

Thoughts

On "NEW THOUGHT"

Dedicated to
G. W. HENNING



By DEWITT C. VESTAL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
FEB 18 1904
Copyright Entry
CLASS. 3-1904
78617 Xxc. No.
COPY B

P5 3129
V3 T5
1904

EATON
CO.
PRINTERS





IN OLDEN TIME when the Earth was young,
And man was not; Nor life had sprung
From out the Ooze and warring strife
Of Natures Primal unfolding plan:
A creature came evolved from light and heat
- and air—

Out from the sea when it began
Its journey on this revolving ball.
But what the shape, or what the size,
Or whether wings or feet or eyes
Tis not for me to now recall.
One thing we know in knowledge then,
It did not rank with modern men.
On with the ages the Creature came,
Seeking for truth, and wisdom and power.

✻ Thoughts ✻

With soul on fire, and eyes aflame,
Groping, hoping from hour to hour ;
To solve the mystery that ever hung,
A brooding, crushing, dire suspense,
Enveloping the soul and ever flung
A cloud of doubt—'twas ignorance ! !
Experience came, as it it always comes
To every man or beast or bird,
And with it wisdom or evil drums
A doleful train of woes unheard .
Wisdom, thought, hope, love and life,
Would well equip a wondering germ
To voyage along the way of strife.
Who can tell when the race began?
What was the form the Creature bore?
Can we be sure 'twas in form of man?
Or reptilian horrid or evasive spore?
To us that live 'tis of little worth.
The force that drew from the unknown past
A germ could as easy form the Earth ;
The sea and sun, the air's surrounding blast.
What recks it? the infinite plan
Designed that we should call it, man.

✻ Thoughts ✻

And man thus formed from out the sod
Gazed upon nature and called it God.
And God became the unknown power !
That held man's all and cheering hope,
And God was good in sheen and shower,
And filled all space and universal scope.
And God was good and filled all space.
In all, over all, his spirit flew.
Where then can th' Devel find a place
To locate Hell and his horrid Crew?
God is good and groping man
Begins to see the unfolding light,
In its true sense and know the plan
The law of love and truth and right.
'Twas man that gave our god a name,
For God through Nature said "I am,"
And man through passion, fear, and shame,
Gave God the power to bless or damn,
Thus the attributes and e'en the form
Of those below were placed on high,
And demons rode amidst the storm
And formed a part of Diety.

✻ Thoughts ✻

If it be true that man received
Knowledge from experience dire,
Ignorance would lead him to believe
In teachings false of Hell and fire.
That the soul is prone to love 'tis true.
But the soul is formed to hate,
So love would yield celestial dew
While hate would leave us desolate.
So heaven is formed for those we love,
And Hell is formed for those we fear,
So came the teachings from above;
Eye for eye and tear for tear.
So man groped on from age to age
And followed wisdom's feeble ray,
And sought the light in every page,
Of earth or sea or Heaven's illumined way!
O, man was man, and not divine,
He by evolution was held in thrall;
Erst-while he preached a way sublime;
He was himself inclined to fall.
'Tis plain that Death a blessing came
To give to each a right of way.

✧ Thoughts ✧

The man with genius and soul aflame,
And he that loves the sodden clay ;
All formed by nature's plan divine,
All a part of the unknown scheme.
But why one soul should be sublime,
Or why another should be the theme,
For jibe, and jest, and mirth for all,
Is more than man shall ever know ;
On Earth benighted by the fall,
Or in the Heaven's surrounding glow.
O man was made to strive, and toil,
And by selection gain the race,
Or whether he burns the midnight oil,
Or whether he serves at throne of grace ;
No matter, he must toil to win.
'Twas so midst Eden's shady bowers,
'Twas so, but not because of sin,
'Twas Nature's boon to bless the hours
And give him happiness and home.
For all that do not work and strive,
Must a savage or slave become,
With naught to bless or make him thrive.

✻ Thoughts ✻

Thus rise my thoughts or old or new?
They come as inspirations come!
To cheer the heart and give a clew,
By which to reach our final home.
So God is good and fills all space,
Has knowledge, love, infinite power?
Then the Devil can have no place
To while away a lonely hour.
The evil one could not presume
To live and love within our God,
Or how could Hell or Heaven bloom,
From out one stem like Aaron's rod?
The Evil One is ignorance!!!
For "sin is breaking of the law,"
And who but man could so dispense
Out justice to man here below.
We can only judge the present
By what has passed in ages gone,
So grows the tree, so blooms the flower,
So lives each plant within its zone,
Thus we see that law supreme
Guides each species now and here.

✧ Thoughts ✧

Then is the past a fleeting dream?
Was Nature operating then and there?
So we find no home for Hell,
No place for the Devil dire,
That man from Spore 'fintisimal
Sprung not from sodden mire.
That Redemption comes not through blood
But through the love of man for man.
That the name of God means only good,
Man formed the name when speech began.
That all the attributes of Him
Who formed the earth, and formed the sky,
Was formulate of savage grim,
As smote the Jews both hip and thigh.
Nor love was taught in olden time,
But eye for eye and tooth for tooth,
'Twas only Jesus spake sublime,
And taught us love's eternal truth.
Nor was it true when Moses writ
That curses fell on busy hands:
For blessings come from anvil's note
Or from the smiling wealth of Lands.

✧ Thoughts ✧

Labor a Curse ! did you ever see
The humming bird in wondrous flight?
See him glow with Ecstasy
When sporting in the rainbows light;
As on swift wing in water fall
He takes his early morning bath,
And all regardless of the fall
Or death's destroying avenging wrath?
Thus the Eagle who soars on high
Follows with glee his destiny !
So the earth worm though doomed to lie
In the dust does so uncomplainingly,
And so the Angels if they should soar
Unnumbered leagues on ambient wing,
Do so through labor's cursed roar,
Or else 'tis nothing does the thing !!
Not from eating an apple up
As told in tale of Genesis,
'Twas from sipping pleasure's Cup,
In that was heard the serpent's hiss !!
Why not, if man created God
When brain was formed and speech was given?

Thoughts

Through evolution's blooming rod
Why not ascend a way to Heaven?
The study of the rocks has told
A tale of wonder and a tale that's true,
That age upon age the Earth is old
So the sun and the celestial blue.
Think not thou, O my sinner bold,
That I discard from Holy writ
The ten Commandments hoar and old ;
Nor yet the last, more blessed yet.
Nor any truth from source divine,
Nor any truth by rocks laid bare.
Nor truths that through the lightning shine,
In earthquake's march nor tempest's blare.
Truth is sought by every honest man
Because he loves the simple truth,
Not truth that's partly true and partly sham,
To fleece the old and beguile the youth.
'Tis time that man should wake ! arise !
Filled with thought that's new and free,
And seek a way to paradise
Illumined with more than sanctity.

❧ Thoughts ❧

Dream not that man can be redeemed
By the shedding of blood alone !
The world hath changed nor had it dreamed
That Freedom's light should thus be shown,
A guide for halting man the way ;
That leads from doubt to liberty,
When he can choose his time to pray
Nor have a fear of Deity.
For God is Love ! so Nature speaks
In mercy Nature lets us die.
If some should live, celestial freaks
Ene man or beast or bird or fly—
No matter what but choose the fly,
Exempt had been from curse of Death
And they had lived nor could not die,
But grew and bred with constant breath ;
What now would be the human lot
With flies above of Nimrod's time
And flies when Esau was begot,
And flies that sailed on Noah's line,
Flies six thousand years and more.

✻ Thoughts ✻

Of Pedigree of old Divine —
Defying storm and ocean's roar
A floating spectacle all sublime,
Would sail between the Earth and Sun
And make it Death for man below !
How could he breathe or stand or run
Or be Redeemed if it were so?
But the Holy Man who eats his bread
Buttered by sweat of another's brow,
Can swallow all that Moses said
Or all that's Orthodoxic now,
And now as ever to enquiring thought
Points with scorn at every soul,
Struggling to find the light that's sought
To illuminate and bless us all.
O, who can check the thoughts that flow
Through every free and living brain?
Questions that strike like sudden blows
Which smites the engine that moves the train !
Who is God? How came He? and when?
Was He himself made by himself?
And is He just an eternal Elf?

✻ Thoughts ✻

Was He formed from nothingness?
Or was it light that darkness threw?
Or was it just from blessedness
A sort of Angelic saintly stew?
Tell me ye Sainly smiling crew
That treats with scorn the coming light!
Dare ye to stifle all thought that's new
And force us back to days of night?
Do you want to hear the orphan's cry?
The widow's lament of saddened woe?
Do you want again to see men die?
And see the blood of dissenters flow?
Once more have Hell turned loose on Earth
And have the Heavens to weep again?
Because of bigotry and of death?
And fill the world with wrath and pain!!!
Dare ye to strive to bind again
The souls of men in triple chains?
And cumber the Earth with mounds of slain
Because of thought in Freeman's brain?
Dare ye to seize God's noble free
As ye did Servetius pure and good
And burned them with song and glee
And give them time with greener wood?

✻ Thoughts ✻

Dare ye to seize them as Calvin did
Because they said the Earth was round
And roast them for a morning rib
Because they want but level ground
Do you want the Duke of Alva here
With cross and stole and sword and saw
To freeze the heretic with abject fear?
And strike our liberties again a blow!!!
When Wickliff's bones in wrath was thrown
And rests ene now in Avon's tide,
And Cranmer who perished without a groan
And Myriads who for thought had died?
Where now would rest fair Freedom's fane?
Where would the toiling millions stand
If Sweeden's Hosts had fought in vain
And not redeemed the German Land?
All, all were lost and prince and priest
In sodden pride and vulgar power,
Would soon have made of man a beast
Or sunk him down a little lower,
O Columbia up and arise!
Blessed by freedom rising tide
And sweep the darkness from the skies
And give us Light our way to guide!