away
A mystical garden was grown for me ;
The flowers were blooming as lovely as May,
All laden with silver they seemed to be,
Here's a beautiful bed of ten-week stock
And here the momordea trails its vines,
Here grows the little forget-me-not,
And here the delicate cypress twines.

And here the cactus with stately leaves
Lifts its crowned head from the vale below,
Here a lofty palm is bowed by the breeze,
Close by the side of the glistening snow.
And here's a bed of beautiful ferns,
The loveliest bed in the garden, I ween
They have drifted in from my childhood bowers,
Of which naught is left but a sacred dream.

And here lies a leaf from an oaken tree
Which has floated in from some oaken glen,
And here the wild flag is growing free
As it does in nature's deserted fen.
And here stands a rose-tree covered with leaves,
Some are turned back and some fearfully torn,
As if't had been shaken by a chilling breeze
Of December's cold breath, with a touch of
scorn.

As true as life there's a woman's face,
Peeping out from the crystalized bowers,
Tho' her form is hid neath the glistening lacc,
Her face is as fair as the silvery flowers.
But a fatal simoon has come and gone
And breathed on my garden its heated breath
That withered my flowers one by one
With a magical wand surcharged with death.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF G. W. HASTINGS,
TO M. M. SISCO

By Mrs. Samuel Sunderland.

Out of the darkness into the light,
I in true beauty have taken my flight,
And from my home so pure and so lovely,
I have come to you, cousin, to-night.

Sweet is the life that fears not our answers
As we approach from the bright world of bliss,
Often I come and on your loved forehead
Imprint my true love in affection's warm kiss.

You are yet to win greatest of glories,
From the bright angels that come near you
each day
To tell you of heaven and all ancient stories,
Of the realms where we go the world says, if
we pray.

But I passed on and without that achievement
I reached the bright home that awaited me
there,
And as a brave soldier that's resting from battle
I stand with bright angels both loving and fair.

You will the same have a bright home in heaven,
Ever so bright for the good works you've done;
'Tis your works that will give you the brightest
of mansions,
When death yield unto you the crown you
have won.

Sweetest of hours I have often passed with you
Dearest of cousins, so noble in mind,
Beautiful angels come oft to impress you
With the great truths that you some day will
find.

For which ere a year has rolled its time o'er you,
You will be given due praises in song,
Give all the grand truths with which they impress
you,
And all of the honors are yours when they're
won.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME
At Marshalltown, Iowa.

Three hundred and fifty human souls
Dwell in this beautiful soldiers' home,
Embellished with beautiful trees and flowers,
O'ershadowed by heaven's blue-arched dome.

Three hundred and fifty lone, wrecked souls
Stand on the shores of time's low ebb,
All bereft of tender and loving ties,
With no brilliant shades in life's dark web.

Three hundred and fifty hearts beat low,
With never a thrill at the touch of hands,
Three hundred and fifty wonder how
A note would sound from angelic bands.

Three hundred and fifty lonely hearts
Hunger in vain for the love of a child,
And they list in vain mid the crowded marts
For the silvery laugh, rollicking wild.

Three hundred and fifty tongues lisp no more
The loving words they were wont to speak
To a mother or sister, or wife, or child,
Ere their manly pulse grew tired and weak.

Seven hundred trembling and weary hands
Fall listless down by their master's side,
Seven hundred tired, faltering feet
Over the threshold noiselessly glide.

Seven hundred longing and time bleer'd eyes
Look hopelessly back o'er love's dead waste,
Then look ahead to the coming days,
When each hungering soul shall meet its mate.

When they, too, shall walk in the summerland,
Freed from the thoughts of that terrible war,
Where they suffered and bled, a united band,
For the liberty tyranny could not mar.

Seven hundred ears have long listed the sound
Of voices heard in the days gone by,
When each youthful heart with love did bound,
And their breast heaved not with a hopeless
sigh.

They have given their health, they have given
their all,
To snatch human souls from a viper's fangs,
They responded freely to their country's call,
And exchanged hope and love for war's dread
pangs.

But America's sons have done their best
To prepare good homes for our war blighted
men,
Where their shattered bodies may wait and rest,
Yet those homes are charnel houses, I ken.

Debased by the claims of their obdurate minds,
Their manhood has fled and their virtues are
gone—
They have tarnished the crown that war's glory
wins,
But 'twill brighten again in the life to come.

TO THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH

My friend, I stand by your side once more,
Take my poor lone hand in your own,
And lead me down to the shady shore
Of that silvery lake where we used to roam
For I long to look on the rippling waves,
As they lave the shore where our feet have
trod,
Tho' strange feet now crush the autumn leaves,
As they fall on the faded yet sacred sod.
Tho' strange hands gather the nuts so brown,
And strange hands gather the lilies fair,
Let us sit on the shore near the dear old home
And for one brief hour forget grief and care.
And now, dear one, bathe my throbbing brow
With cooling drops from the lakelet's breast,
Oh press me, dear, to your own heart now,
And here for one moment let me rest.
Let me pillow my head once more on thy breast,
And list once more to thy beating heart—
Oh grant as a boon this one last request,
Just for one sweet moment and then we must
part.

Let the pent-up fountains of sorrow flow
O'er the burning altar of love's dead waste,
And mix with the sparkling waves below
As they sweetly sing us their songs of the past.

Kiss my lips again as in days that are gone,
Smooth back the hair from my wrinkled brow,
Now call me again your own loved one,
And now fare-thee-well, for I must go.

But stay, I must ask for one more kiss,
Will you lay your hand once more in mine,
Press me once more to your loving breast,
Then we'll part again for the last last time.

But as we stand on eternity's side,
By ebb and flow of life's waters divine,
We'll find the crucible where was tried
The love that was yours, and the love that was mine.

MY GUARDIAN SPIRIT

A voice comes floating from spirit realms,
Whose precious music thrills my very soul,
Its tones are those of an undying love,
Which point me toward the final goal.

I feel a presence rare around me thrown
That cheers my flagging spirit on its way,
'Tis a soft zephyr from the heavenly home,
Its robes are gilded with eternal day.

It parts with unseen fingers my silvery hair,
And bathes my clouded brow with truth and
light;

Tells me of heavenly scenes so bright and fair,
Until my spirit longs to take its flight.

It bears to me the olive-branch of peace,
And spans my path with rainbow tinted rays,
It bids the surging waves of care to cease,
And as it did of old, "The sea obeys."

It draws aside the veil and bids me look
On the ambrosial fields of truth and love;
It turns for me each leaf in nature's book,
And teaches lessons from the courts above.

It is my teacher from the great eternal,
And as it hovers o'er each earthly day,
It brings me hopes and joys that are supernal,
Then takes my hand and leads me on my way.

And as I feel the pressure of that hand,
I know the sacred voice is true to me,
It leaves for me the rest of its bright band,
The pearls it brings no human eye can see.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

Weary of asking what I ought to be,
I stand upon my vessel, and looking back
O'er the wake it leaves upon the sea,
I see no joy upon its lonely track.

This dreary voyage is all the world to me,
For as I hold the helm in my weak hand,
I look above the waters of the sea,
And there behold a bright and glorious band.

The leader of that bright and happy band
 Bends down and lays his hand upon my helm,
Steering my life-boat toward the summer-land,
 And says I'll find my joys in that bright realm.

And so I look beyond for joy and peace,
 Knowing the darkness soon will turn to light,
Knowing each hungering soul will find a feast
 Of truth and joy in the eternal right.

But as my soul looks out upon life's strand,
 Barque after barque I see upon life's coast,
Some move as if by heavenly breezes fanned,
 And some as if by mountain waves are tossed.

Some sail as in the light of heavenly bliss,
 But dark and threatening clouds are hovering
 nigh,
And Oh! I shudder lest a Judas' kiss
 May break the glittering spell, and bring a
 sigh.

And some are stranded on the shoals of error,
 The very grip of Satan holds them fast,
And as they look they see life's perfect mirror
 In their torn sails and broken spars and masts.

And as each life-boat glideth o'er the sea,
 The struggle is a fearful one at best,
For they cannot see the eternal powers that be,
 And that their helms by other hands are
 press'd.

And so they pray as did the Christ of old,
 That the bitter cup—mixed by another's hand
May pass—and leave them nought but shining
 gold
 To make their earthly life supremely grand.

They cannot see beyond their cross a crown,
For Moses' veil is still before their eyes,
And the holy book the angel's seal hath bound,
Which leaves their visions fettered by earthly
ties.

IF WE KNEW

If we knew what life will bring us,
When by mother's knee we stand,
If we knew the thorny by-ways
Stretching o'er life's desert strand,
If we knew what life will bring us,
On life's moaning, untried sea,
When we climb the hill for chestnuts,
Or watch the birdling yet to be,
Could we see our heart's love frozen,
And hope's fountain running low,
No trusting faith in one we've chosen,
While to fate's decree we bow,
Would we sit in childhood's sunshine,
And long for manhood's freighted dreams,
Or reck the cloudless sky of sometime,
Will be laden with bright gleams,
Wafting in from time's great chambers
All the lines of hope's ideal,
Would we in our little trundle
Push aside the bright home's seal,
And sigh for something grander, greater,
Than a mother's own true love
Given to us by our Creator,
From His fount of endless love?
But thro' childhood's glowing sunbeams,
Not a cloud appears in sight,
So we reck not of their rising,

While the home-light lingers bright.
We see not love's broken heart-strings
Quivering in domestic strife,
Nor the grief his waning light flings
O'er the thorny path of life.
So we bask in childhood's beauties,
Free from all domestic grief,
For our father and our mother
Know this happiness is brief.
So we start upon life's pathway
Unprepared for rocks or shoals,
With no landmarks on life's highway
Pointing out life's hidden folds.

AT MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME

I stand beside a lovely little lake
That's nestled down among the great high
hills,
And as I gaze upon its beauties rare
My soul with rapture thrills,
And I exclaim,
Oh who can look upon this lovely scene
And not proclaim
The love and goodness of the great Supreme!
I gaze above the waters of the lake,
And piles on piles of fleecy clouds I see,
All moulded into bright and beautiful forms
And gliding toward the sea.
I look across upon the other shore
And there I find a rich and glorious feast,
A landscape covered o'er
With lovely farms and cottages of peace,

And grand old hills stand towering toward the
skies

In their majestic beauty.

And far above the hills great trees still rise

Like sentinels on duty.

The sky above my head serene and fair,

Brings peace and joy to me.

I doubt if Italy boast a scene more fair

Or beautiful to see.

Oh, who can look upon a scene like this

And curse this little earth

Because it brings to them no mortal bliss

Because from birth

They have been blind to all that's grand and
good.

For shining gold

Has furnished them with their much needed-
food

And left this wealth untold.

And as they feed upon their glittering husks

No happiness they find;

Their griefs and sorrows are beyond the ken

Of human kind.

Yet they persist in sitting at this feast

That satisfieth not;

Beltshazzar's feast it is, to say the least

In this bright spot.

For is this not a Babylonian age?

In which we live.

We thrust aside the wise and ancient sage

And will not receive

The truths he carved for us from nature's lore

In ages past.

But as we view the facts for us in store

We stand aghast;

For, lo, the time will come when all mankind

Must lay aside this love of dross.

And look with scorn upon the glittering bands
That bind them to the cross.
And when we break the chains that bind us down
To our idolatry
We shall behold the lovely flowers that crown
The earth with beauty.
Then happiness we'll find upon this earth ;
This lovely earth of ours,
Which is the real mother of our birth,
All draped with flowers,
That must bear fruits to satisfy the tastes
Of human needs
And bid the searching fire of truth lay waste
To all our creeds.

THE LIFE OF A DEWDROP

I was born in the boundless ocean deep,
And for ages I lay in its depths asleep,
But at length I was waked by its fearful roar,
And I looked around on a beautiful store
Of corals and shells and diamonds bright,
And sea-weeds begemmed with pearls pure and
white,
Which were scattered around on my wide ocean
bed,
As silent and still as though they were dead.
As I looked about on my beautiful home,
My kindred drops greeted me one by one,
And they raised me up from my sea-shell home,
To ride in joy on a crest of foam,
That crowned the head of a bright blue wave,
Which bore me along toward a cold dark cave,
Where it dashed me upon a cold, gray stone,
And left me to moan my fate all alone.

But soon there came down a warm bright ray,
To the very rock on which I lay,
And it took me up to the bright blue sky,
To ride on the clouds so high, O so high,
That I dare not look down for fear I should fall,
And dash me in pieces against some wall,
So I looked above toward the bright sun's rays,
As I rode along in a light misty haze.

But as I rode high in the pride of my might,
A black heavy cloud impeded my flight,
And great drops of rain much stronger than I,
Drew me into their arms as we sailed through
the sky,
But soon I grew tired of riding on air,
I trembled with fear at the lightning's red glare,
And the thunder it shook me and caused me to
fall
In a clear little brooklet exceedingly small.

Then my bright shining kindred soon bore me
along
To a cool flowing river so mighty and strong
That I thought it would crush the life out of me
As it hurled me and twirled me along toward the
sea.
And as I flowed down 'tween the banks of the
Rhine,
I could see the great river was running on time,
And soon I should be in my seagirt home,
With the waves rolling over me one by one.

And then I thought, I will lie down and sleep
On a bright coral wreath in the ocean deep,
But ere I had reached my sparkling bed,
Again I was drawn to the sky overhead;

And there I drifted for days and days,
At the top of my speed in cold white haze,
But at length I came down in a dark cold stream,
And I said, "Is this life or a terrible dream?"

The stream bore me on so quiet and deep,
Had it not been so cold, 'twould have lulled me
to sleep,
But in a cold shiver I was plunged o'er some falls,
Which are called the Niagara, with great stony
walls.

And then I went down in a pit deep and cold,
The most terrible place I e'er did behold.
I plunged and I struggled and tried to get out,
But on finding I couldn't I gave a great shout.

But soon the swift waters bore me along
With the strength of a whirlwind so mighty and
strong,
To the waves that were capped with clouds of
foam,
Where the icebergs were glistening in the sun,
And the bright tinted rainbow arched my way,
For the sunbeams were dancing light and gay,
But the wind blew upon me and froze my breath,
And I said to myself, "O, is this death?"

And there I lay for half a year,
And not one of my kindred e'er shed a tear.
For they too were wrapped in a glittering fold
Of December's mantle all white and cold.
But at length there came a warm gentle breeze
From the sunny south and its beautiful seas,
And it gave me a kiss and said will you come
And go with me to my bright, sunny home?

Then it took me up on its fond loving breast,
Where for once in my life I found some rest,
And it bore me along so quiet and still
On the mists of the morn to a bright flowing rill,
Which flowed along to a cool bubbling spring,
Where morning and eve the orioles sing,
And bright little children come to play,
To while their bright happy hours away.

But I had not rested long in this place
Before there came a fair young face,
And looking on me she took me up
In a little golden shimmering cup,
To cool her fond sister's feverish lips,
And send new life to her finger tips.
But after long weary years of toil and strife,
I am proud to know that my mission is life.

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

The clock strikes twelve. Another year is dead
And gone to mingle with its kindred years;
Yet all unlike so many that have fled
It fell asleep devoid of groans or tears.

Ah, peaceful death! No raging storm without
Tells that a pain torments the Old Year's
breast;

Not a silent tear is shed by Mother Earth
As she folds the Old Year in her arms to rest.

To tell us how meekly she transmits to fate
The eternal keeping of her last fond child
As it is ushered thro' Time's gilded gate,
Where Mercy holds her reign so calm and
mild.

The clock strikes twelve, each shimmering
stroke proclaims

An ill or well spent year of human life,
And as we read each page of loss and gains,
Do we find peace and joy or woe and strife

Written upon the moments that have fled
In quick succession on Progression's score?
Some new invention, thriving where darkness led
Along the path of Lethe's mazy shore,

Which comes to the front crowned with a golden
crest,

Won as by magic from years that wooed the
light
That had to yield to death their quickened zest,
Regardless of their hopes, to reach their right.

The clock strikes one, another year is born
The moment that the old year's light goes out,
Holding within its hand a golden horn
Filled with new glories which no king may
flout.

It holds within its breast Progression's needs,
Clothed in fair Evolution's tinselled veil,
And sows all kingdoms with prolific seeds,
Clothed in the armor of Time's knighted mail.

Then, shall we murmur at the Great Supreme,
When with the plan of each successive birth
The light is growing steadily, and each gleam
Unfolds some potent factor to our earth,

Some new invention wrought with blood of men,
Which ignorance would strangle at its birth
Did not some power supreme hold it in ken
Until its worth is manifest to earth.

The clock strikes one. We glory in the death
Of each successive year as it rolls round,
Knowing each year will yield its hampered
breath
To some new factor with new glories crowned.

And so, old year, we bid you a fond good-night
While we wrap with tender hands the babe
just born
In swaddling bands of untried mystic light,
Yet knowing each fair rose conceals its thorn.

Knowing that each reform has found its birth
In the death of something that was good and
true ;
A whole year lost or a loved one crucified
For sacred truths which genius holds in view.

TO MY SISTER

Yes, Sister, we all are weaving a web
And spinning the threads, I trow,
And they all are colored by our words and our
deeds
Of the far-away past and the now.

The woof is tinted with blue and gold
Of childhood's early morn,
And the beautiful gleams of a love untold
Ere our feet with briars were torn.

In youth come the hues of the amber sheaf,
The richest of all, I wean,
The tender green of the golden leaf,
But the warp has a darker sheen.

In riper years come the lurid shades,
Reflected back from life's morn,
Which throws a shade o'er the sunniest glade
And pierces each brow with a thorn.

Then comes a narrow stripe of gray,
All shaded down to white,
And we close our eyes on the rainbow tints
As we grope along toward the light.

The tints of the woof we are weaving in
To this beautiful web of life
Can not be counted for the din
Of contention and sorrow and strife.

But the "*Great I Am*" is counting the shades
As we weave them one by one,
Tho' the warp is his, the woof is ours,
When the heavenly robe is done.

DESPAIR OF THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE

Oh, to-night my heart is breaking,
Will some angel touch its strings,
Can I wait for morn's chill waking
And the fate that daylight brings?

Will the cords have snapped asunder
When the east is glowing bright,
Will these lips be cold, I wonder,
Ere the dusky shades of night?

Will these weary hands be folded
O'er a cold and pulseless breast,
Will the cold grave soon be holding
This frail form in quiet rest?

Angels, tune your harp-strings gently
Lest like heart-strings they may break,
And their quivering notes come faintly
To the soul they may not wake.

But, behold! the morn is breaking
Thro' the eastern heavenly gate,
And my pulses still are beating,
Be strong, my soul, awake! awake!

WHAT ARE YE?

O, ye, who stand within the pearly gates, -
Look if ye can upon this sin-cursed age
And then enjoy your heavenly charms so bright,
And swear them pure and free from earthly
blight.

Can ye stand there robed in your shining dress
And look upon your brothers in distress,
And swear by the eternal powers that be
That ye care naught for human misery?

And if ye care for earthly agony,
As ye look down through all eternity,
Can ye be happy in your heavenly home
And shower praises on the holy One?

Do ye not catch at times some earthly wail
As it floats out upon the midnight gale
From the low, sinking, sin-sick human soul,
As it goes down while striving for the goal?

And as ye bask within your heavenly light
Are ye quite sure that ye are in the right?
Or have ye left some of your crosses here
For some unselfish, faithful soul to bear?

Did ye on earth put on the holy sandals
And in your heart of hearts defy all scandals;
Live true to Nature and to Nature's God,
Or did ye crouch and cower beneath the rod?

Did ye stand fast to all that's good and true,
In spite of what the world might say of you,
Or in your weakness did ye shirk God's truth
And thereby scatter wide the joys of youth?

And as ye walked adown Life's thorny way
Did ye not pick the flowers that fade and die
Instead of digging gems from 'neath the mould
To weave into your crown of shining gold?

OVER-PRODUCTION

Over-production! I start at the sound,
'Tis the trashiest word that ever was found;
Search Hebrew and Greek and Latin and French,
No word can be found that has caused such a
 stench

Of boodling lies and scorpion stings,
As are hidden in folds of monopoly's wings,
For the Shylocks have bought the press, church
 and state,
While willing labor begs at each gate.

Over-production's a libel, I say,
Though the shelves in all stores are piled very
 high,
And over-production makes every one try
To sell us their wares when they know we can't
 buy.

Though we need very much for the house and the
barn,
And clothing is wanted for figures forlorn,
Try hard as we may to make both ends meet,
Our rent may fail, then we're turned on the street.

There's the cow to feed and the chickens to keep,
Three pairs of shoes needed for six little feet,
And though Mae is modest, and does not com-
plain,
I watch her in silence and grief and pain.

Oh, my dear little Mae, who stood by my side,
Just twelve years ago a beautiful bride,
How little I thought t'would e'er come to this,
That to save me a little she would turn her last
dress.

First wrong side out, then upside down,
With never so much as the smirk of a frown,
Then hindside before, just by piercing a gore:
It makes my heart's blood stand still at the core.

Over-production! just look at this hat,
'Tis faded and greasy, but what of that?
It covers my head, so I don't care a curse,
But the holes in my shoes are ten times worse.

My pant-legs are both worn thro' at the knees,
My elbows are out of both coat sleeves,
My socks have holes at the heels and the toes,
A dollar a day won't buy food and clothes.

Patch, did you say? They won't hold a patch,
And yet I am not the worst chick in the hatch,
For many who are willing to work have to tramp,
And sleep on the ground in the cold and the clamp.

I work very hard, but try as I may,
I can't keep my family on a dollar a day,
For labor is shackled and bound to the stake.
Waiting for Uncle Sam to throw open the gate.

ST. JOHN'S SECOND VISION OF HEAVEN

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
"Uttered or unexpressed."

As I lay on my couch asleep one night,
I dream'd two angels stood by my side,
Their robes seem'd made of shining light,
And their faces glow'd with stately pride.

And as each one took me by the hand,
They said, "We are here as your spirit guide,
Come, go with us to the summer land,
The gates of heaven are open wide."

So they took my hands and they led me on,
Through gay parterres and shady nooks,
Through forest bower and rugged glens,
O'er flowery field, by sparkling brooks.

We seem'd to fly on the wings of the night,
All beset with stars of hope and love,
Which wafted us on toward that home of light,
Where everything should in harmony move.

At last they came to a winding stair,
That led the way up to heaven's gate;
The way was embossed with flowers rare,
That would yield perfume at every step.

And the gateway was arched with lovely flowers,
Flowers from every bower and clime,
And on either side were lovely bowers,
That were interwoven with odors divine.

And I wished that I might stop and rest
In the bowers outside of heaven's gate,
But as I expressed my wish to my guides
They said, "Alas, we cannot wait."

So they ushered me in before my God,
Who sat on his throne, his face all askew ;
He grasped in his hand his iron rod,
But he said, on looking, "Why, John, is that
you?"

Then he came straight down from his throne of
grace,
And as he looked me square in the face,
He said, "I suppose that you want to see all—
From the golden streets to the jasper wall."

And so he led me on and on,
Till we came to the center of heaven's dome,
And there he stopped by a little hole,
About the size of a common bowl.

And as we stood by the side of that hole
(About the size of a common bowl)
The Lord said, "John, get down on your knees,
And see what you can see, if you please."

And as I looked 'way down in the hole,
Which, at the top, was so very small,
It was at the bottom so very wide,
That it covered the earth on either side.

I could see that it was morning there,
For the earth was aglow with beauties rare,
And I wondered how many days had passed
Since I on the earth had looked my last.

And while I was kneeling, as if in prayer,
The Lord said, "John, put down your ear,
And hear what a terrible earthly moan
Comes up every day to the great white throne."

Well, I listened, and such a medley of prayer
I never heard as came up there;
'Twas when the north and south were at war,
And all were standing before the bar

Pleading with God to help them through,
For they *all* were right. He very well knew,
So each side prayed for aid from on high
To lead them on to victory.

And then there were private prayers a score,
That came up from beneath the closet door;
Some were good and some were bad,
But they made their prayers of the stuff they had.

One fair maid was praying with vim
That her hair which was all falling out would
grow in,
And hang round her brow in beautiful curls,
That she might outshine all other girls.

And there was one—old Deacon Knapp—
He prayed for this and he prayed for that;
And as he prayed he wondered why
His fishes of gold were such small fry.

And one old saint always prayed for the poor,
He had of gold twelve thousand and more,
But if his tenants failed to pay rent
Out in the cold they were always sent.

One prayed that his neighbor's cow might die,
Because the old creature was so sly;
She would let down the fence and then walk in,
And the way she tangled his grain was a sin.

And one wee little son of Ham
Prayed that his father was some other man,
And that his mother would never scold,
And thereby keep him out in the cold.

All prayed that God would stay the tide
That would carry them over to the other side,
Tho' they said their lives were of little worth,
Compared with the great and heavenly birth.

Still, life is sweet to every man,
All like to live on earth who can,
But, nevertheless, thy will be done,
Father, Holy Ghost and Son.

Then God took my hand and raised me up,
And he said was there ever another cup
So filled with vinegar and gall,
As the one they pass me through this hole?

Were ever the devils in hell so abused,
As I when of making such fools I'm accused;
And is there in space a hotter hell
Than the heaven in which I am forced to dwell?

Then he wiped the sweat from his Lordly brow,
Drops of blood running down to the ground, you
 know,
As it did when on earth he was crucified.
Where, between two thieves, he groaned and
 died.

THE MOTHER OF GOD

The Saviour's mother was only a woman,
 A woman only in body and soul;
Like *all* women of earth she was only human,
 Her wonderful motherhood perfect and whole.

Overshadowed by holy love divine,
 As every woman might be to-day,
Were she free to bow at nature's shrine
 In her own good time and identity.

But selfish passions vile and profane
 Impede the growth of the beautiful mind—
Impede all progress toward every gain,
 And leave love lame and deaf and blind.

And he stumbles and falls o'er the rubbish of
 years,
While trying to free his hampered wings,
And to free his eyes from the blinding tears,
 As he lists to the notes Aphrodite sings.

Has woman never the right to choose
 The man who has ever the power to thrill
Her spirit, and not that power abuse,
 That he with nectar her life may fill?

All life, all hope, all happiness,
Woman holds e'en now in her palsied hand,
And she alone can have power to bless
All of the God there is in man.

Give woman the truths of her innate life,
And every man a Saviour will be,
Then we'll need no clergy with sermons rife
To pave our paths to eternity.

For all men will walk forth true gods in their
might,
And better still than the great Nazarene,
For *themselves* they will *save* as gods of right,
While woman they'll crown as a loyal queen.

With the crown of virtue and truth and love,
Bespangled with gems from her quickened life,
And in beauty's own bowers the bridegroom will
rove,
While the Godchild is pressed by a true lover's
wife.

BLASTED HOPES

I stand alone mid the crowded throng,
None list to my burdened heart's low moan ;
I measure the depths of the merriest song,
But its cadence is ever stifled and lone.

Love has woven no shade in my web of life,
Its tints are too costly for me to wear ;
Joy's silvery chords are muffled with strife,
Each echoing strain is laden with care.

For love is not love when its wings are clipped,
Or when bound too fast by the tyrant's chains,
And can only thrive when its arrows are dipped
In the nectar of life's responsive claims.

True blending can scarcely come, I ween,
When the soul is bowed neath the Master's rod,
Yet love's flickering light is sometimes seen
As a blessing sent late in life from God.

When the body has passed the noontide of life,
And the hair is silvered with age and care,
When the spirit is ready to speed its way
To its God and its home in a purer air.

Love sometimes comes as a beacon light
From the byways of earth or the spirit plains,
And takes our hand and leads us aright,
As our soul reaches out for its missing chains.

Long, long have I wearied of this struggle for
bread,
And this famine of heart and famine of soul,
By the Master's hand I would fain be led
Where waves of wisdom eternally roll.

For my heart grows weary, my soul grows weak
In this race which ever before me I see,
Until of the future I dare not speak,
Or think of the ultimate yet to be.

For my hopes have ever been dashed to earth,
And a reckless hand has shaken my faith,
Till the love I once craved holds nothing of worth
And *failure's* the only bright star in my wreath.

MY LOVER IS WAITING FOR ME

I looked and I saw the gates ajar
Of that beautiful summer land,
And within those gates stood, my lover fair,
One link in the glorious band.

His robes were made of purest white,
Well decked with purple and gold,
And on his brow was a crown of light,
But its splendor can never be told.

And hyaloid sandals were on his feet,
Just brought from the orient shore,
In which to walk the flowery streets
Of those beautiful plains evermore.

The angel of love passed gently her hand
Over his broad noble brow,
And the angel of promise held over the band
Her beautiful bright tinted bow.

The angel of hope knelt low at his feet,
And planted her anchor there,
And the angel of joy sang her music sweet,
Near the beautiful gates ajar.

The angel of peace had cleansed his soul
From the stains of sin and hate,
And the angel of mercy had left her sword
Outside of the beautiful gate.

And my bridegroom beckoned me to come,
And pillow my head on his breast,
Then he said, "Not yet can my true bride come
To the holy of holies and rest."

When the time is ripe for me to go,
I know he will lead me o'er,
And will fold me within his arms, and lo!
My spirit shall thirst no more.

AN INVOCATION TO THE GOD OF SLEEP

Oh, God of Sleep, come close my eyelids now,
My heart is sick and sore and needeth rest ;
Mine eyes are red with weeping, and my ears
Are almost sick of sounds. My hands at times
Almost refuse to labor, and my feet
Have walked too many weary miles ; my burdens
Have grown too heavy, and my strength is fast
Forsaking me ; my joyous hours are fled,
My smiles are weak mementos of the past,
Clothed in the sable robes of sighs and tears,
My head falls heavy on my aching breast.
My soul is weary and it pleads for rest ;
Then come, O God of Sleep, please make my bed
In some green shady nook where the low winds
Will pulsate to the touch of milder chords,
Or where the graceful weeping-willow dips ;
Her pale and slender fingers in the lake,
Where fairies dance, and where the moonbeams
play
O'er the still waters ; where can come no sound
Of human suffering and human woe,
For I have looked on mortal agony
Till I can brook no further sound of grief.
Then sing to me the low, sweet lull-a-by
Which once my mother sang. There, gently touch
My aching eyelids now, and
Let me sleep.

MOTHER GRUNDY DO BE QUIET

My dear Mother Grundy how is it you know
So much about every one's life,
When you care for naught but to make a big show
In the walks of your own daily life?

How is it you can see the inside and out,
And know all about every one's biz,
When the shams of society are turned wrongside
out,
You say you can tell by their phiz?

When a man and his wife have fought the good
fight,
You say it is wonderful queer,
And as you remember your own life is right,
You just put a small flea in each ear.

You say that his wife was jealous of him,
But she's not much to blame after all,
For tho he's genteel he's as ugly as sin,
And she is the venom of all.

When Cupid, by trying to shoot two at once,
Has broken his silver-washed bow,
You say that you wish it had been the rogue's
neck,
Because he'd two strings to his bow.

And when a young lady chances to get a new hat,
You wonder right off where she got it,
And your cheecks burn with shame, and your
heart goes pit-pat,
When told that her young lover bought it.

And if a young lady goes off on a trip,
You wonder, "What *has* she gone for?
"Oh, how she does dress, and flirt, the young flip,
"Most likely her beau has gone with her."

And if there chance to be a wedding in town,
You wonder "how many'll be there,
"If the bride gives her hand with a smile or a
frown,
"And if the groom's ugly or fair."

You say, "She's a flirt, the miserable thing.
"And he is quite rich, but a bore,
"To the four winds of heaven his wealth she will
fling,
"And then she'll be off with a whirl."

And now, "Mother Grundy," *do* tell us, we pray,
Is it you or your children that's fretting,
And are you aware by what you do say,
The keen edges of gossip you're whetting?

ANGEL GUESTS

Clothed in the shining robes of truth they come,
The spirits of the blest;
They tell us of our fair celestial home,
Sweet home of joyous rest.

They bring us flowers from a bright, roseate
clime,
Fresh from their dewy bowers,
So richly wrought with God's own hand divine,
With holy love and powers.

They often whisper in our listening ears,
Sweet words of sacred trust ;
They say our sorrows in a few short years
Will slumber neath the dust.

They sing their cheering songs to souls oppressed,
And lead them from their care,
Up to their banquet halls of happiness,
To hold communion there.

Oh, this communion, sweet with heavenly joys,
Fresh from the fount of life,
It sweeps across the free unfetter'd soul,
Divorced from earthly strife.

They talk to us of universal love,
While yet we live on earth,
But only when we dwell with those above,
We'll find the second birth.

They tell us in that summer land our food
Is never bought with gold,
Our robes are never bought with oppression's
blood,
To tarnish and grow old.

There love ne'er moans upon the fatal cross,
Nor drinks the bitter cup,
But it is cleansed from passion's sordid dross,
And drinks life's nectar up.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Out of the darkness into the light,
A woman walk'd forth with innocent grace,
Her countenance beam'd with intelligence bright,
Tho the marks of oppression she wore on her
face.

Yet in ignorant bliss she sauntered forth,
At the beck and the nod of her legal lord,
Tho' she often griev'd o'er her menial worth,
As she gazed on the chains that oppression had
forged.

How little she knew she was helping her lord
To forge closer the chains at which she re-
coil'd,
By meekly lamenting her lost womanhood,
As she gazed on the treadmill where she had
toiled.

And how little she knew of the sovereign law,
That who takes a serf's place will be treated as
such.
So she crawled at his feet with a feeling of awe,
And he gave her a slur as his garments she
touched.

Lo! then she arose in her strength and her pride;
Said she never was born to crawl at man's feet;
But that she might be equal was plucked from his
side,
And not from his head, nor yet from his feet.

And as she arose she could see in the east
The gray light of her morn was beginning to
dawn.
So with eyes dim with tears she gazed on the
crest
Which God lay at her feet to be wove in her
crown.

And as her sun rose in the bright social heavens,
It shone on her crown with its light waving
crest;
And it wither'd her chains till it snapped them
asunder,
While it left her in virtue and freedom to rest.

And, like Cassiopea, she'll soon wear a crown,
As she waits in the chamber of Cephios with
him.
Then she'll crush into atoms the monster that
bound
Bright Andromeda down to pollution and sin.
And then she'll go forth from the church and the
state,
Clothed in her robes of intelligence bright ;
For her manifold talents which once lay in wait,
Are beginning to shine in political light.
When all women walk forth in their own native
plain,
Then the deserts of earth like the roses shall
bloom—
When no soul shall be shut from humanity's ken,
God himself will then sing, "Hallelujah, 'tis
done."

SONG OF THE AGES

Cast now thy shoes from off thy feet,
And climb the mountain, slippery, steep ;
Then hurl the clouds at one fell blow
Into the dark rugged valley below.
Unveil your eyes to catch the bright
And glorious waves of spirit light ;
Then list to the songs of the hymning spheres,
As they sing of progression's untried years.
Then look across the starry dome,
To red Arcturus in his palace home ;
Who binds the waters of the moaning sea
In the path of earth's future destiny.

Bootes, the shepherd, holds him there
To help him gather his flocks from afar.
On the purpling deep the Shepherd floats
Toward Arago and his wondrous goats.

Who gathers them into his starry fold,
Away from the bears and the lions bold,
Where the lambs of Carmel are all gathered
home,
No more on Jamber's seas to roam.

Then, ho! from God's heights to the valley be-
low,
But dwell not on earthly sorrow and woe;
Waste not one moment in harrowing fears;
Waste not your strength in useless tears.

But rally around God's banner true,
That progression is ever unfolding to view,
Which is held aloft by the toiling millions,
While 'tis fanned by the breezes from angel's
pinions.

For it floats forever o'er the realms of space,
Where unseen worlds hold ever their place,
Held in the hollow of God's unseen hand,
Each sounding a note in the starry band.

And our own little earth, tho' a speck in the
dome,
Is sounding her key in a minor tone,
While she carries her host as one moaning heart,
Out of Earth's night, which is utterly dark

Into the morn of her own coming day,
Looking toward Chiron, the healer, away,
Toward Vega, the harp of God's choral choir,
And Astra, the goddess of liberty's fire

Toward the great stone age of God's to-morrow,
From which the god Chiron chisels his arrow
To kill the malice which Scorpio holds
In the poignant heart of his bloody folds.

When our earth shall have passed the dividing
line
'Tween the great stone age and the god of wine,
Her daughters and sons will welcome peace,
As they drift away from Jamber's seas.

Where Bacchus now leads his staggering host,
With scarce enough manna to feed a ghost ;
And they'll flee to Shemida's invincible height,
Where God still proclaims, "Let there be light!"

Then all will drink from God's sacred fount,
As they climb old Zion's lofty mount ;
But the top of the mount none ever will see
Thro' the mystic cycles of eternity.

But higher and higher all will climb.
As they feast on the light of wisdom divine ;
Each *new* truth outvieing the last before,
'Til all are surprised at God's bountiful store.

And all may drink from life's flowing stream
That flows from the love of a God unseen ,
And all may eat of the bread of life
With which the fields of God are rife.

TO MY FRIEND

You say that you are growing old,
That your hair is turning gray,
That all the world seems dark and cold,
And clouds obscure your way.

You say you shun the festive throng,
You cannot brook its joyous mirth,
You cannot join the festive throng,
For in your breast there's naught but death.

But no, my friend, this cannot be,
A soul like yours cannot grow old,
Cannot be wrecked upon life's sea,
With all its native wealth untold.

Arouse yourself, cast off your fears,
And climb life's rugged mountain height.
Look far above those weary years,
That seemed to crush you in their flight.

Look far beyond those darkling clouds.
The sun shines on the other side.
Forget thy griefs the past enshrouds;
Let hope and joy thy future guide.

Act well your part and do the work
The angels have assigned to you.
Look to the goal, then set your mark;
Cast off the old, accept the new.

Stand firm by God's almighty truths,
Show to the world its creedal bonds
Have led them on in fated paths,
Where joy's own glory never blooms.

I COURTED THE MUSE

I courted the muse at the lattice,
In the light green shade of the trees ;
But only an echo came back to me
With the cool and welcome breeze.
So I sat and watched the mottled shade,
As the tender twigs bent low ;
And listed the sweetest notes they played
To the fairy world, I trow.

I sought her in the shaded glen,
Where flowers were blooming fair ;
But she folded her wings near the marshy fen,
In the rays of the sun's bright glare,
And left me to gaze on the beauties rare
That were scattered on every side,
With never a word my thoughts to declare,
Or my wayward pen to guide.

I asked, yea begged, for her to come,
Clothed in her garland of poesy,
And stay awhile in my grotto home,
And help me to paint in poetry
The beauties I found of every kind,
In the fairyland I had sought ;
And help me to words wherewith to bind
The shades by nature wrought.

I sought her beside the silvery lake,
Where the blue waves march in rows—
Each one crowned with a crest of foam
As white as the downy snows .
But if she came she was hi' from me
By the pebbles' shimmering gleam,
And the water lilies, so stately and free,
As they caught at the day's last gleam.

I sought her again in the darkened wood,
Where the berries lay on their mossy bed,
Where the wintergreen with woody stem
Had given its youth to its berries red,
Then thrust them off like a worthless thing,
With their spicy juice and glowing sheen,
Fit for ye gods to feed upon,
Fit for the table of any queen.

But with all my seeking I could not ken
One rustle from her folded wings,
Or one faint throb from her rhythmic pen,
To tell you in rhyme all those glorious things
Which nature has kindly given to all
To show every soul that there *is* a God.
Who paints with more than a poet's art
And touches each germ with his rhythmic rod.

Oh, I almost weep with sore chagrin,
To think I can never find
The richest words of any tongue,
Or all the tongues combined,
To portray the lilies' purity,
Or the crimson disk of the rose,
Or the birds that chant in obscurity,
Or the rippling stream that flows.

Again the straying muse I sought,
When my blood with grief ran wild,
And agony sat like a thorny crown
On my frenzied brow and wild,
When lo! she came with flowery wings,
Wearing her golden crown,
Tuning her harp's discordant strings,
With never the touch of a frown.

And she pressed her cool and tender hand
 Upon my burning brain ;
And she bound my bursting heart with a band
 She wove from her sweetest strains ;
But told me I could find no words
 To describe the rose's perfume,
Or weave into rhyme my holiest moods,
 Or break the spell they illume.

That she could never help me to words
 To paint the sweet lullaby
Of the father bird as he sweetly sings
 To the nestlings where they lie ;
Nor could I paint the hum of the bees,
 As they gather their nectar up ,
When they climb the lofty cherry trees,
 Or drink from the harebell's cup.

Nor could she guide my stubborn pen
 To describe the lilies pure,
Or the beauties found in the rugged glen,
 Or the wavelets that wash the shore.
So I know that she will never come
 To break the enchanted hour,
When my soul communes with nature's God
 In the paths of his consecrate bower.

But, lo ! she comes when my soul is bent
 With its weight of canker and care,
And tells me my griefs are only lent
 As waymarks on the golden stair.
And so I sit in the gloaming now,
 Beside my wee cottage door,
And list to the rhythmic chimes that cling
 To our souls from the heavenly shore.

I DREAMED

I dreamed. Was it only a beautiful dream?
Ah, yes! Tho' I thought that I loved him still.
I dreamed that I stood by his side again,
That he still had the power my soul to thrill.

I dreamed! Ah, yes, it was only a dream
Of the golden days that are past and gone,
As we stood at eve neath the day's last gleam,
While her lovely tints faded one by one.

I dreamed! (But, lo! 'twas a *sacred* dream)
That sometime yet in the years to come,
I shall love him again as in the days that are
gone,
When we've cross'd the threshold of our spirit
home.

Where he will exclaim from the depths of his
love,
"Avaunt, thou gold, for you've strangled my
soul.
Like a spectre along my pathway you've moved,
And blinded my eyes to life's hidden goal."

But list! A sound comes welling up
From the depths of darkness now held in lieu,
And the drops of sweet in life's bitter cup
Oft speaks of that land where our dreams come
true.

And so I know 'tis not all a dream,
But only a shadow that's cast before;
And I know such love must come back again
In all of its beauty as in days of yore.

So I'll let love sleep in his meshes of gold,
While I dream that beautiful dream again ;
But when angels tune the harps that they hold,
My love, I know, will awake to their strains.

LOVE AND PASSION

When heart speaks to heart,
And honor from the soul
Comes welling up from joy's bubbling fount,
When two souls blend in harmony as one
We know the blending is of purest love.
But list, when discord sounds his thundering
notes
Along earth's paths of grief and toil and care,
And mommon keeps time to passion's dole-
ful strains,
We know such love was never born of heaven,
And must go down into the depths of woe,
Down, *down*, DOWN, into the depths of woe.

HEAVENLY PICTURES

'Tis only a step to the heavenly sphere
Where nature has sculptured her ample halls,
And hung her pictures that were outlined here
On every side of her spiritual walls.

Some of those pictures are rife with truths
The penitent soul would gladly hide,
And some are aglow with beauties rare
Of delicate tints which the gods have dyed.

And some wear a shade that is hard to ken,
For the tints are so varied and costly too,
It is hard to guess how, why, or when
Their untold wealth was given in lieu.

And some are so faint they are scarcely seen
So closely they're veiled by some diffident
heart,
Tho' the colors are rich and costly I ween
They are deeply inlaid by the sculptor's art.

So deep are they buried that ages will roll
Along the bright shores of eternal thought
Ere the deep veiled picture its scenes will unroll
And its secret folds be unveiled to the light.

And some seem so utterly worthless at first
They are passed unseen by the swaying crowd,
Until some great soul for wisdom athirst
Pierces the folds of their burial shroud.

And finds buried there so deep, so deep,
Some picture of his own earthly strife,
Inlaid with diamonds for him to keep
And polish anew in his spirit life.

Thus every picture contains some germ
Of immortal value to the conquering soul;
No matter how worthless we may think the gem
The shades are there for us to control.

To polish and brighten by the heavenly light
And find the full value by experience wrought;
Of the seeds that were sown in primeval night
By our earthly sorrows so dearly bought.

For though the pictures we paint while here
May seem uncouth and rough and pale
A pearl may be hidden beneath each tear
Which we cannot see till we pierce the veil.

So out of the depths of disease and sin,
And out of the dark of error and strife
We may paint a picture that holds within
The germs that will guide our eternal life.

So thrust all vain regrets to the wind,
Say not to thy soul thou hast led me astray,
For deep 'neath earth's turbulent waves you
will find
Thy sins were only the fossils of clay.

So read thy pictures and read them aright,
Which the gods have hung on eternity's walls ;
Read them all by the rapidly growing light
Evolved by nature from her bolted halls.

Just as the corals are hidden beneath
The turbulent ocean so dark and so deep,
Which the waves upheave by their raging breath,
And give us, as beautiful gifts, to keep.

Thus we learn the gods have hidden their gems,
Down deep in the darkness of mouldering
clay ;
But will bring them forth to catch the gleams
Of the glowing sun of man's spirit day.

And when each trust is brought to the light,
And we scan it over and over again,
We will find it contains a jewel so bright.
We note not the cost of the heartache and
pain

That rent our souls through the tide of the years,
And stranded all hopes of eternity's gain
Baptizing all joys in a chalice of tears,
Which will water all flowers on the spirit
plain.

YEARLY GREETINGS AT CLINTON CAMP

Oh, those friendly yearly greetings,
How they pulsate through each heart,
Like the white-robed angels flitting
Through this cool and shady park.

For the spirits love Mount Pleasant,
As their earthly trysting place,
And they lead us like a cohort,
And baptize us with a grace.

That our souls, but little dream'd of
In the ages that are gone,
When we thought the love ties severed
Once the soul had wandered on,

When we thought the damned were many,
And the saints a chosen few,
Who, perhaps, were quite as funny
As those they said the devil knew.

But now the angels are here with us,
Teaching us of joys immortal.
They say our sins will soon forsake us,
When once we have passed the portal

That shuts out all worldly sorrow
As of very small moment.
And they say we'll see to-morrow
That our griefs are only lent,

And look so fleeting in the sky-light,
Which gilds the endless heavenly plains
That we view them by earth's twilight
As uses toward our heavenly gains,

For they say our sins and sorrows
Belong to earth, and earth alone,
And the soul no trouble borrows
When 'tis tuned to love alone.

They say all sin and care and turmoil
Will appear like grains of sand,
When we walk o'er heavenly free-soil,
Guided by our own loved band.

Lo! then will these yearly greetings
Shine like diamonds in the dust,
When we gathered at Mount Pleasant
And hold in lieu as a sacred trust.

All which they so kindly give us
Thro' Gob's laws of light and love,
As rich gems of sweet communion
Scattered in our sylvan grove.

So as we met we soon will part,
With a friendly shake of hands,
Pulse beat with pulse and heart with heart,
In concert with our spirit friends.

THE LOVE LETTER

And hast thou come again, thou pure white dove,
And folded thy weary wings upon my trembling hand;
I've watch'd and waited for thy coming long,
For I craved the potency of love's soothing balm.

This time you have come from afar I know,
And have stopped on thy journey to rest thy wings,
For thou bearest a tardy mark on thy brow,
Though urgent the news to me which you bring.

But I pardon your loitering, you pale, sweet dove,
For you bear in your heart a sacred trust
That imbues my heart from his fountain of love
Which I know contains no passion or lust.

But my hope burnt low and my faith waxed pale,
Lest my lover would send you never again,
For we quarreled, my cup was overflowing with gall,
And bowed with grief, repentance and pain.

Had you not folded your wings on my hand,
And opened your heart to my wondering gaze,
I should never have known that my lover was true,
And forgiving, too, in his conquering ways.

Thou hast stirred in my soul the waters of life
That were chilled with the sorrow of bygone days,
But now he is coming to claim me as wife,
May we live in the glow of love's rays!

NOTHING IS LOST

Oh, how many beautiful flowers there are
Growing in nature's secluded glen,
Shedding their beautiful fragrance where
Never will come the footsteps of men.

Is their fragrance wasted on the passing breeze,
Because unsought by the lover of flowers,
Or their tints forgotten by the waving trees,
As they gather their fragrance for spirit
bowers.

Not at all. For the angels are watching their
growth,
And shading their tints through each moonless
night,
And weighing the worth of their beautiful breath,
As each petal comes forth to bask in the light.

Were they never seen by the heavenly band
Their beautiful growth would be worse than
vain,
And they'd surely shrink from their mission
grand,
And would never come forth to bloom again.

Tho' all unsought by the careless throng,
Their fragrance reaches the portals of heaven.
On their mission of love it is wafted along
On the trackless sea of earth's gold tinted even.

And no ruthless hand shall shorten their life
By snatching them madly from their parent
stems;
And their growth is cheered by songs that are
rife
With the potent power of their chemic claims.

MY IDOL OF LOVE

I built in my soul an idol of love ;
As fair as Madonna it seemed to me.
I thought it as pure as the angels above,
For a part of heaven it appeared to be.

As I wandered along on the highway of time,
I gathered gems from the depths of love's sea,
With which to deck my idol divine
In robes of heavenly tapestry.

But alas ! alas ! my idol is gone.
I smote it to see if it were made of clay ;
And the fragments fell at my feet one by one,
As the sands I lift on the shore of the bay

Slip thro' my weary and trembling hand,
One by one, in spite of the grasp
With which I hold them. Each grain of sand
Is slipping away as if touched by a blast.

My idol I'll not call back again,
For my smiting found it nothing but clay,
Enclosed in a meshwork of silver and gold,
Even more transient than life's earthly day.

But should my idol arise again
Out of its fragments of silver and gold,
I know it would soon seek its level, and then
It would crumble at touch into fragments cold.

THAT LITTLE LEAF

A unit, is it, that little falling leaf?
Nay, 'tis a world. A prostrate world 'tis true.
But only for a time. It will gather up
The missing, shimmering links of its own life,
And draw them in again from that fair land
(Where angels walk in their supernatural bliss)
Unto its own. Yea, 'tis a lovely world!
A house not made with hands, where myriads
Of living creatures dwell in regal pride
And luxury—on *what*? On the chemic life
That feeds all worlds and pushes to its goal
Each incarnation, then withdraws its forces
To bask within the fountain of the gods,
And hold communion with the sweets of heaven.
That little leaf gives o'er its frail earth life,
While earth knows not the need of shade to fan
Her heated brow, and lingering lovers need
No trysting place to rest mid shady bowers,
Or garlands rare to twine around their brows.
But, lo! in time this leaf will draw its own—
Its real self from the great fountain of life;
For truly this shall be. Tho' logic stares
And reason stands aghast with wonder, yet
Nature is true to all her subtle works,
And holds each spirit cord true to its own.
The poison wasp with poison fills its fangs
From the elements, and stores it up for use;
The ivy growing on the sunny slope
Beside the luscious grape, infects it not;
The ivy sends its feelers out as far
As need may be for its malarial breath.
If this be true, cannot that little leaf
Be born again upon the self-same tree,
And draw its own unto itself again?

Yea, nature holds her subdivisions true
To each and all her parts and particles.
The mills of the eternal gods grind slow,
But lo! they grind exceeding small and fill
The smallest measure full and rounded up
With small, well-bolted grains of quickened life,
Whereby each world is filled with potent power
From its own fountain o'er and o'er again.
For six long months that little falling leaf
Has danced and swayed before the sun's bright
rays,

And labored, too, with mighty winds and storms
Upon its world, the tree, which holds in its grasp
A separate cup for each fair leaf to drink,
Filled from the fount of God's unfailing store.
Nothing is moved by chance. The same divi-
sions

That separate the household into parts
Are seen within the tree. And, lo! within
The tiny leaf are many mansions, too,
Filled with embodiments of joyous life,
All reveling in their tiny gilded halls,
Of infinitesimal worth in harmony.
But then what was there of that little world,
Or what can yet remain of it except
The subtle spirit cord that binds its life
Unto its kindred ties by the strong hand
Of heaven's omnipotence. To the careless glance
It only seems a falling lifeless thing,
Dead to all future ages yet to come,
Dead to all ages that are past and gone,
Dead to all other worlds, and, worst of all,
Dead to its own identity. And this
Is true of it as of all material forms.
When every form has run its cycle 'round,
It adds its earthy atoms to the earth.
But lo! its spirit is not dead, for spirits

Die not. The spirit of that little leaf
By angels' eyes can yet be seen upon
Its parent tree. Slowly but surely its spirit
Withdrew its forces from its earthly form,
And cast its matter to the soil again,
And hid itself from our material eyes
Within its own domains of spirit ties.
A man may have his arm crushed into atoms
And amputated by the surgeon's knife,
And yet the spirit arm is with him still.
He feels it hanging at his side, 'tis there,
And he will tell you so. And so the spirit
Of that little leaf still holds a real place
Within its own domains, a part and parcel
Of the unseen world by its own law, not seen
By mortal eyes, 'tis true, and yet 'tis there.
But some may say "What if the tree should die?
What then?" It cannot die. 'Tis very true
The wondrous tree can be from earth trans-
planted
To another clime of bright ethereal soil.
But nothing ever dies. Each thing imbued
With spirit life from God's own realms of light
Holds life in itself. The fibers of the tree
May fall and mingle with the earth's cold clod;
But lo! the spirit, which is the tree itself,
Was clasped within the atomic nebula
Of which the earth was formed by God's own
law,
When it evolved from nature's ample womb
And found its path obedient to itself
Among the grand sidereal hosts of orbs
Of God's unnumbered worlds of life and light.

WHEN I AM GONE

When I am gone let only simple robes
Enclose my pulseless form. Place on my breast
A little spray of lilies of the valley,
Whose mute words witness, "Joy has come
again."
For now my soul stands free'd from worldly
strife.
Place in my withered hand a spray of pansies,
Beloved flowers of my childhood's day;
For like those humble flowers I have crept
At the feet of earth's more honored noble ones.
So heap no eulogies o'er my wasted form,
But simply say, "She's gone to her reward;
So let her own works judge her in the gate."

LIFE LINES OF A LONE ONE.

For many weary years I labor'd on,
In agony of soul, yet with full trust;
That (tho' I walked in anguish all alone)
All of earth's sorrows slumber with the dust.
At times a kindred spirit would come to me,
And bathe my troubled soul with heavenly
joy;
He came in dreams when I from care was free,
And with my hopes and fears would gently
toy.
Yet only for a moment, then would go
And leave my love weltering in its own blood,
And wondering if the angels of heaven can
know
How much of life is bad, how little good.

In youth he sought me as his own loved one,
And yet we parted. And Oh, why did we
part?
We never had an unkind thought or word,
But seemed like one in body, soul and heart.

We did not drift apart, t'was I that drifted ;
He staid, a victim to that awful thief,
Consumption of the lungs, and soon was gone,
Oh, that word "gone" still wrecks my soul
with grief.

But now that I am old and deaf and gray,
He comes to me and takes me by the hand,
And speaks so gently of hope's glimmering ray,
And a happy home in that bright summer
land.

That as I look aloft toward our heavenly home,
My heart o'er flows with a contented love ;
And a rift in the cloud shows me his lovely form,
As he walks along through heaven's flowery
grove.

So I live on, in sunshine or in shade,
And watch the glories of life's setting sun ,
Which throws its gorgeous beams o'er hill and
glade
Gilding the plains o'er which my life-paths
run

Until my spirit seems clothed in shining robes
Woven from the ethereal light of the summer
land,
Baptized in strains of music where each chord,
Blends with the heavenly choir, rich and
grand.

Oh, for the time when I can clasp thy hand,
And smooth with tender touch thy noble brow,
And pillow my head upon thy faithful breast,
And gently smooth the locks by angels
fanned.

COME HOME ONCE MORE

Come home, Oh loved one, come home, come
home!

Why linger so long mid the wild sea's foam?
Our hearts are all aching, we tremble with fears,
Thy children are sad and thy wife is in tears;

She has worship'd thine image, she's kissing it
now,

For she loves the light of thy broad noble brow;
She prays for thy coming, but her prayers are
vain,

As they flow from her heart in a flood of pain.

We watch every sail as it comes in sight,

We watch when the stars come out at night;

We watch when the dawn lights up the east,

We watch when the day sinks down to rest.

We watch when the sun shines bright at noon,

For thy coming as in the days that are gone;

We watch when the day's hard toils are o'er,

But our watch is vain for thou comest no
more.

And in our dreams we are watching still,

But our watching is cold and wearied and chill,
And we almost sink beneath the smart

As we stagger along through the crowded
mart.

AN ODE TO THE POET

Very few poets were ever born
With a crown of gold for their wee bald heads,
Or a golden spoon for their ample mouths,
Or a golden staff wherewith to tread
The youthful paths of luxurious days.
Or the roads which end in a stale old age,
Or a reckless course of the loiterer's ways,
Leaving little of worth on memory's page.

More like he was born in hovel cold
With nothing to crown his wee little head
But the glittering folds of a mother's love,
And an old tin cup for his milk and his bread,
And a three-legged stool set up on a chair
To raise him higher while his supper he eats,
And a little tin plate with alphabet where
The invincible "O" he often repeats.

We see him next near the garden wall,
Chewing his quid like the little gray hare ;
In his brown little fingers he grasps a ball ;
His pate is smutty and frousted his hair,
But in the depths of his soft blue eyes
Is a dreamy, sad and a far-a-away look,
As if he would fathom the depths of the skies
And unfold every leaf in God's ample book.

We see him again in his school-room days
Before his desk with his book open there,
While his eyes betray his sad, listless gaze,
For his genius is mounting the golden stair,
Where sits the muse of his coming years,
Wearing her veil of mystical light ;
But her eyes are running over with tears
Because of the battles the poet must fight.

We see him next on his three-legged stool,
Up in the garret so barren and cold,
Courtin' the muse, poor fool, poor fool,
With never so much as a target of gold.
On an old pine box he has perched his muse
With never a thought of how or when
He can buy for himself his next pair of shoes,
As he sits and writes in his poet's den.

Here in the garret so dim and cold
The midnight oil burns low in the lamp,
And the wee small hours their pinions fold,
So he only hears his thoughts as they tramp
Thro' the dark iron palls of the mystical past,
Which his muse has unlocked with a modest
hand,
Where many bright truths are unveiled at last,
And newly embellished with colors grand.

The wars of the poet are many and long,
But are ever fought with a quicken'd zeal,
Tho' the warriors march from afar in a throng
And often his last drops of blood congeal.
But he worries it through and dies at last
Very much as another poor man dies,
Unmourn'd and forgotten, but the lines he has
cast
Will tear the scales from many blear'd eyes.

And will tear the sorrows from many a soul
And the harden'd heart from many a breast,
And unlock the chest of some miser cold,
And give to some wayfaring spirit rest.
So thus the poet his promise redeems
That he made long ago in his boyhood of yore,
That of the wealth which his an' old gleans
He will at his death bequeath to the poor.

DUAL LOVE IS DUAL LIFE

Our love is all too sacred
For the gaze of the worldly and vain,
It is deep as the depths of the ocean,
And as high as the star-lit plain.
It ever grows brighter and brighter,
And its glory is never o'ercast
E'en with cares that are almost as endless
As the fires in Vulcan's blast.

Which would crucify always and ever
The claims of a passional love,
Till the hair turns thin and faded and gray,
The brow furrow'd with many a groove,
And the cheeks grow sunken and pallid,
And the lips lose their scarlet dye,
And the weary lids close heavily down
O'er the sunken and tear-dim'd eye.

And the hands grow palsied and weary,
And the steps grow faltering and slow,
And the heart with agony is rent,
While the pulses beat faint and low.
Is this the love God has given,
Which leaves Cain's mark on the brow,
When two souls apart are driven
As to custom's plot we bow?

True spirit love will find its mate,
Tho' miles and years may drift between,
'Twill find its love or soon or late,
Then think what is and what might have been.
No matter how long life's web may be,
It holds the two as one in twain;
The eye of love will sometime see
Its own deep love come back again.

No matter how long life's web may be,
The shuttle of thought will ever fly
Between two trusting kindred souls,
Who never will love's trust belie,
And each grand cherish'd thought shall be
A stepping-stone to the bright beyond,
Where pure love lives on eternally
With God's own glory forever crowned.

I AM DREAMING

I am dreaming, fondly dreaming
Of the days not long since gone,
When your blue eyes softly beaming,
Sought my soul so sad and lone,
And your spirit kindly whispered
To my spirit's listening ears,
Of the home where not a secret
Shall be shrouded with dark fears.

I am dreaming, sweetly dreaming,
That my hand in thine is press'd,
And my spirit is in seeming
Fondly folded to thy breast.
Joy sweeps o'er me like a rhythm
Floating in from youth's bright plains,
Tho' the silent chords are stronger
Welded by earth's crucial pains.

I am dreaming, only dreaming
Of elysian joys to come,
Till I, weary of this seeming,
Wish thy hand might lead me home.
Yes, I'm dreaming, sweetly dreaming
Of the joy that's past and gone,
While lips with lips in love were meeting,
And two fond spirits meet as one.

I am waiting, fondly waiting,
While in thought I'm with thee still,
While two loving hearts are beating
With one calm celestial thrill.
Yes, I'm waiting, waiting, waiting,
To prove the truth of spirit-love,
Which is the weary soul's true anchor,
Held in endless Godlike love.

I am thinking of our parting,
And the promise that you made
'Neath the stars in silence marching
O'er the hopes their light betrayed;
But I linger in the starlight,
Where the subtle dream is sweet,
And I know that somewhere, sometime
All earth's kindred spirits meet.
So I'm resting in the gloaming,
For patience is true spirit love,
While passion's bleeding heart is moaning
If in separate paths they move.

True spirit love is never parted,
Though miles and oceans roll between,
Two living souls by God united
Dwell in bowers of living green.
So we'll live in happy silence,
Every thought so truly blended
That it seems a heavenly cadence
By angelic music tended.

Though our hair is streaked with silver,
And our eyes are growing dim,
Yet spirit love will sweetly quiver
When freed from worldly scorn and sin.
We are waiting, calmly waiting
For that change the world calls death,
When our spirits will on waking
Find a youthful joyous birth.

Where our souls are so inwoven
By correspondence into one
That we are a part of heaven
As we lead each other on
O'er the plains of changing beauties,
And thro' valleys bright and green,
Where the hilltops glow with reason,
And things are really what they seem.

TO MY BROTHER

Search well among the husks for life's true bread,
Which never wastes the body or the soul.
You will not find the Christ among the dead,
Nor will you find true strength upon the role
Of mortal life where spirit is dethroned,
Or where the spirit is not wholly plumed.

Avaunt, thou love that can be bought or sold!
Thou art but a shadow of the finer part—
A dross extracted from the purest gold—
A faded flower from a soulless heart.
But, oh, the sordid world knows not the joy
That toys with love unmixed with earth's alloy.

We may not meet again upon this earth,
But we shall meet on a higher, lovelier plain,
Where the immortal mind shall find no dearth,
And where can come no thought of mortal
blame,
Where the chalice of the gods is ever full,
And ever flows to fill the needs of all,

And when the gentle touch of angel hands
Shall brush the wrinkles from our faded brows,
And lust lies dying on earth's blushing sand,
Where Cupid's shaft flies from his glittering
bow,
Piercing each soul with heavenly love divine,
Which flows anew with Raphael's healing wine,
When we all see the symmetry of soul,
So grossly encumbered with the house of clay,
Tho' each soul yearns to reach that spirit goal,
At touch of hands as each speeds on its way
Of quickened life where true love wears no
chains,
But each responds with love to life's own claims.

THE BROKEN LOVEKNOT

'Tis past, and the love-tinted lines of the sky,
Of the beautiful past and the veiled by and by,
Are hiding their secrets of how and why
The strands in our love-knot were broken.

Yet every fibre seems broken in twain,
And I fear they can never be twined again,
For the end of each strand lies writhing in pain,
So torn by the waves of contention.

But, perchance, a new loveknot will sometime be
wove,
Wherein every strand with new life will move,
And each pulsied fiber will pulsate with love,
As each touches the hand of the other.

If so, may the angels baptize them again
In the chalice wherein there is no selfish pain,
Which we both have felt again and again,
Since the links in our loveknot were broken

THE DYING APPEAL OF THE DRUNK-
ARD'S CHILD

Oh, father, don't go to the grogshop to-day,
For now you must know that I'm dying.
So fold me softly in your arms while I pray
For you. Father, oh, why are you crying?

My father, will you take these flowers from me?
They're all I can give in remembrance to you.
Press them closely in that book there, you see—
The one mamma gave me, with covers so blue.

And now, my dear father, when I am gone
To live with God and the angels up there,
Stay with my mother, for she'll be all alone,
With no one to kneel with her at prayer.

Father, when you think of the grogshop again,
Get the flowers I give you to-day so free.
Remember, they were lain on my breast of pain
By my mother, who did all she could for me.

OH, MOURN NOT FOR HER

(Suggested by the death of Mrs. Mary A. Carr,
of Sturgis, Mich.)

Oh, mourn not for her whom the veil of the tomb
In her autumn of living has hid from our eyes,
For her spirit enfranchised hath mounted in
bloom,
Released from earth's thralldom to dwell in the
skies.

From a life that was beautiful, calm and serene,
She hath passed to existence above and beyond,
Where no mists of mortality now intervene,
And her soul can to heavenly pleasures respond.

So patient, so kind and so trusted by all,
She lived in a sphere of contentment and love;
And ever responsive to sympathy's call,
Her acts like sweet incense ascended above.
And when the pale boatman, with shadowy hand,
Approached our companion to ferry her o'er,
Without a murmur or protest she obeyed the command,
While regretting the loved ones she left on the shore.

Tho' the form so much loved hath been lain to
its rest,
And the voice that once thrilled us no longer
we hear,
Tho' that true loving heart no more throbs in her
breast,
And we mourn her departure with sorrowing
tear,
Still we know that the wings of her soul are unfurled,
Unfettered by earth, or by cumbersome clay,
And a spirit immortal she dwells in a world
Where there's sunshine and joy and continual
day.

And we know she will come on the wings of her
love,
Where still the known of her earth life remains,
Like the rays of the sunshine that comes from
above,

Or the dews that fall gently o'er valley and
plains,
Will her spirit impart of its beauty and cheer
To those who now mourn in this valley of
tears,
For her soul life untrammelled will visit us here,
To soothe and to comfort through vanishing
years.
Then mourn not for her we have known but to
love—
The gentle-voiced mother, companion and
friend.
All her beautiful gifts were but lent from above,
And the days of her earth-trust were brought
to an end.
It were best she should leave us, while buoyant
and high,
Her spirit responded to forces unseen,
When her visions were blending of earth and of
sky,
And the veil had been partially lifted between.
Oct. 18, 1891. — A. T. Lamphere.

I AM WITH THEE STILL

I come to thee, mother, on pinions bright,
When the east is glowing with rosy light;
When thy soul is burdened with sorrow and care,
Thy sorrows and griefs ever hold me near.

I wipe the tears from thy loving eyes,
And, oh, dear mother, if thou couldst rise
To the loved abode of thy child so fair,
And angel band that is with me there,

Then looking down on the shining road
That leads from earth to the saints' abode,
If thou couldst see in the thorny vale
The path marked out for my feet so frail,

Thou wouldst bless the hand that led me away
To the realms of light and endless day ;
Thou wouldst bless the angels that stood by me
In the days of my weary infancy.

And now, dear mother, dry all those tears,
For thou'lt meet me again in the coming years,
When thy sun sinks low in the glowing west
Thou'lt clasp me again to thy loving breast.

A VISION

The veil is lifted, and we see a cloud
Rolling its fleecy folds across the sky ;
And at its nearer comes it wears a shroud
Of burnished silver, so dazzling to the eye.
We call for the veil to shield us from the light.

The cloud is rent and thro' the mist, behold !
Three lovely faces clothed in beams of love—
Three beauteous forms enwrapped in mystic
folds
Of heavenly light fresh from the fount above,
Waving its sheen across the ethereal dome,
Lightning for us with each successive view
Such lovely scenes of spirit fruits and flowers,
We scarcely can believe or think them true,
Or dare to hope that we shall walk those
bowers,
Or list the strains their harmonies attune.

So trusting, scarce convinced, we linger still;
Upon the surging waves of time we ride,
While wondering if life's chalice we will fill
With gems to deck the brow of the spirit bride
Meté for the heavenly host to look upon.

AN INSPIRATION

From the spirit of Lord Byron to his chosen medium,
written through the organism of M. M. Sisco.

My sister, I stand by your side to-night,
And I place on your brow a crown of light;
'Tis blazoned with gold and beautiful gems
And costly pearls from diadems.

And over your shoulders I gently fold
A purple mantle all spangled with gold;
And I fasten it there with the breast plate of
truth,
All framed in joys as lovely as youth.

And over your head I hold a sword.
'Tis red with the blood of brides young and fair.
Beware, lest it drip on your crown of gold,
And soil the folds of your mantle rare.

My pen I place in your strong right hand.
'Tis wet with the blood of martyred love.
My inkstand the hearts of vicious men,
Made pure by the good that is poured from
above.

And in your left hand I place a palm.
Hold it aloft as you bend to the storm.
'Tis the Jewish token of victories won.
May it be your staff when you're weary and
worn.

Before you is flowing a river of blood.
It flows from the hearts of all that have fled.
Mixed well, I ween, by the deeds of all—
The good and the bad of the countless dead.

Beside this river is a cross for you.
'Tis rough and heavy and hard to be borne ;
And the path you must tread is full of thorns,
That will pierce your feet now already torn.

But look across to the other shore.
There Byron stands and beckons to you.
Then reaches across this river of blood,
And takes your hand and leads you thro'.

And when you have seen the other side,
He will tear the crown from your noble brow,
And give you instead a laurel wreath
To show to the world what you are now.

And now, my friend, I've shown all to you—
The crown, the pen and the river of blood,
The cross, the palm, the steel that is true,
The stormy way and the royal robe.

Then take the pen and wield it well.
Show to the world its woes and its needs ;
Show them there is a heaven and hell,
But the hell comes wholly from their creeds.

RAISED UP

Smooth back the hair from the cold marble brow,
Press the lids gently o'er the blue eyes,
Fold the hands quietly o'er the breast now,
Where once beat a heart more loving than
wise.

No more will those lips sing the songs of the
past;
No more will those hands bathe your feverish
brow;
No more will you pillow your head on her
breast;
No more will her soul breathe affection's warm
vow.

She had friends on earth and she'll find them in
heaven,
Where she has gone with a soul pure and free,
And where she will stand when the bright tints of
even
Shall wave their pink hues o'er the land and
the sea.

And as she stands there, 'neath heaven's blue
dome,
Or soars on the mists of the morning so fair,
She cares naught for the scandals of her earthly
home,
Or the inhuman curses that were heaped on
her here.

Her soul stands to-day in the home of the blest,
More lovely than when in the casket of time,
More happy than when she bared her fair breast
To the fiery tongues of the churches divine.

And as she's led on by the angel of peace,
She walks in the truth of her own innate life,
Happy in knowing her soul's found relief
From the fetters that bound to malice and
strife.

GONE

I stood on the quay with tearful eyes,
As the vessel went down to sea,
Bearing her freight of human souls
From her native land and me.

My mother's tired and weary feet
Were pacing the old vessel's deck ;
She has pressed her last kiss upon my cheek,
And will never again come back.

I have shaken her hand for the last, last time,
As I kissed her wrinkled but lovely face.
I have pressed the form I loved to mine
In a last, sad, loving embrace.

I pillowed my head once more on the breast
That was filled with my joys and my cares,
And I felt for the moment that I was blest
Again with my childhood years.

But the cruel fate that must come to all
Has broken the beautiful spell,
And a mother's tender and loving heart
Has taken its last farewell.

And my father is standing by her side,
With an earnest and manly grace ;
And the tears that some wou'd seek to hide
Are streaming down his face.

For he, too, has taken his last farewell
Of tender and loving daughters and sons ;
And he said, "May God's blessing ever dwell
Upon all of my darling ones."

A brother, too, has gone with them
To that bright and beautiful clime
Where the chill winds of winter never come,
And the sunshine is laden with glories divine.

Oh, the woes that vessel bears out to sea
May never be felt or known to all.
The woes she has left on the stranded lea
Fall on the soul like a funeral pall.

But she speeds as gaily over the main
As tho' no tears had ever been shed,
As tho' she were to return again
'Ere the sun lies down on his golden bed.

But there ! the vessel is out of sight,
And I must return to my toils and my cares.
I must bury my sorrows out of sight,
And labor on for many long years.

But this same vessel will come again,
And bear me off to that beautiful shore
Where never can come a heartache or pain,
And the parting of friends shall be known no
more.

THE THREE LETTERS

I see a ship in the offing,
That comes from my own native land.
Its sails hang lazily flapping,
By the listless breezes fanned.

Blow, blow, ye winds from my own native clime,
And hasten the beautiful ship along,
For it breaths a rich fragrance of orange and lime
From the tropical region borne.

Oh, my spirit pines for its sunny home,
With its orange groves so bright and blest.
I pine for the songs my mother sang,
As she pillowed my head on her breast.

I pine for the gentle touch of the hand
That used to caress my golden hair
'Ere I bid farewell to my fatherland,
With its vineclad bowers so rare.

A stranger I am in a strange, strange land;
I touch not the hand of kith or kin.
But, lo! the vessel is on the strand.
Oh, does she bring one word from him?

Well, here are letters—one, two, three.
Whom are they from, I should like to know?
This one is trimmed in black, I see.
Some one is dead—I wonder who?

The writing is strange—who can it be?
Well, I'll open this first and then I'll know
Who it is that has gone to eternity.
Who can it be, I would like to know?

Oh, my own sweet darling mother !
Is it thy voice that is stilled in death ?
Is it thy hands that are quietly folded ?
Is it thy soul has fled from the earth ?

To-day, when I saw that ship come in,
My heart beat wild with hopes and fears ;
But I little thought of the woe it would bring—
That one letter, at least, would be blotted with
tears.

But, hark ! I hear my mother's voice.
She says, my child, I am with thee sti'l.
I have come in spirit—it was my choice—
Let no sad moan thy bosom fill.

And I feel the touch of her loving hand
As she passes it gently over my brow.
I feel a breath from the summerland
Come stealing over my heartache now.

And she bears on her spirit a soothing balm,
Which encircles my soul like a mystical band ;
And I feel that my spirit is growing calm,
As my brow by her breath is fanned.

Here are two more letters still to be read—
One from a fond and loving brother—
The other I'll save until the last,
Because it comes from my own true lover.

Well, if in the midst of life there is death,
Beside the dead still, still there is life,
For while we grieve o'er a mother's death,
We rejoice in a sweet baby's life.

And so in our cup of life is mixed
Joy with sorrow and sorrow with joy,
For while me grieve o'er a mother's death,
We joy in the birth of a beautiful boy.

Well, here is his letter, the last of the three,
Fresh from the hand of him I love ;
Fresh from his home near the beautiful sea,
Written, perhaps, in his orange grove.

With a trembling hand I break the seal ;
A fear comes over my heart, sad and lone,
Which never before in woe or weal
Came with a script from my own loved one.

What ails me? Why do I tremble so?
I have a foreboding that all is not right.
I'll read it now and then I'll know.
Oh, how little my lover did write!

Oh, God, bear me up in this anguish wild!
Pour on my heart the spirit of prayer.
Oh, mother, take the hand of your child,
And bathe my cheek and brow so fair.

Oh, press me close to your loving breast,
Till you have imparted some strength to me.
Breathe into my soul a spirit of trust,
And faith and hope and charity.

Oh, mother, no wonder you took your flight,
That you might stand by the side of me
In this my darkest earthly night,
Which can only end in eternity!

In the unselfish love you felt for me,
You bid farewell to earth's sunny bowers ;
You left all others to stand by me
While my spirit wept over faded flowers.

And now, dear mother, do lead me away.

Help me to break all earth's glittering chains.
May my love ever cling still closer to thee,
As we walk over higher and holier plains.

Alas! what are books or friends to me;
They hang on my soul like a leaden weight,
Since to-day he has taught a lesson to me,
The anguish of which I shall never forget.

But mother, I feel the chords of thy love
Are drawing me on toward the spirit land,
To the bowers where white-robed spirits rove,
And tune their harps to symphonies grand.

CHILDHOOD

Oh, childhood, how I love thy glittering crown,
That fits so deftly on thy fair young brow—
A diadem that any king might covet,
Well set with gems of love unspeakable,
Inlaid with truth and hope and joy untold,
Save by the liquid brightness of thine eyes,
Filled to the brim with oracles of thought,
And philosophic words drop from thy lips—
Words that the gods might lend an ear to hear,
Floating far out to where the angels stand,
Who hold the keynote to thy rippling laugh;
That laugh, as light as air, it seems to be,
And yet 'tis as the sea, immeasurable;
For it holds within its circling depths a world
Of love and truth and hope and light and joy.
I love the little touch of thy soft hand,
As it gently strokes my aged, furrowed brow,
Until the sins of life seem half absolved.

I love the kiss that drops as soft as dew
Upon my faded cheek and faded lips,
As rays of setting sun drop down to earth,
Or as the sweetest honey from the comb.
And above all I love thy reasoning,
For surely thou art a philosopher ;
And the learned bookworm with his threescore
 years
Might sit low at thy feet and learn of thee
God's mighty truths from an untutored mind,
Might reap a harvest full of golden sheaves
From nature's crude, spontaneous reasoning
That falls unnoticed from thy childish lips.
Ah, yes, thy little natural head is filled
With fundamental truths invincible
To wisdom's classic lore. And yet, ah, me !
Fate guides thy little feet and leads thee on
To custom's fatal marts and fashion's throng,
And soon dame nature's wares are sold for lies,
Thy pennies spent for some cosmetic taint.
Thus fashion's noxious floodgates are unbarred,
And you walk in. Oh, would to God
That nature might be strong and stronger still
To guide thy baby feet in ways of truth,
And hold her native charms in thy young heart.
But, ah, it cannot be ; she steps aside
And veils her face in grief, for well she knows
That custom frowns on all that she might do
To save thy happiness, while truth is sold
For fashion's airs and fabricated lies.
Oh, would to God that thou mightst ever be
As undefiled in heart and soul as now,
And wear thy crown with this same childish joy
Which nature placed upon thy fair young brow.
Untidy may be, yet unselfish, too—
Unselfish as the sun that sheds its light
Upon thy frousy head or smutty hand ;

Unselfish as the winds that fan thy cheek,
Or as the silvery waves that lave thy feet.
Free as the eagle that spans the lakelet's breast
With one fell swoop, and buoyant as the roe
That leaps the hedgerow of the forest glen.
As happy as the lark among the clouds,
And innocult as the lamb that skips the lea.
Oh, would to God that this might always be.

CELESTIAL CHOIRS

By A. J. Swarts, Ph. D.

Hark! I hear celestial music
Floating near in strains sublime.
Lo, the angelic hosts approaching
With sweet anthems for each clime.
Now these chords of earnest beauty
Wake anew sweet thoughts of heaven
Drawing souls to meet again.

List! the sweet returning carols,
Rising upward from all climes;
Now behold the loved ones yonder,
Listening to our earthly chimes.
Do I see among those angels
One who filled our home with light?
Can that star of brightest splendor
Be the one that's veiled in night.

Now give ear to heavenly answers
From the music of the spheres.
Yes, dear friends of clouded earth life,
Through our joys we see your tears.
We are near, yes near you daily,
Drawing you to homes on high.
All your earthly cares and conflicts
Mean our meeting by and by.

Oh, my angel one, my guardian,
May I hope to know you there?
Is it you I hear in whispers
When I breathe your name in prayer?
Then I'll wait and cease all murmuring,
Watching ere the spangled dawn
You're my loving guardian angel,
Sent of God to guide me home.

WITHERED LEAVES

Oh, oh, those withered leaves, how sad they look,
As they come whirling from their lofty heights,
Where late they crowned the monarch of the
wood.

All faded now and sear, they fall to earth
One lifeless, moaning mass. And yet their mis-
sion

Is only half fulfilled, their work half done,
For they must form a covering to protect
The latent powers of winter's quivering pulse
Buried beneath the tramp of human feet
And groaning 'neath the bright electric throb
Of human joys. But, lo, those dormant throes
And all those slumbering ties are not as yet
Unto the death of nature's triune God,
But to the life of each potential germ
That sleeps beneath those warm but lifeless
leaves,

And chimes unto the steps of moaning spheres,
And pulsates to time's ever rolling waves,
E'en to the heart throbs of the Great I Am.
Where it is used by the eternal spheres,
And subsidized by heaven's prolific light
Into the voice of bud, and bloom, and leaf.

Which rises through dead leaves and reaches
Forth along the lines of many potent laws,
And is received with joy immaculate,
Baptised in heaven's consecrated fount,
And handed back unto its lofty height
To crown once more the forest as its queen,
And thunder forth its living power again.

DOG DAYS

Oh, Canis Major, slacken now thy speed,
Pity thy fallen jaw, thy lolling tongue.
Stop once that mad careering pace of thine,
Till burning Sirius send a cooler light
Unto the parched and crackling breast of earth.
But if thou hast no mercy on thyself,
Or on thy raving kindred here on earth,
At least have mercy on the human race,
The thirsty, lowing kine, the horse, the sheep,
The melting swine, the curling, withering corn,
And pulseless vegetation everywhere.
And thou great Leo Major, bride of Pluto,
Bearing upon thine ample raging breast
The mighty Regulus, with burning light,
Hast thou no mercy on the human race?
With pulses beating in such feverish heat,
The very blood seems boiling in the vein,
Sending foul odors to the seething brain.
While every fiber quakes with agony,
And phantoms of delirium hold high carnival,
Still keeping step to quick, discordant tunes,
Played on the nerves by fever's orchestra.

Oh, dog days, do give o'er thy fetid reign
To Spica as an outcome of thy fatted reign;

And through fair Virgo's hand send us refresh-
ment,
And thus assuage at once this burning grief,
And resurrect the essence of all life
Into a healthy, throbbing pulse once more.

Lines to Father Chiniquie

Immortal soul,
And dost thou dare to stand above the heights
Of Romish power and bare thy noble breast
To catch the sparks from inquisition's torch,
Or a stalking shot from a Roman catapult,
And wave the blood-stained flag of liberty
Above the bones of freedom's slaughtering hosts,
As a mediator between heaven and hell,
And there unfurl the powers of freedom's love,
And the heavenly light of ages yet to come,
Whose voice is mightier than the Roman power,
And holy as the virgin Mary's son,
Whose sword is truth, whose shield is equity;
Whose banner is the whoof of human rights,
Whose armor is peace on earth, good will to
men.

Go on thy way, brave soul, and falter not;
Drink deep. The gods are holding to thy lips
Their chalice filled with radiant astral light
For you to pour upon the drowsy world,
As did the Nazarene pour out his blood
To save the world from Roman tyranny.
Old Judah's lion, true emblem of the pope,
And from the Jesuit's sacred bloody cross,
Another emblem of their bloody deeds.

But are we saved from Judah's lion cubs,
 Or from the brazen serpent of the past,
 Or from the mitred Romans of to-day,
 If we succumb?

'Tis but a step from papal's tower of gold
 To freedom's lofty heights of sacred truth;
 And many stand with heads uncovered there,
 And you among the rest. Go on, brave soul,
 Thy wings shall carry thee beyond the Pope—
 Beyond the creedal lines of doting saints—
 Beyond the lion's claws, the serpent's fangs,
 To the arched gateway of the Great I Am.
 Angels will meet thee with thy well-earned
 crown

Of purest gold of manhood's noble worth,
 And place it on thy never-fading brow
 With loving hands, saying to thee, "Well done,
 Thou faithful one, thou servant of the light,
Well done, WELL DONE, WELL DONE."

THE SELFISH MOTHER

 My darling boy,
 Would I could come to you indeed,
 As I can come in midnights sweetest dreams.
 Last night I saw you at your childish play,
 As in the days gone by. And in that dream
 I saw your fair young brow and saddened eyes,
 Shaded with childish care. And as in pity
 I smoothed your sunny locks and troubled brow,
 I drew once more thy little form to mine
 In one long sweet embrace. Once more I pil-
 lowed

Thy childish head upon my aching breast ;
Once more a loving mother's kiss was pressed
Upon thy troubled, lonely little brow,
That breathed a love untold.

In that sweet dream I did almost forget
That in the absence of a mother's care,
The years that roll their everlasting rounds
Had brought you up almost to manhood's door.
A selfish mother it was that could not give
Her life a living sacrifice for one
So young as was my precious Ernest boy.
When like the tendrils of the summer vine,
His joys and sorrows did reach out to twine
Around a mother's heart as doth the vine
Cling to the oak. But soon we'll meet again,
If God permit, and then I'll surely try
With a twofold power of sacred mother love
To recompense a mother's past misdeeds
And seeming lack of all maternal love.

The past is past and cannot be redeemed ;
But when a mother's love, which seemeth weak,
Is steeped in deep and heartfelt penitence,
'Tis doubly strong and ever will be true.

WHAT IS TIME?

What do the surging waters of the sea
Know of or care for time or eternity,
As long as they are free to love the beach
Baptizing every land-mark they can reach ?
Lo, what is time unto the finny tribe
As long as they in freedom cleave the tide,
Holding high carnival within their ports,

Or dancing to the time of flitting sports?
And what is time unto the bird that flies
Along the rosy tints of morning skies,
Or sings at eve mid blooming gardens rare,
Or cuts the ether foam of mountain air?
What care the lofty mountains towering high
For time as they still bask in azure sky,
And spread their gorgeous robes to catch the dew
That ever falls from heaven's wealth of blue?
And what is time unto the waving trees
That have for centuries bow'd to catch the breeze,
Or sung a requiem low unto the tide
As nature chants unto a lovely bride?
And what, I ask, are days or months or years,
Unto the everlasting moving spheres,
As they roll on thro' waves of matchless light
To kiss the brows of other worlds so bright?
And as each system glides thro' endless space,
Holding each world within its wonted place,
What are a thousand years to them as they
Still gather light to lead them on their way?
And what is time unto the milky way,
As each world holds some bright electric ray
Which, by its light and power it ever draws
From other worlds by the almighty laws
Of time, which is infinitude itself,
And ne'er was born a sickly little elf,
And ne'er will die burdened with weary age
With name unwrit upon God's starry page?
And what is man more than the starry spheres
That he should mark his time by days and years?
And are we sure that worlds have not their days
As well as nights wrapped in a mystic haze,
As doth our sun the peerless king of light
Wrap his fair pinions round our earth so bright?
And is there naught but man in boundless space
That marks its life by years and months and
day?

Would man if he were yet in Eden's bowers,
Feasting his soul upon life's perfect flowers—
Would he, I ask, take note of endless time,
Or would he drift in heavenly joys sublime,
Thro' an unending vast eternity
That fills the labyrinth of divinity?
For lo! there was a time in ages gone
When man stood on the mount of holiness,
And like the little child that runs along,
His natural road to love and happiness,
Now dancing after gaudy butterflies,
Now running down the hill by gurgling brook,
Now watching kite as o'er the trees it flies,
Now seeking out some green and shady nook
In which to stop and rest. So 'twas with man
When in the natural action of his soul
He sought communion deep with other worlds,
And took no note of time, but sought the goal
To hold high carnival with nature's gods
That sway the realms of everlasting light
And hold each orb within its wonted place
While it rejoices in its power and might,
And the great plan it wears with lovely grace
In the full harmony of heavenly law.
But time moves on and in its speedy flight
It spreads a darkness o'er our mother earth;
Her brow is wet with the dews of her own night
As she sways and gropes her way along her path.
For lo, she's bound by chains of iron strength
Which other worlds must come to help her break
Ere she can rise, for she's yet a child in strength
And has only seen a day or two at most
Since she became the mother of mankind,
And must withdraw from other sister hosts
To bide the eternal laws of God's great plan
And seek her couch to lay her down to rest,
As doth the little child when tired of play;

But soon she will awake to life again
To bask in the glories of her own bright day.
And as she's hurled thro' realms of endless space
She gathers strength from all her brother spheres,
Baptizing all about her with the grace
She's gleaned from those ahead of her in years.
And as she gathers light from other worlds
She hands it down to mitigate man's woes,
Gaining in strength, but losing naught of worth
As she goes on rejoicing in the laws
That gave her life, rejoicing in her birth
And in the night she gleams from day to day
Making of her a bright perfected planet
When she will bear aloft the sign of victory,
And then, O brother man, we'll hold a banquet
And feast upon the intellectual light
Which she, as queen, has power to hold and plan,
For can she gather wisdom's gems so bright
And not impart the same to spirit man,
Who is her heir, likewise the heir of God,
Who sits as king and holds the spirit realms
Within his broad domains, as doth queen earth
Control *all* matter which in her course she gleams,
Hence as she doth progress from day to day,
And gather spirit light from other worlds
She must imbue her children with each ray
That comes to her as she thro' space is hurled,
But while she travels on devoid of light
Man, too, must grope his way in her dark night.

OUR LIVES

Each life is like a flowing stream
That seeks the ocean's boundless bed ;
With earnest hurry does it steam,
As by its wayward course 'tis led
Through meadows green where wild flowers
grow,
And zephyrs play at hide and seek
As they hurl the down from the thistle blow
And give new bloom to the faded cheek,
While it hurries, hurries on.

It rushes down the mountain's side,
All dark with filth and floating mire,
Thinking of naught but the ocean wide
And its own wild maddening ire.
In its breathless haste it tears the flower
From its green and mossy bed ;
It tears the tree from its wooded bower,
And 'tis numbered among the dead,
Yet it hurries, hurries on.

Its mad waves beat the cold, gray rocks,
With the strength of a mighty host,
But they stand as firm through the perilous
shocks
As tho' they were Sampson's ghost.
Then it crawls along thro' the mazy fen,
Like the moccasin snake on its trail
As it kisses the leaves of the maiden-hair
And waters the grass in the vale.
Still it hurries, hurries on.

And so in our life, sometimes so mild
That it favors the thistledown's flight,
Or gives new bloom to the faded cheek
As we grope our way toward the light.
But it often rushes with headlong speed,
With never a thought of distress,
While it hastens with avaricious greed
To the cesspools of fashion's address,
As it hurries, hurries on

THE RISE AND FALL OF AMBITION

As step by step I shoved the wayward chair
Of babyhood and tried to claim the prize
That just before me lay so bright and fair,
And yet so filled with treachery and disguise,

I stumbled and fell; and when I raised me up
The wealth I coveted was gone forever,
And left for me the cup of bitterness.
But soon a mother's patient, loving hand

Was laid upon my throbbing, aching brain,
And in her very breath there was a balm,
Which as she kissed me o'er and o'er again,
Dispelled all pain and bade my soul be calm.

And then she put within my hand the treasure
Which I in vain had tried so hard to grasp.
But lo, it had no power to charm me now,
And so I dashed it down and stood aghast.

For what was any treasure worth to me
Unless I could myself gain what I sought?
Unless I could outdo the powers that be
The value of the treasure was set at naught.

When step by step in youth I went my way
Along the path that leads to love's fair bowers,
Where youth and beauty bask within each ray
Of golden sun, and pick the lovely flowers

That grow beside the path we all must tread.
I tried to pick one little opening rose
Which nestled down upon its mossy bed,
All white and pure as are the winter snows ;

But lo, a thorn was hid beneath its leaves,
Which pricked my heart, yea, pierced my very
soul,
Turning my golden apples to dead leaves,
And hiding from my eyes the future goal.

And then again I fell, and when I rose
The hand of truth was holding to my lips
The bitter cup of disappointed hope ;
The blood seemed dripping from my finger
tips,

And darkness did enshroud me like a pall—
A darkness gloomier than the endless night
Of the infernal regions where devils dwell ;
Where error takes the place of truth and right.

But soon a hand was laid upon my head,
Saying, Be calm, a light will dawn at last
Which will reveal a future bright and grand,
And give to you the treasures which you ask.

But when they placed the gem within my reach,
'Twas not to me the prize I sought to win ;
But changed from lovely rainbow tints so rich
To dusky brown, like the chameleon.

The boon which I had thought so bright and fair,
And in the distance looked like well filled
sheaves,
Lost all its worth when gained without a care,
And turned within my hands to withered
leaves.

In after years as up I tried to climb
The rocky, rugged heights of endless fame,
I found them covered o'er with ancient slime;
And as I tried the treacherous heights to gain,

The wayward rocks that lay within my path
Would often slip beneath my weary feet .
And let me down in agony to quaff
The poison draught which fiery demons steep

In bitterness; a cup which comes to all
Who claim the right and have the will to
pass
The gulf between ambition's hope so bright
And the deceitful mounts of fame which rise

In the enchanted land of mystic light,
That beckons faith on to Elysian fields,
And ever charms the poor deluded sight
Of mortal man, who in his blindness yields

Unto the powers of his relentless fate,
Which warp the membranes of his flimsy
mind
Into the channels of ignorance and hate,
With mad ambition's pent-up fires confined.

But all unbaffled by the filth and mire,
And jagged rocks that lay within my way,
And wild ambition's hellish fate so dire,
I did aspire to fame's bright golden day.

Yet as I robed myself in gorgeous light
And took within my hand the sword of truth,
I boasted of my courage and my might,
Not knowing that a fall could come to both.

And as I looked across the rugged glen
Up to the topmost pinnacle of fame
I said, "I'll pick the laurels there, and then,
I will bequeath unto the world a name

As lasting as the adamantine hill
Which I must climb if I would reach the
mark."

And so I beat my way with fervent will;
But Oh the sad misgivings of my heart!

Yet as I gazed upon the glittering light
I plumed my helmet with a trembling hand,
With heavy heart buckled my armour bright,
Then prayed for strength from God's almighty
hand;

But lo, as up I tried to climb the steep
I tore my hands upon a ruthless stone;
At every step the thorns did pierce my feet,
No ray of light upon my pathway shone.

Nor in the utter darkness could I see
The yawning gulf that just before me lay,
Which I must leap if I would ever see
The bright and glorious dawning of my day.

But as I tried to leap the dark abyss.
My bleeding feet did slip upon the slime;
And then again I fell, nor could I miss
The fate that comes to every boasting mind.

But now no mother's kiss can cool my brow
For she is lying in her lonely grave.
No soul will hand to me the treasure now ;
No friendly hand is e'er outstretched to save ;

And now what is the glittering crown to me
With blacted hopes and bright ambition dead ?
What beauties in the future can I see
Since earthly friends with name, and fame
have fled ?

And yet I know that I shall rise again
To bask within the realms of endless light.
I know there'll come a hand to smooth my
pain,
And raise me up to battle for the right.

A VISION

Last night, January 10, 1895, in a vision I saw
the sky over-hung with one solid sheet of mist
upon which was printed the following poems as
nearly as I can remember in letters of ice.

A PRELUDE

Last night as I glanced o'er the broad expanse
of liquid light,
Where legions of worlds run in their endless
paths,
A vapor o'erspread the templed star-crowned
night,
And hid those golden legions from my wonder-
ing gaze.

And as I gazed the mists unfolded like two
 heavenly scrolls;
 Behold each scroll was written o'er with many
 frosty lines,
With letters crytalized that looked like silvered
 rolls
 Fresh from the furnace where Diana's silver
 shines.

I faced the west and at my left I saw three gems
 in verse,
 Revealing in oracles the Seventh House, the
 "House of woe"
Where Jupiter was station'd at my birth and
 brought a curse,
 Nor tried to mitigate my sorrows or distress.
 But lo!

He changed his house at middle of the year, and
 then
 T'was said a change would sometime come
 to me in life;
But then full sixty years are now already gone
 and when
 Will come a change to all those years of
 sordid strife.

The printing on the scrolls was fine, so *very*
 fine,
 I thought I could not read those words of
 icy sheen;
The sun at noon-day could not more dazzling
 shine
 Than did those words to my frail vision seem.

But, lo, at last the dazzling light began to fade,
And as I gazed, I soon could see to read
 aright
Each word, each line seemed woven of silver
 braid,
And pinned by faith unto a web of fleecy light.

THE FIRST SCROLL

All scarred and seamed with many a ruthless
 blow,
Thy soul is rising from morbid depths below;
This misty veil which we have hung on high
Will heal all wounds and bid thy soul defy.

The prison-house wherein thy soul is chained
To the sordid needs thy body claimed,
And seeks beyond this shimmering misty veil,
The seashell tints wherein all mystics sail.

Forget the past, forbear o'er sins to brood,
Tear out the skeleton wrapped in cloak and
 hood,
Arise, the light behind much brighter rolls
Than ought you see upon these lettered
scrolls.

THE SECOND SCROLL

For lo, the seventh house of woe is past,
The bitter cup is drained, no drop is left.
O'er brighter planes thy lessons now are cast,
From blighting storms thy future is bereft.

The cold forbidden paths where once you
 roamed
 Have slipped away like snows 'neath April
 skies,
And like a fleecy web from a heavenly loom
 They hang in folds like curtains from on
 high

On which to pin these glittering pearls for you,
 For every word has truth enfolded there,
And every thought is crystalized life anew,
 Fresh from the "Balance-House of Wisdom"
 rare.

Justice still holds aloft his tilting scales,
 And weighs each pearl that comes from astral
 plains
Now hidden by angels in these icy mails,
 But will come forth when reason dissolves
 thy chains.

We of the spirit spheres breathe o'er this cloud
 And crystalize our thoughts in purest rhyme;
Tho' clothed they seem in cold and icy shroud
 They are warm and pure as heaven is divine.

So rouse thy drooping soul and look for worth.
 Turn now thy thoughts from earth and seek
 for rest,
For, lo, this ice is free from taint of earth,
 'Twas gathered from the seashell's tinted
 breast.

REACH OUT, THOU LONE ONE

Reach out, thou lone one, now, and set thy
 stakes,
To repel the ruthless chains that bind thee
 down,
Knowing the people's wants are not their needs,
Knowing thy loneliness has proved the helm
That guides the pen of thine inspired thoughts
To higher claims for man than gold can buy.
Look o'er the reckless waste of human life,
And then the petty wants of vanity,
That hamper minds, prevent progressive
 thought,
And hold men down to spirit penury.
Gold satisfieth not the immortal soul.
No chalice of earthly gold can hold to our lips
The nectar that can quench the soul's deep
 thirst.
Oh the barrenness of the soul which gold can
 sate,
Or vaunting pride control. How small it seems
Compared with the great waves of boundless
 light,
That surge through infinite realms of astral
 space,
Swaying men's minds like reeds before the blast.
Again we say, Reach out, thou lone One,
And gather in the gems of truth along
Thy path, and give them to the world. Not
 blindly,
But weigh each pearl within the scales of reason
And chisel it with words to fit its nook,
And we will help you on to show the truth,
With all its hidden springs. So falter not,

Nor measure the world by one dear little hearth,
For every home is a link in the heavenly web.
So scatter the truths we give into your care
Broadcast o'er all the earth with loving hand.

FROM MY SPIRIT BOY

I come and stand by your side, dear mother,
In pity I touch your wrinkled brow.
I have tried *so* hard thy sighs to smother,
When so many times I have seen thee bow
Beneath thy burdens of sorrow and woe,
When thy soul was rent with pangs of grief;
I have often tried to stagger the blow
That was sometimes caused by your unbelief.

I have seen your wants, I have watched every
need
As you swayed like a reed in the autumn
blast,
I have seen you trying your soul to feed
On the husks that the world at your feet has
cast,
I have watched all this as I listed the strain
That went swelling out like a rolling wave
To the heavenly heights of the spirit plane,
Where the banners of freedom incessantly
wave.

Grieve not for me, mother, I am happier here
Than I would have been there in the mortal
form.

I kiss the hand that pushed me away
While I wait with patience for you to come,
And when you are ready I will lead you o'er

To my beautiful home where you long to rest,
And thy mother's heart shall grieve no more,
For in this bright home are the weary blest.

I have come to thee, mother, again and again,
And soothed with my love your troubled
brow,

But your only response was a throb of pain,
As in penitent grief your form bent low.

And now, dear mother, arise, arise,
For you are not alone in the cold world's
strife.

Wipe all the tears from thine aged eyes
And forget the pangs of an unloved wife.

And now, dear mother, do not forget
When so often you say, "I am all alone,"
That your child and the angels are with you yet,
Smoothing your silver locks one by one.

And they say your repentance will weave you a
crown

Out of the embers of the cold dreary past,
And you never again will wish to frown,

For the joys of heaven shall be yours at last.
So let the dead past bury its dead,

For experience gleaned from the lines you
have cast

Will guide your ship right when the sails are
all spread,

And so, dear mother, grieve no more for the
past.

“THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE
GOD”

Youthful mother, bending low
O'er the casket of thy child,
Burdened with thy cup of woe,
And a grief that is almost wild.
Remember that the angels called him,
Pure and spotless as God's own,
And thy led him kindly, gently,
To the lambs around the throne.

We saw his form lie in its casket
Draped in flowers for the tomb,
Flowers of earth, how soon they wither,
Like your baby, all too soon.
Soon the bud so early faded
Will bloom in heaven's perfumed bowers;
Every leaf will be perfected
In that land of perfect flowers.

Angel hands will lead him onward
Thro' the paths of bud and bloom,
Grieve not in thy sorrows blindly,
For the pure have led him home.
Can you wish him back from heaven
That sweet bud of perfect love,
With each leaf so pure, untainted,
In earth's cruel paths to rove?

Ah, dear parents, cease your weeping
Though your pure white lily's gone,
For in angel's arms he's sleeping
When to you the night seems long.
And he'll often come and nestle

Near your clinging, sorrowing souls,
Sweetly toying with your heartstrings,
While your love he still unfolds.

Now his little spirit wanders
Far from haunts of sin and grief,
Aye no shame about him lingers,
For with sin his stay was brief.
And lo! his little baby footsteps
Now lead you toward the heavenly goal,
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul."

RELEASED

These beautiful words are from the pen of G. W. Devin.

The angel of peace whom mortals call death
And fancy he seals life's fount with his breath
Had entered that cell so welcome a guest
The prisoner wept and fell on his breast.
The fetters were loosed and fell on the floor,
Invisible hands flung open the door,
Unchallenged by guards, unnoted their flight,
In silence they passed from darkness to light.

THE HIDDEN MANNA

Lo, who can not see in the heavens
The truth of God's banner unfurled,
That it breathes into mortals a spirit
That must change the unthinking world
From the paths of transgression and darkness
To the light of eternity's day,
Where the angel of mercy leads many
While yet in the body of clay!

Lo, the spirit of His garden is budding
In the free soil of each human heart,
And into fair flowers will be blooming
Ere the spirit and body shall part,
And some even now are just tasting
The nectar of life as it flows
From the fount where each mortal is hasting
To find their much needed repose.

What's called death is but the unfolding
Of the fair tinted petals of life,
And soon we shall see by God's moulding
That light is the death of all strife,
For light comes to each soul heavy laden
With aroma from Eden's fair bowers,
And soon will be wove in our heartstrings
Many tints from God's spiritual flowers.

Then will all creeds and dogmas be blended
Into one solid phalanx of souls,
And all of earth's turmoils be ended
As the age of inspired thought rolls
Along paths of earth's glorious Eden,
Where God's spirit has opened our eyes,
And bids us to taste of the manna
Which in secret he showers on all lives.

Who are ready and willing to gather
The small crumbs of this spiritual food,
And impart it to some wailing brother
Whose soul reaches out for the good
And grasps after lilies and roses
That bloom in earth's Eden to-day,
And the hearts-ease that grows close beside
them
To soothe him on life's troubled way?

Now this garden, which God himself planted,
Is truly of spiritual growth,
And can never be seen or e'en tasted
As long as we are chasing the moth
Of earth's golden riches and splendors,
Which flies like the dews of the morn
When God rains down his hidden manna,
Forming many bright gems in each crown.

Now we read that God planted this garden
At a time when time never began;
That he formed man to till and to water it
With the waters of life as they ran
Thro' the soul-throbs of heaven's great cham-
bers,
Where each soul finds its own hidden light
As it flames up from the cold dying embers
Of earth's turbulent, spiritless night.

But the sun of earth's morn is now rising
And throwing its long hidden beams
O'er the portals of God's blooming garden
Where are flowing the spiritual streams
Of eternity's essence of wisdom;
Stored away in God's archives of might,
Tho' long latent in earth's sleeping bosom,
They're again being brought to the light.

THE HERMIT

The following is a translation from some language outside of the English. Pope says the story was written originally in Spanish, but Goldsmith thinks its author was Arabian, while others think it is of Persian or Hindu origin. No matter where it came from, it speaks our sentiments, and we are going to give it a place with our poems.

Far in a wild unknown to public view
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
A life so sacred, such serene repose
Seem'd heaven itself till one suggestion rose
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
Thence sprung some doubt of Providence's
sway.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains retort it right
He quits his cell, the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before,—
Then with the sun arising journey went
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
Now, when the southern sun had warmed the
day,

A youth came posting o'er the crossing way,
Then near approaching, "Father, hail," he cried,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer
flowed,

And talk of various kinds beguiled the road.
Nature in silence bids the world repose,
When near the road a stately palace rose.
The pair arrive, the liveried servants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest the day's long toil they drown
Deep sunk in sleep and silk and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall,
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guest to taste.

Then pleased and happy from the porch they
go,

And but the landlord none has cause for woe.

His cup was vanished, for in secret guise

The younger guest purloined the glittering
prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way

Glistening and basking in the summer ray,

So seemed the sire, when far upon the road,

The shining spoil his wily partner showed.

He stopped in silence, walked with heavy heart,

And much he wished but durst not ask to part.

Murmuring he lifts his eyes and thinks it hard

That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable clouds:

Warned by the signs the wandering pair retreat

To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,

Unkind and griping caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew

Fierce rising gusts with a sudden fury blew.

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast

('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest).

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,

And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.

Bread of the coarsest sort with eager wine,

Each hardly granted, served them both to dine,

And when the tempest first appeared to cease

A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd

In one so rich a life so poor and rude.

But what new marks of wonder soon took place

In every setting feature of his face,

When from his vest the young companion bore

That cup, the generous landlord owned before,

And paid profusely with precious bowl

The stinted kindness of that churlish soul.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again they search and find a lodging nigh.
Their greeting fair bestowed with modest guise
The courteous master hears, and thus replies,
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
"To Him who gives us all, I yield a part.
"From him you come, for him accept it here,
"A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed.
Before the pilgrims part the younger crept
Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept
And writhed its neck.
Horror of horrors! What? his only son!
How looked our hermit when the deed was done.
Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way
A river cross'd the path, the passage o'er
Was nice to find, the servant trod before;
The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin
Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the hermit's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear and mady cries:
"Detested wretch," but scarce his speech began
When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turned white and flow'd upon his feet,
And wings whose colors glitter'd in the day
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
A form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light;
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke;
"The great vain man who fared on costly food,

"Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
"Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine
"And forc'd his guests to early draughts of wine
"Has with the cup the gracious custom lost
"And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
"The mean suspicious wretch whose bolted door
"Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor,
"With him I left the cup to teach his mind
"That heaven *can* bless if mortals will be kind.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
"But now the child half weaned his heart from
 God ;

"To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
"And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
"But how had all his fortune felt a wreck
"Had that false servant sped in safety back ;
"This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal
"And what a fund of charity would fail."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place
And passed a life of piety and peace.

The above article certainly shows us that there is a purpose in all things, though that purpose may be hidden from those who are still in the body.

AUTUMN MUSING

Oh, those glorious chords of nature,
How they vibrate through the soul,
Like the weakening heart-strings snapping
As we strive to reach the goal.

Yea, each atom, from the leaflet
To the echoes of each star,
Strikes a chord within the music
Without one discordant jar.

As a pathway through the eternal
Never fading waves of light,
Where each world in joy supernal
Weaves its robes of chemic might.

And where every soul that's thirsty
Shall drink deep from love's own spring,
Count as naught each human custom,
Like a harp without a string.

Oh, ye universal soul-throbs,
How ye pulsate through all spheres,
From the leaflets to the sun gods
Regardless of all morbid fears.

Oh, the glorious shreds of beauty
That enshrined this earth of ours,
How they knit the soul with heaven
And its ever-blooming bowers.

Every pulse is heavy laden
From life's never-failing seas,
E'en from the touch of man and maiden
To the slightest trembling breeze.

Nature knows no discord ever,
Fired by love's own touch divine,
And her subtle voice must quaver
When we bow at nature's shrine.

ARE ANY LOST?

Oh, the wayward feet that glide
O'er life's stormy boisterous tide,
Are they lost and lost forever
When they stand on the other side?

No, for there we meet each other
As a sister meets a brother,
And God's love will twine around us
Like the love-ties of a mother.

No, the bonds will then unloosen
The once cold forbidding bosom,
Which on earth became so biased
Against those they had not chosen.

THE GOLD IS GONE AND THE GRAPES ARE ALL GATHERED

The light of God's day is dawning at last,
Long ago the grapes into God's winepress
were cast
Which were raised in his vineyard by the strong
hand of Noe.
Thence he turned all the wine in earth's gob-
lets of woe.

And to-day earth's children, alas, alas,
Are reeling and staggering, one dark, drunken
mass ;
Some are drunken with wine, and some drunk
with gold,
And some drunk on the lusts of the Demons
bold.

We are all of us drunk on the crimes of the past
Which still surge through our veins like a fiery
blast
From the inevitable shores of Lethe's dark waves
To the red potter's field with its numberless
graves.

But as we look out tow'rd God's Orient day
The dark crimes of the past are fading away ;
The goblet is broken and mingles with clay,
And the spray from the wine is turned in a day,
To the rose-tinted beams that will shower their
 rays
Of virtue and glory o'er wisdom's clean paths.
Whence fair angels will sweep forth all briars
 and thorns,
And drive back the mists of all gathering storms.
When the briars and thorns are removed from
 our way,
And the dark clouds of error are turned into
 spray,
Then we'll drink with the angels God's nectar of
 love,
And bask in the sunlight of truth in his grove.
And the angels will lead us through deep flowing
 streams
Where the sunlight of wisdom incessantly beams
O'er the paths of the ages, where all will grow
 strong
As they drink in the strains that are wafted along
From the beautiful plains of Apollo's fair bowers,
Which are glowing in beauty with unfading
 flowers,
All of which are baptized with the nectar of love
Which perfumes every path in God's spiritual
 grove,
And bathes every child with the light of truth's
 spray,
Which drives every vestige of error away.
And cleanses each soul from earth's carnage and
 strife,
While leading it on to its own higher life.

BROKEN CHORDS UNITED

Oh, the heart-breaks of this earth-life,
How they ripen up our years,
Throwing shadows o'er our future,
Veiling it with hopes and fears.

But lo, the ange's stoop to listen
To each soul-harp out of tune,
And lave the strings until they glisten,
Like the pure white lily's bloom.

May God's angels tune each heart-ache
Till they sink to milder strains,
And each heart-string slacken gently
At the touch of its own pains.

Would to God each earthly chalice
Could be filled with heavenly spray,
Rainbow-tinted without malice,
And with faith in each bright ray.

UNKNOWN WORLDS

A little grain of common yellow sand
Is flying at my feet, a little world
Within itself, but say, can it command
Its own small destiny? or is it hurled
By the eternal wind that ever blows
Into some dark abyss where winter snows
Can never come? and where it ne'er can feel
The warm embraces of the sun's bright rays
And where no little drop of rain can steal
Into the gulf's meandering ways: or else

Perhaps, some wild cyclone has picked it up
And buried it beneath old ocean's wave,
Or dropped it down in some bright buttercup
That grows upon some lonely wanderer's
grave.

Again, it may remain in its bright place,
Among its fellow-grains of sand; and claim
Relationship, but still we know 'tis naught,
When in the warring elements 'tis caught;
And yet, when left in its own sphere to move,
'Tis full of wealth, and hope, and joy, and love.

What is the little drop of pearly dew
That lieth on its velvet couch asleep,
And gives new lustre to the rose's hue,
Or makes the poor pale lily's petals weep?
Can it control its own when the great orb
Throws down its spiral tongues and sips it up?
Or can it deck the lily's pearly robe?
Or bask within the hare-bell's dainty cup
When morn's cool breeze goes dancing gaily by?
From whence it comes, or whither doth it go,
It only has the power within to know.

What is the little rounded grain of wheat
That lies beneath the ground so damp and
cold?
Will it come forth the sun's warm rays to greet?
Or will it waste and die beneath the mould?
Perhaps 'tis lain away from sun and rain,
Within the wealthy farmer's massive bin,
And ne'er will generate its like again:
For, lo, 'tis trampled down by all its kin;
And though it is a world of life and wealth,
It has no power to shape its course itself.

What is the high and sturdy oak that stands
Beside the way—or in some rugged glen,
Throwing its cooling shades o'er burning sands.

Or pouring out its soothing balm on men?
Long has it braved the angry wind and rain,
Yet, by the lightning's shaft 'tis rent in twain.
It is itself a world of life and power,

Yet by the ax 'tis felled in one short hour.
What are the placid ocean's shining waves
As they dance gaily in the morning light,
Or cuddle down in earth's dark, lonely caves,
To dream and sleep away the faithful night?
It is a lovely gift to all mankind;
But it defies all other powers on earth,
When lashed to fury by the unseen wind,
It is to human aid of little worth.
It is a world in which rare treasures dwell.
What lies beneath its waves no tongue can tell.

What is this earth on which we mortals stand?
Has she a power her own, all life to bless?
Or could she hold the ocean in her hand?
Or bear the towering mountain on her breast?
Or wear the glittering iceberg like a crown?
Or veil her lovely face in morning dews?
Did not her father sun come gently down,
And in her growing soul some life infuse?
She is a glorious world of life and light!
But only she can know her power and might.

What is that dazzling orb we call the sun,
That sways so many worlds with his calm
light?
Is he coerced by some superior sun?
Or does he walk by his own power and might?
Or is he led by some great central sun

Like fair Capella or Aldebaran?
We know no more of his whole life complete,
Than of the little sand-grain at our feet.
What is that band we call the milky way,
That waves its silver robes across the sky,
And reaches out its hand as if to stay
All other glittering worlds that pass it by?
To mortal man 'tis but a girdle pale,
Winding its way across the heavenly dome,
Like unto some terrestrial winding vale,
That ever to the cooling stream says, "come."
It seems to clasp within its glittering folds
Our parent sun with his magnetic rays;
And all his children in its arms it holds;
One universal law the whole obeys.
But to the glowing realms of endless space
'Tis myriads of peopled worlds like ours
Which bask still in each other's warm embrace,
And thereby reinforce their vital powers.
Where suns hold worlds submissive to their
plan,
And worlds look up to suns for strength and
might,
And the great whole, from suns to grains of
sand,
Make one infinitude of space and might.
All, all is harmony, God, if God there be,
From the almighty suns to grains of sand,
And from the sparkling waters of the sea
To the liquid light by purest breezes fanned.
Yea, every atom, ethereal or gross,
Has its own work within this moving mass;
But to each great and central sun of hosts,
What is one grain of sand or blade of grass?

THE BEAUTIFUL DAWN

There is a charm in morning's subtle shade
Which brings a joy surpassing anything
We ever felt or knew. Yet few are made
To taste those joys which must forever bring
Peace to the troubled soul. For sure 'tis bliss
To sit alone when teeming life seems dead
And buried in night with day's last parting kiss
Still resting on its cold, pale marble brow,
While the sweet zephyrs bow in grief their head
And sing to silent life a requiem low ;
Not knowing that the sun will rise again,
And day with life be teeming ere her noon
Shall send its scorching rays o'er hill and plain.
Yea, yea, 'tis bliss to watch the morning dawn
And view each added ray of gorgeous light
As it comes to us on waves of beauty, born
An offspring of the dark and peerless night.
Likening all life unto a new-born babe,
Sweet bud of promise lying on nature's breast,
Rocked in the cradle of delight the sun hath
made
For earth's conflicting elements to rest.
It brings new life to saunter forth at dawn
And bare our brow to catch the morning dews ;
To drink elixir from the fount of morn ;
Then paint with pen of fire heaven's liquid hues
Upon the gilded tablet of nature's page,
As bright memorials of moving spheres,
And suns reclining on golden beds of age,
Baptizing other worlds with sacred tears
Of wisdom,—so ethereal and refined
They scarcely can be seen upon earth's flowers
Until the sun his giddy height has climbed
And peers between the leaves of nature's bow-
ers,—

Transfusing with his light the glistening
pearls
For his own use, then licks them up like fire,
Laving his burning thirst from other worlds,
While seeming to crush all life in his mad ire.
Ah, yes, there is a nectar in the dews
Which fill the raging soul with life and health;
There is a wealth in dawn's bright-tinted hues
That brings a feast surpassing worldly wealth.
Then, "Oh, ye sluggards!" rise from your
beds of sloth,
And seek the first dim ray of morning light.
Hold it, and watch the beauty of its growth
Until a lovely day is born of night.

GO ON, BRAVE SOUL

We see thy life-boat stemming the surging waves
Of passion's dark tempestuous sea of sin,
Without one shudder. Though the waves run
high
Not e'en a timber creaks near bow or stern;
For lo! each mast and spar are fairly bathed
With great St. Elmo's fire of heavenly light
Which bears thee up and out from passion's hell
Of loveless lives, and dual nothingness,
Which reign supreme upon this earth to-day.
The angel band who guide thy trusty feet
Have set thy flagstaff on the mountain peak
Of Beulah land, by love's eternal truth,
And through this cold unmitigated age,
Thine eagle eye will watch the beacon light
Of truth and purity, that shines for all.
The reeling, staggering, thoughtless morbid hosts
That live upon this earth, but live a lie.

So while you watch the milestones by the way,
By the fair light of great St. Elmo's fire,
Let not thy footsteps flag e'en for a breath,
But gird truth's armor tight about thy soul.
Hold firm the pen within thy strong right hand,
And wield it well. Guide with thy left, the helm
Of church and state, and still by thy command
The boisterous waves of sorrow and despair.
Two earnest bands from the shore of spirit life
Have lately met and mingle heart and soul
To widen and weld the bond of social weal,
At this, the dawning of the earth's great day.
So waver not, thou faithful, earnest one,
But fan thy spark of light to a living flame,
To light mankind through purer, cleaner paths,
Of the unseen ages which are yet to come,
And lead them on to holier truths divine.
While bigots hurl their cloud-capped thunder-
bolts,
And custom sharpens error's fiery darts,
Know that thine armor is invulnerable;
So bigots' shafts will have no power to wound
The immortal soul that throbs within thy breast,
Alive to human needs, and love's true goal.
(Given for J. E. P. Clark, from the Orient of
earth's spiritual arena.)

AN APPEAL TO LIBERTY

Spirit of love, unstring thy golden harp,
Then lay it down before the eternal throne
And bow thy head and plead with liberty
To unglove her hands and then unveil her face,
To look with naked eyes upon her sword
Red with oppression's blood. Next trace the
names

Written upon the surface of her throne
In letters raised so bold and prominent
That they can be both seen and felt ; and there
Are pictures, too, wrought by her hand, of men,
Good, honest men with daggers at their throats,
Because of unbelief in Christian creeds ;
Nurslings of tyranny, offspring of misery, too,
Held in the lap of ignorance and crime
And drawing at the paps of foul disease,
Their souls baptised at the dark dismal fount
Of sin and death, and crush'd by heavy burdens,
And bound in menial chains of servitude
Before earth's monied kings. And now behold,
Oh, tyranny cloth'd in freedom's robes, and
wearing

Upon thy cursed brow thy starry crown
While holding in thy strong right hand the key
To prisons, and in thy left the flowing bowl ;
Thine armor stamped with custom's creeds and
dogmas,
But wholly void of God's almighty truths.

Ope wide the doors of nature's gilded halls
And bathe their guilty souls in freedom's air ;
Then take the gloves that have for ages past
Covered the treachery of thy blood-stain'd hands
And wipe thy bloody sword, then sprinkle it
With gold dust from the streets of freedom's
heaven,

Then stand before thy throne of burnish'd gold
And there behold written by demon's hands
Upon its brazen front, "The lust for power."
Then look above, below, on either side
Thou monstrous vulture of all civilities,
And see the different titles thou hast held,
The different garbs thou'st worn ; the different
chains

Shut up in prisons dark and damp and cold,
Or in the mad-house gnawing at their chairs,
Until their teeth are keenly set on edge,
Or, worse than all, drinking a fiery draught
In earth's deluding hell-holes deep and dark.
While thus you stand within hell's open jaws
And scan the miseries of oppression's chains,
Trample the gaudy crown beneath thy feet
Which thou hast worn with such an empty grace.

Brush from thy robes the dust of foul deceit,
Then sprinkle them with gems of human love,
Tear down the tottering pillars of thy throne
Which stand upon the putrid, shaky sands
Of dead men's bones already rotten, not
From lapse of time, but from the stench arising
From the wasted, stagnant blood of honest men.

Wash well thy bloody hands at nature's fount
And cleanse the inner temple of thy throne
With the bright glowing fires of human rights;
Now hie away to the beautiful hills of God,
And there behold His lower living creatures
Feeding on living pastures, drinking deep
At the fount of natural life, all living out
The order of God's laws in perfect harmony.
Look and compare, and then say if you can,
My creeds, my customs and my laws are just.

Next roll away the stone from nature's tomb
And there see, wrapped in a napkin pure and
white

The principles of justice, love and truth
At which the world still scoffs and wags its head
And spits upon and scourges, crowns with thorns
And crucifies and tries to kill, but which
Though crushed to earth will ever rise again

In spite of all hell's powers that crush it down,
And, marked in heaven's livery still proclaim
That truth, and truth alone, can make men free.

And now, O tyranny, liberty, so-called,
Lurking within the house of holy creeds
Cast off thy monarch's crown of shining gold
And bow before the throne of human rights,
And there confess thy many, many sins
Show to mankind that he who would save the
world

Must save himself by living out the laws
Which are the only way-marks leading up
To wisdom's holy mount and man's unfoldment,
To future peace and universal love,
Throughout the vast domains of spirit life.

I STAND ALONE

Alone among the stars I stand,
I feel the lifting of a hand
That points to paths untrod by man,
Along the starry plains.

Those paths are paved with golden thought
That by some souls are dearly bought,
Though by the wise they're counted naught,
Because not found in books.

On starry charioteer I gaze,
Tho' hid from earth by ancient haze.
I see the light of other days
Begins at Charioteer.

The fair Capella sheds her bright
And emerald rays of pearly light
On some who live in darkest night
Of unprecedented thought.

This twinkling star once poured its rays
O'er Judah's dark and mystic ways ;
This star of Bethlehem, all ablaze,
Did lead the Wise afar ;

And pointed to a manger cold,
Where lay the Shepherd of the fold—
Spirit of Truth, unfettered, bold,
A sequel to the past.

I stand alone ; no human birth
Has brought me aught of real worth.
My hungering soul finds nought but dearth,
For ignorance is but dross.

I watch, I wait, I cannot find
One soul who is not wholly blind
To sovereign laws by God combined
With all the starry spheres.

For sovereign laws are set at nought,
While human laws are thickly wrought
With dire disease and fabled thought
Of God's best gifts to man.

I stand among the rocks alone ;
A wilderness is round me thrown.
I ask for bread, but find a stone
Is all this world can give.

I ask for light, but only a spark
Comes drifting down from ages dark,
Scarcely enough to make a mark
Upon life's onward march.

But lo, the veil is being rent
And pent up mysteries only lent
Back to tradition will be sent
As Truth unfolds her laws.

Earth's cycles show that a beacon light
Is piercing the folds of her dark night,
Revealing God's own Truth and might
By rending the veil in twain.

Soon, in the twinkling of an eye,
Time will unfold his by-and-by,
And show the eternal how and why,
When the seventh great seal is
broke.

EVOLUTION'S LADDER

There is a spacious stairway, long and steep,
Built by the undulating hand of Time,
Which reaches through the realms of endless
space
To worlds invisible. It is not built
Of classic lore, but of broad expansive truths
Of God's invincible. Yet as it stands
On mines of worldly wealth, much sordid gold
Scattered round its base is seen, with gems
Of fleeting happiness for our present needs.
The lower rungs are rough and battered o'er
With the sharp rocks of fate inevitable.
Few think to try its stern realities,
Or wish to climb to broader, brighter spheres.
If all of us had wings that we could soar,
With hands unsullied and unbending wills,

How soon would we try to see what gems are
 hung
On each successive, each advancing rung
Of evolution's ladder. But, alas!
The glittering frailty of earth's mocking joys
Has dimmed our eyes to such rich, enchanting
 brightness,
Until we are blind to all progressive steps.
Nor do we wish to climb to heavenly plains
While we can gorge our worldly appetites
Upon earth's golden husks. 'Tis easier far
To sleep on downy beds of luxury,
In quiet rest and dreamless indolence,
While watching and waiting for our wings to
 grow,
That me may soar up to the God of isms,
There to sing his praise forever more.
But as we wait in hall of luxury,
Or sleep on beds of wealth, or half recline
Within our fairy boat of golden hours,
Expecting some magician soon to come
And lift the gossamer veil which God has hung
Twixt us and life's unfolding spirit spheres,
We fling our precious golden-tinted moments
Unto the winds of barren dissipation.
But stern realities have forced a few
Who have been roughly trampled under foot
And ostracised, estranged from kith and kin,
To clutch with eager hands the lower rungs
Of time's progressive steps, as doth the weary,
Belated traveler with trembling hands
And struggling breath clutch in wild desperation
The moving train as it goes whirling by.
The fates (albeit the Gods) have helped them on
Almost from infancy to climb to scenes
More varied and to broader fields of truth

And knowledge unexplored. At first the path
Is rough and hard to climb; the steps are long
And steep, the progress slow, the cross is heavy
And *some* oft sink beneath the added burdens
Of baffled inspiration. Or it mayhap
That some may slip and fall upon the slime
Of acrimonious ignorance. And some
There are who try to reach the golden gate
Of nature's high arcana in double-quick,
That they may take the credit to themselves
And rob progression of her timely dues
But ah, alas! they cannot reach the top
In blundering haste, nor can they cut across
And win the race. And so they learn in bitter-
ness

That they must climb with patience and fortitude
The mystic winding stairs of nature's crude
And imperfected laws of metaphysics.
Few yet can stand on earth's material plain
And lift the ethereal veil which God has hung
Twixt mind and mind or earth and spirit worlds;
And even *they* have only gained one step
Preparatory to a long eternity,
With its great endless and progressive paths,
Which hold within their labyrinthine folds
The garden of the Lord, which still contains
The tree of life, with its twelve kinds of fruit,
Which yet it casts to earth as the end draws nigh;
And as of yore its leaves all nations heal.
Here in the garden of God man yet will find
Bright flowery plains and vines of luscious fruit,
Cool, shady glens and green and fertile vales,
With streams of water pure, which ever flow
Toward oceans deep and dark and turbulent,
Whose depths do ever hide the serpent's sting.
But on the shores of Lethe, near the rock

That hid the serpent's smile, then crushed his
head,

And 'neath all joys of heaven, all fears of hell,
And 'neath all scalding tears, all scoffs, all jeers,
And hence beneath the weight of custom's
frowns

The Lord has weighed and cast his anchor down
Into the troubled deep that laves the lighthouse
Of every human soul who stands as waymark
To the bright beyond, beyond and yet beyond,
Along the endless and progressive paths
Which leads us on through wisdom's spacious
bowers,

Which bloom unceasingly with goodly flowers
Of everlasting, ever unfolding growth,
Forever changing still from old to new,
From new to newer still, but never fading
Thro' all the eons that are past and gone,
Nor all the eons which are yet to come
That move the unnumbered spheres where na-
ture rides

In her triumphal car of glowing worlds,
Whereon all souls will find a potent power
Sufficient to unfold all latent buds,
That every incarnation pushes forth
Toward the omniscience of the *Great I Am*,
Who holds each end of evolution's ladder
In his omnipotent, omnipresent hand,
And welds the ends into an endless, dual band
By his almighty fires of spirit love divine.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

Woman, art thou a lifeless, walking tree,
Shaken by the howling and relentless winds,
Or, bound by the fetters of base slavery,
A puppet, plaything, without brain or mind,

A foolish dummy, dressed in gay attire,
Standing where man can gaze upon thy form
And fill his lustful soul with warm desire
While you repel his touch with loathsome
scorn?

And yet you clothe your artificial form
With drapery to feast the lustful eyes,
Then stalk about in clouds of mystic gloom,
While in your yearning brest your last hope
dies.

Yea, while thy flesh puts on its costly robes,
A whited sepulchre lies deep within.
Your soul's filled with the stench of dead men's
bones,
All fettered and uncleansed from shame and
sin ;

For while you bow your heads in meekest
prayer
Your hands are reeking with the holy blood
Of unborn babes, and your brow, which seems
so fair,
Is stamped with the curse of unloved woman-
hood.

Art thou the reed the Christ went out to see,
Shaken by the unhallowed winds of scorn,
Trailing your royal robes within the dust
And wishing in your heart that you were
borne

To some bright clime where you could live in
peace
And innocence, away from foul desire,
Where naught's called love save that which
brings release,
And love, ne'er turned to lust by demons dire,

Who are the offspring of thy hellish fate,
Borne down by devils stronger than them-
selves,
Bearing within their souls the fires of hate,
And plunging other souls in deeper hells?

And now, Oh, woman, what art thou to man
More than a worthless, lifeless, fondled tool?
Look at thy life and then say, if you can,
Which is the worse, hell's devil or its fool?

Speak, woman, speak, or canst thou find no
voice
To tell thy tales of misery and woe?
No will hast thou to make the fitting choice
And lead the way in which you wish to go;

Hast thou no heart within thy yearning breast?
Hast no soul within thy withering form?
Hast thou no pulse to thrill at touch of hands?
Hast no feet to trample down the thorns?

Hast thou no hand to brush away the dews
That ever gather thro' the long, dark night?
Hast thou no eyes to see the morning hues,
As they pour in through eastern gates of
light?

Hast thou no strength to break the tinsel
cords
That custom twines around thee like a spell,
Binding God's truth with sacreligious words,
And bidding life and health a sad farewell?

Hast thou no power to rend the veil in twain
Which hides the inner life of thee and thine
That in reciprocated love you may regain
The overflowing cup of joys divine?

Throw off the weight that crushes like a spell,
Gird on the sword of justice, love and truth,
Stand firm within the very jaws of hell,
And there unfurl the banner of thy youth.

Show to the world its stripes are made of
blood
Which custom drew from veins of martyred love
That had been starved for want of proper food,
While by the christian's cutting lash 'twas drove

To madness and desperation dark and dire,
And hellish hate that would dethrone a God
And drive him headlong into endless fire,
For blotting out his goodness with a rod

Of vengeance and wrath by fiery demons
hurled
Into the very gates of heavenly bliss,
As if the flames of hell were there unfurled,
And every earth-child stood by the hot abyss.

And now, O woman, when thou seest all
Canst thou not drop the veil that hides thy grief,
And show earth's gods that they have caused
the fall ;

That love and truth alone can bring relief ?

Then will you stand upon the rampart's height
Of love and truth and holiness divine ;

And as the gates of heaven swing back for
thee,

Thou wilt walk in and sip the glowing wine

Of mutual love, which is the final goal
Of spirit-life, and claim thyself the right

To sit in judgment o'er thy pleading soul,
And there unfurl the banner of freedom's light.

And then bend e'er the grave of buried love,
And break the galling chains that bind it down

To nothingness, then set on high above
The cross whose suffering bought its glittering
crown.

Brush from its lips the ashes of dead leaves ;
Bind up the broken hearts of crushed humanity ;

Then place before the throne thy garnered
sheaves,

Filled with the lovely fruits of earth's divinity.

Pick up the broken links of youthful love
That glisten in thy memory of the past,

And twine them around the sorrows of thy
soul,

Like shades of eve by golden skies o'ercast.

And while enraptured thus you stand and gaze
On the vast sea of human misery,

Can you not brush away the mist and haze
Of ignorance and dark antiquity ?

WHAT IS MAN?

Man, art thou a molten image, made of gold,
Stationed upon the pinnacle of fame?
Or standing a stately, glittering iceberg cold,
Within the polar region's broad domain,

Where only the cold, pale rays of winter's sun
Can meet the charm of thy forbidding airs,
Without one element of summer heat
To melt thy stony heart to love and tears?

And as you stand in wilderness or grove,
Do you at times not long for some bright ray
Of woman's love to cheer you in the strife,
To strengthen and to lead you on your way?

And as you count your heaps of yellow gold,
And pour it in your coffers, deep and wide,
Are you content, while at arm's length you hold
The woman who was once a lovely bride,

While you deal out a pittance, mean and small,
And lay it in her palm, so thin and frail?
Can you not hear the clanking chains that fall
Upon her weary soul like the death wail

Arising from the hearts of devils damned,
Who have outlived the thoughts of truth and
love
Which are the keys to all that's bright and
grand,
And ever leads the way to realms above?

Lock up your gold within your massive safe,
Then climb the azure heights of heaven's
dome,
And then look down upon life's flowery waste
That doth surround the prison walls of home ;

And view the gap thy treasured gold might fill,
Which is the yawning gulf twixt thee and
thine ;
And then say, if you can, whence comes this
chill
That overflows all earthly joys divine ?

And now, O man, can you, with iron heel,
Forge closer still the links of woman's chains,
And at the tears she sheds no sorrow feel,
Or e'er unfold your hands to soothe her pains ?

Oh, can you listen to the pleading moan
Arising from the heart of bleeding love,
And not unto that bleeding heart say, "Come,
I'll lead you to the goal for which you strove."

And as you take her gently by the hand
And lead her on through new and flowery
fields,
Can you not see sweet freedom's golden wand,
And that oppression's hellish doom it seals ?

Then, as you sit in nature's gilded halls,
Will you not, with your sword clip her chains
And take her from those hated prison walls,
The ghastly growth of dead law-makers'
brains.

And now, O man, wilt thou not ope the door
That holds thy martyred love a prisoner
doomed

Within thy living, human heart's deep core,
While for its speedy flight 'tis richly plumed,

And sits upon the altar of its soul,
Holding its glittering quiver in its hand,
Waiting for you to draw aside the veil
That hides your sight from all that's bright
and grand.

Waiting for you to feast your worldly eyes
Upon the glittering gold you've hoarded up,
For which you paid the forfeit of a love
That lies within the draught you fain would
sip :

But in thine eager thirst for wealth and fame
Thou'st pushed aside the tender finger tips
That poured the balm of Gilead on thy brain
And held life's precious nectar to thy lips.

Thou'st bruised the hand that wove thy laurel
wreath ;

Thou'st trampled under foot a woman's truth ;
Thou'st crushed the love that could assuage thy
grief,

And thus debased the innocence of youth.

Remember love and truth were never born
In gilded halls or palaces of pride,
But in a manger cold, and dark and lone
They lay, one perfect germ, a spirit-guide,

The offering of a mutual love complete,
In harmony with itself and all the world—
A soul divine, within itself replete
With all its glowing light of truth unfurled.

And now, O man, yield up your shining gold.
And now, O earth, yield up your garnered
sheaves,
And pay thy bride the wages of her toil
Where heretofore she's gathered naught but
leaves,

And then say, if you can, which is richest fee,
The gold that flies as doth the morning dews,
Or the joyous cup of mutual love so free,
Filled to the brim with nature's sacred laws?

And now, O Time, cast off thy well-worn shoes,
For thou dost stand on nature's holy grounds,
And give to woman her own right to choose
The sacred order of all wedded bonds

Contained within the three great central links
Of life and truth and love, all satisfied,
Set with the seal of motherhood's fair tints;
Throned on the car of wisdom sanctified.

THE WOMAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Woman, didst thou but know thy power
To claim thy birthright and thy dower,
Thou wouldst o'erleap the gulf that lies
Twixt thee and thine own paradise;
Wouldst turn the soil of liberty
And reap the harvest yet to be.
Thou wouldst walk forth like some great god,
Instead of cowering 'neath the rod.

March forth to conquer in thy might,
Clothed in robes of purest white.
Unseal the seal of God's great plan,
For woman shall encompass man ;
And soon you'll see the rule reversed,
The last ascending to the first.

I see a woman all replete ;
The moon hangs low beneath her feet,
Clothed in the halo of the sun,
Her royal race has just begun.
Her soul reclaims again its youth.
She wields the sword of nature's truth.
Arise is her star of hope,
And gleams upon life's horoscope.

She hath put off her scarlet dress,
She wears no more her broider'd vest,
But in her bridal robes she comes
As came the Lord forth from the tomb.
And lo ! the Bridegroom cometh too.
The old is past ; behold the new !

Behold her on her milk-white steed ;
In her right hand she holds a reed
With which to measure joys to come
Within earth's universal home,
Where dual love is all complete,
And lust lies moaning at her feet.

In life's sweet cup she pours a balm
Extracted from the Jewish palm.
The battle's fought ; the victory's won ;
The Bridegroom and the Bride are one.
No sins to purge, no scars to heal ;
For every woe is turned to weal ;
For mystic rule has been reversed,
And woman has become the first,
Clothed in her armor of knighted mail.
Nature is just ; Truth shall prevail.

IN MEMORY OF MY DEAREST FRIEND,
MRS. M. A. CARR

The jewel was raised from its casket
By the touch of a hand divine,
Disrobed of its cumbersome garments,
In its peerless worth to shine.
Her soul's worth was all unheeded

By those who knew her least.
But those who her council pleaded
Ever found in her presence a feast.

She never swerved from her duty,
No matter how hard to bear ;
Her soul was the outgrowth of beauty
And her crown set with diamonds rare.

She filled her chalice with flowers,
Fresh from the evergreen plain :
Then scattered them out with a loving hand
To the friends she will meet again.

Tho' gone from our sight, she is with us yet,
And will ever be faithful and true ;
Tho' high in heaven, her goal she has set
Her friends she will often review.

Richly clothed in the robes of virtue
Was the soul of our long loved one ;
And pure as a dewdrop from heaven
Ere 'tis kissed by the passionate sun.

Then why do we weep at her going,
When we know she will often return?
And why are we prostrate with sorrow
When she says, "My dear friend, do not
mourn!"

JEHOVAH'S REIGN

Jehovah took the key to spirit realms,
And while he sat upon his throne of worlds
Unlocked the gates of time's mysterious ways
And there beheld a book. A blank it was,
But lo, he wrote his name on its title page.
He dipped his pen in fire and wrote his name
On every world, and then, as if in mockery,
He wrote his name on every bird and beast
And every creeping thing, from loathsome rep-
tiles
To downy butterflies and from great suns
Unto the tiniest insect that feeds on air.
He dipped his pen in rainbow tints and wrote
His name upon the storm, and as he turned
The last great leaf in nature's book he wrote
With his own blood upon the hearts of men
The first and last great law, that God is love.
Lo, then, with pen of fire Jehovah wrote
On every leaf and page of his great book
That light is life, life God, and God is love.
But as he sat on his eternal throne
And gazed with pride upon the mighty works
Of his omnipotence, and watched with care
The evolution of each mighty world,
His countenance waxed pale, for as he looked
O'er the vast trackless waste of endless time
He saw some laws which he had thought in-
vincible
Begin to fade and die. Some worlds turned pale
Within their wayward course and then seemed
lost
In realms of Erebus. Others swelled and
swerved,

Then staggered and fell back, and seemed to die
From lack of light, and some did burst their
bonds

And became as nought within the Master's
hands.

Then God took up the pen of Father Time
And wrote on every page of Nature's book.
"Change and exchange is the sealed mystery
Of God's eternal truth and harmony."

But man was blind because of his transgression,
And could not see the mutual exchange
Of great Jehovah's wealth. And deaf was he
Unto the still small voice of God within;
Nor could he know that through transgres-
sion he

Must walk on thorns. Nor could he see as yet
That when his soul clamored for bread it would
Receive a stone. Nor could his thirst be quenched
For he had turned the nectar of his life
Into a sieve, and soon the fount went dry.

He cheaply sold his claims on paradise
To pay the forfeit of his rude transgression,
For nature knows no discount in her terms,
But pays the last percentage of her debts;
And tho' she's liberal with her richest store
She's ever frugal with her ways and means.
She moulds organic life to suit herself,
Then forms a law to suit each moulded germ.
She knows no up nor down, no high nor low;
No great nor small, no time nor space knows
she;

But all that she has been, all that she is
And all that she can be in heaven or earth,
Through endless time, through all unbounded
space,

Is hemmed about by the invincible

Yet ever changing laws of evolution.
But man in his conceited wisdom snatched
The key from out Jehovah's hand, and locked
The golden gates of paradise against
The evolution of his soul; then formed
Himself a law (a low, debasing law)
That banished from his breast the living God,
And fed his sensual appetite on husks.
Then taught his children 'twas a holy law,
And flung the lie into Jehovah's teeth
By telling them the man-made law was God's.
And so the law of unrequited love
Is now imposed upon the human race.
And we are told 'tis conjugal felicity.
It may be possible for man to be
Deceived by mortal man, but *never* God.
Can man eat poison serpent for a fish
And know it not, or gnaw a stone for bread?
Nor can we drink from God's eternal fount
The unadulterated wine of life,
Except we open first the ponderous doors
Of charnel houses where poor madmen rave,
And batter down the bolted iron doors
Of prison houses where chained felons pine
In the dark, murky gloom of solitude,
And cleanse with unfeigned love and liberty
The whited sepulchre of every human soul.
But lo, the door swings back; the flickering light
Of heaven's morning dawns. "*The Great I Am*"
Fans the dying embers of earth's darkest night
Into a blazened oriental morn.
The God of Jacob walks again with men.
The light and glory of redeeming power,
Which Boanerges scattered to the wind,
Shines once again upon the courts of love.
Woman has paid the price of martyred love.

And now she seeks redress. Man, too, repels
The sparkling ruby soul-destroying wine.
The ship of state in the celestial spheres
Has weighed her anchor in the troubled deep
Of Esau's darkest night. Again the Lord
Proclaims that as in transgression all have died,
In the fulfilling all shall live again,
Forever to proclaim the love and joy
Of every soul beneath Jehovah's reign.

PART SECOND.

POEMS FOR THE FEW.

OR

THE SCIENCE OF THE HEAVENS.

PREFACE.

Shakespeare spoke a vital truth when he said:

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

We feel safe in saying that there are separate classes of spiritual molecules in the astral ether (which we usually from habit call God) which we should, however, call God's, and these spiritual molecules fill all space and vibrate with the physical molecules of our brain, and, in fact, every atom of our body, and these spirit molecules govern each characteristic of every individual to some extent, but they vibrate more largely with organisms whose tastes and spiritual capacities are potentially unfolded.

In “Paradise Lost and Found” we have shown the vibrations of many of those mythical gods, and their

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In "Paradise Lost and Found" we have shown the vibrations of many of those mythical gods, and their vibratory effect upon each other, and also upon the children of earth, for what affects the earth affects her children also; so we've shown the affect as bearing upon the earth more especially, because the earth is the mother of her children. We have given the names of many of the gods and goddesses by showing their influence upon the spiritual plains of the stellar fields.

Do you call this mythical? if so, you are right; for mythology, when blended with the spiritual esse of the starry constellations of Oriental birth, is one of the grandest truths ever conceived by man; but no one can see its harmonious beauties unless they can grasp the cabalistic keys of occultism and unlock the mystic doors of the heavens.

If you say it is chimerical, that is another thing; for chimera is limited to our own morbid and worldly condition and fancies.

With us the partaking of the forbidden fruit is one with Pandora's box, only the ancient sages used different symbols to expound the same truths.

Both of those mythical stories show what our earth

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Both of those mythical stories show what our earth has passed through while wading through the dark slums of the Adamic age, in other words, the animal ages of recorded history and the cold-blooded barbarism of not only ancient but of modern times.

MRS. M. M. SISCO.

HIDDEN KEYS

Oh, would that I could grasp the key to stellar
 plains
 And unlock the bolted door of heaven's secret
 lore,
And view the wondrous beauties of those vast
 domains
 Which each and every world of light now
 holds in store.

But as well might the worm that crawls beneath
 the sod
 Try to grasp the key that unlocks the prison
 door
Of my poor pinioned soul that came from God;
 Albeit, 'tis steeped in ignorance when it would
 soar

Through the unending paths of everlasting
 space;
 If only it were to catch the least small glim-
 mering ray,
As it vibrates o'er the starry planes from place
 to place,
 While gathering light to lead it on its hidden
 way.

But, oh, this darkness, what will I ever, ever ken
 Of the eternal laws that guide those ever mov-
 ing spheres,
And holds each world and leads it in its wonted
 line
 Without the smallest thought of doubts or
 fears.

Or would that I might even grasp the hidden
key

That unlocks the store house of old glittering
Sol.

And analyze the heat and light that comes to me,
And holds me in my earthly prison walls.

But I only know that he shines as a beacon light,
To guide the children of his fair solar glitter-
ing woof,

Leading them all by his eternal power and pomp-
ous might,

Granting to all and each, a grand maternal roof.

I only know that each world walks within its
beaten path,

True to old Sol, and true to its own domains
of life and light,

Nor clashes with other system within the milky
path,

Or boasts in shoddy sophistry, of greater
power and might.

And this much more I certainly *must* know,

That old king Sol will ever hold his knighted
reign,

And shield his own, from every stellar glittering
foe,

Along progression's paths of still unfolding
gain.

But, lo! I cannot even grasp the mysterious key
That would unlock the bolted archives of my
earthly claims,

And I cannot find the secrets the gods have hid
away,

Which vibrate to the subtile touch of mightier,
holier, strains.

A poor, weak worm, I stand upon the threshold
of the gods,

And look along the life-lines of eternal thought.
I plead for light, but only find the scathing prods
That goad me on, to lessons yet unlearned, un-
taught.

I cannot even grasp the finite key to my own soul,
Or unlock the secrets which should be mine in
thought,

Nor see the possibilities that lead me toward the
goal,

Which only with the mystic ages can be
bought.

So I have long to labor yet and long to wait,

In supercilious ignorance and gaunt despair;
Though I pine in shackles at the portals of God's
gate,

I find no key with which to unlock the door to
wisdom's stair.

But *I know!* that in all the hidden eons yet to
come,

The gods will turn each key within its lock,
And ope the halls where wisdom's silent loom
Is plying the shuttles, at which we were won't
to mock.

Then we will see the molecules of heaven's spirit
web,

And count the colors of those mystic vibratory
threads,

That every act of carnal life has blended in that
web,

And dyed the warp of life's eternal woven
threads,

That leads the conscious soul on its upward way,
While the gods who hold the keys unlock each
door
And let us in. But every key is formed of carnal
clay;
The lock is clutched by vibrant molecules ever-
more.

And so we yield the conflict to that fairy land,
So infinitely great we know not of its growing
morn,
And yet those molecules pin us down by each
hair,
Then hide the keys, the while we face the fetid
storm.

But when the ego passes from out those carnal
chains,
Our higher-self thrills with the touch of laws
before unclaimed,
The veil is lifted that conceals those broad do-
mains,
And like the bird our spirit soars to loftier
heights unchained,

To drink from the never failing fountain of the
gods
Sweet peace and rest, or drift o'er seas of liquid
light,
In sweet companionship with those whom they
may choose,
While spirit responds to spirit through mystic
waves so bright,

Sweet emblems of a holy love divine that's ever
born

Of wisdom's occult gems hidden in life's potential stream,
So when the spirit returns again to its moulded house of clay,
Then it will reach a higher state wherein to dream

Of the luxurious growth of ever varying spirit plains

Where each and every change new wisdom gives to all,

And each new thought is ever filled with mightier gains

Which the ego must grasp ere it can heed another worldly call

Back to *some* planet, to pass the bud and bloom,

Of another incarnation which must and will bring forth,

Another journey through God's prolific varying loom

For which Lachesis spun the threads of growing worth.

CUPID'S YOKE

Cupid, where hast thou been, what aileth thee?

Hast thou been bound by some blind Bartimeus

Who sits by the way-side begging for a crumb,

Or has stern custom maimed thy spirit wings?

Come, let me see, thou dove, what aileth thee;

For well I know that some rough, treacherous hand

Hath wounded thee in head or heart or wing,

And jeopardized thy selfhood in the fray.

But come and let me pour the ethereal balm of truth

Into thy bleeding wound, where'er it be,
And stop the flow of blood by spirit balm,
And the fulfilling of all spirit laws.
For be it understood I am no dog
Feeding upon the worldly, morbid crumbs
That fell through the deadly mists of ignorance
Into the putrid valley of discontent.
From off the Master's well filled ample board
I dine with deity, and well I know
That every god of love must do the same.
They cannot thrive upon the meager crumbs
Of earth's material and live as dupes,
Without some wound to crucify their life.
But not to death for Cupid is of Deity,
And cannot die. It has been said "One way
Alone can love be killed, that is, starvation,
It cannot be burned, strangled, drowned nor
frozen,
Nor even starved past resurrection.
For with his quivering bow and psychic dart
The little god of love moves worlds, and is
Invincible even to the touch of lips.
Thy form has touched me, lovely Cupid boy
And like the flowing breath of Deity
You spoke so gently to my lonely heart
That I found within the presence of thy wings
There is no emptiness. Above, below,
And all around the stars, no emptiness.
Indeed the plumage of thy wings sheds light
Throughout the universe of undying worlds.
E'en to the touch of hands and fading cheeks.

Now that my eyes are opened to the light
I look upon a boundless sea of beauty.
A sea unfathomable, without a shore,
And thundering floods of silence come floating in
Through the unbroken chains of reciprocity ;

For immortality dwells in space and thou,
My Cupid, art immortal when, unfetterd
Thou sweepst across those seas of eons where
walk

The upright, shadowy forms of human minds
Along the ethereal spaces from world to world.
Thy deep soul throbs in the pulse of the eternal
Poised in the potency of thine outstretched wings
Which bear the shuttle through the eternal web
Of ever-living more than mortal love,
Where the *Great Mother Nature* has deftly hung
The veil of Isis which no hand has raised
Nor ever can until poor, weeping Terra
Breaks Cupid's yoke and walks forth a Madonna,
And casts the crowns of thorns which her chil-
dren wear

Low at her feet, and thus removes the veil
(Which blinds and cripples thee, my Cupid boy),
And thus permits the power of harmonies
To reach the spiritual, responsive lives
Of Terra's hosts, and show them living truths
And the rest and beauty of thy folded wings.
When wilt thou light upon her naked breast,
And pierce with the arrow of thy spirit love
The fabulous folds of all her formal arts,
And the stale customs of twelve thousand years
Which only serves as meat for dogs, not gods,
To feed upon? For we are rambling, lost
In the stagnant waters of irresponsible lust
Which flood the darkened wilderness of sin.

But thou art here again, 'mid Terra's hosts,
And many are drinking from thy welcome chalice
A healing draught for all life's bitter woes.

THE REAL LIFE

Well, here we are again in prisoner's chains
Wrestling with the toils and cares of an earthly
 life,

Reeling and staggering beneath our load
That time has laid upon primeval man,
And calls it life. If this be life we live
In vain, for truly there's no life in tears.
Nor in the golden chains that fetter our lives
Till nothing but a smouldering mass attests
That we still *try* to live, but live a lie.
Oh, roll your rounds, eternal eons, roll
And watch with pitying eye this earthly spark
Which seems so dearly bought by some of us
Who call it life, and truly seem to think
'Tis all the life there is. But could they see
As with an adept's clear and mystic eye
The retrospective scenes of spirit realms
Which once were theirs as their inherent right
E're they were earthward drawn, they'd see at
 once

That this is not the real life, but only
A prison home, where we must learn the wisdom
To view with critic's eye our present life,
And view through God's material spectroscope
All sad events which seem so hard to bear.
And watch their shades to see whereof they're
 made,

And by what and whom they were promoted.
And what they weigh when they are once com-
 pared

With the karma of their last incarnate life,
And what the final loss or gain has been.
If loss, we must regain what we have lost;

If gain, we're one step higher and must move on
To grasp the truths that the gods have laid away
For us to ponder when we shall learn the way
To reach those themes. But lo! alas, we're way-
ward

(Stubborn, if you will) and vex the Ego
Until it sends us back to earth again
To pay with interest all the debts we owe
Ere we can grasp the sacred astral truths
Of God's own universal peace and love,
Which tho' 'tis rest it surely is active work
Which the Ego cannot grasp except it first
Shall beat its unfledg'd wings against the bars
That hold it down to its indebtedness
Which God designed to mark our upward course.
And where the Ego leads us toward the goal,
Upon a sea of life and light so smooth
That the Ego scarcely knows whereon it glides,
Or that it moves, save for the growing light
That doth envelope it. And yet it grows
From day to day while yet shut in its house of
clay.

For e'en our sins, tho' sad they seem,
Do fertilize the soil which pushes forth
The Ego toward a new and growing light,
Where labor in itself is perfect rest,
For its action is so perfect, pure and free
It does not seem a motion of itself,
Save by its growth. Look at the growing tree,
It moves not to our eyes, yet year by year,
Each circle speaks of a more perfect growth.
And yet the tree stands still, except 'tis swayed
By the rough winds as mortal life is swayed
By worldly bickerings and sordid care.
These are not detrimental to its growth,
But help it glean bright gems from sad experi-
ence

Which at the time bring only grief and pain,
Smooth hew them as we may. But like the toad,
Whose head contains a gem of vital worth
So our misdeeds are a diamond in the rough,
By which the Ego profits in its flight,
So that our next incarnate life will be
Of purer glow and brighter intellect.
Thus we (at times) pass on unfetter'd by flesh,
Knowing no thought of space save when we grate
Against our mortal carnal prison walls,
While wondering at our mishaps and our griefs,
Forgetting *that* in some gross previous life
We danced with joy and now must pay the bill;
For truth is just in every crook and turn
And balances her means to meet her ends.

Primeval man has just begun to learn
That thoughts are things and fly like birds of air
And pierce like pointed swords the souls they
reach
And that they ever lodge where they are sent,
So while we are here again in the mortal form
Throwing our silvery darts of joy and love
To some dear friend who lives in a far off clime
Or whetting our javelins of hate and scorn
That we may pierce anew some half heal'd wound
Which has been rent before, let us beware,
And wait the coming of another mortal life
But list, we hear the hammer of Vulcan's forge
And while we cannot forge the strokes, let us dip
our thoughts
Into the silver chalice of the gods which still
Runs o'er with a soothing balm for human ills,
If we'll but use it. So let each mould a chalice
And fill it to the brim till it runs o'er
With heaven's prolific balm of deathless love
Which must propel the Ego in its flight.

Yet while we walk the earth mid thorns and
flowers,

(Where there is much of beauty and of crime)
Devoid of light, devoid of reason too,
Devoid of all the charms that heaven holds dear,
Time seems a cruel messenger of woes
That cast their shadows on us before they come
Or a cruel tell-tale of the dismal past
To warn us to prepare for a loftier flight.
Time does not fly. There's no such thing as time.
All, all of life comes within the broad domains
Of the eternal. Earth-cares flit across our path-

way

Just as the finest mote flits in the sunbeams,
The brighter the sunbeams the larger the mote
appears.

And thus, the finer that the soul becomes
In its life, the greater its misdeeds appear,
Until the soul is weighed down by regrets,
And prays to leave again this earthly slough,
That the Ego may dine once more with Gods, and
drink

From its own cup the truths of real life.
On would it press to realms of blissful joy
Of dual love clothed in the pure white robes
Of bride and groom, proclaiming once more to
God

Their youthful love, which they were wont to
count

On earth in later years as wasted life,
Forgetting there is no waste of *spirit* life,
Which is a part of God, forever new.

IS GOD WITH US NOW?

If we are not a part of the stellar God,
What, then, are we? Do we belong to earth?
Are we to view those lovely orbs of night
And yearn to grasp their all-pervading rays,
Yet holding all the while in listless hands
This little ball of clay, and pressing it
Close to our hearts? If we are spirit molecules
And kindred to the ever-living gods
Must we look o'er those fields of mystic light
And own those starry plains forbidden ground
Where we should lose our steps in a flaming maze
If we should seek to thread their labyrinth?

What are we but a part of God? Where seek
Our record in the eternal book of life
If not in the starry deeps? And when and where
Did life begin if it began at all,
And when and where is the end? If this life here
Upon this baby earth is all there be,
What have we gained by it? What is life worth,
And how much better is our earth that we
Have lived and toiled in ignorance to deck
Her yielding breast, acting the part of grooms
To polish up her verdant convex coat?
If she is bettered, then 'tis well, but where's
Our recompense? Confine us to this earth,
And what are we but floating, flimsy motes
Quivering vaguely in the smallest space,
Without one pulse of upward-tending life?

If God confines our incarnations here
To this small earth, what are we more than
beasts,
Whose spirits escaping sink to earth again?

My faith is that as a spirit molecule
In the living heart-blood of the gods forever
'Tis mine to drift through every artery
Of secret, ever expanding thought, that vibrates
Unceasingly through aeons that are past
And aeons yet to come. And yet this hour
Alone is mine. I must grope among the throes
Of gasping agony, or march by the light
Of wisdom's torch, which leads us on 'mid isles
That once were black as Egypt's darkest night,
Now radiant realms where love is ever law
And life is king.

This hour alone is mine.
It is a milestone on my upward path,
And it is all of life. Eternity
Is now and ever will be now. For us
It is to ask of life's potential powers
That they guide us onward. If we backward look,
What do we see? Simply a darkened valley
Where prisoners fret and moan and gnash their
teeth.

Ye gods! What beauty is there in the present?
Yet in it is a livid spark from life's
Eternal torch, which, while we yet behold
Will change it into something fair and bright
Even as the blood from vile Medusa's veins
Changed into Pegasus, the flying steed.

We may look back if we can bear the sight,
But back we cannot go. We must move on.
Before us stands a castle built in air,
Which in our mortal shape we ne'er can enter,
For, as we near the spot where it appeared,
It has passed on and left us. Look as we may
Along life's fairy web of many lives,

When once we grasp the tint we most admired,
It seems less bright, and far beyond our reach
Another tempts our efforts.

All life throbs

With the universal heart-beat, which sustains
All intellects in heaven's unmeasured space
And leads each soul toward the Omniscient light,
Along the path whose windings suit it best,
But end there is not. Only now is ours,
And now is what we make it, nothing more.
One day is as thousand years with God,
And a thousand years are as one day with us.
Shall we, like Mary, choose the better part
And make the now a day of glowing beauty
By breaking tyranny's chains that bind us down?
Or shall we lift, like Martha, needless burdens,
Then cringe and fret and moan beneath the load
And thus receive the censure of the gods,
Rejecting the draught which they have mixed
for us
To drink with them in the eternal now?

GIVE US LIGHT

My God, is there no food to satisfy
This innate longing of the immortal soul,
No ray of light to guide these faltering feet?
Is there no little stream of psychic light
Flowing from out the fountain of the gods
With which to slake this withering, burning
thirst?

Is there no way to trace the endless folds
Of the universal starry vale of truths?
Ye gods, annihilate my soul or else
Bid me to come as an invited guest,

And eat with you the dainty food ye eat,
And drink from out your cup the wine of life.
I hate these earthly husks of nothingness ;
Ah, worse than nothingness they are to me
When my soul is starving for the bread of life.
If my soul was made in the image of its god
Why is it bound by all these worldly toys ?
Why can it not reach out and grasp the truths,
The invincible truths of other worlds, while yet
Imprisoned in its house of clay, and bring
From God's eternal realms of mystic light
Germs that may satisfy the soul's great needs ?
Why are we ignorant of our own powers
Of what we are and what we yet may be ?
God pity us and help us pierce the light
That shines forth from the heavenly orient,
To pluck the apples of Hesperides,
Whose seed are gems of wisdom new to us,
And sow them broadcast o'er this burning waste
Of hungering, longing souls who seek the truth
Which leads us on, yet still eludes our grasp.
Long, long we've watch'd and waited for the gods
To pour the balm of Gilead o'er our brain,
Bathing our spirit with wisdom's sacred oil
And our searching eyes with rays of diamond
tints.
Long, long we've bowed our heads in writhing
agony,
Watching and waiting for the mystic light
(Which the gods have rolled together like a scroll
And hung above the ages of earth's dark night)
To burst its bonds and give us light to see
How far we've blunder'd o'er our mortal rocks,
How many leaves in our book of life were turned,
While we were viewing with sighs and tears and
moans
Our torn feet, palsied brain and bleeding heart.

But lo! those mystic clouds (which hung so dark
Over our chain'd and ever murmuring souls)
Are the unbolted gateway of heaven's morn
Which have been locked for ages in the past.
But when the gods unlock those heavenly gates
All customs, creeds and all beliefs will change
Into omniscient beams of living truths
From minic oceans, in whose beds profound
The Oracles have planted the yielding seeds
Of that fair queen of heavenly flowers, "*The
Lotus,*"

Which will convey us on in its golden heart
O'er the unfathomable depths of wisdom's seas,
Smooth as the silvery orbs from Vulcan's fires
And brilliant as Minerva's glittering shield,
And swift as Mercurie's feet that walk on air,
While his winged cap sits aslant upon his brow
As he views with watchful eyes the lotus bud,
Knowing its roots are deep in mortal clay
And knowing, too, that it blooms eternally
And will carry us safely o'er seas of spirit light
As smooth as moulded glass without one ripple
To disturb our Ego's coming truth-born joys.
For the promise is made that we shall dine with
 gods

And drink sweet nectar from life's fount
Of ever-living, never-failing joy
And universal love, forever flowing,
Which never has been sealed, but only screened
From mortal eyes, and is reserved for us
When we have reached our goal and won the
 prize.

WHAT NEXT?

Of course there was a time, as ages run,
When this world was an embryonic germ,
Gross and uncouth within the moulder's hands
As if the potter's clay when ground for use.
While thus it lay within the massive womb
Of ever-changing, everlasting time,
It rolled and heaved, one bright tumultuous mass,
Then stopped for a brief space, then rolled and
 heaved again,
And tried to roll itself into a ball.
But lo! 'twas filled with chasms which for years
Were filled with darkness so profound and dense
As to repel the least advance of light
That did surround it as the bridal wreath
Surrounds the dark and untold future life
Of its fair bride. But as the years went by
Other and more mature convulsions rose
From out the deep, dark, yawning, endless gulfs
And they were closed with one spasmodic groan
More bitter than the moans of devils damned.
And then another great tumultuous throb,
A great terrific wail (but only heard
By other worlds) arose and other gulfs
Did open wide their jaws as if to drink
The molten light that ever round them flowed.
While earth lay thus within the womb of time
Struggling for life and struggling to be free
The sun was brought to bear upon its birth
And then the throes increased to agony,
For as the light increased so did the pains.
A few more great upheavals, a few more moans
That shook the tide of time from base to dome
And millions of worlds did shake their heads and
 weep

.

With one accord, and suns to darkness turned,
When lo, behold a baby world was born!
Of course it was not quite a perfect world,
For there were deep, dark chasms to be closed
And gastric fluids that must be withdrawn
By sad convulsions, earthquakes and the like.
But then, it was a sturdy, robust babe,
Able to go its own orbital rounds.
It did rejoice in its own active life
And able it was to draw its chemic force
And light from other worlds. And now it lies
A bright and smiling child in the lap of time,
But like the child of man it must ever take
The bitter with the sweet. For tho' 'tis bright
And fair and covered o'er with lovely smiles,
Its throes of pain extend from pole to pole,
And in its burning thirst it swallows up
Great oceans even as doth the teething child
In its feverish thirst gulp down a cup of water
Then gnashes between its burning, swollen gums
Great cities, as the little suffering child
Gnashes its gums upon its rubber ring
Or mother's breast. So, as the ages pass
And roll their rounds thro' everlasting space
There is a universal law which says,
No gold can be refined except by fire,
No rose can bloom except it burst its bud,
No seed can grow except it burst the mould,
No child be born except thro' anguish wild,
No earth unfold except it drink the draught
Of bitterness. No garment can be made
Unless the web be cut; no mind unfold
Except the forked darts of fiery tongues
Shall pierce it through and through,
But after dissonance comes harmony's
Bright, sparkling little cup of untold joys

Filled to the brim, a never-failing fount,
Able to satiate all the laws of life
From thirsty worlds to drooping little flowers,
And from the vast unending plains
Of spirit worlds unto the minds of men.
But why at times those pains we have to bear?
We do not know. But still it seems a law
Hidden within the eternal course of things
That all of nature's works must bear the pains
Of birth, then suffer on through growth, and
bear

The pains of death and die.

And then what next?

Next come to man the grand unfolding laws
Of spirit life, which first appears to be
A cold, unbroken plain of nothingness.
For, as he looks around he cannot see
The least small object to break its barrenness
Nor hear one sound, for there is nought to make
A sound, except himself, and he can make
No sound, because there's nought to hear the
sound,

Not e'en a little bird, a crawling worm,
No tree nor hill to give the echo back.
While thus he stands upon the endless waste
Of nothingness, and prays that he may see
A tree or hill or cloud within the sky,
A little brook with bright and pebbly bed
Or e'en a little flower, a blade of grass,
Some little thing on which to rest the eye,
And prays that he to nothingness be turned,
He looks beyond, beyond and still beyond,
Where it would seem impossible for eye
To reach, beyond this vast unending waste,
For something that the eye can fix upon
While sight is lengthened to its longest range.

Oh joy of joys, behold there comes a change!
A cloud arises and though 'tis black with rage
'Tis better than this morbid, endless plain
Of nothingness. And as the cloud moves on
It blacker grows with rage and with its wrath
Gathers much strength and power.
But as he looks, behold the endless waste,
Not he, has moved; *he* stands just where he did,
And though the cloud is black and threatening,
And as it nearer comes it breathes of storms,
Yet as it comes he hails it with a smile
Of bright and unsophisticated joy,
For 'tis a something upon which to rest
The over-weary, over-longing sight.
But as it comes it black and blacker grows,
It rolls and heaves, one surging, angry mass,
As if ten thousand devils were at war,
Each struggling for the mastery.
But hark, what sound is that he hears?
It sounds as if ten thousand thunderbolts
Were playing a prelude to the warring elements
Of devils damned. Or like the swift rumbling
Of the wheels of time as God drives o'er the
bridge
That spans the gulf 'twixt heaven and hell.
But there 'tis finished, the sound has died away.
The cloud stands trembling in its wayward
course,
Then sways and heaves, then lo, behold, it
breaks.

And then what next?

Now comes a light from bright ambrosial plains,
Where those who fled from earth long years ago
Have studied well each page in nature's book,
And as each leaf was turned by wisdom's bards,
Who had passed on still years and years before,

They have learned their lessons well.
For as each leaf was turned by wisdom's hand
It was aglow with beauties rich and rare
And costly gems of bright and heavenly birth
Which no man standing on the plane below
Could see or comprehend. And the lone soul
Who stands before the broken cloud of darkness
Begins to see the dawn of spirit light.
For angels' hands are parting wide the cleft
And brushing back the mists on either side,
That he may see to walk. For now the scales
Are falling from his eyes, and angels come
And bathe his poor, weak soul with life's elixir
Mixed well with heavenly joys of orient balm.
And as they bathe his spirit o'er and o'er
With friendship's steady hand, they bring a cup
Filled from the fount of everlasting life
And give to him to drink. But wisdom's hand
Holds firm the cup lest he should drink too deep
And drunken be with heaven's wine of life.
And as he sips the balmy dew of love
He gathers life and strength and hope and joy.
But as he looks about he finds the light
Is far too strong for his benighted eyes
Which all along through his material life
Have been o'erlaid with scales of ignorance.
So, like the weary child who has been viewing
Too long the gaudy hues that pleased his sight,
But were too strong for his frail infant eyes,
He drops away to sleep and quiet rest.

And then what next?

After the dotage thro' peaceful rest reclaims
The scattered forces of his youthful mind,
Then comes the awakening to untold joys
Which he is able now to understand,
So angels take him gently by the hand
And lead him on o'er bright and flowery plains,

The very plains on which he tried to see
Some little object on which to rest the eye,
All covered now with rare exotic flowers
Of every shape and size and costly hue,
From rainbow tints to shades of blackest night;
And where he heard no sound there comes to him
A low, sweet strain from the bright silver strings
Of heaven's golden harp touched by the joyous
hands

Of happy souls. And as he stands before
The happy choir, the last unfolded strain
Is lengthened out, and 'neath the massive arch
Of heaven's dome it dies away to the last
Echo of the lowest strain.

And then what next?

Next in the twinkling of an eye the heavenly
hosts

Have changed their white and pearly robes of
purity

For freedom's costly robes of shining gold
Inlaid with diamonds rare of nature's truths,
Bought with the blood of millions of earth's
heroes,

Earth's fairest, brightest, noblest souls. And
there

Sits lightly on their brows a purple crown
Well set with stars of gold and richly decked

With rare exotic flowers, and all walk
Thro' shady bowers of everlasting green,

Leading all those who cannot go alone,

And teaching blear-eyed ignorance to see

The ever-changing scenes of spirit worlds,

Which only thro' the unfolded spirit sight

Can e'er be known. And as the hosts move on

In easy garbs of nature's truths they oft

Go down in valleys deep and dark (for such

There are in spirit worlds) and there they find

Some poor, discouraged, faltering human soul
Who, for the want of spirit strength has fallen
By the way. But as they raise him up, they
strike

The shackles from his earth-bound soul, then
bathe

His weary feet with heaven's morning dew,
Then lay him down on beds of fragrant flowers
To rest from earthly bickering and strife
And gather up the remnants of his worse
Than wasted life. And as they labor thus,
Their toils made sweet by aromatic joys,
Their souls are strengthened with the bread of
life,

Their thirst is quenched from heaven's immortal
streams

Fed from the fount of everlasting bliss.
And oft they hold a banquet pure and free
Within the flowery groves their hands have set
And where with great artistic skill they've
twined

The lily with the rose. And lo, 'tis here
At the arched gateway of their banquet halls
The earthly chains of custom are unforged
And the last link drops from the fettered soul.
Here avarice forgets her thirst for gold,
Here malice forgets her thirst for sweet revenge,
Here disappointment leaves her sable robes
Which she has trailed thro' earthly filth and mire,
And clothes herself in drapery of delight.
Here drunkenness is healed of putrid sores
Till not one scar is left. Here earth's excesses
Cast off their loathsome spots. Here justice
whets

Her sword of living truth and falsehood falls
Before her deadly blow. And here earth's chil-
dren

Have found the law of love which sore-eyed
 ignorance
Had tried on earth to find, but which the greed
Of Mammon stole from her. Here mercy sits
And with her royal hand has thrown ajar
Sweet freedom's golden gate. Here wisdom sits
On her eternal throne, ready to break
The seals of the book in which the gods have writ
The everchanging, everlasting laws
(Which ever must be hid from *worldly* eyes)
With all their suns and all the peopled worlds
And all the glorious paths in which they move
And the unfoldment of each mighty sphere
That holds celestial manna for all needs.
Here walks eternal life by its opening light,
Healed by the brazen serpent of the past,
And holds the secrets of God's solar laws
Which govern all the myriad spheres that roll
Thro' countless realms of never-ending space
And serve as footstools for undying time
To stand upon while opening up the laws
That hold the secret byways of omnipotence
Hidden in the great archives of the galaxy
Filled with the orbits of ten thousand spheres,
Each moving world a law unto itself,
Each speaking a living language all its own,
While touched by the finger of a hand divine;
Each singing in a sweet but subtle tone
The diapason of God's magic staff;
Each holding in its rounded hand the key
To its own life, the central sun its lack.
The universes are the massive doors
Opening to mansions where every growing soul
Is clothed in aroma from heaven's flowery vale.
God's hand supplies the bounteous, well-spread
 board;

His truths the dainty food all souls must eat;
Fair unity the cord that holds all worlds
In measured lines and ever leads them on
Along lifes ever-flowing river pure
Where all who will may come and drink their fill.

And now what next?

Next let us view thro' God's own microscope
The crude and tiny spark of human intellect,
Which God has scattered round each peopled
world

Like bees around their hives, industrious fools,
Seeing naught and caring for naught except
The chemic forces of our earthly life;
Content to live within the dusty range
Of our stupidity, learning what we may
From printed books written by other fools,
More keen-eyed, autocratic than ourselves,
Who say twice two are four, or three times two
Are six, or that a dozen of earth's years
Make up a single year for Jupiter,
Or that the book of Holy Writ was given
By God's inspired scribes to be our guide
Whereby the wayfarer though a fool may walk
And never err. Tho' all admit 'tis veiled
In mystic symbols hidden in the folds
Of God's almighty long-sealed mysteries;
And only his own day of ten thousand years
And the eternal progress of those days
And his long nights by fiery coursers drawn
Can e'er blot out man's superficial ignorance
By holding strange communion with the gods
And each world's ever-growing spirit light,
Which sheds its rays on all who beg for them.
But lo, this ever-changing little spark
At first no bigger than a needle's point
Tho' ever growing in its eternal course
Of intellectual laws from old to new,

As step by step it climbs the endless stairs,
When first 'tis flashed from the eternal light
Appears a senseless thing. It only knows
Enough to eat, or if in pain to cry.
It sees without the smallest sense of sight
And hears but does not sense the sound it hears.
When tired it sleeps, when rested wakes and eats
And sleeps again, but nothing more. O soul,
Didst know that sometime in the coming years
Thou'lt stand upon the threshold of the gods
And view the rising of thy spirit sun
Gilding Mount Sina's ever-glowing heights
Which serves as index to the book of life,
Wherein God's wisdom is divinely sealed
With seven great seals which even human tears
Can never break. But when the time is ripe
The lion of Judah's tribe will leave his lair
And come forth roaring in his mighty strength
And snap the seals as they were brittle glass
And open up the book of starry lore
Which God's great day of ten thousand years has
sealed

That all may learn the truth and beauty there
Where angels walk in rays of shimmering light
From world to world in robes of heavenly peace.
But even Leo, with all his starry hosts,
Cannot alone with all his mighty train
Unseal the ample book of starry lore
Save by the aid of Judah's struggling twins
Who were at birth found grappling for the keys
To that great book, the book of whirling worlds
Which the veiled ages of antiquity
Wrapped in the folds of wisdom's ample cloak
And hung by the ages on Moses' towering staff
Sealed by God's night of silence and despair.

And then what next?

Sound forth your strains, ye harps of Judah's isle

For Zarah's dawn flushes the skies along
The eastern shores of God's great orient day.
But cannot scatter the bacchanalian hosts
Of earth's dark night till his twin brother Phares
Thrusts forth his hand from nature's ample womb
And breaks the sixth great seal, that wondrous
seal

That opens the book of everlasting life
For souls to read by Zarah's morning light
That sends its beams to the brows of God's beautiful hills

Where Judah sits confessed of his great sin
While he discerns his signet, bracelets and staff
And admits his concubine of purer glow
Than even he with all his boasted strength.
Lo, thus we see that woman tho' veiled in harlotry

Shall wield the staff and sceptre of the kings
And walk forth with the signet on her brow
Of welcome motherhood (because she sought
The nuptial couch by order of God's law).
For woman being God's last and crowning work
Was left to be a law unto herself.

Hence, she thro' Phares must break Belial's seals
Stamped with the tithes of sorrow, sin and death.
And when the cords of lust are snaped in twain
Zarah will come, clothed in his gorgeous light
And touch the mainspring of the seventh great
seal,

When lo, the heavens will roll back like a scroll
And woman will walk forth clothed in the knowledge

Of the gods and the rosy light of their orient day
And prove a teacher to all earth's captive hosts.
By rending the veil between God's night and day
And then proclaim to other worlds afar,
The victory's won. For man has overcome

And found the hidden manna of sacred truths
Whereby he dines with gods.

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Light comes to earth's loved ones o'er the beautiful plains
That reach across the milky way
To the cosmic light of earth's baby chains
As she basks in the light of another day;
For she has arisen, 'tis a golden morn,
One among the few since she saw the light,
And she's taking her bath with a touch of scorn
In the great Euphrates¹, so silvery and bright,
That flows from the rock which Moses smote
On an ancient day when Jove was young,
When the stars in harmony sang each a note
And Aquarius poured his light along
The highways and byways of starry planes
Till it sank at last in one moaning sea
Of darkness and trouble and sickness and pain,
O'er which Argo's² ship sailed fearlessly,
Till she came to the shores of God's beautiful hills
Rich with the fruitage of love's golden grain
Where each fair world in Chiron³ trills
Its silvery note in some sweet refrain,
To our baby earth who moans in vain
For her children who are drown'd in the fatal
flood
Of sin and sorrow and harrowing pain;
E'en to the spilling of pure and holy blood;
But earth's elder brothers are helping her on

1. Aquarius' watering pot.

2. The constellation of Argo Navis, Noah's Ark.

3. Sagittarius.

To reach the plane of her own promised might
And she soon will stand the threshold upon
Which opens the way to eternal light.
Then her children will grasp with unerring hand
The book of wisdom God holds in store
For them to read, which is perfectly grand
And filled with the light of eternal lore.
And when this book of eternal life
Is put in earth's hands for her children to read
Sorrow and pain and bickering and strife
Shall cease and a crown be given as meed
For earth's travail pains, which will usher in
The glorious beams of another day,
Freed from the throes of hate and sin,
Clothed in the tints of Raphael's⁴ May;
But lo, earth lingers upon the rocks;
At the very threshold of wisdom's door
With trembling hand she stands and knocks
At the gate of Hercules⁵ strong and pure,
Cleansed by the potent healing powers
Of the wand Esculapius⁶ holds in his strong
Right hand while the venomous serpent cowers
In his left bereft of all poignant fold.
Thus earth stands redeemed on time's rolling tide
Baptized in the hues of her own roseate now;
She has drawn the veil of her own night aside
That the spirit world may see why and how
The ocean of truth throws its light o'er the way
To our own loved earth and her spirit spheres.
And the gem of truth nature stored away
To be our shield in the coming years,
Has arisen out of the dark, cold night
Of superstition's malignant slime

4. The constellation of Esculapius, the God of Medicine.

5. The strength and purity which vibrates our earth from Hercules.

6. The healer, or Raphael, in the Bible defined physic.

Where error and folly walk forth in their might,
And wage a war with all that's divine ;
So we make no appeal to the powers that be,
But stand near the gateway with folded hands
While the glorious laws of eternity
Are unfolded to us by our spirit bands.
But one thought comes home to our soul to-night,
The beautiful thought of a soul made free,
When the death angel clothed in zephyrs white
Shall lead us on to maturity.
When this chrysalis chain shall be rent in twain
And the soul made free as the bird on the wing
To seek the paths of the starry plains
And drink with the gods at nature's spring ;
When the trundling cares of life shall cease
And poverty's door be closed for aye,
When we drink at the fount of joy and peace
In the light and the love of our spirit day ;
Then each weary soul will bound with joy
At the low, sweet chord of the heavenly choir,
And the pulse keep time to Apollo's⁷ strains
As his hand sweeps gently over the lyre.
Oh, this thought comes home to the weary heart
With a twofold power of hope and love,
That poverty's chains will bear no part
In our future labors in the realms above.
One hope comes home to our soul to-night,
The beautiful hope that earth wars are past,
That the monarch sword by use made bright
Will into plowshares be turned at last ;
That no more blood will cry from the ground,
Because of heresy's fabulous laws,
That no more kings with gold shall be crowned
In the redeeming light of a holy cause.
One love comes home to our soul to-night,

7. The God of Music; the constellation of Sagittarius.

The love of the human made divine
By the law of equity, justice and truth
And their worship at nature's holy shrine;
And the solid phalanx of souls made free
From the waging of war and the throes of pain,
Whose unsealed eyes shall be made to see
That a bloodless war is their only gain.
One life comes home to our soul to-night,
The life that stands by its soul's true mate,
Where two hearts beat as one in the fight
That Arigo⁸ fought at the silvery gate
While he guarded with care the lambs of the fold
From the purpling deep of Icarian⁹ seas
And carried them on in his chariot of gold
To the sacred land of Hesperides¹⁰.
One song comes home to our soul to-night
Which was sung by the stars when Apollo
played
On the heavenly harp by his own chemic light
To the numberless worlds in truth arrayed,
And the numberless souls who must learn the
laws
In nature's great archives stored away
That are scattered along progression's paths
For us to glean in the coming day.
So we stand with the throng at the beautiful gate
That is left half ajar to welcome us in
From the sunlit bowers of our earthly fate
To the life that cleanses from all sin.
One claim comes home to our soul to-night,
The claim of our own identity,
As we strive for the life that is hid in the light
Of the spirit sun of eternity.
So we make no moan, but bide the plan

8. Arigo is Pan, the God of Shepherds.

9. The mythical waters of the heavens.

10. The garden of Eden.

That unfolds every leaf of our spirit flowers
Though crushed we may be by the weight of the
ban

As we pass 'neath the rod toward our spirit
bowers.

Yet we'll climb progression's ladder at last

By the help of wisdom's guiding cord
Which will lead us all right through each fiery
blast

For God says, "I love thee, pass under the rod."

PARADISE LOST AND FOUND

Within the gates of Paradise there walked
The first fair fruits of God's eternal love,
A perfect pair; to them no sin was known,
No mad careering of the jealous mind,
No ribald mutterings of dishonest deeds
'Tween warm and trusting friends were ever
heard;

None bowed the knee to plead for mercy from
The master with his lash drawn back; no
blood

Was seen to ooze from out the poor slave's flesh;
The air breathed not his moans, for each man
stood

Beside his brother man, and bowed before
The law of equity as to their God;
No rich were there, setting their iron heel
Astride the poor man's neck, for not one soul
Stood in the highway begging for his bread,
Or like as Lazarus sat by the door of Dives
Pleading for alms or picking up the crumbs
That fell from off the rich man's plenteous board.
No vain were there chasing the dazzling light

Of sophistry, or fabricating lies,
Hoping for gold and glory as their gain.
Scheming deception and sharp-toothed envy
On earth had found no resting place as yet.
No scandal with its putrid breath of felony
Sent forth its blighting lava o'er the earth.
No sluggard lay upon his couch asleep
While the bright orb of day rolled swift and high
His chariot wheels across the azure dome
And by thus sleeping threw his burdens off,
To fall on other backs already laden.
Licentiousness had found no lodgment there,
Because hypocrisy had not formed the cloak
For lust to wear. Nor had the screen been wove
With which to hide the low infernal passions
Which Satan alone could stamp on souls of men.
Even the figleaf girdle (which the fair virgin
Of God's sovereign law knitted together
With the bunch of thorns that Adam plucked
By reaching thro' a niche which Gabriel left
Within the garden wall, and Satan found)
Had not been thought of yet, because no need,
For where there is no sin there is no shame.
No deaf, no dumb, no blind, no lame were there,
No spirit imbeciles were there, for God
Had breathed his own life into the flesh of man,
Embellishing his mind with wisdom's dower.
No madmen raved in all their frenzied dearth,
Shut out from all that nature formed to love;
No murderer sought the hemlock and the wine
Or thrust the dagger thro' his brother's breast.
No thrones were found in all that garden fair
To tell that kings or queens had ever lived.
No words of man were ever misconstrued
Because of veiled minds, for truth stood there
Naked and bold, holding the sword of justice
Within her strong right hand, and in her left

She held aloft the golden crown of righteousness,
Disrobed of e'en her veil, that all might see
Her symmetry of form and worship her.
Envy and malice lay outside the gate,
Locked in the folds of Satan's wily charms.
All, all within this garden of the Lord
Was peace and joy and health and happiness;
No clouds were seen, no muttering thunders
 heard,
No lightnings gleamed athwart the social
 heavens.

The days were short, for happiness is fleet,
And never stops to catch the sluggard's moan.
The nights were clothed in drapery of perfume
Fresh from the breath of every fragrant flower
And odors of spices wafted o'er Joppa's seas
From bright ambrosial climes where angels dwell,
Where mountains sing their songs of endless
 praise,

As they smile down upon the limpid streams
Whose rippling waters bathe their trusty feet,
And fair Diana wipes them with her hair.
In Eden's bowers were trees of wondrous growth.
But greatest of them all stood Lebanon's cedar,
Clothed in the drapery of his shadowy shroud,
Casting his towering branches 'mid the clouds
(Where birds sit brooding on his dangerous
 limbs)

Throwing his mottled shades o'er lovely vales
Holding them firmly in his willing arms,
While he's shaken by some mighty wind
That would unhinge his purpose, but for the
 power
Hidden in his faithful breast to do God's will.
There, near great waters and 'neath his widened
 shade

All beasts of earth brought forth in joy their
young,

And sang their praises to the Lord for blessing
While all their joys appeared invincible.

No other tree in God's capacious garden

Was like to this one tree, for all the others,

Even the smaller cedars, envied him,

For all great nations under his shadows dwelt

And sang their praises to earth and the morning
stars,

And the Almighty God, the King of Kings.

There children stroked the lion's shaggy mane

And while she licked their feet she fed her cubs

With food she gathered from their outstretched
hands,

And bears and dogs and wolves ate their full
share,

Then kissed the hands, the little childish hands,

With unfeigned love and fervent gratitude

And as a recompense for childish care,

They frolick'd o'er the lawn with babyhood,

While lambs and fatlings came and joined the
sport

Then all bowed low the knee in praise to God

While seraphims looked down from heaven and
smiled

On the harmonious life led on by love ;

For nature was in hallowed glory wrought

And seemed to hold in her tenacious grasp

The endless cycles of God's flowery planes.

But one fair morn when nature was adorn'd

As a young bride when lo, the bridegroom
cometh,

The spirit of the living God went forth

From out of Eden's beauteous blooming bowers

Where he had put mankind to till the ground

And sow the seeds of equity, love and truth,

Integrity of soul and faith divine,
Sweet nectar for Apollo and his hosts.
His work was finished on the seventh day,
And at its close he passed the massive gates
Of his own glory; but ere he went forth
He told his children all to eat at will
The intellectual fruits of inspired thought,
If they inclined; but ignorance was bliss
And it were better far to leave the fruit
Of knowledge in its place and taste it not,
Lest eating they thro' ripened wisdom learn
Their incapacities and weep o'er ignorance,
And soon become as gods, and being wise
Wed science with philosophy, prove them one
With all the laws of nature's universes
From the least moulding of organic life
To all the master suns that roll thro' space,
And from the growing seeds of intellect
Reap sheaves and garner for the life to come.
But when the last echo of his footsteps died,
The light was overcast with mystic haze,
The gloomy souls of all went groping round;
Their joys began to fade, no rest they found
Tho' flowers still bloom'd and warblers sang their
songs,
Their low, sweet songs in blissful harmony.
The fruit trees bloome'd, then dropped their
lovely robes
To give their reign unto the place of fruit.
And lo, the tree of knowledge in the midst
Was laden heavily with precious fruit,
Some green, some ripe and some was yet in
bloom.
Yet God had said, "Eat not, or else ye die."
Although the tree of life was by its side
Whose fruit was laden with the breath of Pan,
And yet God said, "Eat not, for if ye do

Ye shall surely die.”
But they *did* eat the fruit
Prepared for them by the eternal gods
From the great storehouse of eternal lore.
And so they wandered up and down the earth
Hither and thither they went and tried to touch
The mainspring of the glory which had fled
And left destruction standing in its place,
Waiting for Cadmus to sow his dragon’s teeth
That would bear fruits of tyranny and death.
But God had said the fruit was wisdom’s dower
And when a voice was heard from out the depths
Of darkness and conflicting elements,
Saying to all, “Put forth your hand and eat,
For if ye eat thereof ye shall *not* die,
But shall become as gods and be inspired
With fire from heaven and knowledge, too, from
 hell,
Knowing all things that God himself hath made
For you to know, but said ye should *not* know,
Lest ye should die; yet all the while he knew
That knowledge is life and ignorance is death.
And yet this God who was pronounced all-wise,
All purity and love and full of mercy,
Has less of mercy, love and power than I.
He knew that I, tho’ fallen, was still alive
And where he left me, sleeping outside the gate
In shades of dark and close-veiled Erebus,
And so he left a breach within the wall
For me to enter. A double breach it was
Which he had left, fearing lest one alone
Would be too small for me to enter in.
He made the second breach beside the first,
Knowing that I could rend the two in one;
Knowing, too, I would impart to you the wisdom
That he withheld lest ye became as gods,

To know the laws and power of the universe
And all the secrets he hath lain away
In nature's deep arcana of hidden worth
For you to know as ages roll their rounds
And show the truth with all its hidden springs
Of light and darkness, happiness and sin
Of miseries yet to come, of life and death,
Of crosses and of crowns, of love and hate,
Of earthly villainies and heavenly harmonies,
For all these fruits are growing on the tree,
Of which He said, Ye shall not eat of it,
For if ye eat of it shall surely die.
And now I say again, put forth your hand
And pluck and eat the fruit, that ye may know
Evil as well as good and count as lost
All that availeth nothing to thy soul
In power and wisdom, true elements of God.
For he is ever wise and cunning, too,
To throw this blame on me. But power is good
And wisdom is better far than precious stones
And purer than the gold of Havilah,
But neither is yours except ye eat the fruit
Of this one tree which is so fair and pleasing
For the eye to see, and to the taste is sweet."
And so they all did eat, but found the fruit
Which as it hung upon that glorious tree
In the golden beauties of Eden's fairy vale
Was wrought with dire disease and felony.
Its juice was made of scalding bitter tears
Flavored with sighs and moans and cankering
care,
Constantly gnawing at their vitals, fiercer
Than the vulture of Prometheus on the mount
Where Jupiter left him bound in galling chains.
And lo, their agonies increased each day.
For woman had led the way to taste the fruit

And her conceptions were in sore distress,
Hence all the race were in the vortex thrown;
For woman, the mother of all human life,
Had yielded up her womanhood to lust,
And bondage worse than death and hell itself;
Which for redress she looked to heaven and
prayed

In vain, an earnest prayer, but all in vain.
For Cadmus at last had sown his dragon teeth
And demons were the fiat of their growth,
Who filled the earth with kings and monarchy
And wars and bloodshed moulded the thorny
crown

Which Cerberus had placed on Pluto's brow,
To whom the Lord had given o'er the power,
And who, as he laughed and danced and clapped
his hands,

Declared he knew it would come to this at last,
But added in that same breath, "it had to come,
For it is but the refiner's fire that frees
The gold from dross and makes it purer still.
So I will fan the flames, the sulphurous flames,
With envy, malice, jealousy, murderous strife,
And pour the oil of drunkenness and revelry,
Putrid lasciviousness and all uncleanness
Upon the burning mass like flames from hell,
And hasten the work of casting out the dross;
Then polish the gold with grains of nature's
truths.

But 'tis not I alone that does this work
Or, if it is, 'twas God that made me do it,
Because he made me subject to his laws,
The grand sidereal laws of heaven and hell,
And the varying music of the rolling spheres,
To read the glorious language of the stars,
To mark the nice affinities of God's days,

And read aright the labyrinths of his nights
And the great disparity of wandering thoughts
From God's own heaven to my own native vale
As they move in a solid phalanx of sordid woes,
And walking hand in hand 'mid the flickering
gloom

Mocking at Eden with its sacred bowers
By helping God's children to transgress their
laws.

Then holding to their lips the wormwood cup
Or forcing them to sip the well-filled sponge,
Or wear the poisoned shirt prepared for them
To wear by Dejanira. But out of all
This chaos God shall speak to all of earth
Crushed down by tyranny and oppressing wars,
Now thrusting their fingers in the narrow seams
Of Lethe's rocks, all reeking with putrid slime
That oozes from out old Hydra's poisonous sting
Like orgies from Aholah's bastile tent,
To save themselves from sinking lower still ;
Until the voice of God shall speak once more
From the mysterious heights of his great day,
Saying, Arise, my sons, come forth, my daughters,
ters,

And bathe your souls in clear Siloam's pool
That nestles down among the lower rocks.
Then shall they hear and shall not disobey
Like fair Pandora, Epimetheus' bride.
For she received from Zeus a bridal gift—
A box packed with diseases, evils, sins,
And joy was promised her and Epimetheus,
If they but kept the box securely locked.
One day her husband left the key with her,
While he a short and pleasant journey took,
But charged her to be faithful to their trust
And not unlock the chest while he was gone.

He went. And long Pandora pondered there,
And wondered why she could not ope the box,
And why the mystic oracles forbade,
And why her lord had left the key with her
And yet forbidden her to raise the lid,
For with his last embrace he said to her,—
“If once you ope the chest your doom is sealed,
“Your heaven is lost, your happiness is gone,
“Your wedded bliss is turned to misery,
“Your beauty fled like autumn’s withering
“leaves.”

Again Pandora looked upon the key,
And wondered on the secrets of the chest,
And what the oracles had told her lord,
And whether he knew what the chest contained.
’Twas thus Pandora reasoned to herself:
“I know he loves me, for my ringlets fair
“Sparkle like sunbeams on the restless waves.
“My eyes are like the blue of morning skies,
“My teeth are white as Joppa’s ivory,
“My lips are like twin rosebuds steeped in dew,
“Clothed in aroma from the angels’ breath.
“My soul can boast a holy love for him,
“Whose love I know comes back to me alone.
“Then why this secrecy? Does he distrust
“His loved and trusting one? . . . There must
“be some

“Eternal essence of the demons there
“To blight my life and blast my wedded joys.
“How easy it would be to know the whole!
“But no, I’ll not betray my loving lord.
“I wish that he had kept the key instead
“Of giving it to me. A curious key!
“I wonder if it nicely fits the lock.
“I’ll place the key within the lock, but never
“Will break my promise to my wedded lord.

"Oh, I must try how easily 'twill turn.
"Now I am sure that it will do no harm
"To raise the lid a little but touch nothing.
"Alas, it opens with a spring, I'm lost.
"I little thought that it would ope so wide.
"What mean those shrieks, those moans of
 "agony?
"Oh, would to God that I could die before
"My love returns. What will he say or do?
"Kill me, perhaps. Such punishment would be
"Much less than I deserve, perhaps much less
"Than it would be for me to live and suffer
"The tortures of the demons I've let loose.
"Oh, my dear love, my faithful, trusting love!
"Would he were here with me in my distress.
"And yet I dread to meet his manly face,
"So full of joy when he so fondly pressed
"That farewell kiss upon my trembling lips.
"Tis very strange that I could do this deed,
"After he told me what the oracles
"Foretold of it, how it would fill my life
"With tenfold miseries, and not mine alone,
"But lives of generations yet to come,
"Cursed before birth by this my fatal deed.
"But there, I hear the footsteps of my love
"Upon the threshold of our beauteous bower.
"I wonder if he knows what I have done.
"Ah me, he smiles, he surely can not know
"Or he would hate me and would cast away
"My blasted soul to be the sport of chance.
"Thank God I am alone, no one is near
"To see his frowns when I confess to him.
"Alas, he knows, he's waiting at the gate
"To gather strength to hear my wretched tale
"And curse me as my reckless act deserves."
Then Epimetheus came and spoke to her:
"Last night, Pandora dear, I had a vision,

"And yet no vision, but a fatal form
"Of direful, reeling, staggering, drunken truth,
"All reeking with the blood of martyred saints.
"And in that dream I saw you hastening on
"With flurrying steps into the fowler's snare.
"And there with trembling soul you disobeyed
"The one request I made in love to you.
"Although you knew the oracles forbid,
"Your curiosity defied the law
"Of heaven's boundless, joyous space, and yet,
"My love, you are too weak, too beautiful,
"Too penitent to bear reproach from me.
"Wedded we were in youthful, blissful joys,
"So are we yet in all these miseries.
"More dear you are to me than e'er before,
"Because I pity too as well as love.
"Then too, most suffering, Pandora, falls
"On you and after you on womankind.
"For henceforth man will be forever king
"And woman will obey his law, not God's."
Then sweet Pandora answered through her tears:
"No, no, this will not be through endless days;
"For when thy brother filled that fatal chest
"He did not do the work in blundering haste,
"But Hope lay at the bottom of the box
"And shone in brilliancy amidst the gloom,
"Like Venus brightening the river Styx
"Or Algol in Medusa's quivering head.
"Divinely bright, it seemed quite ill at rest
"Within its dark abode. It must have come
"From far beyond the moon, beyond the sun,
"Perhaps beyond the farthest unseen star.
"And Hope, this radiant Hope, whispers to me
"That joy shall come again to womankind,
"A gift from great Prometheus, who foresaw
"That strength and beauty would grow out of
"pain.

"But oh, this darkness! how the gloom has
"spread,
"Contained at first in this one box; and oh,
"To think my thirsting curiosity
"Has paved the future of all womankind
"With evils and with miseries. But now
"Tis passed beyond my power, and Cerberus
"Is guarding well the gates of the lower world,
"Not to keep any soul from passing in,
"For all must taste the wormwood and the gall,
"But that no soul pass out until the whole
"Of this dark secret age shall be fulfilled.
"Well, well, it was to be, although the gods
"Who planned the law and the great oracles.
"Who stood as witnesses at the gate of sin
"Forbade. I know it *now*; it was a law
"Ordained by the powers of heaven, time and
"space
"That my presumptuous act must be fulfilled
"That order out of chaos might be brought.
"For knowledge born of suffering is power
"Infallible and worthy of its birth.
"If still we float on clouds of downy joy,
"What do we care for wisdom's costly gems?
"Ages on ages shall roll their cycles round
"And millions of souls must wear a martyr crown,
"Drinking the fiery draught I mixed for them,
"Ere they can reap the harvest of golden love
"Which is the offshoot of the fatal box
"Prometheus sent me as a bridal gift.
"Yet still I grieve that I transgressed the law,
"Tho' wisdom be the outgrowth of the act.
"As I look o'er the waste of human life,
"I see great armies weltering in their blood;
"Whole nations rise and fall to rise no more,
"Great cities swept away with one fell stroke
"And all past miseries coming yet again

“On the revolving wheel of whirling time,
“Love’s day-star turned to passion’s will-o’-the
 “wisp
“That ever dies the same night it is born.
“All, all those agonies stare in my face,
“Ever accusing me of my rash deed.
“But why this moaning over what is past,
“And why repine in vain o’er future wrongs?
“I’ll dry my tears, and by the light of hope
“Will watch the cycling ages yet to come,
“And see my daughters rising up at last
“In all the strength of a grand womanhood
“And all the love of a true motherhood
“To pack again into that direful chest
“The miseries of ages come and gone
“Loosed by my hand that all might learn to know
“Evil as well as good, and choose the good.
“On that fair morn Aurora shall come forth
“And by her balmy, oriental light
“Roll back old Plato’s banner like a scroll
“To serve as windingsheet for all our ills.”

Thus spoke Pandora, and the hour is near
When woman shall fulfill her prophecy.
Aurora’s light is breaking on the shore
Of this cold, dark, unmitigated age,
And she has triumphed o’er the realms of dark-
 ness.

For lo, she comes, bearing in her right hand
The palm of victory, and in her left
The sword of truth; her crown is set with stars
Stamped with the lustre of God’s orient moon.
Her robes are woven from the mystic light
Of God’s own glory, soft as new-born love,
As pure as Virgo, generous as the sheaf
She holds within her ready, willing hand,
Weighed in the equal balances of love,

While Justice touches the beam with finger tips
To see if aught is wanting. And when the law
That wrought this pure and holy new-born love
Is weighed by the eternal powers and found
Not wanting, heaven and earth may pass away,
Great suns grow dark and moons to blood be
turned,

And stars forsake their paths, but changeless still,
This universal love shall never die.

Behold, the day has come, the glorious day
Foretold by prophets in the ages past
When God is saying again, "Let there be Light!"
And angels sound the words in soft refrain,
"Let there be light!" and poets and bards still
walk

Clothed in the robes of vibratory love
Upon our earth, and sing, "Let there be light!"
Oh list, ye Gods, for Terra knocks once more
At Eden's gate, so let her in, for she
Has cleansed her soul from blood of martyred
seers

And washed her hands from all her fabled creeds
And wiped her tears away, and now she asks
That she may satisfy with Eden's fruits
Her children's hungering souls, that long have fed
On withered husks of ignorance and despair.

A voice is speaking now from out the depths,
Saying, I tear, I heal, I have smitten, but now
I will bind you up. The day of the redeemed
By prophets long foreseen is now at hand,
And we shall enter in to Eden's fields.

FAREWELL

To be read as the funeral services of Mrs. M. M. Sisco, author of this book.

She has gone, she has gone, to that better land
Where the beautiful white-robed angels stand
That beckoned her on to that beautiful shore
Where the parting of loved ones will be known
no more.

She has cheerfully folded her hands o'er her
breast,
And her weary spirit will now find rest
In the arms of a beautiful spirit love,
From which she will never more wish to rove.

In that heavenly home she will surely hear
The songs of the birds as they flutter near,
And will listen with joy to the heavenly choir
As each hand sweeps softly over the lyre.

She has trod the path of dual love alone,
Till she neared the gates of her spirit home,
When one touched the well-spring of her weary
soul
Thro' waves of thought, which incessantly roll

From God's beautiful hills to his flowery vales
Down to earth's glades and their weary trails
Of darkness and sorrow and sin and care
Which can never drift to the home over there.

She has wafted her way to those beautiful fields
Where the chalice of life incessantly yields
The nectar of love from life's full-flowing tide,
While God clothes with true glory the bridegroom
and bride ;

Then leads them on through his shady bowers
As they feed on aroma from his unfading flowers,
And they tarry long near the rippling seas
Where the waves are lightly touched by the
breeze.

They walk hand in hand, together as one,
For each hungry soul has found its own,
And each link is strengthened in the endless
chain,

For in that home they are one in twain.
Burn, burn the old vesture she has cast aside
For now she wears the robes of a bride.
By the sacred touch of a hand divine
She bows with her loved one at the holy shrine,

Where the fire never dies and the light never
fades
But lingers forever on the fair, sunny glades,
Where the sunlight of reason eternally gleams,
And the sunlight of truth sheds its holiest beams

O'er each hungering soul who seeks for the truth,
That wafts the soul back to the joys of youth
And reclaims all the tints of life's roseate hues,
Which will expand but never will close.

So we'll let them pass on to their spirit home,
For the bridegroom is here and now claims his
bride.

So we'll let them pass on to their spirit home
To bask in the glories of God's spirit sun.
