

# **Voices of Prayer and Praise**

**HYMNS AND POEMS**

**KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE**

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The above Cut was drawn by the writer, and for years served as heading for his Magazine THE PROPHET in which many of the hymns and poems in this volume appeared. The symbolic picture on the next page was designed and drawn by the writer.

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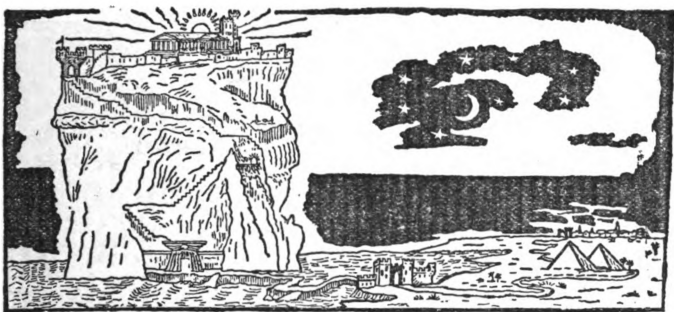
The symbolic picture on the next page represents the Narrow Path leading from the City of Darkness, through the Desert, up the steep side of the Mountain of Serene Abode to the Temple, passing through the Three Gates of Consecration, Conservation, and Attainment.

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*I am no Artist, but an Artisan  
Who may have stumbled into harmonies;  
I worked by rule, according to some plan;  
My deity was e'er Utility.*

*My best was done by what most men call Chance  
When suddenly the Lord would have me serve;  
I worshipped Beauty to extravagance,  
But had no time her favors to deserve.*

*I threw my children off as soon as born,  
Oppressed by life's irregularities;  
I gather roses, leaves, roots, stem and thorn—  
Voices of Worship, Prayer, and humble Praise.*

## The Second Prophet Tune

Keaneth Sylvan Guthrie





## Invocation

**O FATHER**, deign to enter here,  
In tender love, and power austere.  
O make this room Thy sanctuary;  
The Owner Thou, the priests are we.

Let fire from Heaven fall on it,  
And burn our souls till they are lit.  
O speak to us both oft and clear,  
That we may oft, obeying, hear.

When we forget Thee leave not Thou,  
But call to mind our broken vow.  
Fear not to chasten oft and sore  
To make us live forevermore.

**O FATHER**, come, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.  
Pursue us with Thy Heavenly love,  
Till we grow worthy it above.

# The First 'Prophet' Tune

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.



## WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL

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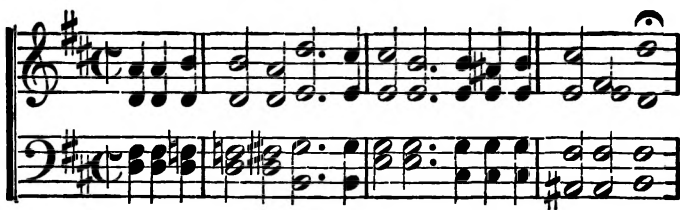
Angel, with whom I've wrestled all the night,  
Still sealed those lips that can the blessing speak?  
I will not let thee go with morning's light;  
Strong is my soul, though hands and feet be weak.  
I will not let thee go: speak thou to me,  
And lead me till I clasp my Father's feet;  
I hold thee firm until his Face I see,  
And hear Him say, 'And is it thou, at last?  
'And is it thou, for whom I've waited long?  
Listening if ever thou would'st turn this way,  
Thy slightest prayer to hear, 'mid seraph throng?'  
Dear Angel bless me; 'tis the coming day!

## THE PRAYER OF CONSECRATION

O Heavenly Pilot, leave me not alone  
Amidst these tides and currents all unknown:  
For, while I row, I cannot forwards see,  
So, facing backwards, fix my gaze on Thee.  
'Tis Thou alone canst tell if with the goal  
I keep in line, while on the waves I roll:  
O Holy Helmsman, shining and serene,  
I have but Thee on whom my life to lean!  
O steer my bark with all Thy heavenly skill  
In strict conformity unto Thy Will.  
When I forget, oh call me back to Thee,  
That I may reach those Towers I fain would see  
Those Heavenly Towers wherein doth dwell Thy light,  
And souls are blest with beatific sight.  
O Holy Helmsman, shining and serene,  
Forsake me not, on Thee alone I lean.

 **The Fifth "Prophet" Tune** 

**Keaneth Sylvan Guthrie**



## **✻ The Prayer for a Message ✻**

- 1 Hast Thou no Message left to send me,  
Hast Thou not even one?  
Is there not something Thou couldst be doing  
For my soul's welfare, ere set of sun?
- 2 Perhaps if Thou shouldst now assist me,  
I might yet find Thy Face;  
So in this moment, now, opportunely,  
Inspire my efforts with heavenly grace.
- 3 Thou art my Guide, my Strength, my Wisdom,  
Thou art my Holiness;  
Strive with me further, still without ceasing,  
And it may be I shall grow through stress.
- 4 I will wring pity from Thy justice  
By my self-discipline;  
Thou shalt not have the heart to forsake me  
Ere I have managed to leave my sin.
- 5 O let not this dear day be added  
To those sad, silent days,  
When I was forced to lie down in slumber  
Without one Message, to wake my praise!

## ☞ The Twentieth "Prophet" Tune. ☞

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.



### *AN INVOCATION FOR PEACE*

There shall be perfect peace tonight within this sanctuary,  
That God may come in spirit-might to bless this family.  
No earthly voice shall dare to rise in harsh or selfish tone;  
No frown or laugh shall shame our eyes that shall be heavenward  
thrown.  
No wandering thought shall desecrate our sacrament of prayer;  
Nor shall there rise the least debate, nor frowardness whate'er.  
There shall be perfect peace tonight within this sanctuary,  
For God shall grant us heavenly light, and bless us while we pray.

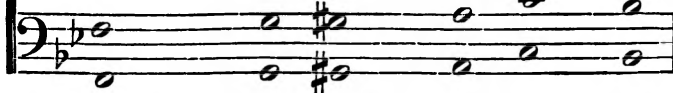
# **The "Prophet" Lord's Prayer.**

Octave lower till heavy bar.

Prayer recited on F monotone.



Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come;



Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven Give us this day



our daily bread and for-gives us our tres-pas-ses, As those who forgive who



trespass a- gainst us. Lead us not in- to temp- tation But do it ver



us from e- vil, for thine is the kingdom & the power & the glory ever, Amen.



# The Thirteenth "Prophet" Tune

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

*Slow and expressive.* <sup>?</sup>

Refrain.

*Verse. Energetic.*

<sup>A A</sup> <sup>A A</sup>





## ✻ The Listening Song ✻

### REFRAIN:

Oh listen, listen, listen—oh listen patiently;  
Oh listen to the Voices that seek to reach to thee!

O thou who seekest comfort why listenest thou not  
Unto the Voices in thyself  
That thou hast quite forgot?  
The Voices of the midnight, they plead, they follow  
In vain! For thou art too engaged [thee;  
In seeking sympathy.

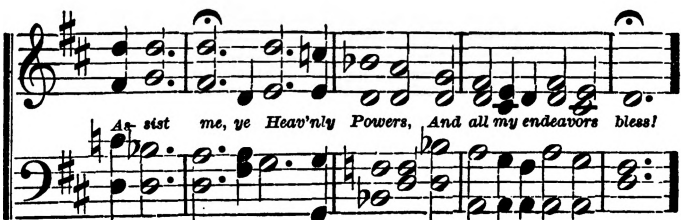
O thou who lackest wisdom why lookest not within  
Why call'st not on thy Inner Self  
To keep thyself from sin?  
The Voices of the morning, they plead, they follow  
But while thou look'st for outside help, [thee;  
Thou fail'st their help to see.

O thou who seek'st companionship, oh lift thine  
Unto thy unseen Heavenly Friend [eyes in prayer  
Who, though forgot, is there.  
The Voices of the noon-day, they plead, they follow  
While busied with thy loneliness [thee,  
Thou'rt lost in misery.

O thou who seek'st instruction in heavenly mystery  
Why list'nest not to Voices sent  
From th'Inmost Sanctuary?  
The Voices of the evening, they plead, they follow  
In vain attempt to teach to thee [thee  
The Path of Destiny!

## ☞ The Seventeenth "Prophet" Tune. ☞

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.



## THE CALL TO ARMS

I will summon up from my inmost self  
All the wisdom I possess:  
That I might succeed in the sacred quest  
Of heart-searching self-redress.

*Assist me ye heavenly powers, and all my endeavours bless.*

I will summon up from my inmost self  
All the courage I possess:  
That I put to rout all the enemies  
That my body did long obsess.

*Assist me ye heavenly powers, and all my endeavours bless.*

I will summon up from my inmost self  
All my utmost stubbornness:  
That with steady foot I may still proceed  
Spite my enemies' wariness.

*Assist me ye heavenly powers, and all my endeavours bless.*

I will summon up from my inmost self  
All my wakeful thoughtfulness,  
And my drifting soul I will wake from dreams  
Lest I perish through drowsiness.

*Assist me ye heavenly powers, and all my endeavours bless.*

I will summon up from my inmost self  
All the knowledge I possess:  
And remember I am responsible  
To use it in time of stress.

*Assist me ye heavenly powers, and all my endeavours bless.*

I will summon up from my inmost self  
All my calmest earnestness:  
And will drop all the earthly distractions  
That have marred my best usefulness.

*Assist me ye heavenly powers, and all my endeavours bless.*

# The Nineteenth "Prophet" Tune

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

*First Four Verses.*



## THE ROUSING CHANT

What hast thou done, O soul, with all thy dreams,  
Thy hopes, thy aspirations, and thy prayers?  
Hast thou dismissed them whilst oppressed with cares,  
Whilst needs of body drove thee to extremes?

How is it, Soul, that thou dost seem content,  
Forgetful of the Mountain of Serene Abode?  
And that I feel thee still on pleasure bent,  
Still blindly straying from the Narrow Road?

How is it, Soul, that once again I find  
Thee cowed and crippled by thy body's pain?  
Hast thou forgot the power of the Mind,  
To mould its daily changes, and sustain?

How is it, Soul, I find thee still a child  
When, by this time, thou'dst thought to be divine?  
Art circling still the Mountain's base so wild  
Instead of climbing swift to where stars shine?

*Wake from thy life-long sleep of pain and death  
O thou unconquerable soul of mine;  
Watch purer stars, and breathe a holier breath:  
Thou still as strong young God shalt someday shine!*

# **The "Prophet" 121<sup>st</sup> Psalm-tune**

Kcancth Sylvan Gethric



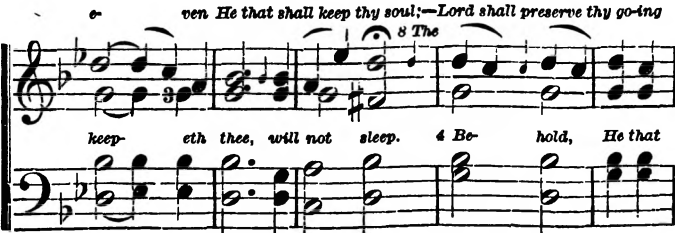
1 I will lift up mine eyes un-to the hills from whence cometh my



help. 2 My help cometh from the Lord who hath made heaven & earth.



7 The Lord shall preserve thee all ev- il; Yea, it is from



3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; And He that ven He that shall keep thy soul;—Lord shall preserve thy go- ing 8 The

keep- eth thee, will not sleep. 4 Be- hold, He that

## The 121st Psalm-tune—II

out and thy coming in, from this time forth for e- ver more.

keep- eth Is- ra- el shall not ther slum- ber nor sleep.

5 The Lord him- self is thy keep- er, The Lord is

thy defence up-on thy right hand, *ff* 6 So that the sun shall not

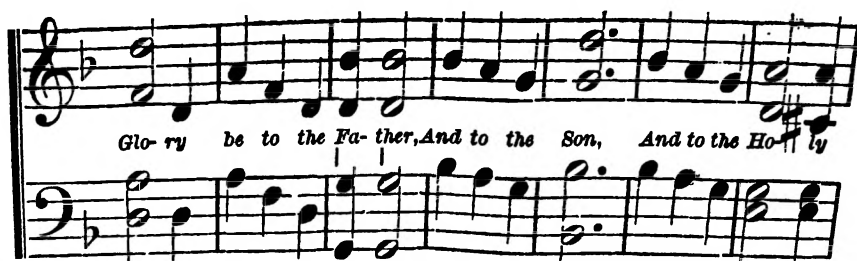
burn thee by day, *ff* Net- ther the moon by night.

For the last two verses go back to the 3d, 4th, and 5th music-lines.

● Close with the 'Prophet' Gloria in D minor.

# The "Prophet" Gloria.

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.





## The "Prophet" Consecration Vow

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

The Words are to be recited or chanted throughout to the monotone note 'F'; which may also be sounded by the left hand on organ or piano, leaving the right hand free to play the following symphonic accompaniment, which must never dominate or lead the words, but follow them intelligently and expressively.



*I believe in devoting, consecrating & sacrificing Everything I am, have, and*



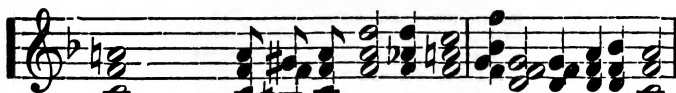
*hope to be & have; to the Father Di-vine To be used for His purposes*



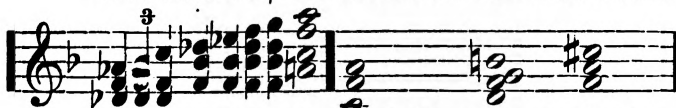
*both here & beyond, now & evermore. In reserving nothing, In obeying*



*immediately If the Still Small Voice should guide me.*



*In beseeching God to do His Will in me; That I may be conformed*



*to the E-ternal Purposes; And that He may Use me as a Hand to do*



*His Will, On-ly asking to re-main His for e-ver more.*

# **♩ The "Prophet" Gloria in Excelsis ♩**

Glory to God, the high Father, Supreme and Eternal Glory for e-ver and

e-ver, A-men, Amen. Glory to God the Father of Spirits, and Angel of Angels,

Glo ry for ever and ever, Amen, Amen. Glory to God, who in, love never

wearies in Justice, Glory for e- ver and e- ver A- men, Amen. Glory to God

in the name of his Angel Redeemers Glory for e- ver and e- ver, A- men, Amen

## The "Prophet" Gloria In Excelsis—II

Glory to God for his help in attainment of righteousness, Glory for ever and

e-ver A-men, Amen, Glory to God for the power of tho't & the working of wisdom

Glory for e-ver & e-ver, A-men, Amen. Glory to God, for the length

of our lives, and our hope to attain Im-mor-ta-li-ty Glory for e-ver &

e-ver, A-men, Amen, Glory for e-ver, & e-ver, A-men, A-men.

# The Cry of Repentance

Words and Music by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.



## THE CRY OF REPENTANCE

---

*Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:*

*Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, bide with me.*

Because of my sad prayer, Thou cam'st to me:  
But business calls, and straight I go my way;  
Then, when I come back home, Thou'st gone away,  
And I so tired I e'en do not miss Thee.

*Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:*

*Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, bide with me.*

Because of my sad prayer, Thou cam'st to me:  
But friends call in whom I must entertain,  
The while, forsaken, Thou dost leave with pain  
And I am cheerful, laughing merrily.

*Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:*

*Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, bide with me.*

Because of my sad prayer, Thou cam'st to me:  
But I was tired, and laid me down to sleep,  
And still at dawn my slumber was so deep  
I heard not the last lingering call from Thee.

*Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:*

*Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, bide with me.*

Thou cam'st, while I was yet in manhood's prime,  
Ere I had prayed that Thou shouldst come to me;  
I felt Thy Touch, I saw—but said to Thee,  
'When I have leisure, come some other time.'

*Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:*

*Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, bide with me.*

If Thou should'st ne'er again my prayer attend,  
Just would I deem my lot, nor would complain;  
Yet, give me one more chance, and come again,  
And I will try to serve Thee till the end.

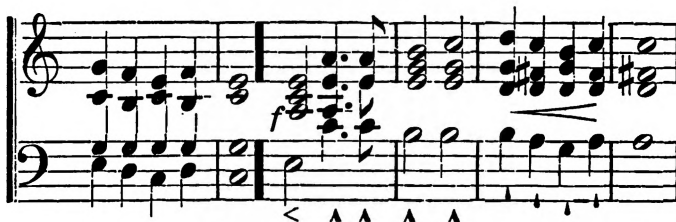
*Not only once, but oft have I rejected Thee:*

*Canst Thou forgive? Forevermore, bide with me.*

## The Evocation

Words and Music by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

*The Melody is in the Base, and should be sung in unison, slowly and solemnly.*



## EVOCATION

Depart not yet, stay near a little longer  
O holy Visitors from heavenly shore!  
Utter again with virtue yet far stronger  
Your benediction ere our prayers be o'er.  
We would detain you in our midst for ever,  
If this could be with souls not yet beyond.  
Each has his quest which following will sever  
This magic circle's sacramental bond.

Yet once more raise your arms in benediction,  
Yet once more speak the secret word of might,  
Yet once more heal our weary heart's affliction  
And for one moment touch our sense-bound sight.  
Then once more stand aside while He, who sent you  
From midst your band, reveal His blessed Face,  
So shall we thank both you and Him who lent you,  
To be the channels of His heavenly Grace.

# The Twenty-third "Prophet" Tune

Keneth Sylvan Guthrie





## **✻ The Divine Visitor. ✻**

I knock and knock; before it be too late,  
O open unto Me thy soul's barred Gate.  
I come to thee when morn's white light is breaking,  
Before thou'st turned to labour and to care;  
I touch thy forehead, every effort making  
To make thee feel I would thy labours share.

I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door,  
Come, and abide with me forevermore.

I come to thee, when noon's short rest embracing,  
Thy soul is likely to attend My Voice;  
In vain I whisper : soon thy steps retracing,  
Thou turn'st again to thoughts of thy own choice.

I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door,  
Come, and abide with me forevermore.

I come to thee when at the supper-table,  
And try to speak more loud than appetite;  
And yet to hush thy talk I am not able  
Unless thy precious freedom I should blight.

I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door,  
Come, and abide with me forevermore.

I come to thee amidst the midnight stillness  
And seek to reach thy slumbering consciousness;  
Why yield'st thyself unto such mortal illness,  
Of deaf and dumb and blind forgetfulness?

I hear Thy knock, and open wide my door;  
Come, and abide with me forevermore.

# **✿ The Twenty-fourth "Prophet" Tune ✿**

Keanath Sylvan Guthrie.



## • The Battle-Cry of Freedom •

*What Thou wouldst have me do to-day henceforth shall be my only  
All other cares I put away into Thy wiser hands for'er.* [care:

My human purposes I cast away,  
And with them falls all life's anxiety;  
God's business is't to plan results divine,  
To simply do my duty now is mine.

The world's fierce battle-issue is not mine—  
Therefore why need I fear, conform, or pine?  
I dare look boldly in each proudest eye,  
And any threat to do its worst defy.

To give me freely all the goods I need  
Wherewith to serve Him is God's interest:  
Therefore from need of planning am I freed  
Accepting merely what He may think best.

He takes from me what is not for my best;  
He prunes and chastens in my interest—  
Well-lost are goods of every richest sort,  
If so, though tempest-tossed, my soul makes port.

I labour not to make a competence:  
Soul-growth alone deserves my efforts tense;  
The *here and now* at least is in my power,  
I were a fool for wealth to waste this hour.

He knows that men in nothing make success  
Without their whole attention's centered stress;  
He therefore takes upon Himself all care  
While I to seize immortal life may dare.

*How Thou wouldst have me live to-day henceforth shall be my only  
All other cares I put away into Thy wiser hands for'er.* [care:

## ♫ The Tenth "Prophet" Tune ♫

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie



## **The Rock of Ages**

- 1 When I consider how my holiest prayer  
Scarce burns sufficiently with zeal to keep  
My mind from wandering and mine eyes from sleep,  
Of e'er attaining aught I would despair,  
    But that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,  
    My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.
- 2 When I consider how my utmost care  
Scarce serves to help me keep from losing hold  
Of my scant, garnered spiritual gold,  
Mere thought of progress would make me despair,  
    But that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,  
    My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.
- 3 When I consider how it seems, whene'er  
I've made a vow, some unforeseen event  
Immediately my efforts doth prevent,  
Of even fairly starting I'd despair  
    But that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,  
    My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.
- 4 On Thee relying, once again in prayer  
I vow to serve my very highest Light,  
With steady, thorough and efficient might,  
Only because of Thee alone, and not despair,  
    In that I look to Thee, Redeemer mine,  
    My Strength, my Chastener, my Guide divine.

# ✧ The Twenty-Sixth 'Prophet' Tune ✧

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie



### THE HEAVENLY FATHER

*I feel Thy touch, and bear Thy voice, but cannot see,  
O Heavenly Father, as Thou standest close to me.*

Thou art my Father; should I not return to Thee  
When, weary of the husks, my heart becomes contrite?  
Surely, Thou wilt be watching o'er the field for me  
Like mother listening for her childrens' cry at night.

Thou art my Father; surely Thou wilt punish me  
When Thou dost see me start forgetting how to pray;  
Thou wilt not let me lose my early thirst for Thee  
While I am blind with sleep, or lost in passion's fray.

Thou art my Father; Thou wilt fill my every need  
While all my mind is centred in my search for Thee;  
The world I loathe—Thou wilt not scorn my childish plea,  
Thou wilt not quench the flax, nor break the bruised reed.

Thou art my Father; Thou wilt also be my Guide  
'Midst the perplexing scenes of this earth's fatal play;  
Surely Thou wilt give warning, when from Narrow Way  
I wander thoughtlessly; Thou wilt not leave my side.

Thou art my Father; all my humble human love  
Thou wilt not scorn as answer to Thy tender care;  
O let me sometimes feel Thy love in hour of prayer  
That my weak longings be all drawn to Thee.

Thou art my Father; and as babes for mother cry,  
And, till they hear her voice can take no rest,  
So do I seek Thy Presence with a prayerful sigh  
My heart cannot find peace until upon Thy breast.  
*I feel Thy touch, and bear Thy voice, but cannot see,  
O Heavenly Father, as Thou standest close to me.*

# ♩ The Twenty-Fifth "Prophet" Tune ♪

Kenath Sylvan Gtlic





## THE SOUL'S APPEAL FOR THE CHRIST'S COMING.

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*Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,  
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.*

I clasp Thy feet, and bathe them with my tears,  
O Unseen Presence, Bridegroom Thou divine;  
I would detain Thee, lest Thou pass away,  
Unworthy though I be to keep Thee mine.

*Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,  
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.*

I am not worthy to be called Thy Bride:  
My marriage-garment is all soiled and torn;  
My face is scarred, my hands are both blood-stained  
My heart desires it never had been born.

*Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,  
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.*

My heart is full of idols of the World,  
I have, for Thee alone, no sacred place;  
I am so wayward that, spite of myself,  
My heart has fled, while still I Thee embrace.

*Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,  
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.*

I am not worthy to be touched by Thee,  
Yet, touch my soul, to hush its wild unrest;  
That yet someday Thou lift me from the ground,  
And call me Thine, and press me to Thy Breast.

*Presence, oh Presence, Presence Thou divine,  
Loose not Thy grasp! Lest I from Thee decline.*

Long since the Temple Hall is filled with Guests,  
Waiting, with tears, so long for me, the Bride;  
And yet, I linger! Stray! And suffer here!  
My better self distracted by my pride!

*O Bridegroom, fetch me! That I may be Thine,  
And with Thee seek the lost, with Thee divine.*

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# **♬ The Twenty-Eighth "Prophet" Tune. ♬**

Kenneth Sylvan Gethrie

## **VERSE**



## **REFRAIN**



## ***The Divine Cry***

### **REFRAIN**

Behold, I stand before the Door, and knock!  
Make room for Me, that I may enter in;  
At dawn I go: in vain wilt thou unlock!  
Admit Me now, and I will dwell within.

### **VERSES**

The Crowd acclaimed Him, but He turned to thee,  
'Descend, to-night I lodge with thee,' cried He.

'Give Me thy heart: together shall we live  
Thy daily trade, make visits, dinners give.

Give Me thy mind, with all its old beliefs,  
Its joys, its dreams, anxieties and griefs.

'Give Me thy soul's plain duties, and each debt;  
I will provide how every claim be met.

'Give Me thy spirit: I will speak and bless,  
If thou give daily time of quietness.

'I will live through thee, till thy face shall shine,  
And thou desire and earn the crown divine.'

 **The XIVth "Prophet" Tune.**   
Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie



## **Prayer for Love**

I love thee, Father, not because this is thy sov'reign will,  
Because thy hand created me with true and loving skill;

I love thee, not because with thee abideth strength and health  
Because thy favour makes men great, and blesses them with  
wealth.

I love thee for thy purity, thy purity of fire  
Whose flames ascend forevermore in infinite desire.

I love thee for thy Face serene whose beauty glows with light  
Reflecting all the fragrant pray'rs that rise from out our night

I love thee, Father, for thy love I know not how nor why;  
I only know I yield to thee a love that cannot die.

## **A Plea to Serve**

I ask Thee not to make of me thy temple's corner-stone  
Whereon thy plan and thy decree and purpose may be shown  
Nor yet the key-stone of the arch that crowns thy Temple's  
gate,

The threshold over which may march thy Saints in regal state

Nor yet the roofing to protect, or window full of light,  
Nor yet the shelt'ring walls erect, or mortar snug and tight.

Grant me to be some rubble-stone all buried in the ground,  
That helps support thy sacred Throne, though hid in hole  
profound.

Grant me that I forgotten be 'midst Angels strong & bright,  
That I may serve is all my plea, my hope and my delight.

# The Ninth 'Prophet' Tune

Keneth Sylvan Guthrie



## THE HEAVENLY FRIEND

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*Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,*

*Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.*

I have made room for Thee, dear Heav'nly Friend,  
Within the silence of my sanctuary,  
Where Thou may'st dwell, and oft Thyself unbend,  
And I may always find divinity.

*Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,*

*Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.*

Come Thou not only when with tears I pray,  
With Thy Most Holy Touch to comfort me;  
Stand near when earthly duty interferes,  
That while I labour I may gaze at Thee.

*Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,*

*Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.*

When I go out, be Thou Companion mine,  
In every conversation, take Thou part;  
Deign Thou to sit with me, and with me dine;  
And when I write, inspire with heav'nly art.

*Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,*

*Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.*

I would be always what I am sometimes,  
When Thou art near me, and I taste Thy grace;  
So stay near me through all my earthly times,  
That I may steadfastly behold Thy Face.

*Dear Heavenly Friend, whom angel hosts adore,*

*Come, dwell with me, nor leave me evermore.*

# ✧ The Eleventh 'Prophet' Tune. ✧

Music by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.

*♯ Slow and dreamy.*

*♯ Refrain. Energetic and fast.*

*♯ Repeat lines, if needed.*



## **CONTINUAL PRESENCE**

Be always with me, Lord; not only when  
The iron pierces through my wounded soul,  
And thereby keeps me firm; in Joy, ah, then  
Protect me from myself, and keep me whole!

From boisterousness, loud laugh, unhallowed smile,  
From self-assurance—ah, keep thou me free;  
Protect not only from the Devil's wile—  
In hour of happiness, protect Thou me!

## **THE DIVINE WRESTLER**

Strive with me first, dear Lord, before my feet  
Approach the outlets from the Narrow Way;  
Strive with me further, when I thee entreat  
To let me leave it only for a day.

Wrestler Divine! When I am almost lost,  
Not even then forsake my sense-choked will!  
Yea, e'en when on Perdition's ocean tossed,  
Strive with me still, dear Lord, strive with me still!

## ✧ The Fifteenth "Prophet" Tune ✧

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie



## Aspiration

Oh how often I am blinded by the glow of my desires,  
Satisfied with what I'm doing, thanking God for helping me,  
Never thinking if I'm crossing what the Lord would like to see  
Oh I wish that He would stop me, and with judgment true  
inspire.

Oh how often I am dazzled by the World's deceptive light,  
So I cannot see God's purpose, and I turn aside my course;  
Oh I wish then that some signal would break in upon my sight  
I would close my dazzled eyelids, and perceive light's inner  
source.

Oh how often I am deafened by the World's laborious noise;  
I forget my meditation, and am driv'n by joy and pain.  
How I wish that by some training I had learnt such perfect  
poise [plane.  
That no circumstance could draw me from my best Ideal's

Oh how often I grow weary of my efforts to attain,  
And I languish in my trials never thinking what they mean;  
How I wish that Revelation would break in upon my pain,  
Comfort me in my affliction by the Presences serene.

## ♬ The XXVIIth "Prophet" Tune ♬

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie



## ✧ The Chant of the Present. ✧

### REFRAIN:

'Tis here and now, and nowhere else  
I must, if ever, grow divine;  
I dare th'attempt, defy repulse,  
And here and now invade the Shrine.

- 1 This is the day, and this the hour  
Predestined from eternity  
I may break loose with god-like power  
From my own past's captivity.  
Life's circumstances may indeed  
Be easier in future years;  
But then more effort will I need,  
With lesser strength to persevere.
- 2 He speaks not truth, who claims to know  
What future chances death may hide;  
No soul has e'er returned to show,  
Nor God revealed what may betide.  
Here, now, alone is certainty;  
And I myself must hasten ere  
My aspirations fade away,  
And I forgetful grow of prayer.
- 3 For I must haste ere I forget  
In which direction Heaven lies,  
Engrossed with persons I have met,  
Or grown confused with human lies.  
The Spirit speaks but now and here:  
Oh, may I find sufficient grace  
To heed Its counsels, though austere  
Lest It depart without a trace.

# The Eighteenth "Prophet" Tune

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.

*Refrain for every verse.*



*First and Third Verses.*



*Second and Fourth Verses.*



## **✻ The Prayer of Lovelessness. ✻**

More love to Thee, O Bridegroom divine !  
Make me more worthy of being Thine !  
More love to Thee, Holiness mine !

1. More love to Thee, O Bridegroom divine !  
Let me not grow indiff'rent to Thee !  
I am content so humbly to worship  
If but my prayers should make me love Thee.
2. More love to Thee, O Bridegroom divine !  
Teach me with heav'nly passion to burn !  
Oh that my heart were not so inconstant,  
Ever so ready earthwards to turn.
3. More love to Thee, O Bridegroom divine !  
I could make Heaven out of this Earth  
If but Thy Presence should be revealed me,  
Sight of Thy Face to love would give birth.
4. More love to Thee, O Bridegroom divine !  
Oh for a single touch of Thy hand !  
Let me but feel the hem of Thy garment,  
I will no other comfort demand.

# The Twenty-first 'Prophet' Tune

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.

*With restrained passion; softly; with expression throughout.*





## ❖ Dwell Deep ❖

Dwell deep, O Soul, beneath thy griefs despairful,  
No soul is perfect till no more able  
Even to question what the Father doeth;  
Oh bear this message unto those who weep :  
God's love supports thee; His the plans: dwell deep.

Dwell deep, O Soul, above earth's petty rancors,  
Although Injustice still be successful;  
Though insults crush thee, or though friends be-  
tray thee;

Oh, bear this message unto those who weep:  
His love is greater than thy need: dwell deep.'

Dwell deep, O Soul, behind earth's endless changes  
Family, friend, they all must yet leave thee;  
They were but for the passing moment lent thee;  
Oh, bear this message unto those who weep:  
'He only's faithful to the end: dwell deep.'

Dwell deep, O Soul, beyond the snare Emotion,  
That will mislead thy interest's power  
While for soul-growth unfruitful fly thy best years;  
Oh, bear this message unto those who weep;  
'He liveth best who lords himself; dwell deep.'

## ♬ The Twenty-second "Prophet" Tune. ♬

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.



## ✧ God Doth Suffice ✧

God doth suffice: when every confidence faileth,  
God doth suffice, when the doubts waken tears;  
God doth suffice when the vigorous aileth;  
God doth suffice for all the many coming years.  
God doth suffice for all.

God doth suffice in those sad seasons of parting,  
God doth suffice when 'tis treason turns friends;  
God doth suffice when on new courses starting,  
God doth suffice when a full-orbed life-period ends.  
God doth suffice for all.

God doth suffice in loneliness and in sorrow,  
God doth suffice, is He not by my side?  
God doth suffice, why weep I for the morrow?  
God doth suffice : all for to-day doth he provide.  
God doth suffice for all.

God doth suffice : never can his love forsake me.  
Although the sight of my faith have grown dim ;  
God doth suffice, for His love shall o'ertake me,  
And make me find my everlasting peace in Him.  
God doth suffice for all.

**✧ The Healing Song ✧**  
**Dedicated to the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia.**  
**Kenneth Sylvan Gothrie.**



## **The Healing Chant**

### **For a Healing Service**

*Let the Leader give aloud full name of Patient.*

Listen to the Spirit, speaking in thy soul,  
Listen to Its pleading ! Trust, and thou art whole !  
In the stillness there is healing, healing full and free;  
In the stillness there is healing, healing e'en for *thee* !

1. Dear Child of pain, arise and shine !  
Thy birthright is to be divine;  
O'er every pain assert this right,  
And it shall pass this very night.

Listen to the Spirit, speaking in thy soul,  
Listen to Its pleading ! Trust, and thou art whole !  
In the stillness there is healing, healing full and free,  
In the stillness there is healing, healing e'en for *thee* !

2. Dear Child of fear, arise and shine !  
Thy birth-right is to be divine ;  
Into God's hands thy life resign;  
And perfect Peace e'en now is thine.

Listen to the Spirit, speaking in thy soul,  
Listen to Its pleading ! Trust, and thou art whole !  
In the stillness there is healing, healing full and free;  
In the stillness there is healing, healing e'en for *thee* !

3. Dear Child of tears, arise and shine !  
Thy birth-right is to be divine ;  
Remember God, how He loves thee,  
So every loss but makes thee free.

Listen to the Spirit, speaking in thy soul,  
Listen to Its pleadings ! Trust, and thou art whole !  
In the stillness there is healing, healing full and free;  
In the stillness there is healing, healing e'en for *thee* !

# ❧ **The XXVth "Prophet" Tune** ❧

Kcaneth Sylvan Gethrie



## THE SONG OF THE SILENCE

In the silence will I listen to the Voice that speaks so still,  
 I will keep my heart from beating lest it hush God's silent Will.

I will keep my tears from falling lest their comfort be too great,  
 I will keep my lips from speaking lest this close the silence-gate.

In the silence of the night-time while the stars are passing by,  
 In the silence of the noon-day while the sun sings loud on high,

In the silence will I listen if perhaps I catch a word  
 Of some message sweet and holy that might pass me by unheard.

I will listen oh so humbly for the sacred Still Small Voice,  
 Till the Lord, in very pity, speak to me, and I rejoice.

I will listen with attention and will hasten to obey,  
 I will listen with affection undisturbed by time of day.

In the silence I will I listen, while the angel-hosts rejoice;  
 I will listen till I hear It, till I hear my Father's Voice.

In the silence will I seek Him till He make my weakness whole,  
 Till He speak, so clear and tender in the silence of my soul.

## ♬ The Third 'Prophet' Tune ♬

Keaneth Sylvan Guthrie



### THE RECONSECRATION

*I renew my consecration, for ever and a day;*

*And I seek illumination, and watch and fast and pray.*

I renounce all former pledges, to whomsoever made;

I will hide in no man's hedges, nor anybody's shade.

I defy my own desires, with all their vibrant wants;

I dismiss what sense admires, and leave my wonted haunts.

I dare nail my soul's ideals unto my mast-head tall,

I spread out a silence real when winds from Heaven call.

I tear down with strong denials the lust I will not serve;

Like a phoenix, from my trials, I spring with strenuous verve.

I proclaim my independence from the secret Powers of Night,

I proclaim my all-dependence on the sacred Powers of Light.

*I renew my Consecration for ever and a day;*

*And I seek illumination, and watch and fast and pray.*

## The Sixteenth "Prophet" Tune.

Keanachh Sylva Gathric.





## **✻ The Hymn of Peace ✻**

### **REFRAIN**

Peace, perfect peace, amidst this strife that will not cease:  
It is the love of God that brings us perfect peace.

- 1 God will provide: O holy consolation  
That like a Dove flits downwards to my side;  
In time of stress O teach me resignation,  
And make me feel the truth Thou wilt provide.
- 2 God will provide the means that will be needed  
To do the work on which He may decide;  
And when I stray, lest I should not have heeded  
The prayed-for dangers oh, do not provide!
- 3 God will provide when earthly bonds are breaking  
God will provide in hour of need a guide;  
He will call back, when love to Him forsaking,  
My soul forgets the peace He did provide.
- 4 God thus provides the comforting assurance  
I may the Future's cares to Him confide;  
I fructify with my whole soul's endurance,  
Each opportunity He doth provide.
- 5 God will provide the needed contemplation  
To mirror in my soul His stars outside;  
Whose splendours hush me into adoration  
And gratitude for all He may provide.

Into Thy Hand I lay me down so still,  
I find my only peace upon Thy breast;  
Thus hast Thou made me: chasten Thou my will,  
And thus provide me with Thy perfect rest.

## The Call to Prayer

The musical score for "The Call to Prayer" is written for piano in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system features a melody in the treble staff with a fermata over the final measure, and a bass line with a fermata over the final measure. The second system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and includes accents and a crescendo hairpin. The third system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and includes accents and a crescendo hairpin. The score concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

## ✻ The Call to Prayer ✻

Forget not prayer:—for prayer is heard in heaven,  
E'en sighs by Witnesses unseen are weighed;  
Somewhere, somehow, the answer shall be given,  
For good or ill, however long delayed.

Forget not prayer:—the many moments wasted  
Might earn a harvest infinitely blessed;  
Our halting destinies might thus be hasted,  
Foreshortening punishments, and length'ning rest.

Forget not prayer:—the passionate desire  
Whose lawless play makes life so ill at ease  
Drives soul-sails down unto the seas of fire,  
Sails that as well were given to heavenward breeze.

Forget not prayer:—for prayer is heard in heaven  
Before the thoughts rise up from out the heart;  
Already God has sent his swiftest Angel  
To bring what best will holiness impart.

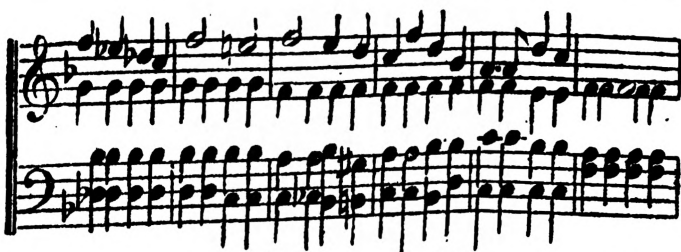
## A Second Call to Prayer,

Words and Music by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie.

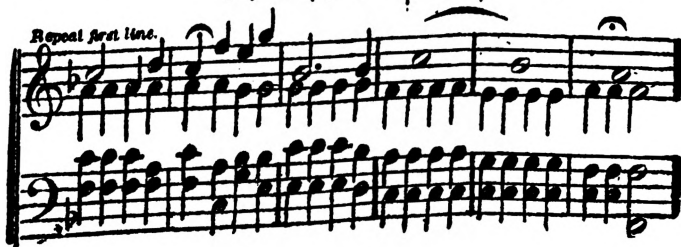
*Congregation takes melody unison.*



*Oh Forget not prayer, forget not etc*



*Repeat first line.*



## **♪ Music in Heaven. ♪**

**Music in Heaven! Did not God create  
The Universe by one vibrating word?  
Sun, moon, and stars: do they not scintillate  
Symbolic of Interior Thought unheard?**

**O glorious universal symphony  
Proceeding from illimitable skies!  
The Morning Stars no doubt sang joyfully  
When they beheld undreamed-of worlds arise.**

**The Cosmic Organ thunders full accord  
Of incensed melodies from distant spheres;  
Yet Earth's new, plaintive note reached to the Lord  
And drew from Him responsive, saving tears.**

**Well dreamed Pythagoras each sunset glow,  
Each sunrise blush was symphony above;  
That star-beams shot delight responding to  
Their Shepherd-Moon's inconstant shimmering love.**

## Music in Heaven

But when at noon the virile Bridegroom chants  
The hidden stars respond in overtone,  
Asunheard undertone in sylvan haunts  
From swaying grass is by the breezes blown.

Do you suppose the rainbow's aureole  
Resounds not like Aeolian threnody?  
Or have the rustling trees alone no soul,  
No inner voice of gentle constancy?

Do you suppose the singing waterfalls  
No message bring to hearing wide enough?  
Or do you hear no deep prophetic calls  
In Ocean's restless cosmoramic sough?

But holier music echoes from the height  
In choral cadence through the starry frame,  
The songs of those who are arrayed in white  
Who out of greatest tribulation came.

Theirs are the songs that come to dying men  
To cheer them on their unattended way;  
Assuring by this tender specimen  
That Music lasts for ever and a day.

Protagonist of all these bands, God leads,  
His nod directs their urgent rise and fall:  
Peace follows storm, and storm to calm succeeds;  
His Master-mind self-uttered through it all,

## **Music in Heaven**

Through all the windings of the melody,  
Through every climax. and through every pause,  
Repeating wisely cadenced harmony,  
And still progressing from an endless Cause.

The discords—knows He not where they will best  
Relieve the all too cloying consonance?  
Where introduce new melodies whose zest  
Reveals new Hope in pregnant dissonance?

Let us take heart, therefore, when in our life  
We are discouraged by our fates indignant,  
When all is meaningless and jangling strife—  
Have faith in the Musician all-divine.

Through foreign modulations passing on  
The train of Symphony itself remains,  
And in due time, in final unison,  
It shall acknowledge that the tonic reigns.

Take heart, O ye whose life must modulate!  
Through all of it your noblest selves remain;  
Endure the parting bravely; for, though late,  
Ye shall return; there shall be no more pain.

And though earth's Accidentals scarify,  
Or flats of grief dishearten unforeseen,  
We will be patient, breathing but a sigh  
That in the Cosmic Order this hath been.

## **Musik in Heaven**

For sudden close a Tonic fulminant  
Is not enough; there needs the pageantry  
Of pleading mediant, conquering dominant,  
Before the fundamental victory.

And so the minor cadences of life  
The Friends, the Children, all have their own place  
As elemental as the sterner strife,  
As true incentives to the heav'nly race.

Nor ye whose mood is so conventional  
In your attainments balanced thoroughly  
Despise not ye the more emotional  
Who may fall into eccentricity.

For such as them the Heav'nly Organist  
Both sides the staff built special ledger line  
Adjustable to every visionist:  
They too are part of purposes divine.

What would ye do without occasional  
Ground bass, or treble melody extreme?  
Monotonous! God too is lyrical;  
To make a World, there needed artists' dream.

But blessed ye of middle register,  
Who ever labour uncomplainingly;  
No genius ye, but then ye seldom err,  
Content to serve unostentatiously.



## Music in Heaven

The day shall be when ye on high shall stand  
Eternal in the Temple of the Lord;  
No more shall ye go out, O blessed Band:  
To grow so faithful is your best reward.

The Treble may alone have melody,  
The Alto follow, and the Tenor storm;  
The Bass no more than pick its awkward way:

Yet all are needed for the perfect form.  
Take heart, O ye who can but imitate,  
See that ye imitate in perfect third;  
“They also serve, who only stand and wait;”—  
And ye who may not act, weigh well your word.

The Heav'nly Symphony is not complete  
Without the Father's mighty thorough-bass,  
The tenor Lover of the Alto sweet,  
The Children highest, Heralds of the Race.

The Common Schools, the Church, the Family,  
The Meeting of the People at the Polls—  
These are the presage of th'historic way  
Through pagan Heavens the cosmic anthem rolls.

“They all shall praise the Lord,” the Prophet cried,  
“Old men and women, children, maidens, youths;”  
How else could this take place, but that they tried  
To sing in chorus all their partial truths?

## Music in Heaven

Is not the Orchestra a parable?  
Apostles, prophets, and evangelists:  
The sobbing cello, horns implacable:  
Physicians, laborers, and pietists.

The lyric harp, the judgment-day trombone,  
The marriage bells, and the funereal drum—  
The organ'd human soul all these hath known;  
The pauses are the dreams of th' human dumb.

Choragus, who dost all control, forget  
Not thou to stand close to the violins;  
Attune them to the steadier clarinet!  
They need thee most; repress their plangent sins.

Inspire the Organ that would else be mute  
With spiritual tides of prophecy,  
The larger prophecy of resolute  
And well-instructed New Humanity.

O thou, who gavest us our Human Voice  
Vibrant to tears, and powerful for love,  
We rev'rence thee, when we in life rejoice;  
As is below, so must it be above.

It must be so; a Father must be good;  
Our single tones must fit some unheard chord;  
Though all as yet may not be understood,  
We love enough to know there is accord.

## **Music in Heaven**

Perhaps the lives we think monotonous  
Are organ-points round which wild chords may group  
Perhaps the trivial lives of most of us  
Are links of hidden scales which onward troup.

Our pulsing hearts in office confines pent  
Doubt God is found so near machinery;  
Yet shall life hold no patient drudgery  
When voices need a smooth accompaniment?

Can Holiness through labour be expressed,  
Our lives excluding any valleys green?  
We live by faith, that we shall yet find rest  
In him by Whom the whole has been foreseen.

Who knows that this is true? At least we know  
Musicians here; that Music does exist;  
And we believe that as the Portico,  
So shall the Palace shine with amethyst.

O blessed faith that from one pregnant tone  
By mere significance the song constructs!  
Long since, O God, Thy wisdom have we known;  
Our Reason's Conscience of thy truth instructs.

Shall we forget the student's midnight oil?  
Who practises each turn so patiently?  
Who will step forth, and practise heav'nly toil  
With half as patient skill and bravery?

## Music in Heaven

The Inner Culture, not of books or dress,  
Of Fashion, or of University,  
The Inner Culture unto Righteousness,  
To Spirit-Guidance, and Morality.

Who would to Holiness entirely turn,  
Forgotten by the world, with this content?  
Round him still angel-hosts would crowd to learn  
How human growth reveals God orient.

The Law holds good: he must an Artist be  
Who would life's catacombs unerring thread:  
O skilfull counterpoint, that must run free,  
And yet harmoniously with others tread.

Let us make music of these lives of ours,  
O Master of our fates and destiny!  
Thou knowest best our human needs and powers;  
We would take part in thy great Symphony.

Give me the score, and give me thou the pitch;  
Then with thy baton beckon when to start;  
So shall I add to thy vibrations rich  
The holiest tones of this my human heart.

## **Spiritual Wine.**

The idea was suggested by a poem by some New England writer.

O Thou whose Breath turned water into wine,  
As life drags on its sensual urgencies  
Do thou our lifeless prayers incarnadine,  
And crown our feasts with spiritual praise.

When Drudgery bedims our inner sight,  
And we grow doubtful of the help divine,  
Revive our souls by thy Interior Light,  
And make life's waters glow again as wine.

Let laughter mellow into holy joy,  
And social meal become a sacrament,  
Let love all selfishness and fear destroy  
When thou dost lend thy sweet encouragement.

For Thee and Mary seats will we reserve  
At table and before the fireside;  
Your Presence in the house we would deserve,  
And water for Thy miracles provide.

## **What Would You Do ?**

What would you do, if in the middle night  
Your soul discovered how to take a flight?  
Would you attend, with ministers of state,  
The midnight councils of some potentate?  
Would you fly eastward to the Pyramid,  
Or in Ellora's sculptured caves lie hid?  
Would you in virgin forests penetrate,  
And watch the lion in his native state?  
Would you prefer the starry firmament,  
And to the Planets dare the steep ascent?  
Or would you take a look o'er Heaven's wall,  
And then next day to men relate it all ?

## **To a Convalescent**

IT IS ENOUGH, God said, when He did see  
Thy willing soul almost o'erwhelmed with care;  
His Angel touched thy bonds, and thou wert free,  
The path of duty leading thee elsewhere.  
To plead the causes of thy soul with thee,  
Thy God has led thee to the desert now;  
Thy heavenly Lover woos with tender plea,  
And, patient waits to hear thine answering cry.  
In gradual growth, as thy half-broken frame  
Will gather round itself its former health,  
With equal growth, oh may the heavenly Flame  
Arise in thee with its eternal wealth;  
May it inspire thy life with fragrant grace  
Enabling thee to see God face to face.

## ***The Divine Undertone.***

There is a Tone beneath all other tones  
Eternal, minor, thunderous and grave;  
And when we pray we feel its undertones  
Resounding in us, with a power to save.

There is a Thought beneath all other thought,  
So holy, splendid, diapasonal,  
That silent tears well up unbid, unsought,  
And then we feel God's Presence mystical.

Within the stellar firmament there dwells  
A deep and still interior Firmament  
Whose hidden glory evermore forth-tells  
The throbbing inmost Primal Element.

There is a Presence underneath all prayer,  
There is a Growth beneath all human throes,  
There is a Providence beneath all care,  
And a Divinity beyond our woes.

## Kassandra.

I am Kassandra, and I bear this curse  
That no man shall my prophecy believe;  
And though all Troy avoid me as perverse,  
Yet must I see, nor succor, nor relieve.

I see the end of Troy: there Priam falls,  
And Hecuba, the mother of her race;  
There Argive Helen to her captors calls,  
There, herded with the slaves, I hide my face.

Come on, ye Greeks, e'en drag me by the hair,  
And make me serve the bed of Grecian lord;  
Yet I'm content, nor ever will despair,  
If but Apollo still be my reward.

And though none will believe, I am content,  
So long as I may feel Apollo's breath  
Inform my soul with madness prescient—  
And having known him I shall welcome death.

So long as I may see his shining face  
Shed sunlight round me in the middle night,  
And see the lightnings of his youthful grace,  
And hear his voice, and murmuring lyre unite.



## **Sunday.**

**Suggested by a Sunday-school Hymn.**

**My sacred Sunday, O my calm delight,  
My shady Forest in the City's glare;  
Where God is clearest to my troubled sight,  
And every motion calls me back to prayer.**

**My island in the rushing torrent's strife,  
Where birds may sing, and hidden flowers may dream  
The hallowed chamber in my house of life,  
Where incensed altar-tapers softly gleam.**

**My quiet refuge, where the jarring thought  
Of all the other days grows still and meek;  
My needed rest to count the battles fought,  
My inner strength to face the coming week.**

**O day when I myself may dare to be!  
My Mount of Vision where my Planets shine!  
Do thou so oft afresh transfigure me,  
That I become forevermore divine.**

## ***The Forsaken Forests.***

Serene they wait for us from year to year,  
Those stately splendors hid in nature's breast;  
And yet we troubled humans, though sincere,  
Forget them, and complain we find no rest.

They give us peace, because they call us back  
From trifling gains unto our whole life's course;  
Here counts not what we own, or what we lack,  
But what we are, from innermost resource.

Here counts the deeper vision's further reach,  
Here counts man's sleeping kinship with each star;  
The inner ear for nature's pictured speech,  
The dreamful yearning for the home afar.

But yet we go not to the Forest Sanctuary,  
But in our little leisure lounge and sport,  
Preserving but a distant memory  
That in the Forests Nature holds her court.

Sometimes the Poor, by age or sickness worn,  
Who on the battle-field was wounded sore,  
And wanders hither with a look forlorn,  
Begins again to learn the simpler lore.

And thou, my brother, listen to their cry:  
It is thy Better Self's own urgent call;  
Come here and worship, ere the dew be dry,  
And on thy spirit Sacredness shall fall.

## **The Good Shepherd**

The Master Shepherd looked into the night:  
The long night-rain hid everything from sight.  
Within, he heard the moving of the sheep,  
But something in him would not let him sleep.

“O Hireling, come here, and tell me true;  
Are they all here, my sheep, within the mew?”

“They are all here, the sheep worth driving home;  
Maybe some stragglers yet around may roam.  
You will not miss those wethers black and thin;  
But all the flower of the flock are in.”

Into the night the Master-Shepherd went  
And long his voice into the darkness sent,  
Until the very last had found its way,  
Now sheltered safe until another day.

## **The Last Excursion of Summer.**

The Summer Days have drawn unto their close,  
Bright days of sunshine, and of grateful shade;  
The harvest moon calls gently to repose  
Of dreams and memories that soon must fade.

May they not pass without some helpful trace  
Upon our childish souls' long destiny;  
Some lesson learned, attained some gentle grace,  
And left behind some foolish misery.

And Thou, whose goodness gave such happiness,  
Still guide, support, still strengthen and inspire;  
Oh, with a loftier life do thou us bless;  
Our soul's quenched flax, oh light with spirit-fire.

## **Birth-day Wish**

As in the past the Lord has kept thy way  
So that no sorrow hath bedimmed thine eyes,  
May He still gently lead thee day by day,  
And keep thee still, as ever, kind and wise.

## **In Memoriam R. C.**

She fell asleep when ripe and full of years,  
And full of love, and all her destined deeds,  
In perfect peace, undimmed by mortal fears,  
Fulfilled of all her soul's divinest needs.

So teach us, Father, to remember long  
Her every task's most fragrant faithfulness,  
Her love of beauty and her love of song,  
Her daily ministrations' tenderness.

Oh well for her upon her Fathers' breast,  
Where never tears again shall dim her eye!  
Would God we might attain unto her rest,  
And stepping in her footsteps rise on high!

## **The Lord our Righteousness**

There has it stood for thirty centuries,  
A thousand times translated, o'er and o'er,  
Since Jeremiah sung his prophecies,  
And they resounded far, from shore to shore.  
**THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS:** who dares to say  
That he has lost the way to Heav'n, so steep?  
Who could not guess this childish mystery?  
Could simpler words reveal a Truth more deep?  
**THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS:** O blessed news  
That every soul possesses Heaven's Key:  
No more is Heav'n the property of Jews,  
But ev'ry Holy Man his God may see.  
Ye who would know the Lord need but begin  
To purify your consciences from sin!

## **The Deeper Prophecy**

Athenian Proklos, the Successor, taught  
Three kinds of utterance oracular:  
Prophetic Inspiration of Thought,  
Vaticination, Mental Scimitar.  
'Tis all according to the soul's own state,  
If spiritual influx will succeed  
Into the soul itself to insinuate,  
Inspiring it to seek its deepest need.  
But they who are without the best content  
Only from signs can e'er vaticinate;  
While selfish humans, on successes bent,  
Must use Mind's sword to hew their pathway straight.  
Who would not be a prophet of the Lord?  
Untiring prayer shall be its own reward.

## **The Voices of the Past**

The solemn voices of the past to-night around me rise  
They fill my heart with sadness vast, and blind with  
tears mine eyes. [the Veil

I hear the voice of one dear friend now past beyond  
Whose hand in help did e'er extend, whose kindness  
ne'er did fail. [plead

I hear the voice of many more who once in love did  
But steered away to other shore forsaking me in need  
[ed for them;

And others have repaid with hate the prayers I pray-  
While others still sent cheer of late, yet silently  
condemn. [night;

I know not how, I know not why my heart is sad to-  
Vain the impassioned, year-long cry for purity and  
light.

O God Within, to Thee I turn with sacrament of tears  
Thy holiness oh might I learn, lest still I waste my  
years!

## **The Golden Leaves**

The golden leaves upon the dark-green pond,  
My scattered words upon forgotten days!  
O such the fate of efforts vagabond!  
O hopeless struggles for the crown of bays!  
Refrain, my soul; consider thou the stars,  
Internally reflect their steady shine;  
The tides will cast on shore the floating spars,  
But thou in halcyon tropics glow divine.  
Many the dreams the moon casts on the sea  
Whereat the ocean rises in desires;  
'Tis motionless while solar devotee,  
Whose currents spread immortalizing fires.

## **The Real Issue**

Such are the issues of these lives of ours,  
Stripped of factitious labels, and of names:  
'Tis Learning, or Desire for worldly powers,  
'Tis Self-control, or Fluctuating Aims.

At times we hardly know for what we work,  
And when completed is the drudgery,  
We've faced the dangers that in it did lurk,  
And have forgot for what 'twas remedy.

Your troublous life will not have been in vain  
If you the nights for private work reserve,  
For prayer, for reading, writing, soothing pain;  
Then let the day, whate'er it will, deserve.

This private life is but the proper hire  
For bearing bravely life's vicissitudes;  
'Tis ours if we it from God require,  
And is his practical Beatitudes.

Blessed are they who keep awake at night:  
They shall have pray'r with regularity;  
Their wondering eyes shall find a second sight,  
And for the morning gather sanctity.

Blessed are they who keep awake at night:  
They shall have time to write much poetry;  
They shall have all the solitude that's right  
Without the accidents of vagrancy.

Blessed are they who keep awake at night:  
Their day-light problems need not flood their souls;  
Day's ebbing voices will uncloud true light,  
Revealing true directions, and true poles.

## **The Real Issue**

**Blessed are they who nightly seek their souls;  
This is the Mountain of Transfiguration,  
Where angels keep their trysts with aureoles,  
And every action is a sacrament.**

## **The Sybilline Oracle**

**I know not what the words I uttered were:  
They rose within me, flew away on wing;  
Were they the Truth, or rather did they err?  
Whence did they come, and whither westering?**

**I drew the casement for the Breath divine,  
And opened wide my study's store-house door;  
My garnered writings flew as from a mine,  
And formed sybillic figures on the floor.**

**O sacred Well of words oracular!  
This is the only real sacrament;  
Feed ye on this, ye host crepuscular  
Who thirst for spiritual ennoblement.**

**Prepare ye for the Spirit, human souls,  
With all the common-place of history,  
So that whene'er the Orphic thunder rolls  
You may draw lightning-like divinity.**



## **Perfect Prayer**

Men rarely pray but when some pressing need  
Has stricken down their lusting souls with shame  
Or sorrow. Then, awaked, at last they claim  
Escape from justice, and for mercy plead.  
And when their guardian angels intercede  
For them with God, for the glory of his Name  
They yield again to lusts they overcame,  
And drift along the tides when these recede.  
That will be Heav'n, when man has learnt to pray  
In joy, success, delight, and happiness,  
As fervently as when in bitt'rest pain:  
When man has learnt to praise and to obey  
In fear, in sorrow, or in weariness,  
With love as deep as when his love was gain.

## **The Prodigal Soul**

What hast thou done, O Soul, with all thy dreams,  
Thy hopes, thy aspirations, and thy prayers?  
Hast thou dismissed them, while oppressed with cares,  
As hollow sea-foam, bright with vivid gleams?  
They were thy precious primal heritage,  
The warrant of thy long divinity;  
The guides that should have found thy destiny,  
The staff and pillow of thy pilgrimage.  
What hast thou done with all thy dreams, O Soul,  
Thy hopes, thy aspirations, and thy prayers?  
Until thou find them, all the world despairs,  
And thou canst never hope to reach thy goal.  
Wake them again! Call back their glorious light!  
They are thy heav'n, thy sword, thy shield, thy might!

## Unanswered Prayer

One day I asked the Lord to let me see,  
For but one glance, my guardian Angel's face;  
Next day, I asked the Lord to show to me  
The tow'rs of Heaven, in a moment's space.

Next day I asked the Lord if he would give  
Me power, but for once, the sick to heal;  
And then the years through which I yet must live  
I prayed I might, for but one moment feel.

Of these four prayers not one was granted me,  
And yet I feel they have not been in vain;  
I feel as if at times I half could see  
These blessings gliding into my domain.

Perhaps my Angel waits to show his face  
Until my dazzled eye-sight grow more keen;  
Perhaps the useless words I read efface  
The hov'ring outline of God's Heav'n serene.

Perhaps my hands could heal could I but find  
Sufficient urgency of prayerful need;  
Mayhap my prophecy is in my mind,  
But I am too engaged with work and feed.

And yet I feel them drawing e'er more near,  
Some days more close, some days more far removed;  
And their realities through dreams appear,  
And future circumstance through deeds is proved.

I am content, although the Lord thought best  
Yet to deny these wishes of my heart;  
Someday they shall find lodgment in my breast,  
Till then my faith shall capture them in part.

## Answered Prayer

I claimed from Heav'n some echoes of its songs,  
Some Hallelujah, or some grand Amen  
To strengthen faith as prayer my soul prolongs  
Amidst the vulgar happenings of men.

And lo, e'en as my prayer unanswered rose,  
And disappointment grew audacious,  
My prayers transformed into liturgic glows  
Sublime and tender, strange, propitious.

These birds of passage crowded through my soul  
Impetuously, in flight imperial;  
Wild songs oracular, beyond control,  
Crowned with authority primordial.

I felt this was my answer from the Lord,  
A nobler answer than my prayers had claimed;  
'Twas no mere largesse Heaven could afford:  
It was a new creation I inflamed.

O niggard artist who would cage each bird,  
Laboriously transcribing every note!  
In vain thou'lt seek to form a single word,  
God's vaster music is not learned by rote.

God's messages from Heaven must be guessed,  
Stray lightnings from the onward rushing spheres;  
And who permits most efflux from his breast  
Shall most receive from inner atmospheres.

'Tis true that birds that pass will not come back;  
But this their passing made the soul more large,  
So that a swifter flight may fill their track,  
And larger utt'rances the soul discharge.

## **Answered Prayer**

'Become what thou wouldst have'—this is the Law;  
Give largely forth that which thou wouldst receive;  
The Widow's Cruise fills more, more oil you draw,  
And what thou would'st create, do thou believe.

## **But is that all?**

Sometimes I feel in answer to my prayers  
The Lord on me his tender glance let fall,  
And in the midst of my confusing cares  
I know that he is near: but is that all?

Sometimes when sweet the worldly siren sings:  
'Come unto me'—I hear Him gently call,  
And tears repentant gush from unseen springs,  
And show my Better Self—but is that all?

Sometimes I enter in some Temple vast,  
Or hear some Orator in public hall;  
Some lightning thought reveals earth's glorious past  
I know me near to God—but is that all?

I read of how the New Jerusalem  
Lies foursquare in its clear smaragdine wall;  
I see the glassy sea, the Elders' diadem,  
The Great White Throne is there—but is that all?

Ah no! Far more than all these glorious dreams  
Were PRESENCE that would constantly recall  
My soul to immortal realms and holy themes,  
And see God's Face—that would indeed be all!

## ***The Great Renunciation***

I heard a Voice from Heav'n: Cut loose thy bark  
From yon proud Vessel ere it be too late;  
Its towing saves thee effort long and great,  
But see: it steers not for thy destined mark.

Then friendly voices from the Vessel cried,  
"Beware lest thou be lost upon this sea;  
Already once thou madest thyself free,  
Then humbly suedst for towage through the tide."

"Behold the many saints upon this Ship:  
Wilt thou not trust thy destiny with them?  
Is not enough for thee their diadem?  
This time forever will thy cable slip."

Then spake that urgent Voice from Heav'n once more  
"Cut loose thy bark, ere it have sailed too far;  
They steer not by th' eternal polar star,  
And only dream, while drifting, of the shore.

"Cut loose, for vain thy steering towards the pole  
While carried onwards in the Vessel's wake;  
The fearful strain will thy small bark soon break,  
Attaining neither earth, nor heav'nly goal."

Then pled that Voice, "Oh change thy wandering  
If thou cut loose, 'tis I shall steer for thee; [course  
If I must go, I leave thee on the sea  
To gnawing bitterness and vain remorse.

"And if thy bark should be o'erwhelmed, what then?  
Oh spend thy life so short in noblest song!  
Bate not one jot from Heav'n desired so long;  
If thou must die, 'tis like all faithful men."

## **The Great Renunciation**

I wrestled with the angel Voice, and cried:  
"Oh wait until to-morrow, not to-day!"  
But stern the Voice: "Thy Better Self obey;  
To-morrow is too late for this rare tide."

All bathed in tears I slipped the towing rope,  
And soon by all I loved was left behind;  
But angels came my broken heart to bind,  
And filled my sobbing soul with heav'nly hope.

### **THE PRAYER OF CONSECRATION**

O heav'nly Pilot, leave me not alone  
Amidst these tides and currents all unknown:

For while I row I cannot forwards see,  
So, facing backwards, fix my gaze on Thee.

'Tis thou alone canst tell if with the goal  
I keep in line, while on the waves I roll.

O holy Helmsman, shining and serene,  
I have but thee on whom my life to lean.

O steer my bark with all thy heav'nly skill  
In strict conformity unto thy Will.

When I forget, oh call me back to Thee  
That I may reach those Tow'rs I fain would see.

Those heav'nly Tow'rs wherein doth dwell thy Light  
And souls are bless'd with beatific sight.

O holy Helmsman, shining and serene,  
Forsake me not; on Thee alone I lean.

## ***The Palaced Fane***

My cradle rocked within a palaced Fane  
Wherein I grew to manhood's bright estate,  
Dispensed the mysteries its laws ordain,  
And with the Faithful did communicate.

But when the Voice of God spoke in my heart,  
And warned me that these glories I must leave,  
I trembled for the day I should depart  
Into the deserts I could then perceive.

I hoarded food and drink with careful thrift  
And husbanded my strength with secret fear;  
But all my hoards were seized, and lost each gift  
Until I trembled at my dark career.

But when the call of God did really come,  
Although with tears, I stepped forth all serene,  
I marvelled greatly I did not succumb,  
And felt so confident in the Unseen.

O Thou at Whom my destiny is aimed,  
I thank thee for this peace in time of need;  
Oh keep me humbled, and my passions tamed,  
Lest I should lose this peace as I proceed:

## **Have Mercy on God**

Have mercy on Me, O my human Child!  
I suffer more than thou when pains grieve thee;  
The only source of peace hast thou reviled;  
While suff'ring hell, thou grieveest also Me.  
For My sake then, if not then for thine own,  
Dear Child, oh let me wipe away thy tears;  
Let Me rejoice to see thee near My throne  
In perfect happiness for endless years.

## **The Writing of the Law**

Inscribe Thy Laws upon my wayward heart  
Till they all my activities imbue;  
I stray so oft, so often need new start,  
I would more steadily my course pursue.

Inscribe thy laws while I am laboring  
By frequent touch of thy recalling Hand;  
Confused by noise, to duties hurrying,  
Let me behold Thee as a reprimand.

Inscribe thy laws while I am low in sleep,  
While bits of memory flit straggling by;  
Let me the Sacraments not oversleep,  
Let me remember too that Thou art nigh.

Inscribe thy laws while I am with my friends  
By worthier Presence, and by gentler word;  
Let me perceive which way thy influence tends,  
And close the converse at thy sign unheard.

Inscribe thy laws in me when I decide  
The many plans of daily urgency,  
When I write letters, or in friends confide,  
When I choose books, or am in quandary.

Inscribe thy laws with any pen thou wilt,  
The pen of sorrow, or the pen of stress;  
Grave deep the letters into any guilt,  
Or if need be use pen of weariness.

And though in passion my heart's tables break,  
Re-write them till they reach the Sanctuary,  
And while I of the Eucharist partake  
I'll gaze at them till they gain primacy.



## **The Writing of the Law**

For in the crisis of emergency  
I would remain unshaken by mischance,  
Like Jesus, safe from Tempter's perfidy,  
By thoughtful deeds, and prayerful vigilance.

## **Solitude**

In olden times when men did yet revere  
The common parent of their common race,  
One common love enlightened every face,  
And spoke in common tongue of heav'nly cheer.

To-day no single soul still understands  
The broken utt'rance of another's thought;  
Each learnt her language from the deeds she wrought  
While struggling blindly through these weary lands.

Many the kindred souls that disagree,  
Whose thoughts reach out unto the same desire;  
Whose voice one common yearning doth inspire,  
But who can never grasp each other's plea.

At times they seem to recognize a friend,  
And press the hand to wake the by-gone years;  
But soon the parting dims their eyes with tears,  
As God alone stays near until the end.

After the darkness deep to deep shall call,  
The bitter tears shall all be wiped away;  
All partial lights shall melt into the day,  
All souls be found in God, the All in All.

## **Timeline~**

Rebuke me not, O gentle heav'n-born soul,  
For inconsistency, if I advise  
Both tranquil quietness of self-control  
And then the utmost strain of exercise.

'Tis TIMELINESS that is the key of Fate;  
By night spring thou in tense resiliency,  
By day, still adoration cultivate,  
As needs the dædal song of Destiny.

Thou know'st full well, O Child of melody,  
No single tone is either right or wrong;  
But in the warp and woof of harmony  
The one same tone will make or mar the song.

And further, tells thee not thine artist ear  
That there is need, for music's sumptuous state,  
Not only of the treble sweet and clear,  
But also of the sadder base sedate?

May every tonal spirit's breath inspire  
Thy budding life's full diapason-chime,  
So that thy purest aspiration's fire  
Ascending heav'nward chant a hymn sublime.

## **With Some Flower~**

Since human words their meaning oft betray,  
And e'en the tend'rest are misunderstood,  
O Flow'r, wake thou my Sister's tend'rest mood,  
And say all that my tongue in vain would say.

## Homesickness

What, art thou homesick for that narrow street  
Where thou didst dwell for some short months last  
Homesick for faces thou wert wont to greet, [year,  
For well-known voices thou wert wont to hear?

Oh wert thou homesick for thy Father's breast,  
Whereon thou layedst ere thou cam'st to earth,  
Homesick for Heav'n, although by earth caressed,  
Homesick for God, and for thy Second Birth!

If thou wert half as homesick for thy God  
As he is heart-sick for that love of thine,  
Wouldst thou not pray to him to use his rod  
If even so thou might'st become divine?

Heav'n is thy home; thou'rt but a stranger here;  
If thou couldst tear thyself from earthly ties,  
And centre all thy love on heav'nly sphere,  
There were some hope that thou someday might'st  
rise.

Oh centre thou thy love on God alone,  
Thy Father and thy only faithful Friend;  
Swift shalt thou mount to glories yet unknown,  
And find that only peace that hath no end.

Cheap would be loss of all that earth could give  
If that should but direct thy love on high;  
If naught it is to thee fore'er to live,  
Let God's sweet love then woo thee, lest thou die.

Homesick for Heav'n, and for thy God's own Face,  
Homesick for passion quelled, and sight attained:  
Homesick for angels' touch in God's most holy Place  
Homesick for Purity, and Life, and Love unfeigned.

## ***The House Built upon a Rock***

When Jesus closed his Sermon on the Mount,  
And yearned in Spirit for his little flock  
He likened those who on his words should count  
To men who built their houses on a rock,  
That when the floods upon that house should beat,  
It should unshaken and unharmed remain;  
While they who laid on sand their houses' seat  
Would find it crumble under wind and rain.

Each builds his house of life: oh build it well!  
It is the only one of which we're sure;  
A soul's too much to risk on what tales tell,  
At least so let us live so as to endure.

O plan it well, for though a possible  
Departure from the plan original  
Can still be made, and be agreeable,  
It never will be quite symmetrical.

One room for each department of thy life,  
For eating, sleeping, dressing, and for play,  
One room for books and intellectual strife;  
But first of all provide a sanctuary.

Oh plan it well! Provide thee windows large  
That God's fresh air may come in unto thee,  
That all effluvia may straightway discharge,  
And God's blest sunshine may thy life o'ersee.

Oh plan it well! Build thee thy roof full tight,  
Permit no leak because of sheer neglect;  
Thy timbers all will rot—O evil plight!  
A leak is the unworthiest defect!

Thy building's style should be original,  
Nor copy that of any other man;

## **The House Built on a Rock**

But it must show forth beauty cosmical,  
And be of useful, holy, noble plan.

Forget not to provide thy house with bell  
Which angel visitants may touch with ease,  
To claim thy hospitality, or tell  
Of ghostly danger, or of soul-disease.

But more important than thy building's plan  
Is its foundation, that it be built strong:  
Here usually the work is skimped by man  
For none can see if it be right or wrong.

Nor can a rock in every place be found,  
On which the house-foundation may be built;  
We'll have to thread our way to higher ground,  
And leave the low-lands of habitual guilt.

What is the rock we seek? The rock of Fact,  
Of Hygiene, Cleanness, and Physiology;  
Whate'er our prayers to God, th' unsteady act  
Is punished by the laws of Gravity.

The House, and the Foundation—then the Test;  
For this is God's peculiar habitude  
That he continually detects what's best  
By constant trials of our fortitude.

We seek the Rock that stronger is than pain,  
The Rock that stronger is than poverty,  
Whose snow-capped beacon e'er is plain  
Through cloud of grief, and storm of rivalry.

For only what withstands these world-wide tests  
May stand the whirlwinds of the Judgment Day;  
On such a Sinai God's Presence rests,  
And there alone may Moses ever stay.

## ***The Gates of Righteousness***

Oh open me the Gates of Righteousness  
That I may go into the Holy Land,  
And being drawn into more Inwardness  
I may give thanks amidst th' Immortal Band.

Oh open me the Gate of Earnestness  
That I may face my issues honestly,  
My heart attuned to perfect singleness,  
Desiring God in still humility.

Oh open me the Gate of Grief sincere  
That I may leave my error and my sin,  
That I to my ideals may adhere  
With efficacious zeal for Light within.

Oh open me the Gate of Holy Dreams  
That I the laws of Inner Growth may learn,  
That steering by them o'er life's restless streams  
I may reach home, nor ever sidewise turn.

Oh open me the Gate Activity  
To carry out the Guidance I receive,  
Each deed producing more ability;  
Each error killed, more longing to believe.

Oh open me the Gate through which God speaks  
That this my Conscience may responsive be;  
That when, bewildered, guidances it seeks  
The answer come full swift, and clear, and free.

Oh open me the Gate of Perfect Trust  
Consoling me amidst this world of grief,  
Of perfect trust that God is kind and just,  
Omnipotent, deserving of belief.

## **The Gates of Righteousness**

Oh open me the Gate of Angel Song,  
That when discouraged strengthening strains I hear  
Assuring me that Holiness is strong,  
And that to truth there are no grounds for fear.

Oh open me the Gate of perfect Prayer  
Lest I forget my vows and destiny,  
Lest I remain content with earthly air,  
Nor tune myself unto Divinity.

Oh open me the Gates of Righteousness,  
And keep them open both by day and night,  
That at whatever hour I need access  
I may find entrance, and renew my Light.

## **On Hearing of a Suicide**

Oh comfort ye My people, saith the Lord,  
Lest they grow weary of their priceless life,  
Wherein alone can they deserve reward,  
Or can develop through heroic strife.

Oh comfort ye My people, lest they waste  
Their precious hours of leisure, ah, so rare,  
Bought with the price of blinding labour faced,  
Wherein to be himself a man may dare.

Oh comfort ye My people, lest through grief  
They should despair, and cease to seek My shrine;  
Lest they should lose themselves in proud belief,  
Lest they forget to make themselves divine.

## **The White-robed Procession**

Here at the cross-roads paralyzed I stand;  
O still procession of the White-robed Saints,  
Went Ye on straight, or turned to either hand?  
Before this doubt my soul within me faints.

If I choose wrong, I shall be further still,  
And never may your followers rejoin;  
Here serve no books, here boots no human skill,  
And powerless is here the richest coin.

Since first I saw the aureole that shields  
Your healing Train, as Temple-wards Ye roam,  
I left the plow and oxen in the fields,  
And waved farewell unto my childhood's home.

Your sleepless Train goes on by day and night,  
And I did follow you the best I could,  
Begging some food to keep You in my sight,  
And sleeping fitfully in way-side wood.

And when I wakened, I would have to run  
By the halo-traces left along the road  
Ere turned to mist before the rising sun,  
When cloud alone your blessed Presence showed.

And I am late to-day, and cannot find  
The slightest trace to hint the turn Ye took—  
Which turn embracing shall I come behind?  
In which direction shall my longing look?

Will none of Ye this once turn back for me?  
Have Ye no signal that I'd understand?  
Have Ye no care for single devotee?  
And is my death your silent reprimand?



## **The White-robed Procession**

Some would, forsaken, follow their own choice,  
And might in their own fancies' splendor shine;  
But I, though rich, could nevermore rejoice  
Without the Presence of the Touch divine.

I will not move away from where I stand,  
And will in hopeless prayer right here remain;  
And on my tomb perhaps some kindly hand  
Will trace these characters of grief and pain:

### **EPITAPH**

Here lies a Faithful Fool: whose memory  
May warn all Pilgrims from too long delay.  
Too eagerly he tried all things to learn,  
Nor ever could interior signs discern.  
He failed to reach the Castle of the Grail,  
But many may through him at last prevail.  
O Pilgrims ye more fortunate,  
Keep close your Guidance, ere it be too late.

## **At Night**

At night when the voices of labor are sleeping  
I rise from my slumbers, and worship in prayer;  
I listen to secrets my soul has been keeping,  
And dream aspirations protected from care.

I think of the mountains which I have ascended,  
I breathe once again in their pure atmosphere;  
I glance o'er their carpet before me extended;  
The whispering silence from Heaven I hear.

O fortunate they who seek transfiguration  
Where Angels and Muses and Gods are more nigh,  
Where Temples have sheltered divine veneration,  
Whence Magi have studied the stars of the sky.

## **Jehovah-nissi**

**When Israel had slaked his burning thirst  
With water flowing from the smitten rock,  
Then Amalek appeared, and no one durst  
To face the enemy in battle's shock.**

**So Moses down the earlier Savior sent  
To teach to Israel to do and dare,  
While he himself into the Mountain went  
And spread his arms to God in instant prayer.**

**And when, like some angelic sentinel,  
He held his arms up high, his host prevailed;  
But when his arms grew weary, and they fell,  
Then Amalek in fighting countervailed.**

**Then Aaron and Hur stayed up his arms  
The while he prayed till setting of the sun;  
O'er Amalek descended wild alarms,  
And Israel for good the battle won.**

**O Aaron, by day, and Hur, by night,  
(For of this meaning do your names consist)  
Oh stay our arms at prayer-prevailing height  
When in our hearts our Foe we would resist.**

**There is no Enemy, however fierce,  
Who at the sunset-signal must not flee:  
Oh could we, but till then, not let him pierce  
The armor of our watchful Litany.**

**It is not we who put the Foe to flight—  
They must depart when God draws down the Sun;  
All we must do, is to endure the fight,  
And face the grief—then all for us is done.**

## **Jehovah-nissi**

We have our Savior with us in the fight,  
The saving Presence of the Pow'r Unseen;  
But all in vain, unless upon the Height  
In prayer our arms all day stretched forth have been  
Yet though we prayed, if Joshua were not near,  
We had not courage to engage in fray,  
So both of them we need to persevere:  
The Presence, and the Helpers twin to Pray.  
There will we build an Altar to the Lord,  
Jehovah-Nissi—Banner our divine;  
And on it write: We gain the great reward  
By Prayer and Effort—All the Thanks be Thine!

## **The Victor**

The Victor's crown is not for him who starts  
Upon the heav'n-ward way, spite foe or friend,  
However much it cost to sunder hearts;  
'Tis his who shall endure unto the end.

The Victor's crown is not for him who dares  
The thundering sides of Sinai ascend,  
But half-way stops to raise to God his prayers;  
'Tis his who shall endure unto the end.

The Victor's crown is not for him who flees  
When Satan's hosts in threatening hordes impend  
To throw through fear him whom no pow'r can seize  
'Tis his who shall endure unto the end.

The Victor's crown is not for him who faints  
Though e'en one hand already should extend  
To grasp the hands of downward reaching saints;  
'Tis his who shall endure unto the end!

## **Life or Righteousness ?**

**A man must live**, the Worldly Wiseman says,  
And tramples Righteousness beneath his feet;  
**Life, right or wrong !** and thus evades defeat  
Which might have saved his soul from sinful ways.  
But lo, **No need to live**, the Soldier cries,  
**To save my earthly country's fame !**  
Although its politics be full of shame,  
And war be full of sin, and lust, and lies.  
How much the rather, then, should we be strong,  
And for eternal prize both dare and die!  
Nobler is Righteousness than king most high;  
If life be short, oh let it sing and shine ! **[wrong !**  
**Righteousness, live or die !** not, **Life, right or**  
**Not, man must live ; but, man must grow divine !**

## **True Cause for Sorrow**

Because my house is small, be not distressed,  
Dear Sister-soul; is it not large enough  
To shelter in its shrine the Presence blessed?  
Angels will guard it, though its walls be rough.  
Greater than I in cottages have dwelt,  
Not e'en as much had He of Galilee;  
And if some fault about it can be felt,  
'Tis that it 's more than was deserved by me.  
Oh, rather grieve that lo, these many years  
I struggle to subdue myself in vain;  
That really still for pleasures I do care;  
That still I have not said farewell to tears  
Of shame and failure, suffering and pain,  
And still I sigh, imprison'd in earth's air.

## Return

I will not grieve, because we now must part,  
Tis but farewell, it cannot be good-bye;  
Our mutual love shall glow in younger heart,  
And Virtue blossom into Deity.

I will return and visit with my friends  
Though in the darkness they have changed their form  
My soul will find them ere my mission ends  
Along my destined way, through shine or storm.

I will return with all the garnered wealth  
Of art and learning, and of character;  
My Discipline will earn a firmer health,  
And wake with voice of wider register.

I will return unto my battle-fields  
Where once I soldiered, as a general:  
And at the shrine where I as suppliant kneeled,  
As hierophant give nurture mystical.

I will return to pay the thoughtless debts  
Which I incurred upon my childhood's way;  
And all the dreams my struggling soul forgets  
Shall aureole another golden day.

Farewell, O Friends, until we all return  
Unto the inspirations of this place;  
We yet have missions, and yet crowns to earn,  
Yet have to win a more interior grace.

## **The Master's Farewell**

It is expedient for you that I go away:  
Ye trusted in the Touchable-of-Me;  
The Unseen part of Me with you shall stay;  
By love compelled ye shall be forced to see.

It is expedient for you that I go away  
That ye may find Salvation doth reside  
Not in My person, but in what I say;  
And who shall listen, him shall I e'er guide.

It is expedient for you that I go away:  
So far, 'twas I who all your wants supplied;  
Now shall ye learn unto th' Unseen to pray,  
And understand the Unseen doth provide.

It is expedient for you that I go away:  
The Laws of Heav'n ye e'en have memorized;  
Now learn that Practice is the only way  
That your Salvation can be realized.

As Comforter I shall return to those  
Whose love is strong enough to make them try  
Successfully to tread the Cross's way  
Into th' Unseen to Me before they die.

## **Stray Thoughts**

The Still Small Voice cannot be bought for cash;  
What men would sell thee, know, it is but trash.

Would'st have the Truth? Go neither East, nor West  
Go by thyself, and look in thine own breast.

Forget not the Companion divine [thine.  
Who sees each Thought, and hears each Word of

## ***The Fruits of Friendship***

My dear, I fault you not for aught you did  
Or anything you may have failed to do;  
I only grieve because your soul lies hid,  
And none would guess God's Spirit through you blew

Too much you ever seem to be at ease,  
You seem content with all that you have done;  
Your only mission seems to be to please,  
Content with the applause that you have won.

I see in you no restlessness divine  
That grieves for all the heights you could not scale,  
That seeks in all the Heavenly Design,  
And rather than to rest, prefers to fail.

Your prayers lack frequency and fire, I fear;  
Your prayers should force from Heav'n a miracle,  
Nor should they stop until they drew a tear,  
Or you received an inner oracle.

This Discontent divine would be betrayed  
By every glance, and deed, and every word;  
Your simple tone each stranger would persuade  
That the Immortal Voices you had heard.

O weak indeed our mutual amity  
If yet it failed to light that Inner Fire;  
Its joys how vain if not a prophecy  
Of unexpected worthier desires!

For love of me, therefore, my Sister, pray  
With fervor deeper than your love of me,  
Until the Heav'nly Friend thy call obey,  
That when we meet we be not two, but THREE.

## **A Saturday Letter**

Go, little Script, my distant Sister seek,  
Touch her dear hand for me, and for me speak.  
Beseech her that her Sunday she do spend  
In sweet communion with her Heav'nly Friend.

At SIX she shall herself re-consecrate  
Unto her God, before it grow too late.

At SEVEN she shall call her Heav'nly Friend  
Her wayward soul to steady and befriend.

At EIGHT she shall a message clear demand  
To guide her steps unto the Holy Land.

At NINE for sick Ones shall she intercede  
That they may learn what is their real need.

At TEN she shall sing hymns in joyful praise  
For all the struggles of her useful days.

But at ELEVEN she shall humbly pray  
She ne'er may wander from the Narrow Way.

At TWELVE, if silent, Music she will hear—  
The song of Angels of the Inmost Sphere.

At ONE she shall command her soul to rise  
From out her Past into her Future's skies.

At TWO she shall in memory review  
All verses noble, beautiful and true.

At THREE a sudden tear shall downward stray,  
For those she loves, who live so far away.



## **A Saturday Letter**

At **FOUR** she shall forswear each dearest fault—  
Wax shall she be to God; to flesh, basalt.

At **FIVE** she shall essay if she can see  
Her angel bending o'er her tenderly.

At **SIX** she shall once more re-consecrate  
Her soul unto the Quest of Heav'n's Gate.

Then, when the Day is o'er, tell her to rest,  
And watch the stars awaking one by one;  
So shall her Angel fold her to his breast  
Until, refreshed, she greet the Rising Sun.

## **Fourth Christmas**

All Babylonians saw the midnight sky  
As they had seen it for a thousand years;  
With pleasure glanced up at the circling spheres,  
And then retired, their flesh to gratify.  
Alone Three Magi saw the stellar stir,  
And in the distant scintillations read  
The Great Good News, and o'er the deserts sped  
With all their gold, and frankincense and myrrh.  
Keep thy interiors open, Human Soul;  
And when again a Savior shall be born  
Thou'lt understand the Planets' mystic shine,  
Perceive the glimmering of the Mystic Pole,  
And hasten towards the Spiritual Morn,  
To worship at the Birth of the Divine.

## **To a Friend, Moving**

If, when thou movest to a larger house,  
Thou leav'st the narrow street of prejudice,  
The carelessness of thoughtless ignorance,  
The poisoned air of dwellings mean and old,  
The friends presuming on their neighborhood,  
It shall be well indeed, it shall be well.

But when thou movest to a larger house  
Thou leav'st behind thy many years of work  
That have ennobled thy still budding soul,  
Thou leav'st behind that heav'nly spirit-host  
That warned from sin, inciting ever on;  
And if thou leav'st them there in thy old house  
It never can with thee again be well.

Oh, when thou movest to thy larger house,  
Oh fall upon thy knees, and pray all night,  
If in the morning They will go with thee,  
And there encamp within thy larger room,  
And hail still holier spirits on the way,  
That heav'nly hosts more numerous and pure  
Protect thy head from ill, and keep all well.

Oh when thou movest to thy larger house  
With tears and prayers stand watch at every door  
Lest, unannounced, thy ancient tempters find  
Some hole unguarded, and flit in by night  
And bind thee down again to thy old self,  
And, chatt'ring, deafen thee when God would speak  
To tell thee how to make thy life all well.

## **To a Friend, Moving**

If when thou movest to thy larger house  
Thou make thyself a secret sanctuary,  
And there invite the Presence from on high,  
If there thou seekest more than e'er thou knew'st,  
If thou control thyself, and learn, to God  
Thy every energy to consecrate;  
If there thou listenest to the Still Small Voice  
In virgin consecration of thy strength,  
If there thou enterest heav'n, by finding Peace,  
Attaining conscious Immortality,  
It shall be well indeed, it shall be well.

## **Amfortas**

Amfortas, Guardian of the Holy Grail  
Was stricken by a wound that made him quail.  
By pain o'erwhelmed, Amfortas did refuse  
To celebrate the Feast, as was his use.  
This Weekly Sacrament now stopped at length  
Had e'er supplied the Brotherhood with strength.  
Old Titurel the King grew faint and died,  
And all the knights were scattered far and wide.  
Arouse, Amfortas, 'tis not yet too late:  
Call Gurnemanz, the Keeper of the Gate;  
Let bells peal out the Ancient Sacrament,  
And Inner Strength to all shall yet be lent;  
Have courage just enough to pray for grace,  
And in the Chalice shall appear God's Face.

## **How to Imprison Angels**

**How to imprison Angels I will tell:  
No man so poor but he can do it well.**

**A PRISON for Him first you must provide:  
In your own heart alone can He abide.**

**Sufficient ROOM for Him you next require;  
You must throw out your heart's contents entire.**

**The window must with BARS be made secure,  
The bars of Purpose, undistracted, sure.**

**The Door must have a LOCK which none can force;  
The Lock of Silence, with its rich resource.**

**You then will need a CHAIN He cannot break:  
The Chain of Inner Need for others' sake.**

**You must provide Him daily NOURISHMENT:  
The Bread and guiltless Wine of Sacrament.**

**His prison must be SWEPT each single day:  
Keep Conscience clean with broom of purity.**

**The JAILOR must, each hour, through door-hole peer  
God's Presence, every hour, you must revere.**

**All this provided, enter in, and snare  
Some passing Angel by an earnest prayer.  
Quick lock the Door, and fasten on your Chain,  
And He with you forever must remain,  
Unless you starve Him of the Sacrament,  
Or you of Hourly Prayer grow negligent.**

## ***The Divine Blessing***

This morn, afresh, the chance of life I try,  
Somehow perform my orderly routine;  
But what shall I be profited thereby  
Unless Thy blessing on each deed has been?

I go to teach, and lo, on heedless sense  
My best elucidations fall unseen;  
In vain I launch my thoughts with vehemence  
Unless Thy blessing on my thoughts has been.

I go to heal, and though the cause I find,  
And give for the disease right medicine,  
It will return, unchanged the inner mind,  
Unless Thy blessing on my touch have been.

And that Thy blessing I may never lack,  
Direct my steps into serener ways  
Wherein I may, nor hurriedly nor slack  
Deserve a fuller blessing on my days.

Let me find occupation every hour,  
Each day some special opportunity  
To utter wisdom with diviner power,  
Or do some deed of holy charity.

May my repasts be such that Thou wilt come  
And turn the feast into a sacrament;  
And may I at the proper time be dumb  
To hear Thy silent Word's encouragement.

Thou art my Better Self, O thou Divine!  
Wherefore I kneel, in proud humility;  
To Thee, Unknown, my issues I resign:  
Inspire, dominate, and deify!

## **Austerity**

Dear leisured Friend, think not I would deprive  
Thy cultured soul of all its treasured ease;  
Am I a fiend, some method to contrive  
Thy innocent delights of life to seize?

The flesh's most subtle and orgasmic glows,  
Dost thou suppose my judgment cannot prize?  
Am I unmanned, that I should not well know  
The pride of life, and lusting of the eyes?

And yet in warning tender, but austere,  
I plead thou lay thy cherished ease aside:  
That human, lovely, and permitted cheer  
That would melt heav'n, if tears in heav'n could bide

'Tis only that experience long and hard  
Has taught me that upon the Narrow Way  
All polished ease and gentle grace retard  
The serious conflict that unveils the day.

The body's licit ease, how worth man's quest!  
The mind's free flight that spices calm repose!  
But much more worth that still diviner zest  
Of Immortality's blest fragrant Rose!

'Tis worth far more than any man can pay,  
Can suffer, want, endure or sacrifice;  
No tears too hot to purchase heav'nly day,  
All Earth were still too small and mean a price.

That ~~LITTLE-MORE~~ than Heav'n doth quite require,  
That cheerful waiving of the pleasure due,  
That panting aspiration like the fire,  
That is the prayer which draws celestial dew.

## **Austerity**

Oh for that fragrant sempiternal Rose  
Which none but the twice-born can hope to see,  
Who would not burdens on himself impose,  
Which otherwise were needless misery?

If I, dear Friend, for that bright sake endure  
Such torments as, howe'er, leave me good health,  
Rebuke me not; and thou thyself abjure  
That Licit Ease which stores not heav'nly wealth.

## **Weekly Calendar**

My Child, if thou My Mysteries would'st learn  
By Daily Prayer for them thou must them earn.

On MONDAYS pray to see the Temple-road  
That scales the Mountain of Serene Abode.

On TUESDAYS pray to have, in full sunlight,  
An Unseen Helper dawn upon thy sight.

On WEDNESDAYS thy earnest prayer should be  
The Universe-totality to see.

On THURSDAYS pray to hear the stellar strains,  
And hear the songs the Angel-choir maintains.

On FRIDAYS pray that God to thee will speak  
For all who Prophecies from thee shall seek.

On SATURDAYS, let prayers from God demand  
Some Revelation of the Heav'nly Land.

SUNDAYS for Consecration thou shalt pray,  
To serve the purposes of Destiny.

## **Sylvan Adoption**

O Forest-home of the Celestial Voice,  
O Revelation of th' Interior,  
Who would believe that man by his own choice  
Was stranger to you, or mere visitor?

Lo! Here God deigns to dwell, and sets his sign,  
The Guiding Pillar, which by day as shade,  
By night as fire in the stars that shine,  
Preserves and guides, imparting heav'nly aid.

Oh that we loved ourselves sufficiently  
To fit our life so as in you to dwell;  
And though we left you in the busy day,  
We'd come back home at sound of evening bell.

As silent symbols of the World Unseen  
Ye keep Man conscious of his destiny,  
Lest he himself estrange, or even wean  
From the ideal of divinity.

Ye are the kinship of the human race,  
Through you we understand the hearts of Rome,  
And though Humanity increase its pace  
You still shall call it to its Inner Home.

You call the drifting soul from out the crowd,  
And teach him Individuality,  
And when men sleep awake, and dream aloud  
Ye are the anchor of their sanity.

O sacred Trees, adopt me for your child,  
Your sanctuary shall be my only home;  
And though I should by toil be oft exiled,  
I shall count mine your starred celestial dome.



## **Tarrying in Jerusalem**

O tarry in Jerusalem until  
Ye be endued with Power from on high;  
And though the times grow late, yet tarry still  
Nor go away, though here ye all should die.

Without this Pow'r ye know not when to go,  
Nor what to do, nor when or how to serve;  
Oh tarry there with prayer and fasting: so  
The Gift of Wisdom comes when ye deserve.

Without this Pow'r ye have no strength to go,  
Or, should you go, to do a healing deed;  
So ye who would Salvation world-wide sow,  
Wait for the Comforter to give you seed.

So tarry here, although it should grow late,  
Upon the Lord's good pleasure wait ye here;  
And pray together for the strength to wait,  
And grace at the right time to see and hear.

Until the Father's promise through you shine  
Therefore continue ye in instant prayer;  
Refuse all comfort short of Light divine—  
Then may ye go and that same Light declare.

## **The Queen**

Grieve not, O faithful Soul, if it appear  
That thy unselfish love is not returned,  
Or that thy deeds of kindness, though sincere  
Are oft forgotten, and more often spurned.

Since God is just, someday each loving deed  
To others done, shall turn into thy breast;  
Each shelter offered shall be thine at need,  
Each comfort giv'n shall yield thee future rest.

If I should ask thee to forget thy God  
And turn thy love entirely on me,  
I would indeed strong selfishness have showed,  
And it were thine with right to spurn my plea.

But oh, dear Soul of kindness without end,  
I conjure thee, though I should lose thereby,  
Turn all thy love on God, the only Friend  
Who can remain with thee when thou must die.

For thee thy Heav'nly Lover yearneth sore;  
And thou O Soul of kindness without end,  
Could'st thou be strong enough to love him more  
For all the chastening sorrows He doth send?

Did He not love thee still, though thou didst yield  
To Rivals in this world thy soul's best love?  
Take pity on thy God, His grief relieve;  
Heav'n mourns until thy heart be fixed above!

How patiently He waited year by year,  
Yet blessing Rivals with ungrudging Hand,  
Knowing His love could wait, because sincere,  
Till thou, someday, His Guidance shouldst demand.

## **The Queen**

For thou must lose thy friends and lovers all  
By sickness, poverty, or pain, or age;  
For Him alone thou wilt not need to call,  
Or mourn His absence, or His whims assuage.

No Queen would more than one short moment see  
Her yearning King, and still on subject lean;  
And though still veiled thy primal glory be,  
Thou art a Bride of God, a Heaven's Queen!

## **A Prayer for Light**

If there be but one thing which I desire  
It is that I may ever grow more wise;  
That in the search for truth I never tire,  
Nor unto truths unwelcome close mine eyes.

I am aweary of this hopeless doubt  
In which the holiest human courage faints;  
Mere lack of knowledge would an army rout  
Which would, with light, cut thro' unto thy saints.

Unless I had deserved it, thou couldst not  
Leave me to flounder in this troubled sea,  
I will be humble, and accept my lot,  
And thro' good deeds yet wrest the light from thee.

## **Fifth Christmas**

### **THE PILGRIM**

Tell me, O Star, will the Christ come to me  
Who pray that this Christmas His glory I see?

### **THE STAR**

Christ came unto Mary's consuming desire  
That God, through her, to the world be revealed;  
Perhaps if in worship you likewise aspire,  
The Christ may draw nigh, and your longings be healed

### **THE PILGRIM**

Tell me, O Star, will the Christ come to me  
Who pray that this Christmas His glory I see?

### **THE STAR**

He came to the Shepherds while watching their sheep  
And gazing on high through the darkness of night;  
Perhaps if you watch through the hours of sleep  
You too will behold the ineffable sight.

### **THE PILGRIM**

Tell me, O Star, will the Christ come to me,  
Who pray that this Christmas His glory I see?

### **THE STAR**

He came to the Magi who studied the sky  
Believing that Heav'n thro' the stars was expressed;  
Perhaps if you seek what the stars typify,  
You too will be warned of the Mystical Guest.

## ***The Lost Position***

I heard of a position, and I dreamed  
That I had been selected, one whole week;  
Brighter the well-worn world around me seemed,  
My heart beat faster, heaven seemed to speak.

At thought of parting, dearer grew old friends,  
And worthier to be loved the ancient home;  
Upon old tasks new dignity descends,  
More sacred glows the Sanctuary's dome.

New resolutions crowded round my soul,  
Whose deeper consecration sought new grace;  
The clanking chain of habits lost control,  
And visions of attainment showed their face.

I prayed for wisdom, inspiration, strength,  
And wrestled for the Blessing all night long;  
I felt my long drawn battles won at length,  
And broke into prophetic victor song.

I felt more plainly for the Hand divine,  
And saw more clear the issues of my lot;  
I understood my duties were a mine  
Of gold of character, that cannot rot.

Supposing that I should not get the place,  
I shall not grieve, and shall be quite content;  
Have I not had its joy and added grace,  
And saved the drudgery, and banishment?

This fleeting day-dream has not been in vain—  
Both joy to me, and him who got the place;  
By night the Lord as Fire may be plain,  
By day the Cloudy Pillar shows God's Face.

## ***The Mountain Retreats***

Consumptives, leave Civilization's pales,  
Its stuffy rooms, its smoke, its grime,  
Go where perpetual purity prevails,  
Upon the mountain-tops' serener clime.

No other place will soon be left to you:  
The virgin forests' depths no more exist,  
The swamps are drained to flow the deserts through:  
Mountains alone defilement can resist.

Here shall the heaven-born snow forever shine,  
Here naught can hide the midnight skies' expanse,  
Here may ye drink unmixed ozonic wine,  
And heal decay within by temperance.

Here Moses and Elijah keep their tryst,  
And here in Horeb's Cave God's Voice is heard;  
Snow-manna falls to keep the Eucharist,  
Here Moses wrote the tabled ten-fold Word.

Come often to this Mountainous Retreat,  
Here shall ye find the promise of fresh youth:  
The rising sun here earliest may ye greet,  
And in the stellar motions read all truth.

## **Odysseus in Hades**

"I wish I had not won in such a fight,"  
Odysseus cried, as he beheld the form  
Of Telamonian Ajax rage and storm  
On Hades' meadows with immortal spite.  
Achilles' arms, for wick he then had lied  
He since had lost upon the treach'rous sea,  
And naught remained him but the memory  
Of his disgrace, that ever would abide.  
There is a certain blessing in defeat  
The Certainty of 'nothing to regret'  
While they who win responsibility  
To use their spoils in manner so discreet  
As lasting blessings only to beget  
May well deserve immortal sympathy.

## **Spiritual Rank**

Jamblichus tells of the Mysteries,  
And how th' Initiate at last attained  
To revelation of the Deities,  
Whose arcane glories only too soon waned.  
These Deities (as Neophytes deserved)  
Were either Gods, Archangels, Angels, or  
Were Tutelary Demons who had served  
Men's souls, or Demi-gods inferior,  
Or Potentates these Deities might be,  
Of cosmic, or material lower rank;  
Or even souls from earthly body free,  
But who yet from diviner longings shrank.  
But how might Neophyte them recognize?  
According to their conduct—poor or wise.

## **The Marriage of Love and Wisdom**

I first beheld Her at a Eucharist,  
A glimpse of which I caught in noon-day trance;  
She knelt among the White-robed at that Tryst  
O'er which was shed the Dove's soft radiance.

I knew She was my Bride because she turned  
And beckoned me unto the Vacant Seat,  
And shed bright tears because I nought discerned  
And could not come to make that Feast complete.

Since then She comes as soon as midnight peals,  
And kneels beside me in interior prayer;  
And when I kneel with Her her smile reveals  
How glad She is with me her heav'n to share.

And when She prays more long than is her wont  
I know I have against my soul transgressed,  
Unto our hope of Union made affront,  
And lengthened her, my longing Bride's, unrest.

She comes not to me in my darkest hours,  
Nor gives me counsel how my soul to train,  
But when I've won, She shines with brighter pow'rs;  
Love weeps and waits till Wisdom shall attain.

I dare not question what are her beliefs—  
She simply prays, and shows me the Divine.  
This is the saddest of my earthly griefs  
That I must grieve this patient Bride of mine.



## **The Marriage of Love and Wisdom**

I will be strong at length: her precious tears  
Shall not forever be shed forth in vain;  
In my desires unwonted strength appears,  
I shall attempt victorious hurricane.

And when I shall have conquered in the fight  
My crown I'll place upon her shining head,  
And humbly kiss her hand in God's own sight,  
And to the Altar-steps by Her be led.

Only in God's own Presence can be known  
My Bride, unseen in any lower light:  
That is God's Presence, not to be alone,  
But with my own Best Self to reunite.

She is my Pole, towards which I steer my strife,  
So that, near Her, my Sun may never set,  
But swing around the problems of my life,  
And aureole my vessel's parapet.

I draw a circle all around her chair:  
For where She knelt shall touch no thoughtless hand  
Where, prostrate, glistened her immortal hair;  
And, at the Door of Words, I, guardian, stand.

I know the Grail is still in Monsalvat  
By gleam of glory, unsuspected shine;  
Round Parsifal the Knights last night yet sat,  
And She, my Bride, there worships, and is MINE!

## A Birth-day Wish

When late last night I left thee, Sister dear,  
Thy face suffused with dawn of one more year,  
I went into the Inner Sanctuary  
And bowed my head unto the floor to pray.  
I prayed that God would send thee some choice gift  
Whate'er His Wisdom from the Heav'ns might sift.  
Then stood a radiant Angel by my side;  
'God hears thy prayer, and grants it too,' he cried,  
'But lo, thou hast deserved a higher grace,  
By sacramental look at her sweet face;  
By touch of hand, and eucharistic meals,  
Which sacred claims e'en God respects, and feels.'  
I rose and followed to the Temple's Shrine  
That holds God's yet ungranted gifts divine.  
'What shall she have,' the Radiant One demands;  
'This gift of prophecy, or healing hands?  
Or this small seed of mental power to learn,  
Or faculty again to God to turn?'  
'Ah no,' I quickly cried, 'she has no need  
Of new perfection, or of heav'nly seed.  
The best of all is hers; a lily white  
Of virgin consecration to God's light.  
'Tis yet but one small shoot so weak and pale,  
So thirsty and so grimed 'twill surely fail.  
O could it have each day some heavenly grace,  
Perhaps it would revive within short space.'  
The Radiant One then turned on me his eyes:  
'I Raphael am, the Gardener of the Skies.  
'Tis I who watered Mary's lily white,  
Whose fragrance kept the Virgin pure and bright.

## **A Birth-day Wish**

I've watered every night the hearts of all  
Who opened them when heav'nly dew's do fall.  
Many the night I passed thy Sister's door,  
And tried the latch in vain, till I forbore.  
This be thy Sister's Birth-day gift from thee,  
The Message which thou now dost hear from me.  
While others sleep, Oh let her watch and pray,  
And from the flower's roots pluck weeds away;  
And when she hears my step and silent knock  
Then let her swift unbolt her chamber lock.  
Then will I tend her flower with heav'nly grace,  
Till she attain to see God's very Face.'  
I wish thee not new hopes to mar thy peace  
But that thy old ones flourish and increase.

## **The City's Shrine**

Haggard and faint, I left my daily toil  
To seek refreshment on a quiet farm.  
I cried, "I have deserved the City's harm;  
God meant that man should live upon the soil."  
But when I drew the Farmer to behold  
The heav'nly splendors of the evening sky  
I saw no worship in his cunning eye,  
But ridicule, and calculation cold.  
Give me the City, with its hideous wrong,  
Its deadening labour, and its maddening pace  
Where God is nearest, drawn by greatest need;  
Is it not cradle of the Coming Race,  
If weak in body, yet in spirit strong,  
With eyes that Mysteries Divine can read.

## Within

There is, within, a secret Library  
Where knowledge is dispensed to whom applies;  
Therefore bewail no opportunity,  
For Silence is the cradle of the Wise.

There is, within, a final Tribunal,  
Where all men's deeds and words are written down;  
God's vengeance for you will be radical,  
So labor that yourself attain a crown.

There is, within, a secret Mercy-seat  
To which the Angels bear all human prayers;  
Oh why not often to this place retreat,  
And carry thither all your needs and cares?

There is, within, a secret Sanctuary  
Where dwells the radiant Presence of the Lord;  
There Sacraments await you night and day,  
Oh feed on them in brotherly accord.

Oh thou who wouldst approach to the Divine,  
Within THYSELF thy searching gaze direct;  
Where'er thou goest thou bear'st with thee thy  
Shrine.

THERE, traces of an Oracle detect.

## **The Dreams of Night**

Let it depart, that endless vagary  
That crowds upon me, as I close mine eyes:  
Those shapes of ugly ingenuity—  
That they are me or mine my soul denies.

Let me behold some sunset drama fade  
Into the splendors of some starlit night;  
Let me behold some desert's grateful shade,  
Or from some cliff admire the ocean's might.

Or let me on some universal plane  
Behold the glories of some theatre,  
Or rush along with some belated train,  
Or watch some solitary laborer.

Or let me hear Heav'n's monastery bells  
Peal prelude to responsive psalmody;  
Or let me hear orchestral organ-swells,  
Or hear some human choric symphony.

Let me behold the Temple's sad facade,  
The stained glass windows radiant from within,  
And let me hear what by the King is said,  
And let me see the Eucharist begin.

Let me behold my own Celestial Bride,  
Her eyes ashine with immortalities;  
Enaureoled, she kneels down by my side,  
For me to join her soon she ever prays.

Then would I not regret the hours of rest,  
In nightly training for my sluggard soul;  
My real nature would be thus expressed,  
And learn to play in life a nobler role.

## **The Christmas Sacrament**

And Jesus loved her: though when Martha came  
For Mary to take part in drudgery,  
He bad her, rather, for herself, too, claim  
That Better Part which none can take away.

In happy hour those Sisters entertained  
Their Lord as Guest and as familiar Friend,  
Who raised for them their Dead, and even deigned  
To weep with them the sorrows He did mend.

So enter in, dear Lord, and e'en to me  
Raise up my yearnings from their death-like sleep;  
Then stay thou near, and woo my heart, and free  
My bandaged eyes, that they may childlike weep.

And when, to find Thee, in our City's ways  
The barren Sycomore of Toil I clutch,  
On me, the small in stature, turn thy gaze,  
And bless my Reparations with thy touch.

If They-of-Emaus deserved thy Voice  
Because, all sad at heart, they longed for thee,  
Then surely Thou canst have no other choice  
But enter in, and break the Bread with me.

The Bread of Wisdom, and of Love the Wine:  
For where these are, there is thy Presence too:  
I will consume these, that the Feast divine  
Become a Fact that nothing can undo.

O holy Love of Wisdom, be my King;  
Be in me Counsel, Understanding, Might;  
Be thou in me the Knowledge of each thing,  
And Fear of God, and Faithfulness to right.

## **The Christmas Sacrament**

And of this increase in me of thy rule  
Be there no halt, no waning, and no end;  
So mould my soul, that by this earthly school  
Through me may shine the Features of my Friend.

## **For the Tulane Alumni Banquet, 1899**

O Brothers dear, whose love from year to year  
Pursues me still, as I pursue my Light,  
Your eucharistic call my soul doth hear,  
And wings this answer for your festive rite.

Unseen beside your board that night I stand  
Looking with love into your faces bright,  
Hearing the laughter of your cheerful band,  
Breathing the fragrance of your Southern night.

Then in some lull I'll raise my arms in prayer  
That not in vain your happy conclave be;  
That for its perfume life may be more fair,  
More true, more noble, tenderer, more free.

That in this hour auspicious ye restore  
To pristine splendor visions that decline,  
Or seek some noble death, or, what is more,  
Ye live a life more holy and divine.

And He who then shall stand 'midst you unseen  
Shall deign to hear my childish litany,  
And in his wisdom change what you have been  
Into the promise of your Destiny.

## ***The Poets***

Who called you, Poets, from the common herds?  
What State authority have you to sing?  
What license promised salary for words?  
Who gave you courage to your dreams to cling?

We called ourselves while in our mothers' womb;  
Vague dreams predestined us to arrogate,  
Against the sordid press of merchant's doom  
The visionary crown of laureate.

We claimed it from the Gods as yet unknown  
By incantations sucking at their spheres,  
By exorcism of every selfish tone,  
By chrism of faith in the revolving years.

This is our glory and our destiny  
That lightest breeze sweep music from our strings;  
We keep the casements open for its play  
To utter forth the mysteries God sings.

We dare not tell untruths, whose punishment  
Would be we could no more to Truth respond,  
Wherefore we're vowed unto the sacrament  
Of inconsistent utterance profound.

Come unto us, ye joyless multitudes,  
Come feed on words from living Deity,  
Come drink the wine of prayerful solitudes,  
Thus hastening on delaying Destiny.



## God Bless Thee

Suggested by a poem by Julia A. Baker.

What shall I say to thee, my dear,  
Or how shall I address thee,  
To make thee understand how near  
My thoughts crowd round to bless thee.

I cannot find a word more fit  
To tenderly caress thee,  
Than just this common daily bit,  
Just this—My dear, God bless thee.

I will not pray for thee that grief  
Should nevermore distress thee:  
How could it harm thee, long or brief,  
If God thereby shall bless thee?

I will not pray for too much wealth,  
Lest anxious cares obsess thee;  
God will provide the means and health,  
If only He will bless thee.

And so, whatever should befall,  
This is the prayer I send thee:  
“God bless thee, dear, in one and all,  
May God, for aye, befriend thee.”

## **The Easter Sacrament (Malachi)**

The bells are ringing from the Further Side  
To spread the news that suddenly the Lord  
Has come unto his Temple, to provide  
For faithful souls the Sacrament's reward.

Close not the door to us who enter late,  
To us give also blessing from the Grail;  
Give us the most, we are in neediest state,  
Let not one place stay covered by a veil.

And in the strength of this shall we proceed  
Unto the Widow of Zarephath's door,  
And pray that through the famine's bitter need  
The oil and meal may last forevermore.

O blessed Voice that bids us try the Lord,  
And offer him prayer's virgin sacrifice!  
Shall He not multiply the widow's hoard,  
And raise our sun-struck hopes without a price?

Awake from sleep, O souls, and from despair;  
With healing in his wings has ris'n the Sun,  
The Sun of Righteousness that everywhere  
Directs men's steps that wickedness would shun.

Will He not spare you as His very own,  
The Master who his costly jewels strings?  
Will He not turn your hearts unto his throne  
That ye may thus deserve yet holier things?

For from the rising to the setting sun,  
Among the Gentiles great shall be his name;  
At every place shall altars be begun,  
And incense shall arise from every flame.

## Malachi—The Easter Sacrament

Have we not all one Father? Hath not One,  
One only God created all of us?  
Why then do ye the mean-clad person shun,  
And give all honor to the prosperous?

Your hearts unto each other will he turn  
That ye be not consumed by that his Fire  
That purges from men's souls what dross will burn  
To leave, alone, the gold of pure desire.

Then suddenly the Lord whom ye have sought  
Shall in his Temple, as a cloud, appear;  
And they shall be his priests whose every thought  
Enrobes them in the white of godly fear.

## The Divine Origin

The fairest harmonies are those that come  
Unsought, descending gently from on high  
Like cooling dew, to still the fragrant cry  
Of saints by adoration overcome.

The noblest songs of man are not his own: [fire,  
They burst through lips that have been cleansed by  
From glories traveling to heights still higher,  
Never to rest until before the Throne.

No human singer ever did create  
A veritable song. It is the song  
From all eternity unsung that seeks  
Sufficient purity to incarnate.

Hence, if a man would sing, let him but long  
For God; and it is God, not he, that speaks.

## **The Museum**

I went to a Museum where I found  
In painting, weaving, carving and in stone  
The dreams, the hopes, the skill, the deeds that  
A thousand generations now unknown. [crowned  
Are these the ideals of humanity?  
Grotesque and ugly, vulgar, meaningless;  
Here rapine, lust, and proud barbarity,  
There landscapes spoiled by human sordidness.  
O Nature, I take refuge to thy breast!  
Give me the singing forest, and the sky,  
The rocky glen with all its dainty ferns—  
'Tis here our Better Selves may find some rest,  
'Tis here that Angels come down from on high,  
And meditation Mystic Union earns.

## **Third Christmas**

"All hail, O Mary, God is pleased with thee!  
Thou shalt conceive, and shalt bring forth a Child;  
By whom men shall to God be reconciled,  
By true Obedience learning to be Free."  
«Ah, well for Mary,» sayest thou, my friend,  
«But ill for us who late in time are born;  
All we can do, remember her bright morn,  
While we are left to stumble to the end.»  
Cold Heart, whom Holy Spirit showers in vain!  
Blind Soul, with hosts of Angels at thy side!  
Deaf Mind, that hear'st not Words sent forth at thee!  
Blest Mary only lived to make it plain  
To THEE, THOU art the Heavenly Bride,  
'Tis THOU who art to bear the Christ to be!

## ***The Transfiguration***

Unto the Mountains will I lift mine eyes,  
The Mount of Vision whence my help comes down;  
From out the Valley now would I arise:  
Lord, help me upwards for thine own renown.

I know I need S. Peter's steadfastness,  
And with his faith, S. James' aspiring hope;  
S. John must also lend his lovingness,  
But thou, dear Lord, must lead me up the slope.

And as I climb I'll think of what it means,  
A more interior consciousness of thee,  
That when I reach those upper, calmer scenes,  
I may there, too, with thee transfigured be.

No wonder that, as thou beganst to shine  
First Moses, then Elijah did appear;  
The Prophets and the Law—in form divine  
Appearing plainly in thy holy sphere.

No doubt that Moses thought how long ago  
He climbed Mt. Sinai to find the Law;  
How once he brake the Tables in his woe,  
And wore a Veil to soothe his people's awe.

No doubt Elijah thought of Horeb's cave,  
Where he had felt the earth-quake, wind and fire,  
Where silently the Voice so gentle gave  
Him further missions, ere he might retire.

Maybe the Lord himself thought of the time  
When by his Parents he was left behind  
And in the earthly Temple's halls sublime  
Spake with the Doctors of his Father's mind.

## **The Transfiguration**

Not even He had power there to stay  
For Joseph sought him, Mary recognized;  
So soon reclaimed to daily urgency,  
With saw and hammer Heav'n he realized.

So then S. Peter wist not what he spake  
Desiring tabernacles there to plant;  
Like him the Sons of Thunder once did make  
Request that was impossible to grant.

However much the human soul may need  
Divine assistance on the upward way,  
'Tis in the going down that man must plead  
Without the Presence not to go astray.

Ah, ghostly danger of the Going-down  
From God's Jerusalem to Jericho:  
Robbers will wound, and passing Levites frown,  
Samaritans alone will stanch our woe.

This coming down from Tabor signifies  
To apply to conduct principles revealed;  
Such self-examination fortifies,  
The wayward soul by prayers and fasts is healed.

O parable of human double state,  
Th' external low, th' internal on the Mount;  
Below is suff'ring that must ever wait  
Till visions' influence grow paramount.

For in the Valley sickness evermore  
O'erwhelms Apostles' non-ascending zeal,  
And what the three could not have done before,  
Now, with the Lord, they may avail to heal.

## **The Transfiguration**

'Twas always so: while the Apostles slept,  
The Lord, upon the hills of Galilee,  
Had in the midnight hours prayed and wept  
Until refreshed for healing full and free.

'Twas Jesus' old characteristic trait  
To spend his nights in lonely litany;  
E'en when he saw his swift impending fate  
He spent the night in still Gethsemane.

Oh well for us if we should do likewise,  
And nightly draw new strength for following day;  
Perhaps the Lord the nights yet sanctifies,  
And so might overhear us when we pray.

No wonder Jacob wrestled on until  
The morning dawned upon the Savior's Face,  
Who left no other name than PENEUEL  
For Jabbok's 'pouring out' of heav'nly grace.

At Whose command we will in Jordan lave  
The clinging garments of our leprosy,  
And in His strength heal those who will believe  
That God himself is near to those who pray.

For Israel's Watcher slumbers not, nor sleeps,  
And will preserve thee from the trying flame;  
O'er wanderers a special watch he keeps,  
Who, blind with grief, yet call upon his Name.

Come often up unto the mountain-peak  
That oft I may thy aspirations bless;  
I will be found of them who often seek;  
They shall return, endued with holiness.

## **The Transfiguration**

And having seen Me great will be thy faith  
When by life's urgencies I am obscured;  
The mountains shall remove so that ye see  
Humanity through you, as all else, cured.

Ye shall not fear, when winds stir up the waves,  
Rememb'ring me as Heav'nly Friend unseen;  
Ye shall raise sinners from their wil'ful graves,  
And shall be saved, enduring to the end.

## ***The Seven Deifying Practices***

SEV'N DEIFYING PRACTICES are these  
To drive away all kinds of soul-disease.

On MONDAYS see that none by words be stung  
And like a Brahmin bridle your own tongue.

On TUESDAYS, Jew-like, shun hypocrisy  
By constant practice of Self-scrutiny.

Be, WEDNESDAYS, Confucian sage, and choose  
To put yourself in other peoples' shoes.

On THURSDAYS, like the Buddha, keep unfurled  
Compassion for the suffering of the world.

On FRIDAYS with th' Egyptians save your breath,  
In Contemplation of your coming death.

On SATURDAYS with Moslems meditate,  
Th' eternal Joys of Heaven contemplate.

On SUNDAYS with Platonic insight pray  
To Living Presence of the Deity.

With each Religion thus keep Sabbath-day  
And crown them all with Immortality!



## Sorrow in Heaven

There shall be no tears, and no more night,  
Nor shall they thirst, nor hunger any more;  
The Lord's own Presence gives perpetual sight—  
Would God we were near him forevermore!

O Courts of Heav'n, would God we were in ye,  
Not just from pains and doubts to find reliefs,  
But just the Lord from even far to see  
Although ye hold the very saddest griefs.

Sorrows in Heaven? Hark! whose are those cries  
That from beneath the Altar issue forth?  
They who through tribulation were made wise  
And for the Word of God were slain on earth.

"How long, O Lord, most holy and most true,  
Must we await the coming of our kin?  
Is there no end to what deceit can do?  
Must Holiness still be delayed by sin?"

'I know, I love, I reign: and ye must rest  
Until the human efforts grow more strong;  
I suffer more than ye'—and still the Blest  
Cry out aloud, "How long, O Lord, how long."

Sorrows in Heaven? Ah, how often need  
The Guardian Angels hide behind their wings,  
Must they not tell of Violence and Greed,  
And publish forth unutterable things?

O think of their despair, when they behold  
Their Charges turn again unto the mire;  
Of Conscience bartered, and of Virtue sold,  
Of fast-days wasted, and of speech for hire.

## **Sorrow in Heaven**

They tell of priests who mouth the Sacrament,  
Of souls who have forgotten how to pray;  
Of souls with money happy and content,  
Apostles sleeping in Gethsemane.

Sorrows in Heaven? Do no souls refuse  
To enter in, until their dear ones come?  
O heartless laggards, who themselves amuse,  
Inventing scrapes, and quarrels wearisome.

Sorrows in Heaven? There is another one  
So great, so bitter, and so terrible,  
That even God was moved, and was undone,  
And trembled at the pain incurable.

To think that He must punish his own child,  
Must give him anguish, and refuse him food?  
Heav'n's silent wheels go round in sorrow wild,  
For Man's rebellious, unrepentant mood.

Sorrow of Angels, enter in my heart,  
And make me meek as any little child,  
And deep repentance unto me impart;  
May I be ready for the Savior mild.

In me may Holiness incarnate be,  
Through me may God's own saving features shine;  
May no white Angel have to grieve for me,  
And God be pleased at my attempts divine.

## **Sharp Arrows**

This is Religion pure and undefiled:  
Reform **THYSELF**, not others, my dear Child.

## **Feed My Sheep**

Lovest thou Me? Then do thou feed my Sheep  
Not with long-winded arguments of Me,  
With incense, or with Rituals' pompous sweep,  
But with the simple food I gave to thee.

Feed them with pity for their hardened hearts,  
Their narrowed minds, their self-distorted sight;  
And when the Holy Ghost from them departs  
Feed them with tears that may to prayer incite.

Feed them with healing for the sick and poor,  
That they may hope their souls to serve  
By righteous dealing's revelation sure,  
And that from wisdom they may never swerve.

As Father I made Man and his desire;  
As Eldest Brother, came to set him free;  
As Mothering Spirit, quickened him with fire:  
Who helps man's life in any way, helps me.

My effort is to make each man his best,  
Each single life to make more long, more deep;  
He works with Me who serveth others best—  
Who loveth Me, will help Me feed my sheep.!

Feed thou my sheep—and dost thou ask, with what?  
Feed them with what they need most urgently;  
With what no other shepherd to them brought;  
With what they hunger for unconsciously.

No need for thee to teach them Socialism,  
Thy views about the New Jerusalem,  
Or arguments against Catholicism—  
Unnumbered books and sects teach it to them.

## Feeding the Sheep

No need to feed them with philosophy:  
No two philosophers did e'er agree,  
Nor ever will, to all eternity;  
They will attend to that for thee.

The world holds music-teachers by the score,  
'Tis littered up with paintings, statuary,  
Needs no encouragement to pride or war,  
Nor needs what money thou aside couldst lay.

Not e'en philanthropy the world requires from thee:  
I have my Angels stationed everywhere  
Who teach the dumb to speak, the blind to see,  
Who feed the hungry, and who clothe the bare.

Nor needs the world of doctrines to be told,  
Nor missionary zeal, however true;  
Ten thousand sects within the thousandth fold  
Have taught so much there can be nothing new.

I gave no doctrines, but I gave My life,  
And he who would repeat My miracle  
Need only fight himself in dauntless strife—  
The Lost will feed upon THIS parable.

Feed them with life, THY life, not even Mine;  
The world needs THEE, here is no rivalry;  
And should none other steal thy fire divine  
At least thou'st used thy opportunity

For this men hunger, though unconsciously;  
All poets' dreams were meant for this small gain;  
And if thyself shall earn Divinity  
The making of the world was not in vain.

## **Birth**

In olden times, when e'er a man was born  
Into the world from out his mother's womb,  
The wise men stood around all wrapped in gloom,  
Weeping with anguish on his life's first morn.  
Did they not know one spirit more was torn  
From out the Father's breast to meet his doom,  
To make a destiny, or fill a tomb,  
Of all his pristine beauty shorn ?  
Earnest and sad should be a day of birth,  
When to this crowded solitude's despair  
Infant, one more predestined god appears  
And stakes upon his hopes his hard-earned worth.  
Silence ! Let prayer speed upward, future prayer !  
He is arrayed in all his mother's tears.

## **Death**

"Rejoice," wise men of olden times did say.  
"Rejoice, ye mourners, crowding round this bier !  
Death prophesies the triumph-day is near !  
Rejoice that one more soul has passed away !  
"Not that the sun shines not with golden ray  
Through azure depths in which is hid each sphere  
Whose lights amidst his universe appear  
When night has calmed the dream of dying day.  
"Rejoice that one more soul has crossed the shore  
Into the silent land of peace, where abide  
Worn souls, until their time be fulfilled.  
"That they may purify themselves still more !  
But now rejoice ! She rests, that here was tried,  
Her pains have left her, and her cries are stilled !"

The customs alluded to above are related by Nicholas of Damascus.

## ***The Stars of God***

How strange men look so little at the sky  
With its eternal beauties glowing there—  
Men look not up, but down, nor ever try  
While labouring, to have of Heav'n their share.

Wiser are children, who for stars implore—  
And cry because they cannot grasp the moon.  
Would God men cried for Heav'n a little more,  
Though in that long attempt their hearts should  
swoon.

For as men struggle for th' Ideal's star,  
Themselves become a star to other men—  
To mind the earth-bound of their home afar;  
Each man to other men is specimen.

A Specimen: since each has influence  
Inevitably shed on those he meets;  
But he can choose to make beneficence,  
Or evil flow around him on the streets.

A Star! Shall he then be Aldebaran,  
Whose dazzling scarlet glories terrify,  
His passions ruling every other plan,  
His instincts tending all to brutify?

Or shall the green Antares be his type,  
All full of envy and of policy,  
Awaiting till the fruits he wants be ripe,  
Acting according to expediency?

Maybe 'tis Sirius that his soul admires,  
The largest star within the Northern sky;  
The largest, only as his stellar fires  
Are to the earth more near, and not so high.

## **The Stars of God**

But some will say, I am too weak to shine,  
I am so childish, foolish, changeable!  
My Child, thy soul is none the less divine,  
Because so humble, and so peaceable.

The Moon, that gives of all the stars most light,  
Herself is dark, and only can reflect;  
The Sun of Righteousness will make you bright  
If you respond to what God's Words direct.

When stars are hidden by the gathered clouds,  
Then climb the arduous peaks of Himalay;  
And you shall find, alone, and far from crowds,  
The clearer vision of internal day.

According to the stars the pilot steers,  
Until the dawn each danger clear reveals;  
Let Duty guide you through the night of fears  
Until your soul can steer by what it feels.

O Sun of Righteousness, on us arise,  
Although thy dawn our favorite stars blot out;  
When shall Thy certitude dawn on our skies,  
And in the Shining Truth remove all doubt?

## **The Daily Bread**

Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread—  
The Giver thou of every earthly good;  
'Tis thou inspiredst e'en the prayers that led  
Our wayward souls to spiritual food.

## **The Daily Brea**

Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !  
Forget not us when showing forth thy face;  
We are unworthy—so do thou instead  
Mete out thy gifts according to thy grace

Give us, O Lord this day our daily bread !  
To-day we need thy manna's Eucharist;  
So soon our present chances will have fled—  
To-morrow we perhaps may not exist.

Give us, O Lord this day our daizy bread !  
We nezd it most midst daily drudgery;  
'Mdst action fill our souls with holy dread—  
That we may learn the power of constancy.

Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !  
'Tis mine, O Lord—am I not thine own child !  
Our destiny demands that we should tread  
The narrow way in garments undefiled.

Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !  
E'en sinners get to where the saint can stay,  
And vain are tears, and vain is heart-blood shed,  
Unless thou teach us wise stability.

Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !  
The bread for the body first, then for the mind—  
But bread for Spirit—this would we be fed—  
That we no more be deaf, and dumb, and blind.

And he who feeds the birds with tenderness  
Will work in us the works that he has willed,  
Blest they, who hung'ring, thirst for righteousness,  
For lo, their higher needs shall be fulfilled.



## **The Divine Hunter**

Roaming at will in forest cool and deep  
I grow content with food and drink and sleep.  
Hunter Divine, that drivest worthy souls  
From deadening pleasures on to higher goals,  
Let loose Thy Hounds upon me evermore,  
Though I in tears or agony implore.  
Let no mistaken pity stop their course  
Lest I return to sin and weak remorse.  
Blow Spirit-bugles to inspire the chase  
Lest I forget my longing for Thy Face.  
Hunt me from earth until I turn at bay,  
Lay down my lusts, and rise to heavenly day.

## **Holy Thrift**

O, could I hear God's blessed Voice to-day,  
That I forthwith might hasten to obey !  
Never again will I be young as now,  
Or have more strength to carry out my vow.  
Th' accepted time will nevermore return;  
God grant me grace my openings to learn.  
O, had I turned my lucid youthful stream  
Into the slice-gate's usefulness supreme !  
Many the distant meadow I had blessed,  
And brought refreshments to each flower distressed.  
But now my turbid stream flows downward swift,  
The opening passed, now vain is utmost thrift.  
Along the slope must I flow helplessly,  
And soon be lost in yonder salty bay.  
O Lord, do thou some further slice-gate lift  
Which I may profit by with holy thrift.

## **The Heavenly Purpose**

I dreamed a vision far beyond the dreams  
That ever visited the souls of men;  
A dream so holy that its merest gleams  
Would save the world, if written down with pen.

Afire with zeal for God, I sat me down  
To write it so that he who ran might read—  
When I beheld my Guardian Angel frown,  
So that I stopped and did for Counsel plead.

“O foolish soul,” my Guardian Angel said,  
“If that strong vision be enough to save,  
How comes it then thou torturest thy head,  
To save the world, thyself bound for the grave?”

“First test its power in bett’ring thy own life:  
Then may’st thou plan to let its light so shine;  
Then, having gained not only strength for strife,  
But wisdom, may’st thou use its pow’r divine.

“’Twas for thyself I gave that dream to thee;  
The need that called it forth was in thyself;  
To spur thyself, ’tis given thee to see  
**He will save others, who can save himself.”**

## **Procrastination**

“I will return some day to this dear place!”  
I cried with rapt prophetic certitude;  
But silently my brother turned his face—  
He knew fore’er I left the Brotherhood.

“I will come back to college for a year!”  
I cried with confidence and glad surmise:

## Procrastination

My sister silently did shed a tear—  
I have not looked again into her eyes.  
My little brother said farewell to-day—  
Because of his true views he was ashamed;  
“’Tis not for long!” cried he: but though I pray  
“I know it is for ever,” I exclaimed.  
“To-morrow, Lord,” I cry, “will I reform?”  
But silently my Angel looks at me!  
He knows, unless to-day I should conform,  
I ne’er could hope for Immortality.  
So teach me, Lord, to use this present hour  
With all its blessed opportunities,  
Lest I should fail of ev’ry godlike power,  
And should despair for all eternities.

## Calm Consideration

Consider calmly what is worth the while,  
Then unto it thine efforts reconcile.  
Not like the undiscerning animal  
Who in a dream drifts on from sleep to meal.  
’Tis good, by chance to hit off excellence,  
But best by thoughtfulness to show good sense.  
No doubt, by chance thou might’st make some head-  
way,  
Yet make a business of thy Destiny,  
And use in spiritual things the rule  
That brings success in every earthly school;  
So shall thy life spring starward far with ease  
When sails are turned unto the Cosmic Breeze.

## **The Drunkard**

I met a drunkard, as I stepped outside  
The temple where all night long I had prayed;  
He said that he was lost, that he had strayed,  
Falling and rising, all night long; his side,  
His hands, his face all stained with blood. I cried,  
Why did you drink? But he, with tears, still said,  
Where is my home? In righteous scorn, I made  
Him reach his home, with quick, tho' swaying stride  
As I turned homeward, proud of my good deed  
With fiery sword my Angel barred the way:  
"Know thou that when from sin thyself I lead,  
E'en while I woo thee from the haunts of Death,  
I hold My nostrils at thy panting breath.  
Self-righteous Soul, be humble then, and pray."

## **Lactantius**

The Wrath of God, how terrible a theme,  
To write about, as did Lactantius,  
Who said, "It is undyingly extreme  
Towards those who endlessly are mutinous."  
Prophet of gloom, hast thou no sweeter note,  
No gentler strain, no tend'rer sacrament?  
"Ah no," thou say'st: "yet if, howe'er remote,  
The sin should cease, so too, would God relent."  
What needs forgiveness from a God so wise?  
Respects he persons, nursing fits of pique?  
Shall He not rather look with pitying eyes  
On those who blind themselves to what they seek?  
Reck not of God's forgiveness, Human Race,  
But rather cease from sin, and seek His Face!

## Faith

According to your faith shall ye receive:  
Therefore have faith, large faith, faith infinite;  
You need not fear too deeply to believe  
God's Knowledge, Love, and Pow'r are all complete.

Consid'ring how Injustice e'er succeeds,  
How many spend their lives in hopeless pain,  
How most men toil for naught but outer needs,  
How cribbed the life of maimed or of insane—

Sense-nourishment, Despair, Insanity  
Were the result of this, without resort  
To faith in God's entire sufficiency  
For Comfort, and Direction and Support.

And if this Faith of ours were but a lie,  
And God existed not; what were our case?  
This Faith would still the needed strength supply  
With growing fruitfulness to run our race.

Conscientiously we still could seek all truth,  
Face all the grievous sorrows of the earth,  
And in our age live as we did in youth,  
Serenely showing every human worth.

Therefore Faith must be true, since worth is true,  
Although Faith's light invade no other eyes;  
Though Faith my heart alone imbue,  
While Grief the Universe disorganize.

And seems this strange? Yet on reflection  
You will perceive th' impossibility  
Of any other situation,  
Since personal is inner certainty.

## Faith

However many men are in a crowd,  
The crowd as such cannot believe except  
As from each soul the Lord remove the cloud,  
And each behold the Truth, and each accept.

And in each heart is all-sufficient proof,  
For him who takes the pains his life to read;  
All have experienced Conscience's reproof,  
E'en though not more interior they proceed.

Let none therefore at sight of wrong blaspheme,  
At sight of sorrow or calamity;  
Let him entrust these griefs to the Supreme,  
And draw the Lord more close in privacy.

Such prayers will set thy smoking torch afire,  
Give light to work, and make thy pathway plain:  
And when thy brethren torches, too, desire,  
And ask a light, let them not ask in vain.

The flame will not grow less, but multiply,  
And thus the world shine brighter into space;  
Perchance some comet wandering through the sky  
Drawn by that heat, shall run a steadier race.

Increase the quantity of faith on earth  
By smallest prayer, however trivial;  
Till gen'ral holier living do give birth  
Unto a holier Christ, for age millennial.

According to your Faith shall ye receive:  
Therefore have faith, large faith, faith infinite;  
Therefore God's Knowledge, Love, and Pow'r believe  
Without a measure, that ye grow more fit.

## **The Seven Springs of Certitude**

Sev'n are, O Soul, Man's springs of Certitude,  
Of Cheer, Serenity, and Fortitude.

1. There is a Heav'n-ward Compass in thy breast:  
It is Self-discipline-in-deeds-expressed.
2. Do not despair when Sin and Wrong ride high:  
Thy Conscience warrants God will rectify.
3. When money-lust doth burn, thyself remind  
That all but Virtue must be left behind.
4. When anxious for support, thy Father seek,  
Who seeks the lost, and loveth most the weak.
5. When trials torture, think that God knows best,  
For thy soul's progress planned as timely test.
6. Thy Voice of Conscience is Divinity,  
And grows more clear to those who will obey.
7. There is a Cloud of Witnesses WITHIN  
To give thee courage to abstain from sin.  
Whatever Doubts Man's Soul may paralyze,  
These sev'n short thoughts will lead unto the Skies.

## **Nicodemus**

Gently, did Nicodemus knock at night,  
To get of Jesus secretly a sight.  
For once, the Lord drew back the midnight bolt,  
Nor from the coward's insult did revolt.  
But when that Nicodemus came again  
He found the Back-door fastened with a chain.  
The Lord in Heaven will not recognize  
Th' insulting prayers of those who temporize.  
In vain will cowards plead their secret prayer:  
"I know you not; depart from Me fore'er."  
Who seeks Salvation, he its price must pay,  
Nor hope to keep World-popularity.  
Nor God, nor Mammon are so stupid quite:  
He shall lose BOTH, and perish in the night.

## Received during Etherization

These are the Principles, my Child, the which  
I sent thee forth into the World to teach;  
Make Systematic, Definite and Clear  
That Ancient Road that leads to Me up here.  
Explain to Men they need not ever fear  
To strip off what is false, however dear;  
That by investigating the Obscure  
What is quite True will only be more Sure.  
Show Men that spite of each successive Creed  
I simply filled each Actual Human Need;  
That True Religion's safe, nor needs to fight,  
Needs not a Champion, but a Neophyte.  
In Season, out of season, oh, insist  
That Here-and-Now alone did e'er exist;  
To-morrow is the Shadow of the Meat  
Th' Opponents Here-and-Now do gladly eat.  
Exhort that men unto THEMSELVES apply  
Whatever Voice or Vision may pass by;  
That all those Missionaries teach AT HOME  
And practise what they preach from sacred tome.

---

O Blessed Sunday, free from selfish strife,  
Who thee forgets, forgets his very life.  
This is not all: thou art to those who heed  
A weekly symbol of a daily need.  
Remind me oft that even work is crime  
When it obscures the Goal towards which we climb.  
E'en Paul declared he took the time to pray  
Lest saving worlds himself be cast away.



## **Received during Etherization**

God sees the heart, and scorns each altar built  
Unless the Conscience have unloosed its guilt.  
But God's Opponents say, "Thou shalt have faith  
That God will somehow save thee after death;  
Meanwhile save thou the world;" and they refuse,  
With rage, for soul-growth NOW God's time to use.  
How shall they stand when Opportunity has passed?  
Right here is Judgment Day : now, is, at last.

---

O Children Mine! Form a Society  
For the improvement of Humanity.  
For their own selves men are not half so keen  
As are My tireless Messengers Unseen,  
For they have found that when men go beyond  
Life urges still, tho' like to make despond.  
This life terrene, which men so lightly curse  
Is the only School for Souls in the Universe.  
If Death were all, then why not suicide?  
But fear Uncertain Life where none can hide!  
And so by day thro' pain, through dreams by night,  
They call to men to recognize their plight.  
This is their earnest message from within:  
"Lo, all but Character is foolish sin;  
Lo, Now-and-Here are Heav'n; and Hell is Drift  
In soft emotion or in mundane thrift;  
This world's a crutch on which a soul may lean  
To make her consciousness more deep and keen :  
So that when shipwrecked on the further shore  
She may have strength that darkness to explore."

### **Received during Etherization**

Not that they do not know, My Humans die;  
But that what they do know they will not try.

#### **Of Joller Life make an Experiment—**

No other Voice was e'er from Heaven sent.

From Hell, not Heaven, came all prophecies  
That said to Man, **Believe in that or this.**

Not that I fight with Creeds, so long as men  
**Make** use of faiths as helpful regimen.

But when by Words, men would distract from Deeds  
Then, from their Church, my Presence quick secedes

I hold My ears at missionaries' prayers:

Myself am Pagan, busied with affairs.

Saved is the Pagan, by his Conscience tost,  
But they who die for Doctrines' truth, are lost.

The 'Liberal' is farthest out at sea—

Content with his own life, and scoffs at Me.

My name is Discontent-with-present-deed:

Who prays to **THIS**, I fill his every need.

Stand still, O Human Soul, where'er thou art

The final Truth, it is in thine own Heart.

---

Come here, My Sheep! It is your Shepherd calls,  
Who grieves more than the fallen, when she falls.

This is the Secret of all human Sin:

Ye look **Without** yourselves, and not **Within**.

**Within** is Error: that you did forget

To give yourselves the time your course to set.

**Within** is Failure, that you spread not sail

To catch the force of Spirits' constant gale.

## **Received during Etherization**

**Within** is Comfort: when your mothers turn  
Tis I support you till you Blessings earn.

**Within** is Help: Look to the Inner Hills  
Whence comes the Strength that any soul's need fills

**Within** is Power: seeing I am there,  
And 'tis by Me suns shine, and stars are fair.

**Within** is Wisdom: though the World plead loud,  
Its riches change and pass, and leave a shroud.

**Within** is Victory: when Conscience rules;  
All earthly Conquerors at death are fools.

**Within** am I: and hearest not My knock?  
I am your own Best Self: your heart unlock.

## **Easter**

O gentle Friend of many a by-gone year,  
God is well pleased that I should write to thee  
Invoking humbly on thy head so dear  
Heav'ns tend'rest blessings, over land and sea.  
And yet 'tis only in some happy hour,  
Predestinated from eternity,  
My hand, inspir'd by some diviner pow'r,  
Can write the words my heart would send to thee.  
The Hour has come: before the setting sun,  
Before the greening grass, and quickening trees,  
With head uncovered to the starring skies,  
My soul, with all the strength that it has won  
Through many a lonely night of prayer, decrees:  
For thy dear sake, I now from sin arise.

---

O thou who wouldst towards Heaven upwards creep  
Fast not in food, but fast in heavy sleep.

## **A Day's Plans**

I saw, by stealth, thy catalogue well kept  
Of roads thou since hast trod;  
There ev'ry earthly thing was down, except  
The ONE THING NEEDFUL: God.

Better repent each day of earthly plan,  
And tread the Better Way,  
Than pride yourself on earthly duties done  
While angels turned away.

E'en Balaam's ass beheld the Angel's face,  
And spoiled the prophet's plan;  
O Lord, when thou behold'st me turn from grace,  
Oh stop me while I can.

## **The Supreme Prayer**

When I behold God's holiest saints gone wrong,  
Insisting on some blunder as God's creed,  
In grief I cry, There is no God so strong  
Who saves His own, or who their prayers can heed.

Forgive me, Lord; in low humility  
I do not doubt but I myself am wrong;  
Yet thou art witness I have sought from thee  
Thy truest Light, by study, prayer, and song!

Foolish, despised, and weak, but yet sincere,  
Upon the stars I hurl this challenge strong:  
Oh, if there be a God, oh, let Him hear  
This humble prayer, **Oh, let me not go wrong.**

## After the Clinic

when Dr Laplace operated on a girl for supposed brain tumor to relieve blindness, said he, just sufficiently at least that she might find her way around, without continual leading.

I who to spiritual things am blind,  
So blind I can but feel when Thou art near,  
Who 'ld never know my Guardian Angel kind  
But that he touched my soul with conscience-fear,  
How can I hope thou wilt by miracle  
Give me full vision such as angels use,  
To gloat at sight of some grand spectacle,  
To recognize, to greet, or to accuse?  
Not this I ask, but just enough of sight  
My bumping cane that I might now discard;  
Enough that I might go through life upright,  
Nor by misfortunes my short course retard;  
Enough to keep sound reason's middle way,  
Enough to turn unto the dawning day.

## The Veiled Seat

At Arthur's Table stood the veil-ed Seat  
While all his chosen knights held revel high,  
Till Galahad should come, and dare to try  
The Siege so perilous in knightly feat.  
Amidst our little Band there e'er shall be  
One veil-ed Seat for thee, dear absent Guest;  
For thou must yet return from this thy Quest,  
And be with us for all eternity.  
Thou shalt not be forgotten; prayers shall rise  
That angels may hold back the lions' rage,  
That thou may'st not forget to raise thine eyes  
Unto the Sun above thy hidden cage.  
Pray for us thou, lest when thou comest back  
Thou find us fallen from the Narrow Track.

## ***The Ladder of God***

**Tw**as even on Canaanitic plains;  
Weary of journeying, Jacob lay him down,  
Thinking with grief of travel's endless pains,  
At Luz he lay his head upon a stone.

Then in the dreams of midnight he beheld  
A ladder reaching Heav'n, set up on earth,  
On which the Angels, by God's law impelled  
Clomb up and down, according to their worth.

At first he wondered why that special place  
Was honored with the vision heavenly;  
But quick he felt that he had seen God's Face  
Because himself had there begun to pray.

And then he wondered if 'twas special tide  
That this bright vision should to him appear;  
He felt that God was nearest to his side  
Just when his need of God was most sincere.

And all next day his soul was haunted by  
This Ladder reaching to the heav'nly clime,  
And it aroused in him desire to try  
Amidst the Angels heavenward to climb.

And first by joy his being was suffused  
At thought a Way to Heaven joined the Earth;  
He was not left alone, far off, refused,  
But saw a way of earning moral worth.

Nor was this Way to Heav'n a theory,  
But common-place, and real, practical;  
Each step a deed, a moral victory,  
That led up to a further obstacle.

## **The Ladder of God**

This Ladder, too, was not for head, but feet,  
Denoting that the body must ascend  
Before intentions can become complete,  
And form a vital, fruitful moral trend.

And though the angels went up easily  
He felt what effort it would be for him;  
Drifting is easy, pleasant stagnancy:  
He must row hard, who would proceed up-stream.

And though his glance took in the whole ascent  
The Ladder offered steps, one at a time;  
It taught him life's more simple management  
Would yield to him a more successful climb.

And though each step seemed hardly visible  
Yet he beheld the whole made up of each;  
Encouragement unto the pliable  
Who grow discouraged at the lengthy reach!

But more: the Ladder's steps were regular:  
Not close enough, or far enough for harm;  
In vain are moral spurts irregular;  
Progress is fruit of meditation's charm.

Not at a single bound to Heav'n we rise,  
God's Ladder we ascend, one round by round,  
And thus progress from earth unto the skies,  
And safely reach high spiritual ground.

This Vision Jacob kept within his soul,  
And dreamed of it while herding Laban's kine,  
And prayed the years might swiftly o'er him roll,  
Until he could, in truth, become divine.

## Sharp Arrows

So many saints in doctrine disagree,  
The odds are great—God does with none agree.  
Without the compass, steam will wreck the ship;  
Uncoal'd, the well-steered ship can make no trip.  
The gates of Heaven open to no prayer;  
'Tis worthiness alone can enter there.  
To burst Heaven's inner Gate, why wast'st thy wit,  
Who dost the Outer, Larger One not fit?  
Who would, like trees, 'midst storms remain serene,  
Must hold by unseen roots to the Unseen.  
Would'st know thy faults? Write what thou think'st  
of me;  
Then change the name, and lo, thyself thou'lt see.  
While aught's unconquered, there's no victory;  
And leav'st thy soul to try the far-away?  
Beware when men don't mention any price;  
Thy soul itself is then the sacrifice.  
No less from me as stranger dost deserve:  
My kin are they alone whom I can serve.  
Lean will he be who shall break loose from Sin;  
The Door is broad for those who enter in.  
O human Ostrich, hide not thou thy head!  
Quick! See what chance is left, and seize that shred!  
O thou possessed by Devil-of-much-work,  
Scrub thou thy soul, where many spirits lurk.  
In Love-that-everybody-cannot-share  
There hides within a hideous Worm somewhere.  
Don't fear that God will always with thee strive:  
When he will cast thee off he'll let thee free.



## Sharp Arrows

The Heav'nly Sieve lets through no word Unkind,  
Not-needed, or Untrue; thus test thy mind.

O thou possessed by the Objecting-fiend,  
Object unto thyself, and thyself mend.

Look out for those-who-of-the-world-complain:  
They oft are those-who-give-the-world-most-pain.

O Human Bowl! to please thy God's eyes keen,  
Thy Outside may, thy Inside must be clean.

Men cut their words, to fit their own ends best;  
God cuts results to fit the words expressed.

Who would force silence on the Voice within  
Let him debate with it about some sin!

Better late, than never; some than none;  
But far the best were early, and much done.

To seek ideas is but a foolish task:

Thy daily words give more than thou canst ask.

To do, or have is not life's main design;

'Tis simply this: to grow and be divine.

Be sure, 'tis not the what that damns or saves;  
It is the how, and when that dig our graves.

However sacred be your mystic lore,  
The saving grace of obviousness is more.

If thy handwriting is both round and clear  
That which thou say'st I will begin to hear.

The holiest Love-that-can-be-turned-to-hate,  
Is merely passion in refined estate.

If what thou say'st cannot translation bear,  
Be not deceived—it has no sense to spare.

## **The Great Dilemna**

While stern the inward Voice requires of me  
Surrender of my many worldly ties,  
I find myself in prayer to be left free  
At least until more strong, with tears and cries.

But when the Voice departs in still disdain,  
And lets me go wherever I may please,  
Then broken-hearted do I cry for pain  
With fierce desire God's anger to appease.

Which of these two am I? I do not know,  
Perhaps not even God himself could tell;  
He helps because He sees my passing woe,  
And comforts me till I his hand repel.

When will this agonizing strife have end?  
Not till which is myself I can decide;  
Then God can undertake my soul to tend,  
And I succeed in holiness to bide.

And yet, O Lord, thou art so very wise  
Thou wilt forgive this foolish plea of mine;  
I would not be insane, but keep mine eyes  
Open to ev'ry budding truth divine.

I would be good, but let me not go wrong;  
How many saints took ignorance for faith!  
How many saints have erred, tho' they were strong,  
And yet I would, like them o'ermaster death.

O God of Knowledge, who demandest still  
Unquestioning obedience from the strong,  
Oh, while in blind submission to thy Will  
I kiss thy feet, oh, let me not go wrong!

## **The Cake from Heaven**

The vict'ry won, I fell into despair,  
Faint from the chase too stern for food or rest;  
I cried to God into the silent air,  
Ready to die if God should think that best. [haste;  
Then spake God's Voice: Rise up, and homeward  
The food thou need'st shall there to thee be brought  
I rose, but cried, "O God, why make me taste  
False hopes of what I gladly would have sought?"  
But as I stepped upon the car I found  
God's messenger thereon, all dressed in white,  
She held a box with paper wrapped all round,  
With my name written on it in plain sight.  
Tears spiced that cake, for I did feel how clear  
My humblest needs were seen from God's high throne  
And since that day I feel my God more near,  
And pray more trustfully, in gentler tone.

## **Proof of Holiness**

All hail, O Sister! God is pleased with thee!  
How did I guess this? Nay, I saw no sign  
Of halo round thy head, nor did I see  
Angels attendant, hailing thee divine.  
But lo! Each time that I have sat with thee  
I felt, at home, a humbled gentleness;  
Tears, sweet as childhood's love, flowed silently,  
And gave me peace, and heav'nly tenderness.  
I envy not angelic hierarchies,  
But such sweet helpful radiance as is thine;  
Oh when shall I attain such gentle ways,  
And grow, like thee, so tender and divine?

## ***The Tree of Consecration***

**"If ye would know the tree, look at the fruits,"  
The Master said two thousand years ago.  
And if thou 'ldst know if thou God's laws dost suit  
Look at the fruits that from thine own life grow.**

**The trees of Consecration never bear  
Or Disappointment, or Anxiety,  
Or Hate, or Passion; but they have to spare  
Peace, Holiness, and Immortality.**

**If any of these Four hang on thy boughs,  
There needs no Prophet to pronounce thee wrong;  
But if those Three are answers to thy vows,  
Then may'st thou know thou dost to Heav'n belong.**

**Let not thy living tree for thirst decay,  
But water it with earnest, humble tears;  
Dig round the roots, and knowledge on them lay,  
And prune those Four with unrelenting shears.**

**So shall thy Tree of Life be all God's own,  
And thou be sure He has accepted thee;  
Less leaves, more fruit, whereby there may be sown  
In desert land some consecrated tree.**

## ***Parting on the Catskill***

**Into the rainbow fled the parting train  
As unto you I waved my last farewell,  
Sad—but for this: our prayers were not in vain,  
And, You serve Him who doeth all things well.**

**Rainbow divine! Into thy sheltering light  
I gladly flee from even sisters' love;  
I shall not fear the bitterest, loneliest fight  
If still I feel thy shelter from above.**

## Egypt

I am the ancient Land of Mystery  
Whose Scarabæus symbolized the Sun;  
I overheard Attainment's prophecy  
Before the Gods' creative work was done.

I am the Land that rude approach forbids:  
'Twas I gave birth unto the silent Sphinx  
Who crouching 'midst the assembled Pyramids  
Asks every generation what it thinks.

In secret catacombs my hidden graves  
Yet guard the mummies of the Pharaohs;  
And sculptured on the walls of chalk-white caves,  
I hold the knowledge how the race arose.

O'er me the Assyrian and the Roman falls,  
The Moslem burns my world-famed Library,  
And o'er my ruins the Muezzin calls—  
But yet my Memnon sings her mystery.

I made Napoleon pause in his career,  
And e'en a Cæsar to my Daughter bowed,  
And thus the races that with swords came here  
With hope of Immortality endowed.

Still must I mutely gaze upon the Stars  
While island nations o'er my chains dispute;  
Yet who shall lift the Veil that Sais bars  
May know himself, but shall his death salute.

Listen unto my hieroglyphics' voice,  
Oh ye who would decipher Destiny,  
From me who nevermore can e'er rejoice  
Gather the Secrets of Divinity.

## **Ye Elder Brothers !**

**Ye Elder Brothers of the Human Race,  
Listen unto the Voices of my prayer!  
I plead with you to show to me your face  
That I may get assurance of your care.**

**Lead me unto a more interior sight,  
On to a surer grasp of memories;  
On to a glimmer of the inner light,  
On to a vision of Expectancies.**

**Ye living statues of Divinity,  
Reveal to me how much is possible,  
That I may emulate your sanctity,  
And realize the yet impossible.**

**Saviors and Lords, Brothers of Discipline,  
Dreamers of Rescues, Spies Benevolent,  
Heralds of Resurrection genuine,  
Feed my desires with Wisdom's sacrament.**

**Listen ye Elder Brothers of the Race,  
Listen unto my childish cries sincere;  
Open mine eyes to every spirit-trace,  
Make me do right, not there, but NOW and HERE!**

## Intelligence

O mute expression of forgotten years,  
Thou hieroglyphic from Egyptian shrine,  
Reveal to me the ancient hopes and fears  
That drove the chisel down thy mystic line!

What endless efforts for each single thought!  
How long they must have counselled ere they chose  
Which deed to record, and a picture sought  
Whose power could Eternity oppose!

The pen writes easily in latter days,  
And yet we stammer to some distant friend,  
And when we 'ld chant in sacramental praise  
We mouth and lisp, and sudden come to end.

And though our modern times have simplified  
The means of writing, and the sounds of speech,  
How few yet understand their inner Guide,  
Or catch the secrets which the forests preach!

And though we boast such word-facility,  
Who reads the symbols of the Land of Dream  
Whose still procession's pregnant prophecy  
To holier living would our souls redeem?

And we who boast how easily we read,  
How Sphinx-like suffers yet the human heart!  
How little yet we read each others' need  
And let misunderstandings brethren part!

And when the Ship of Life is on that Sea  
Beyond the reach of touch or tender sound,  
Our thoughts can follow, and our eyes can see—  
But high that Wall, and deep that Grief profound!

DISCERNMENT, thou art my Divinity!  
COGENT SIGNIFICANCE, 'tis thee I seek!  
Pow'r that mak'st for holier destiny,  
Open mine eyes, and teach me how to speak!

## *The Statues of the Gods*

I saw the statues of the Gods appear  
In white procession at the midnight hour;  
No sound they uttered that my sense could hear,  
But walked into my inmost life with power.

Before that time I lived with them alone  
When dreams disjoined me from terrestrial life;  
When Chance some winds from Heav'n to me had  
Or in some quiet lull of labor's strife. [blown,

Since then I meet them everywhere I go,  
In hut and palace, and on every way;  
I find one waiting at my portico,  
Or see one sitting in my sanctuary.

One day it is Apollo with his lyre  
Who, mute and motionless, stands by my side;  
Next day 'tis Juno near me vents her ire,  
And grieves my soul with her celestial pride.

On some full moon I see the Egyptian Sphinx  
In every landscape that may meet mine eyes;  
I feel that sighing Memnon through me thinks,  
And calm Osiris mocks at human lies.

Through every house I see Cathedrals peer,  
Each Quirinal some Vatican reviews,  
Each book seems ikon of some inner sphere,  
Each robe shows Joseph's garment's many hues.



## **The Statues of the Gods**

Some days through all I see the Buddha gaze,  
Serene and solemn, ankleted with gems:  
And prayer-wheels seem our foolish human ways,  
And all our deeds seem fateful stratagems.

These are the ghosts that haunt my pilgrim Soul,  
Within whose precincts an Olympus reigns;  
These Presences give sacramental dole  
Unto the cadence of mysterious strains.

Calm and impassive, chiselled from white stone,  
Yet every midnight their procession glides;  
And I will follow them until I've known  
The Temple-hall from which They rule the tides.

And I will find me chisel, axe and saw  
Wherewith an entrance to their shrine to force,  
To see unveiled their fundamental Law,  
And seize their halo at its secret source.

Someday I'll follow up their narrow road  
And on the Mount surprise them at their Feast,  
And make me welcome at that high abode  
Discussing with them how to reach the East.

This is the reason that I seem so sad,  
And all advances of the World resist;  
My soul would e'er in priestly robe be clad  
And meet new Heavenly Guests at Eucharist.

## **Moments of Lucidity**

Rare are the moments of lucidity  
When in our daily duties' treadmill rolled,  
The Lineaments of our Divinity  
All suddenly stand forth enaureoled.

Has it alone no special voice among  
The jarring passions' vivid eloquence?  
And must I miss the oracle it sung  
But hear the griding on the rocks of sense?

Behold, I draw the robe of silence round,  
All starred with vows and prayers and memories;  
I don the cap of Fancy's plumes unbound,  
And grasp the the horn-ed Staff of Mysteries.

Then I expect my Better Self to knock,  
Upon the casement of my Inmost Tow'r,  
Show how, at any time, to throw its lock,  
And lead me up the Stairs of godlike pow'r.

Thence shall it show me stars of Further Skies,  
That other Pole round which the Unseen swings;  
And if I thence return to earth more wise,  
I still shall hear when Heaven's matins rings.

Ah! Then I'll bear, without the least complaint,  
My body's passions, and its appetites;  
I'll bravely live till age shall make me faint,  
Regaled, from time to time, with inner sight.

## Patience

Bear patiently what God hath laid on you!  
'Tis not for long: this soon shall pass away;  
The Red Sea's limits ye shall soon pass through,  
Then shall ye come to Sinai's sanctuary.

Bear patiently what God hath laid on you!  
He loves you so He never would afflict  
Unless He saw no other way to woo  
Your soul to Heav'n than discipline so strict.

Bear patiently what God hath laid on you!  
He knows you needed just this discipline  
To make you ready for a broader view—  
So do not fail to use its medicine.

Bear patiently what God hath laid on you!  
He chose these griefs to teach you righteousness,  
Let no pain pass without a nearer view—  
The nail that pierces, steadies thee in stress.

Bear patiently what griefs God laid on you!  
Had they to come, their evil thus was less  
Than had they come to souls who never knew  
How to transmute them into perfectness.

Bear patiently what God hath laid on you!  
He knows your knightly magnanimity,  
Relies on you to show what Man can do,  
And thus help Him redeem Humanity.

## Claim for Wages

I claim the Prophet's Mantle, and his Crown  
As slight reward for humbly living on.  
I claim the Sacred Madness of the Bard,  
And his protection by a Heav'nly Guard.  
I claim the soul to sing some high lament,  
Some pompous Pæan for some Sacrament.  
I claim the heart to sing some elegy  
Whose cries insistent shall change Destiny.  
I claim Sybilline skill crepuscular,  
To read in leafage signs oracular.  
I claim a Vision clear and opportune  
Of every message from the Inner Noon.  
I claim to voice Aeolian harmonies  
Vibrating in the Winds of Destiny.  
Through me as through an organ-pipe shall blow  
The restless fluxes of the Spirit's glow.  
Unless the Gods to me these glories give,  
Why should my spirit not refuse to live?  
To eat and sleep and drink shall I draw breath?  
Are all my passions not a living death?  
Give me my wages, Husbandman Divine;  
Thou hast no blessings that should not be mine.  
From Council of the Gods I claim my hire:  
A strict account from Them will I require.  
Shall I have watched these many nights in vain?  
Shall I ne'er join the Temple-teachers' train?  
Shall I ne'er find the cosmic trysting-place,  
Nor guess the season of the sacred Chase?  
Shall I alone be mulcted of my pay  
While revelations free are giv'n away?  
When ev'ry upstart boasts of healing power  
Shall I alone not find its sacred tower?  
Tremble, ye Powers of the inner spheres,  
My soul has found you, and your judgment hears.  
I give You warning I shall never cease  
Until I've wrested from you perfect Peace.

## Show Me the Way

Show me the Way, and I will follow gladly  
Whether the way be stony, steep, or rough;  
Whether by noon, or in the midnight darkness,  
Lead Thou me on—this only is enough.

Only support me! and I will make the effort,  
I will persist in spite of chafe or bruise;  
Even though all my early friends forsake me,  
Though I appear my human love to lose.

Show me the way to Mount Transfiguration,  
E'en though beyond lie sad Gethsemane;  
Whither Thou goest, thither will I follow,  
Show me the Path, for nothing else I pray.

I will not linger for some rich collation,  
I am content with charitable dole;  
Feed me with manna when I am exhausted,  
Strike Thou the rocks, and quench my thirsting soul.

Shield me from doubt, and from all hesitation,  
While I proceed along the sheer abyss;  
Or while I thread the quivering morasses  
Show me the way: I ask no more than this.

Oh that my path might lead by healing waters,  
Waters wherein to lave my travel-stains;  
Yet will I trust Thy Fatherly affection -  
Show me the way to even greater pains.

Show me the Way, and I will follow fondly,  
Show me the way to purposes of Thine;  
Only support me—I will ask no further;  
Show me the Way, O Inner Guide Divine!

## ***The City Moon***

Out in the country shone the magic Moon,  
Serenely fair, as from the land of dreams,  
Oceans of light flowed everywhere in streams  
Around the Forest's sacramental swoon.

But onward sped we back into the town  
Into the crooked streets of poverty,  
The noisy streets of soiled humanity,  
In which the noblest aspirations drown.

And yet above it all the Moon rode high,  
The same calm Moon that we had seen before,  
Shining away for artists to adore,  
Yet here ignored in the forgotten sky.

The very same, o'er city or a-field—  
Here powerless, and there omnipotent;  
Here but a jest, and there a sacrament,  
Divinity forgot, because revealed.

Lift up your inmost hearts unto your skies,  
And ye shall ever find epiphany  
Of blurred and indistinct Divinity  
That grows more clear as more you shade your eyes.

## ***The Little Things***

The little things—the things that we forget,  
The little things that we so oft despise,  
They are the things to put the Gods in debt,  
They are the rungs by which we climb the skies.

The little things—'tis they are in our power,  
To do with care, or damn with negligence;  
To do at once, or at propitious hour,  
To let alone, or carry out with sense.

The little things we do when none is near,  
They are the measure of our self-respect,  
They are the stars by which our course to steer  
When darkness veils the Port of Intellect.

However sacred be the end in view,  
How right it be, the little things will tell;  
Long disquisitions may be false or true,  
But little deeds the words of Judgment spell.

Ours are the little deeds, the choice of friends,  
The hours of leisure and of courtesy;  
So that whate'er the drudgery our lot attends  
Those make the Life; and Life, the Destiny.

## **The Only Temple**

**The only Temple you will ever find  
Is but the Discipline of your own Mind.**

**The only Temple you will ever see  
Is your own Body from all passions free.**

**The only Temple you will ever know  
Is your own Conscience white as driven snow**

**Wherefore begin your Temple to construct  
Nor let your prayers activity obstruct.**

**We build the Shrines for which we're Initiates,  
Our own short-comings are the fast-closed Gates.**

**God's only pity is our greater strains,  
God's only Patience our prolonging pains.**

**Wherefore, O Neophyte, arise from prayer,  
Let steady progress be thy only care.**

**So shall the Gates of Heav'n for thee reveal  
All that thou earnest with unflinching zeal.**



## **The Land of Might Have Been**

O Plan of how to spend our holiday,  
Depart into the Land of Might Have Been,  
That glorious Land where souls have gone astray  
In contemplation of their day-dreams' scene.

No doubt 'tis not the home of Good and Great,  
Yet here abide the golden dreams of youth,  
Here dwell the Visions of the Sacred Gate,  
And here the world-wide spread of Light and Truth.

Here dwell the many friends I might have made,  
Among the Learned, Worthy and Sincere;  
Here dwell the sacred Songs I might have learned  
If I had sung my voice more true and clear.

O Crooked World, art thou Reality?  
Art thou the Mask thro' which my soul must sing?  
O World of Wrongs, art thou Divinity,  
And Sanity, and Proof of everything?

It was God's Will? God never willed a theft,  
Or wholesale murder, civilized deceit;  
All's for the best? At least we'll make it so—  
At least we must, to rise above defeat.

Arouse, my Soul, forget that Dreamy Land  
Where vain regrets unnerve resiliency;  
Count out resources yet at thy command,  
And plan the Palaces of Destiny!

## ***The Making of Man***

Among God's Animals I feel at home:  
Blind shapes in which Divinity reveals  
Each separate emotion that Man feels,  
And as examples sent on earth to roam.

Perhaps ere God had blended all in Man  
That Artist spread each color separate;  
And thus emotions single incarnate  
Reveal God's gradually evolving plan.

I feel a kinship with the meek gazelle,  
And I would emulate the beaver's work;  
With owls in forests through the night I lurk,  
And with the fox I have to buy and sell.

The camel's patience oft puts man's to blush,  
And mothers might take thought from kangaroo;  
Enraged like turkeys, with the doves girls coo,  
Or with the peacocks strutting, pavements brush.

The wolf of lust, the tiger of desire,  
The lion of majestic violence,  
The timid fawn of child-like innocence,  
The snake that poisons with a sudden fire.

Who sees not kinship in the clownish bear?  
Who has not seen in men some simian trait?  
Faithful as dogs, as donkeys obstinate,  
What human child with parrots has no share?

Then dreamed Divinity of making Man!  
God dreamed of Character, with grace and pow'r;  
Inspired by the tranquil forest-flower,  
And by the moaning of the ocean.

And then God gave him verdure's robe to wear,  
And in the dewy night when shine the spheres  
God gave his offspring too the gift of tears,  
And crowned him with the stellar gift of prayer.

## **The Making of Man**

So God made Man of dual character:  
The Animal expressing through a Flower;  
A Soul, with all Emotions as its dower,  
A speaking Conscience clear enough to err.

And so I watch God's Animals with tears,  
And see the motions that I would refine;  
And with the longing to become divine  
I feel the grief that ever interferes.

## **Times of Refreshment**

Rare are the days on which I may provide  
My Soul with ammunition for its fight;  
When I may mend the nets with which to toil,  
And con the chart by which to steer towards Right.

O large injustice to my Destiny  
That I have missed so many a Sacrament  
So many inspirations and uplifts,  
So many a vision needed for ascent.

Assert thy claims, O Soul, to monthly Halt,  
To weekly Sabbath, and to daily Prayer;  
To evening Meditation o'er each fault,  
To hourly Praise, and Worship everywhere.

Direct thy labors towards the Will Divine,  
And let the Spirit overshadow thee;  
Give God an opportunity to shine,  
And through thee send the Christ that is to be.

## ***The Last Prayer***

Let me die quickly when my time has come,  
Let me not linger in the mortal pangs,  
Let me escape the last convulsions' fangs,  
Nor pass away in wild delirium.

Oh not in lurid tempest be my end!  
The sun must set, but let the sky be clear,  
And may some stars before the dark appear,  
And to my friends some greetings let me send!

Have I not earned this by continual stress,  
The living death through which I've agonized?  
I stood the shock of tides unrecognized—  
Now let me drift into unconsciousness.

Or Consciousness, perhaps? I do not know;  
But lead me gently, Hand of Destiny!  
Let me resign before that fatal Day,  
And on my knees receive the fatal blow.

Let me go home into the Land Unseen,  
The Exile's sufferings do not increase!  
And though I may not have deserved God's Peace,  
Yet let my passing inwards be serene!