

# SOUL SHADOWS

SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

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*"Long Distance Telepathy"*

*"Influence Télépathique"*

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*Tam corde quam manu*  
[As much by the heart as with the hand]

IN THE SPIRIT  
OF LOYALTY AND LOVE  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THE  
CAMEO CLUB

Expression is life, and repression is death to faculty, and the only death we need believe in. Life is one continuous radiant expression, and we are all creators, chiseling the clear-cut ensemble of our lives into the perfect cameo of our own ideals.





## FOREWORD

Many of the verses in this volume have been published in the newspapers and magazines of Washington, San Francisco, Boston, New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Paris and other places.

These collected thoughts might be called episodes on life's highway, except they are not all my actual experiences, but came from out the silence, unsolicited.

*"Enormous shuttles of the dark!  
That weave the everlasting dream."*

To some, life is translated through poetry. It is the song in the heart that is heard above the tumult and tempest of everyday affairs. Hudson Maxim says, in his "Science of Poetry," that "The imagination must be enlisted in the understanding of poetry which necessarily involves a creative act, an act of invention and an exercise of the imagination for the comprehension of the expression."

I have dared to give these out first hand, as they came to me, in their earliest dress, unadorned.

R. M. de V-R.

## **Facing the Infinite**

*Facing the Infinite! we arise  
Facing the Infinite; who shall say  
Our sun goes down at the close of day  
If we travel with the skies?*

*Time is not when action shall cease!  
Time is not when the circle ends;  
Hasten ye slothful ones, make amends;  
Of Eternity ask release!*

*Mother of mystery! Child of Life!  
The midnight stars are piercing through—  
All that was hidden, revealed to view—  
The temples of Earth, and its strife.*

*Living by faith in the lifted prayer—  
Faith that restores us the riven dream—  
Passing the ships on the Lethean stream,  
Our Father reigns everywhere!*

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# SOUL SHADOWS



## To the Master Mind

**M**AKE us to hear Thy call through every plan;  
In each low note ascending as Thy word  
(Intoning harmonies within, unheard),  
That issues from the striving heart of man.

O let us sound a chord as deep and true  
As rings adown the hymns of morning stars!  
When earth awakens—breaks her prison bars—  
May bards of songs celestial bear us through.

And let us learn to see in every eye  
Where unshed tears are held, Thy soft command  
To love; in every nation, clime or land,  
That Thy great will may greet each passer-by.

Take us by hand, O Master, that we see  
Thou art our inspiration and our source.  
Each soul we meet along our daily course  
Doth but reflect—in being, breathing—Thee!

[*New York City, October, 1912.*]



## Resurrection

**M**ELODY, laughter, and dreams ;  
The wide world-wisdom seems  
To be hidden in these,  
As the pearl in the seas  
Of the deep-drift Meza streams.

In the quickening woods, 'mongst the flowers,  
And the whispering wind, with its showers  
Of fluttering leaves  
Where the wild streamlet weaves  
Its singing way through the hours,

Past the springtime meadows of life—  
Of shadow and sunshine and strife—  
Sweet violets grow,  
At the "end of the bow"—  
Spring where they once perished ; yet rife

With the essence of song and of bloom ;  
Resurrection is robbing the tomb ;  
For the spirit serene  
In this magical scene  
Brings to birth, life from death and the gloom.

[*Oscawana-on-Hudson, 1912.*]

## From the Beyond

[*In Memory of Adele Rafter*]

**W**HATEVER you wish, my love! my love!  
It is not for me to say—  
I've given my heart to you to keep  
Through the day of song, though at night we weep.  
Together, the long and tranquil sleep  
Shall lighten the cares of day.

I'm singing to you, my heart! my heart!  
The self-same song anew,  
That has echoed for ages through hearts of men—  
The song that awakens again and again:  
It comes at love's bidding. Life's fullness is when  
I'm singing this song to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun went down, and the day grew cold,  
When she went home, beyond the sea.  
Oh, God of Life! am I then alone?  
Oh, World of Death! give me back my own!  
The Voice came in murmuring monotone:  
"Forever I am one with Thee!"

[*Music by Lambord.*]

## Calling

**C**AN I call you, soul of mine,  
From the woodland of the Pine?  
Will you come and claim your own,  
Shadow-mate to shadow grown?

For I see your face to-night—  
Feel you in the pale moonlight;  
In the tender voiceless air,  
In the silence—everywhere!


If I turn, you fill my thought;  
In my prayer your image's wrought;  
Like the waves upon the beach  
In their wash and endless reach;

With their ripple or their moan,  
Calling, calling for their own!  
Thus my soul is like the sea  
Calling home, eternally!

Can I call you, soul of mine,  
From the woodland of the Pine?  
Will you come and claim your own,  
Shadow-mate to shadow grown?

[*Tangiers, 1911.*]

## To the Dandelion

UMBLE little Dandy—  
Lion of your class—  
Sprinkling your blooms about  
'Mongst the simple grass ;

Featuring the landscape  
Gold with mingled green ;  
Opening at morning tide  
With a dewy sheen.

Vieing with the sunlight—  
Day-stars o'er the sod—  
Cheery-faced and tender,  
Turning up to God.

Soon your head is whitened—  
Poised a spectred wraith ;  
Yellow turned to silver—  
Patriarch of the Faith!

(Chemistry of Nature,  
Patterned but to change—  
Growth through death and re-birth  
Is the gamut's range.)

Thus, your mission ended,  
Simple little flower—  
Sweetheart of the innocent—  
Spent is your brief hour.

But indexed in nature—  
Strong the eternal ways—  
You are living ever  
Numbered not in days.

Little golden blossom  
Springing from the sod,  
You and I together  
Both belong to God!

### To a Field Poppy



**Y**OU dazzling one!—all scarlet, black, and gold!  
Nodding your wayward head in truant style;  
Flutt'ring your silken petals to beguile  
The passer-by with pouts and pretense bold!

By day you beckon to behold your charm;  
But dew-time finds your sails unfurled for sleep;  
This is the potion that you give, and keep;—  
Drenched in the moonlight—dreamless sleep's sweet  
balm.

## Concrete Ideals

[*Man's Kingdom*]

**L**OVE on the heights is such a fragile plant,  
Requiring sustenance of its own kind;  
The Edelweiss, implanted in the snows  
Of centuries, sends forth its virgin bloom  
And beauty; perfected in its own clime.  
In chaste conception thus all *true* love waits,  
Exultant in its strength and purity;  
Steadfast above all brief joys. Hope  
Here holds to self a lasting purposed power;  
Builds unto man his best, for here resides  
All that shall follow and be his through life  
And on through dim unknown eternal ways.  
Man is his own creator! love a means—  
When it takes concrete form—to stimulate,  
To measure, large or small capacity  
Within; to work and will and dare and do;  
To forge a character, create a home  
With joys of merry voices—pictured saints!  
Why scatter *this* upon the desert wastes  
When God proclaims the man who conquers self,  
King of his empire—Ruler on his throne?

## Autumn Notes

[*In New England*]

**B**ED-TURRETED the trees stand in the wood ;  
Fair golden-rod and asters fringe the hill ;  
Black wasps are buzzing 'bout the cornices  
Of barns, and nesting in the rafter-sill.  
The apples lie low dropping to the ground ;  
The grapes cling clustering to the garden wall,  
And ripened nuts are falling all around ;  
September sounds the opening note of Fall !

[*Boston, Mass., 1893.*]

## Pastorale

**T**HESE are the notes the poet knows  
From cymbal tones, and sounding brass,  
Of human obloquy, and woes  
Of worldly ways. The growing grass  
Breathes sweeter symphonies of sound;  
The trees bear stronger evidence  
Of God's great purpose all around;—  
These simple signs His monuments!



## Materialism

[*"Till Death Do Us Part"*]

**D**ERE! Take this body, then; 'tis yours "till  
death—"  
Though we live far apart as sun and earth;  
You can but claim the shell: no touch or breath  
Of life's impulse where soul has given birth.

Not mine to give, nor yours to wrest away  
By promises that sound to men most fair;  
Though you be Shylock seeking for his pay  
Not one small claim hold you on love! Beware!

Let the play on! Ring up the curtain now!  
Who shall divine that hope bleeds, unfulfilled,  
Beneath this glittering burial place, and brow  
Begrammed, where love lies murdered—killed!


[*Pasadena, Cal., 1889.*]

## A Fancy

**T**WO idle eyes!  
What wickedness within them dwell!  
Two paths—to paradise or hell?  
Impetuous, tempestuous,  
Or clear as dawn at birth of day.  
What mysteries and histories,  
And lingering wild memories,  
And shadows of serener skies,  
And vast forgivingness and truth,  
And hope, and love's sweet fire, and youth;  
'Till all the soul within me cries  
To idolize!  
Twin cups of mirth and mad delight,  
Where mischief murders pain at sight,  
And Cupid sits in rapt disguise—  
Two idle lies!

[*New York City, 1895.*]

## Unstrung

 LIKE strains of music, vibrating among  
The heart's deep places, instruments unstrung

Lie in the dusk, await the master-hand—  
As human souls await the high command.

Unsung the songs by hearth and home once told;  
Unstrung the lute that held life's story old;

Responding only to the magic touch  
Of some fine presence. Loving over-much

The lesser things, we strive to turn aside  
And worship where the pure in heart abide.

O life-worn worker enter fearlessly  
This new-world haven of hushed sanctity;

Where, vibrant with diviner atmospheres,  
We stand attuned to "music of the spheres."

[*New York City, 1912.*]

## Aspiration

**W**HY should I pause to look at little things?  
Why should I let them stop me in their pas-  
sage?

Were it not better holding always high  
Our vision on the point we would attain to?  
And live on in that altitude where we  
No more are tortured by the tired earth-groanings,  
Or weary word-voicing of pain, foreshadowing  
That out of which we grow to fuller being.

In grandeur the new-born ideas sweep down  
And hold in spell-bound reverence the unvoiced  
Brave utterances of thought from mind and heart  
That bid us stand out in full majesty  
Of soul, resplendent!

I soar away on clear-clipped wings of love  
To realms ecstatic, breathe the breath God;  
And lie in rapt embraceure of a new  
And lasting light—Intelligence divine  
Awaiting but the spark within to rouse  
In comprehension!

[*Pasadena, Cal., 1891.*]

## Affinity



**NOT** as all other men are you to me,  
But like some breath of fresh, new morning  
air;

Buoyant with hope, sustaining, strong to bear,  
And pregnant with high-purposed energy.  
As streams from different source turn toward the sea,  
And there unite, so our emotions blend—  
More tranquil than the fitful currents trend—  
Suffusing all in a glad ecstasy;  
Rejoicing that to each the others need  
Was given; flowing side by side  
Inseparably, in silent majesty;  
Safe-sheltered in the happy, full-souled pride  
Of twain grown one! A sweet security  
And heaven's rest where heart and honor lead.

## The Invisible Presence

**A** PRESENCE that diffuses warmth and glow—  
Even as the sun's gold ray doth penetrate—  
Commands my being ; and the pulses wait  
Fulfillment, for life's sweeter ebb and flow.

Subtle the fragrance of the mind attuned  
In thought and feeling ; blended as the tone  
Of some grand vibrant melody we've known  
In vast cathedrals where fine souls communed.

The heart finds food in images of hope ;  
That which inspires approaches the divine  
Creative impulse—which the arts define.  
Untold the ways wherewith the masters cope.

A Presence ! which with each shall reunite  
Like glad hand-clasps, that hold us with no word ;  
Giving in full surrender, to afford  
The other's happiness—at its true height.

[*New York City, 1911.*]

## Consecration

**C**O back to life's Eden,  
To earth's natal dew:  
Flesh and form were but symbols  
For life to play through.

Read and know what I say!  
How a woman can feel  
When the heart of love's sunshine  
Is turned to cold steel.

When the hunger of intellect—  
Brain, body, mind—  
Stands stagnant and dying  
For want of its kind.

To life's fateful challenge  
She gave of her years;  
To mercy and greed  
Of her gold and her tears.

Of a gold that the coinage  
Is not known of men;  
Such as blends in the heart-beats  
Of maid, mother, when

The promise is given  
To love and obey—  
Consecrated to heaven—  
A law for always.

No poets gainsay me ;  
No prophets foretold  
The Sappho song hovering  
'Twixt new and the old.

It is true of God's fire-  
Fed souls that can feel ;  
Their heart is the lyre  
And their heart's blood the seal !

### Reciprocity

**A**T birth of morn, a pearly drop of dew  
Stood poised upon the petals of a flower.  
God placed it there its mission to pursue—  
Directed by love's insight, keen and true—  
Deep in this thirsting heart it spent its power.

The rose bloomed on beneath the scorching rays  
Of noontide ; fed by this one tear from heaven.  
Heart-comforted by token of His praise  
It sent its fragrance through the close byways,  
Cheering the day from dawn till tides of even.

[*New York City, 1911.*]



## Reconciliation

*"As I have sins forgiven, Father, forgive!"*

**F**ORGIVE each passing word or lighter tone  
Than that which springs heart-tempered, pure  
and strong.

Forgive; and see, as I have dared to see,  
That in *thy* noble freedom am *I* free.  
Or yet more closely in thy strong embrace  
Hold me so pure that faith the fault erase.  
For loving overmuch some earthly things,  
My thought grew careless of the heart whose strings  
Vibrate my being's truer, nobler strain:  
And pride intruded where but peace should reign.

Believing now all ends are good and just,  
Soul-pacified, in love I wait and trust.

[*Santa Monica, Cal., August 11, 1891.*]

## Life's Phases

**W**HAT is't of fear thou holdest here, O Death?  
Thou imaged dread lone stalker of the night!  
'Tis night indeed in the sweet soul's fine place  
If it believe in thee and not in life!  
Thou art a form that's conjured of th' unknown—  
A phase of life that fills the interim  
And meets the progress of a conscious soul  
Even as a gentle friend in solace meets  
Unconscious good. The necessary law  
By which all Nature's plans are circumscribed.  
For flower, and tree, and man, eternal change  
Encompasses the measure we call life.  
And energy divine doth mark our course  
When erstwhile we would rest as dreamers do,  
Responsive to calamity or joy;  
Requesting that our paths be margined out  
In placid peace into the dim unknown—  
The country where at last the souls are held—  
Foregoing not one carnal wish, nor sense  
Of pleasure, toward the endowment of this state.  
When will the mind of man maintain this truth?  
*He* is the architect of his estate!  
His future rises from the stepping stones  
That he himself has builded in the past,  
And mounted from in tortuous round by round;

The minarets and lofty towers of thought  
His temples are,—the ones “not made by hands!”

\* \* \* \* \*

And Death comes gently, as the dews of night,  
(To comfort souls who traverse earth's parched sands),  
And bears each calmly to the great Beyond!

[*April 24, 1910.*]

## Compensation

**I**NTO the world of thought I went  
And gathered therefrom a branch half bent,  
And grafted it on to a life half spent;  
Then journeyed my way along.

The years went went by, and the thought returned  
Bearing the fruit it had justly earned—  
A smiling face for the heart that yearned—  
And a life that was filled with song.

[*New York City, 1911.*]

## To a Philosophical Friend

**T**HOU faithful one of word and deed,  
Quick to divine the world-souls need;  
Unbarred the roads where progress came  
In your own time and need and name.  
Unsealed the vision; "Eyes of God"  
You have beheld in ways you've trod!

\* \* \* \* \*

Two may be born with but short space between,  
Yet half a life-time here may intervene  
Ere they meet face to face, or heart to heart.  
(So strange the ways of nature at the start.)  
Two may be passing and repassing near—  
Vast continents are traversed—crossed the sphere—  
An impulse prompts us, and we know not why,  
We turn; behold, Love's face stands bared close by!

## The Universal Essence

[*In One and in All*]

**U**NREAD, unlettered though I stand alone—  
(Barbarians e'en would but defend their own).  
Sacred and sweet is life's new citadel  
As the first blush Aurora sends at dawn—  
Fulfillment of the promise, a new day  
Is ours; and all we comprehend  
And can express of life shall mark its course  
And make each one, and yet the next, *our* day!  
Oh, earnest souls, arise and purify,—  
Make clean your standard, burnish your ideal  
Until its lustre luminates the skies  
And, by reflection, overshadows earth.  
In symbol or antithesis the two  
Stretch far apart, like an opponent's view  
Awaiting but the alchemy of mind  
To reunite. There is no far or near  
For those united in a purpose strong.  
The good and evil are degrees of growth—  
(Interpretation of the laws of life.)  
The fitting in of things to our own code—  
This does not broaden, but contracts the view.  
Be universal, grand, sublime in soul!  
And sing the Song of Nations, not of one!  
For law *is* law, unsought or unexpressed—  
And we are held subservient to a will  
That works regardless of our small intent.  
Turn with the tide! Seek harmony, not strife!

All labor gains where love doth supervise.  
Freedom itself is man's great motive power,—  
The soil where character alone can thrive:  
Reward and punishment, the bribe, the claim,  
For children are; not for man's full estate  
Through discipline of penalties to walk  
The path observed by modern truth; a goal  
Fixed for to-day,—not for all time—a scale  
That slides befitting the advancing trend  
Of thought and mind and work and worship.

When

Man shall be great enough to know the truth,  
And strong enough to live it; when,  
As cycles of each carnate life lap by  
And over-lap into the next of kin—  
(For few there be who penetrate beyond  
The time limit of years and worldly cares;  
Material limitations, they *call* life)—  
Into that broader, higher consciousness  
Where victory and its adherents dwell,  
Then each shall sound with trumpet blast the cry  
“Oh, Universe of Life! There is no death!”

[*Written for the Cameo Club, New York City, 1910.*]

## Dead Love

**G**HOSTS in the air! Ghosts of the dead  
Love words once spoken;  
And death the token

Of all you gave or said.  
Mere flesh! and their's the breath that used you.  
Mere flesh!—their spirit interfused you;  
Loved—or lied!  
Love was the word you used to fetter—  
Nay, to deride;  
For had you loved e'en well, or better,  
Love had not died!

[*New York City, 1894.*]

# The Loom of Life

## REINCARNATION

[*To Floyd B. Wilson*]

**I**N the beginning of flesh and spirit,  
In the world of time and space,  
Evolved as a unit from aeons  
Into one of the human race;

Enveloped for one blissful moment  
In the merciful arms of love—  
I was held by the cosmic forces—  
By the God who rules above!

With the groaning and travail of earth come  
The registered growth of man—  
The birth of the soul immortal—  
A part of the Infinite plan.

We may see but the image in passing;  
Receptacled therein the mind—  
Creative and pro-creative  
A chalice to mortals assigned.

Each centered soul is a key-board  
For the heavenly harmonies,  
Where the unseen claim cognition—  
Reembodied in life's mysteries.



Where those who have been translated  
To the bright Beyond, may send  
To each a conscious greeting  
Through the universal trend.

Oh, to lie in the lap of Creation!  
To drink of the spirit divine,  
Encircled by richest unfoldment  
When water again turns to wine!

'Neath the dome of civilization—  
Where the record of lives must be kept;  
Where the mother-heart broods o'er her children,  
As the Christ o'er the world when He wept—

I see—as a fiery comet—  
The meeting of ways that diverge;  
See the hordes of opposing forces  
Held and led by the mystical urge.

And I sweep through the storied ages—  
Through the luminous worlds—from the sod—  
As I pass by the dimly lit stages  
To the great subconscious One—God!

## To an Easter Lily

**L**OW chaste the lily! Did long centuries free  
Its beauty, with its cold, pale chastity?  
Poised, golden-stamened, stately swaying head  
Like bell-cups, hanging silently. Instead  
Of music, floats a fragrance on the air—  
A subtle language, potent, deep and rare;  
Sending its soul in silence through the night:  
A “wireless” message—’reft of sound or sight—  
Appealing, as if incense’s faint impress  
Impinged on memory, in a flower’s caress.

[*Oscarwana-on-Hudson, 1912.*]

## Poetic Perception

[*To Prof. Chas. Mills Gayley—University of California*]

**W**HAT mind we of the Cause or Reason why,  
So we enjoy the present at its best,  
In richly rounded impulses that rest  
As syllables, while sentenced life goes by?  
Our builded hopes were lasting did we try  
To fashion them from serious soil, not jest;  
Being matched in stature to the soul, as test—  
Illumined live, when lesser lights shall die.

[*Berkeley, Cal., 1892.*]

## Sometime

**S**OMETIME when all life's lessons have been  
learned,  
And we shall know each one without the name;  
When cheek and shoulder, pressed by lips that burned,  
Shall be resolved to dust from whence they came:

I wonder then, if bared there, each to each,  
Our souls are held, will shudders of regret  
Come tremulous from out the past to teach,  
Not words, but sacrifice, and lashes wet

Will purify and prove the love professed.  
Born of the soul, then shall it live for aye;  
But love of flesh must perish with the flesh;  
Divine exists forever—now, alway!

[*San Francisco, Cal., 1898.*]

## The Law of Opposites

**T**HERE is a window from which we look out  
And gaze upon the passing scenes with doubt,  
To gauge our own security about.

Its diamond panes are wrought of purest glass ;  
Lit by the soul, the lights that through them pass  
*Clairvoyant*—vision of the world *en masse*.

I looked without in deep solicitude ;  
To guard a friend from grievous wrong I stood,—  
To turn her thought toward higher forms of good.

For at her feet a fearful serpent lay!—  
Built link on link its massive vertebrae,  
A "Mastodon" in growth, from day to day.

And as I gazed this hideous shapen thing,  
Grew many headed for its fatal sting,  
Grew double voiced ; with but one song to sing.

Then conscious fear's first impulse was to beat  
Life from this form of terror and deceit.  
She flung with force the reptile at my feet!

I stood prepared to meet the poisoned tongue ;  
For principle—to suffer keener wrong ;  
But look! 'Tis dead! Like faint grey mists among

The morning dews, its wraith arose and passed  
As ashes moves before a chilling blast.  
And here behold a law which frees at last.

*Love only lives*, by virtue of its state  
In universal purpose;—love, not hate—  
For God is love; and “only God is great!”

Dissensions come that out of them shall grow  
(If we would only understand and know)  
A plan more perfect, from the thought we sow.

Have faith in the eternal forms of grace;  
Forgive each flaw in this great human race;  
For all shall stand as *one* before His face.

## Dream Faces

**T**S echoes of a thousand thoughts  
Drift down the aisles of time  
I greet old dreams of mine again,  
And fetter them in rhyme.

I see in dreamy reverie  
A line of spectral faces  
Rise up and pass before me,  
In slow and measured paces.

I know that they but claim their own;  
Those half-averted glances—  
My own dead past they each reflect—  
Its follies and its fancies.

I fain would call each one by name,  
And check them in their going  
To link the present and the past's  
Eternal ebb and flowing.

But never one can I recall,  
I can not e'en detain  
The present soon to be the past  
In life's eternal chain.

So solemnly they all pass on  
With slow and measured paces;  
And silently we one by one  
Are each assigned our places.

[*San Francisco, Cal., 1889.*]

## Birth of the Rose

*"God thought and the world was born!"*

**A** PERFECT thought hung, hovering, in the air  
Seeking expression visible, and found  
A chaste young shoot of green, from virgin  
ground  
All budded, and gladly entered there.

He filled her soul with beauty, and at morn  
Drew warmth of love from the young Sun-God's ray;  
The dew from night, the secrets from the clay;  
She sighed—the petals burst—a rose was born!

[*Hôtel Normandie, Paris, 1898.*]



## “La Mort de L'Amour”

**N**O more: let there be no more said:  
Silence is best; you did not prove  
That crime *was* crime, that love was *love*  
Until—until 'twas dead!

It lay there white, and oh, so still;  
No sound betrayed its agony;  
No motion—that the heart was free,  
Free from the ruling will.

But like the plaint of mating doves—  
Or tossing, turbulent waves at sea  
Chanting their own *miserere*  
For love, for sweet lost loves—

There comes the wail upon the wind  
Borne inland to the soul-sorrow;  
Shall we clasp it or let it go?  
Go, higher faith to find!

If one could speak the noble truth  
And, speaking, thus resuscitate  
This love (gone early, coming late),  
And turn the years to youth!

We'll build for this no burial place;  
Its birth was from the unknown source.  
When love ignites, a burning force  
Moulds into one, each grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

From out the long and tangled years  
In some remote, untitled land  
By love refound at last, we'll stand,  
Beyond the tide of tears.

Beyond! In that new sphere of light!  
The dear lost hands shall intertwine  
In paradise, thine clasped in mine,  
Where souls have gained their height.

## Reassurance

**T**HERE are no dead! Those loving voices—  
hushed—  
Speak plainly to us could we understand;  
They counsel us in ways we know not of,  
And in dark places hold us hand by hand!

[Written after reading Maeterlinck's "Tresors des Humble," in which he says: "We know that the dead do not die. We know that it is not in our churchyards they are to be found, but in the houses and habits of us all."]

## Parting

[*To My Dear Father*]

**W**HEN we must go,  
We linger loath, for yet an hour or so:  
Seeing beauties new; some good in friend and  
foe.

And then "good-bye"  
Is said. Affection's mist quick dims the eye;  
And joy's light laugh turns plaintively a sigh.

So, at the last,  
When life's full numbered pages all are past  
But closing ones—then laggard time flies fast.

Here, almost through,  
We pause; past scenes flash up in mute review.  
Our crosses, conflicts, and the love proved true.

O change, delay  
A little! Life, give but one more fair day!  
Too soon thy crucible turns gold to grey.

Autumn is here!  
Its tawny touch turns russet, brown and sere  
Bright Summer's blooms; and yet with unknown fear

We say "Good-bye!"  
Nor know if winter's chill and frost will lie  
Less kindly, 'neath some new-found foreign sky.

[*New London, Conn., 1893.*]

## Within

[*To François Coppée*]

**W**HEN evening when the shadows fall  
And sultry clouds sink slow to rest,  
Above the new-night's tranquil breast  
In one great all-enclosing pall,  
I think of those whom I loved best,  
And bring them to me. One and all  
They come like answering echoes' call  
From memory's chambers of the blest.

Faint lined against the silvery mist  
Of time's long pages—time long gone—  
I greet again the lips I've kissed  
In that past age, and held my own ;  
And pray that one remembered bliss  
May still be ours in the Unknown !

[*Paris, 1897.*]

## To a Wild Rose

**B**OSE of the sweet, wild way,  
Rose of the roadside hedge;  
Hidden the sweet-briar thorns  
'Neath her ribboned and fluted edge.

Many an inconstant bee  
As play-fellow, dips in her heart;  
Filled with her fragrances, he  
Has lingered there, loath to depart:—

Lingered till night-fall and dew  
Closed her leaves over his head;  
Fashioned a canopy new—  
Lending her heart for his bed.

Up with the call of the bird,  
Breath of the morning, a-wing!  
(Beauty a prison house)—stirred  
With all living nature to sing.

Rose of the wild sweet briar!  
Born of the sun and the dew;  
Unfurled her petals at morn—  
Opened to God, and to you!

## Heart Hunger

**C**LOUDED its birthright of gladness,  
Drooping and sobbing with sadness,  
Drifting,  
Shifting  
This soul like the sands of the sea!

Dragged by the teeth of the tide down;  
Suddenly day into night grown,  
Wearily,  
Drearily,  
No human heart haven for me.

Oh, for the anchor that love gives!  
Only to know that some heart lives!  
Hungering,  
Murmuring,  
For that it were my joy to be.

## Transformation

*"Fair soul, in your fine frame hath love no quality, if the quick fire of youth light not your mind, you are no maiden but a—monument."*



AM no monument, but truly human!

Containing all that flows from life divine;

Which thrills from farthest star to heart of  
mine—

And echoes past proclaim that "You are Woman!"

We are the soil, regenerating man;

By God implanted throughout earth's broad lands;

The soul and tissue here unite—join hands—

Nature ordains, we follow out the plan.

The body—formed by mind from dust of earth—

The positive the breath of life breathes through

The negative; a potent force and true,

For lo! combined, a soul is given birth!

[*New York City, 1886.*]



# Crépuscule

TWILIGHT

[*To Jules Massenét*]

**Q**REEPING gently at the close of day,  
Through the twilight's silvery refrain,  
Come the shadows from the "far away"  
Linked in memory to the present's chain.

Oh, the visions of the days gone by!  
In the dusk their dancing feet keep time  
To the muted music; now a sigh,  
Now a moan, or minor chord in chime.

Gaily sailing o'er the fitful foam;  
Evanescent dreams of love's delight;  
But at twilight turns each soul tow'rd home,  
Trailing shadows in the wake of night.

From the sombre duskiness and gloom  
Smiles some face of reminiscent days,  
Held in reverie—woven in time's loom—  
Heart's-blood fabric, where God parts the ways.

[*Music by Frank E. Ward, 1911.*]

# Courage Undying

THE TITANIC DISASTER

[*In Memory of William T. Stead*]

**H**ERE came the common hour of death's release  
To larger life, from the dark grey sea's dim  
Long weary watch: death's portal-ways to  
peace—  
When human spirits seek their peace in Him.

If we could feel assured thus, without fears,  
That each one went—a child of God—"gone home!"  
And lessen by this truth the weight of tears—  
The agony of loss, by gain to come.

Earth holds no silence such as fills the sea;  
Oblivion waits there with abated breath.  
The disembodied soul seeks climes more free.  
Back to the Giver, Lord of life and death!

See now the dear one, as you saw of old,  
Draw near the soul by love's telepathy;  
Picture the presence, yours to have and hold;  
Conquer by courage! God rules o'er the sea!

[*April 17, 1912.*]

## Masques



MAN! Thou'rt fitted for diviner things  
Than that of which the carnate world-sense  
sings,  
O soul! and nobler far thy swift, sweet reign,  
Partaking of life's chastened joy or pain.

## At the Play

**I**T was "Midsummer Night"  
At Shakespeare's play,  
Where, held by the music's intoning,  
The key and the quest  
Of love's behest,  
And the viol's and basse's low moaning,  
That the liquid spent  
With mischief's intent,  
Reached *my* eyes and my senses robbing,  
For my soul could see  
*You* bending o'er me—  
Could feel your heart's tense throbbing.

For a moment between  
The acts, next scene,  
My head drooped back and rested  
Where the cushioned seat  
And the box rail meet;  
And sleep all my senses infested.  
By a dim star-gleam,  
With you, I could seem  
To float in a world of ether;—  
You stood there, white,  
In the faint trance-light,  
Then we wandered away together.

'Twas the soul of me there,  
In the scintillant air,  
You had captured and held it in tether,  
Steadfast; prone to possess,  
In its deep sacredness,  
Soul and shape, as God fashioned it. Whether  
The spirit of dreams,  
Or mesmeric gleams  
Induced, by their magic, your staying—  
I awoke with a start!  
All of Mendelssohn's art  
Pouring forth from the orchestra's playing!

The portrayal chaste,  
In Ben Greet's taste—  
Of Shakespeare's "Dream" danced before me;  
But which was the real,  
And which the ideal?  
And *which* wove the spell that came o'er me?  
(You stood there, white,  
In the dim trance-light!)  
It was Mendelssohn's music still crashing;  
'Twas the Wedding March  
Of the triumphal Arch,  
And the World the procession there flashing!

[*New York City, April, 1911.*]

## Attraction

**T**HERE are no bonds, there are no ties to break  
For souls united! Roused from that long sleep  
Of death in life, the dismal vapors creep  
Away; unveiled, the truer self awakes.

Like clings to like, love holds its own in love;  
Spirit with spirit meets; attraction blends,  
Enwraps, transmits,—for nature's purposed ends—  
To sensuous earth, from listening mind above.

[*Hotel Wentworth, New Castle, N. H., 1887.*]

## Wild Roses

**S**WEET—

As the wild rose  
By light winds beat  
Its fragrance throws  
In petals at your feet,  
'Midst Summer's waste of blows,  
Dying, incomplete,

Dear— So would my life  
Be transient, drear,  
But strong love's strife  
Hath cherished presence here.  
I kneel to pray—"O God,  
Give faith, not fear!"

Love— Loyal and blessed,  
All loves above!  
Rose-petals pressed  
I send you, which may prove  
(Sweet odors clinging like red lips caressed)  
The breath of love.

Heart— Oh, hapless quest!  
The tired tears start—  
So long repressed—  
For haven in your heart,  
With one quick sob I'd close my eyes and rest,  
Healed of the smart!

[Written in the old Wild Rose Lane, East Lyme, Conn., June,  
1893.]

## Retrospection

**T**EARS come and smiles go; my emotions are  
stirred  
By thoughts that lie deep and that never are  
heard.

As I look on the world and the faces of men  
There is one that I search for, and long for, as when  
But a child, he caressed me close clasped on his knee.  
His smile held the gladness of sunlight for me,  
And his songs had the melody never yet heard  
In the countless new strains that my soul have since  
stirred.

My first and best lover, my hero in rhyme,  
My *Father!* in childhood and love's pure springtime.

[*Long Beach, Cal., 1891.*]



## Requiem

**Q**Y lover has gone,—gone down to the sea!  
The whistling wind makes moan,  
And the saddening wail of its *miserere*  
Haunts the silence—and me—alone.

So closely I hold to this hungering thing,  
This sorrowing pain in my breast,  
It seems to pulse into life and fling  
Its shadow o'er my unrest.

The winds blow inland from the sea;  
The solemn waves intone,  
Bringing their messages back to me  
From the place where my lover has gone.

He has passed beyond the reach of my hand,  
Or the touch of the kisses he taught,  
But in either world of spirit or land,  
He shall reign in this temple of thought.

And days like this when the wind-fiends shriek  
In their maddening monotone,  
I watch the waves on the shore-sands bleak,—  
I and my soul—alone!

[*On the Pacific, 1893.*]

## Change

**D**RIFT upon a shoreless waste of time  
We downward look from summits where we climb,  
And from that Mount of Isolation cry:  
“Can this lone self be I?” Oh agony!  
We shudder and we shrink from the abyss  
That lies 'twixt that glad other life and this;  
Lest suddenly keen memory should rend  
The veil that shrouds the past, which, as a friend,  
Stands guard between the midsun's piercing ray  
(Whose shadow falling, cools the burning way),  
Where too great radiance burst upon our gloom  
Would make us blind. From resurrection's tomb  
We call but faintly, for our strength is yet  
Too small to taint with longing and regret.

[*California, 1890.*]

## Revelation

**T**HIS is the moment for which I have prayed!  
Throw off disguise,  
Past prying eyes,  
Stand face to face as by one impulse made!

Hold me so close to you that I can live;  
Breathe of your breath—  
Foeman to death—  
(Rich with the blisses  
Of unuttered kisses)  
Die in forgetfulness  
Of the world's fretfulness;  
Live in the confidence one soul can give.

How did I come to you? God knows that best;  
Through the dark mystery  
Of life's tangled history;  
Out o'er the distance  
Conquering resistance  
Of time and space to be held yours at last!

[*Hotel Amidon, Los Angeles, Cal., June, 1891.*]

## At Flood Tide

**T**HE waves come dashing inland to the shore  
With all the eager lapping love of life;  
But coy, resisting this new influx rife,  
It sends the waters back with sullen roar.

But tireless wooer of seductive charms,  
That lie unfathomed on the upper beach  
Beyond the enamored sea-wave's ardent reach,  
With one bold rise it gathers to its arms

And holds engulfed in its desired embrace;  
At each retreat advancing but the higher,  
Till earth receives and welcomes his desire—  
Flooding her borders in relentless chase.

[*Long Beach, Cal., 1891.*]

## Extract from *Ballad to the Flowers*

\* \* \* \* \*

**O**H, flowers! sweet sacred things,  
That speak from heart to heart.  
I'll bind you close to my bruised breast,  
That out of heart's-ease may come rest  
To heal it of its smart.

Such peerless, petaled sweets,  
Lie folded in your chalices.  
• Pure buds of heaven that bloom on earth,  
To herald love with death and birth;  
Voiceless, you breathe unspoken things  
In vocal silences.

[*Golden Gate Park, 1890.*]

## The Universal Spirit

*"When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home."—Tennyson.*

**W**HILE there's mourning in the valley  
Let us look toward summits bright,  
For we know the law of nature  
Works from darkness into light,  
And the soul's eternal mission  
Changes weakness into might.

Life in tiny germ enfolded  
In the mystery of the womb  
Still to other life is moulded  
In the shadow of the tomb;  
As the seed in earth enrolléd  
Springs to life in fruit and bloom.

Death's no break in our existence;  
Just a stepping stone above;  
'Tis the link that binds the lower  
With the higher forms of love.  
It is birth into eternal  
Life, evolved from the Great Love.

'Tis the law of love, uniting  
With the spirit at its birth.  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest"  
Leaves the ashes to the earth;  
But the spirit, life transcendent  
Claims, in its immortal worth.

As the sunset to our vision  
Is but sunrise farther on,  
So-called death is but transition—  
Is the re-birth from the form  
Into the great universal  
Life, from which the soul was born.

[*East Lyme, Conn., September 6, 1901.*]

## “Aimer”

**L**O love means not surrender!  
Love means more—to endure—  
Yet for each word you send her,  
Or thought from soul so tender,  
You may rest safe and sure  
Where heart throbs pain engender  
Love will remain secure.  
If love cannot surrender  
It can do more—endure!

[*Music by C. de Vaux-Royer.*]

[*Hotel Raymond, Pasadena, Cal., 1888.*]



## In Absence

**W**HY are the hours filled with a loneliness,  
Haunting the days and nights in vague dis-  
tress,  
Now that his voice, his presence, has grown less?

'Tis not alone the imaged form I see,  
Craving to meet the deep necessity;  
But something more enduring yet—more free.

A subtle force comes from we know not where,  
A radiance flung, like music, on the air,  
Giving to life its purposed strength to bear.

In our high moments, soul-immersed are we;  
Untouched by earth's restless turbidity—  
Of world commotion and intensity.

Eternally surprising to each sex,  
Are those stern inner qualities that vex  
Or toss us, high and dry, like sand-bar wrecks.

Some oasis or some new isle we seek,  
Where, shared, the blasts of Winter seem less bleak,  
And Summer tides will temper hearts grown meek.

This human heart, whose ever tender strain  
Beats trustfully; its frailties and its pain  
Bared; tears of anguish here the truth make plain.

A new horizon! For us a new star!  
Our aspirations fired by distance are.  
Though unattained, joy signals from afar.

Here is the Light, within the transient clay!  
Man, the immortal, holds the flaming ray!  
A high divinity transforms his way.

And thus again, 'tis not the form nor face—  
But that which throbs within; a latent grace—  
Moulded of God, "His Image" to encase.

[*Lancaster, August 31, 1911.*]

## Abnegation

**T**HAT night as you lay in the dusk—  
In the dusk at my feet,  
I thought that this wide world could hold  
No rapture more sweet;  
That only a lover's strong fold  
Could make life complete.

But now in the cool rays of morn,  
Deprived of the charm  
Of emotions that keep the heart warm,  
And the thrill of your arm  
That vibrated through form to form,  
To shield from alarm;

I know that my duty lies *here*;  
Yet all love that's given  
Will help us, and make the way clear  
For our hopes of a heaven;  
Will hold us each closer and near  
To our longed-for lost heaven!

Oh, God! in Thy pitying might,  
I pray to be kept  
Close-clasped to the rigid-laid right,  
Where strong hearts have wept,—  
That my soul shall rise fair in Thy sight,  
From the furnace that slept!

[*San Francisco, Cal., 1892.*]

## Determination



HOLD no destiny shall claim me here!  
Poised in the hollow of a mighty hand  
Beneath the sunlight of a strange, new land,  
Reposed serene, I wait for skies to clear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not by the blow of breath nor wave of hands  
Are our great deeds accomplished, but they grow  
As tiny buds of feeling burst to bloom:  
Or as the bounding brooklets first have come  
From out their creviced mountain source to flow  
Onward through dark ravines to sweep broad lands.

[*San Gabriel Valley, Pasadena, Cal., May, 1891.*]

## Ambition

**S**HE was a fragile vine, and he—  
He rose a strong and towering tree  
Superb in manhood's majesty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Right at this sturdy column's foot  
Where its firm trunk had taken root  
A slender vine had sprung.  
His young sap-blood went pulsing high  
At touch of one so coy and shy  
Who, loving, crept and clung

Close to the rugged bark he wore,  
And trailed her graceful tendrils o'er  
In sweet timidity.  
He proudly spread his boughs about  
Pride shutting every sun-ray out  
From her, insensibly.

She, pensive, pined in discontent  
Hid from her native element,  
Which gave her strength to cling;  
And day by day she paler grew  
As deeper in the shade he threw  
This tender, faithful thing.

He reared his branches broad and high;  
Ambition lured him to the sky;  
(The vine looked up and sighed)  
Forgetful of youth's tenderness  
When life was fed with love's caress—  
(The vine drooped low and died).

True to her nature, even in death,  
She clung until a rude wind's breath  
    Consigned her to the ground,  
To be again to mother earth  
The same as ere 'twas given birth  
    To rise above its mound.

\* \* \* \* \*

The strong, staid tree grows gnarled and bowed;  
Its shadow falls, like sorrow's shroud,  
    O'er love that died so young;  
And from the place where one pure spark  
Had perished in the mould and dark  
    A poison ivy sprung!

[*San Francisco, Cal., 1890.*]

## Nightfall at Oshawana

[To Dr. and Mrs. Gillingham]

**A** FLUSH of sky, a field of grain,  
And the lily-bells ring a long-lost strain,  
Where the hillsides lie fresh-drenched in rain.

The wild sweet clover nods its head  
And marshals its serried ranks, where fed  
The rover bee, to honey wed.

Tall, stately poplars throw their shade  
In long lines by the ancient glade;  
And nature's voices—unafraid—

Ring jubilant at parting day,  
As distant sun-gleams fade away  
From winding roadways where we stray.

One lone star heralds from on high  
The new-born crescent in the sky;  
And night falls near us, tranquilly.

In murmurous breezes, languorous air,  
God all around us—unaware:  
The great world rests in silent prayer.

Out on the night a cricket's "cheep"  
And heart-ease comes as shadows creep  
Like guardians over all that sleep.

## Spring Showers

**W**HEN some mad gust of feeling overleaps  
The boundary line and plunges in the deep  
Of dreams—tear-laden by delayed desire—  
Then nature, in her mercy, bids us weep.

Kind mother, in her course of numbered hours—  
Who knows life's brief unrest and troublous showers,  
From out the darkest mould her secrets shrined,  
Once more released, behold transfigured powers!

The aftermath brings music, and the trill  
Of robin-mates in air; the high free will  
Of fairy fingers wreathing nights and days  
With Spring's rare miracle, and souls a-thrill!

[*May, 1912.*]



## June

**T**HY name must always bear, dear June,  
Faint incense of a deep content ;  
Of moonlit nights, rose-hedges scent,  
When the heart of the great world beats in tune.

[*Oscawana-on-Hudson, June, 1912.*]

## The Will of Love

**A**LL precious things it strives to interpose  
For its beloved: protection seeks and fame.  
Glamour of glory and high-sounding name;  
Applauds perfection wheresoe'er he goes.  
Guards prejudiced convention of his foes—  
Holds ever to the highest her lord's aim.  
Feeling and thought sent broadcast, as the flame,  
Attracts, burns and consumes. ('Tis love that knows!)

Accepts with tenderest grace this high control,—  
For at the centre truth and goodness reign:—  
Mutely awaits the flowering of the soul,  
When finite shall the infinite attain.—  
And dew-drenched asphodels appoint the goal—  
The sweet and bitter of love's joy or pain!

## Love's Message

**I**N secret places, in the olden time,  
Love found its way, surmounting space and  
clime;

To-day 'tis science that applies the torch  
And scalpel, searching for Love's wounds, and scorch,  
To analyze and learn its source; but stay!  
Love, snatched bald-headed, turns and runs away.

The soul will ever find its own and mate;  
Regardless, it embraces all with fate,  
And hallows every walk and inch of ground  
It traverses,—with its ideal found:  
Perpetuates in graven image—stone,  
In lines of beauty, where it claims its own:  
And animates cold marble into warm  
Semblance of pulsing life, in chiseled form;  
Illuminates in color, thought and heart  
United, on the canvas brushed by art.

And thus, throughout the universe, Love blends,  
Endows with magic man's deep purposed ends;  
Attunes the soul to its melodic chime,  
And rings untrammelled down the aisles of time;  
Wreathes golden halos round the commonplace,  
Enhances virtue with a new-found grace.  
To you, Oh! Artist-poet, let resound  
Through all the world, the message you have found!

## Destruction of the Temple

**T**INY match! A force in ambush lay!  
An accidental heel that trod that way  
Awoke the slumbering tyrant's conscious power.  
It leapt from low-born source to highest tower,  
And wrought swift devastation in an hour.

At first a spark—'twas like platonic love—  
Controlled it served; but let at random rove,  
Its fiery nature quick enamored, flew  
From primal source ignited, till it grew  
Into a flame, a roving, amorous sheet  
That wraps its mistress, turret, dome and feet;  
Brings her proud form low down into the dust  
Of ashes; fruits of its destructive lust.

And thus it ends, desire extinguished, fled!  
A brief fruition lies burned out and dead!  
Cold embers only mark where once was fire,  
A vultured greed—a smouldering funeral pyre!

*[Written on the burning of the Unitarian Church at Los Angeles,  
Cal., 1890.]*

## Renunciation

**G**OOD-BYE! Good-bye, at last!  
And draw a curtain deep as night  
Across the tortured tear-dimmed sight  
To hide that misspent past.

In years, when you recall,  
You'll hold her then as one you felt  
As pure as any babe that knelt,  
Or Eve before the fall.

If sin it was, forgive  
With God, and look within the heart—  
'Tis hard from life all love to part  
And be condemned to LIVE.

Sometime,—God wills it so—  
In some far, bright unfathomed land,  
Bared each to each our souls shall stand  
Where we're known as we shall know!

[1892.]

## Idol Affections

*"Our idols are our executioners"*

**W**HAT count these earthly baubles, things of  
state,  
When one loved best of all that's loved on  
earth

Has left us to a present desolate?

Where courted pleasures' place to pain gives birth!

I peer into the darkening, silent night.

Some eager thought or mute, unspoken word

Draw from your soul to mine, perchance I might,

To quell the battling of a hope deferred.

But chill and strange stands Silence there impaled!

No way past common ways to bear me out

By that grim sentinel so deeply veiled.

I sink into a dreamless sea of doubt.

I know—as one who listens after death—

Our distant paths were led apart, that we

Who hung for life upon each other's breath

Might greater faith through long endurance see.

From cold pale graves, and empty shrines shall roll,

Into some new-born brighter world of ours

The ripened growth from gardens of the soul—

Where once were weeds will then spring fairest  
flowers.

[Written at Castle Felsberg, Lucerne, 1897.]

## Oscawana

**D**AWN and a dewy hush!  
With a charm that bids us stay—  
Where Oscawana lies  
Near the portals of the day;  
Where the sun-kissed hills arise  
Till their summits far away  
Blend with the azure skies;  
And the soul of the upper world  
To the spirit of earth replies.

Dreams and a flood of gold,—  
Valleys of bloom and shade!  
Monarchs of centuries stand  
In the groves where God's temples were made—  
[“Temples not made by hand.”]  
And here lost beauty strayed—  
Trembled through all the land;  
And far through the silences played  
The music that we understand!

## Peace

[*Dedicated to Andrew Carnegie*]

**D**OW much, Oh soul of my life! my own—soul of  
my sleepless dream;

May we know of the great Beyond; or know—  
as we hear the mystical call—

Of the commoner things at hand, revealed through the  
iridescent gleam?

The prophets of earth who foretell, will they say  
when the dews of peace shall fall?

Oh, shadow soul of my day and my night; soul of my  
deep desire!

Light of my faith in the ultimate scheme, through-  
out the incalculable years!

I hear the unseen waves on the strand—the grey dusk,  
the white dawn's fire—

The innumerable dead who have gone before, through  
the silences. Dew of tears

From the longing mind, fills the heart's deep place.

The inevitable tides of life

Are surging with passionate love and its lure, from  
the depths to the lonely height.

The drifting stars, o'er the face of earth, illumine its  
tremulous strife,

And the soft low chant of the sea wave's beat washes  
the shores of Night.



Night of my soul and night of the years! Oh, darkening world desire,  
That haunts the sad wan multitude in the silent portal ways—  
When shall we banish the thrall of the spell of the blind, by the luminous fire?  
Fire of the wonderful *Word!* aflame, since the dim immemorial days,

In that timeless age, when the thought of His mind moved through the worldless space,  
And Light was born in the "image of God," and the craving spirit freed.  
When Man uprose and claimed the earth;—immortality for the race:  
And crowned himself with the Infinite, and gave his soul its need.

His prayerful songs ascend to heaven and sweep the immaculate ways;  
Their phantom echoes penetrate the deeps of the air and sea,  
As sound upon sound reverberates the hymn of eternal praise—  
The music of manifold release; the new world-harmony!

[*Harmon-on-Hudson, 1911.*]

## Memory's Visions

**O**UR life is dual; twice assured: in memory and reality.

Though what we are becomes obscured by others claimed identity:

Contorted by their own minds eye—revealed by litness or great  
Deeds or misdoings,—joy or sigh—measured by jealousy or hate.

Thank God, we stand for *what* we are before some high eternal throne

Of reason; freed from curse and jar of envious minds—even tho' alone.

The poet sings that "sorrows crown of sorrow sweet remembrance brings"

By some strange alchemy 'tis shown that memory holds the happiest things.

Old scenes came back to me last night, placed like a painting on the wall;

The canvas beamed in colorings bright, and faces dear—familiar, all

Were brought to mind, in word and song. The world was fair, rose-hedged the way—

And flowers were blooming all along; life seemed one bland eternal day.

In memory's picture, smart and slight were banished ;  
each one at his best  
As man to God, strove for his height: as God to man  
had marked his crest.  
Not creatures they of circumstance ; proud-messaged—  
borne beyond the "now"—  
Eternal-present! with them blent new meanings ; that  
a trumpets blow

Heralds us not ; our birth and death divides not life into  
a span—  
A section of the whole—a breath abiding but a space  
with man.  
For life is all eternity—and time a measurement in  
mind.  
Change intervenes—Infinity! to-morrow we new worlds  
may find.

## Heredity

[*The Common Cause*]

**A**LL creatures from a common source,  
We live and love and laugh, and sigh.  
A jest spent on the passer-by  
Propels life's wheels in even course  
*Sans* choice! True service lasts. Pent in  
Each frame and form, humanity  
Still palpitates. No worldly sin  
Or power of place or thought can free—  
(Ambitions perquisites, to *be!*)  
Can penetrate this pedestal,  
Which holds—God's will—a soul in thrall,  
To rob it of its type or kin;  
Descent from dim ancestral tie—  
Stamped by a *high heredity!*

## The Call of Spring



THOUGHT I heard the other day,  
The throb of spring.  
It echoed round the moss-grown wall  
In joyous ring  
Of happy-hearted children's call,  
And birds a-wing.

To-day it nestles in my heart—  
Heart of the rose—  
And bids the tiny petals start  
To buds and blows;  
And growth becomes God's great fine art  
All Nature knows!

## Consummation

**S**TAND still my soul and be recharged again!  
Be animated with the heavenly fire  
That flows from the Eternal Source to thee—  
And bids from all earth-bondage to be free—  
Life's purpose known through purified desire.  
The little forms of love come back to me  
And sanctify each act, and call it blest—  
A benediction from the brief unrest;  
God's way made ours—in final glad refrain.

Wrong has no place where hearts are purposeful;  
Communing strengthens each the other's need;  
Insight grows keener as the forms recede.  
From out the silence and the void *His* face  
Comes forth, life's needless turmoil to annul  
And holds the lesser things in chastened grace.  
And from the conflict, forces moral right  
To herald victory—and faith requite!

## Aftermath

[*To Mirza Ali Kuli Kakn, Attaché Persian Legation*]

**A**LL life is but a servitude!  
The rulers of the world are slaves!  
And labor does but garland graves  
While daylight lingers. Lone and nude—  
Dissolved in shadows of a night—  
The mists of morning find them bare;  
Adorned one moment in the glare  
Of broadest day, then lost to sight.

Our only friend is Memory!  
Youth lures us on, his bride to-day;  
To-morrow Age commands us stay!  
That sweet-voiced guest of sympathy  
Will sit beside us and will sing  
The songs of yesterday, and dwell  
On glories of the past, and tell  
Of that old time when Mirth was King!

Will look into our dimming eyes,—  
Recall the friends who joined so free—  
Who shared life's love and revelry  
And passed beyond to other skies.  
Oh, Ghost of Youth! Hebe divine!  
Old age is not too great a price  
For having once been young. Suffice  
Our cup holds naught of Lethe's wine.

When time has taken us so far  
That Memory's voice no longer wakes ;  
And Time—tomb-builder,—too, forsakes  
The path we tread in some new star ;  
And you and I shall wander through  
Life after life and plane by plane,  
Perchance we'll meet, and memory's reign—  
Wafted through years long passed from view,—

Will rush like rose-scents o'er the wind ;  
And we who laughed and sang before  
Will sing together here once more ;  
And so farewell, farewell, fair mind !

[*Greenacre, 1901.*]



## Non-Resistance

[*Response to a Friend*]

**A** THORNLESS rose would unprotected be,  
Before the world's cold blasts compelled to  
stand;

Shedding its fragrance over earth's broad land—  
God's inborn breath o'er life's immensity—  
Guiding the soul toward its eternity.

Perchance in other spheres by kindlier hand,  
Where Summer's voices breathe the high command,  
It grew within that world's hushed sanctity.

Faint influences of pasts, and lives to come,  
Throb inward, through a vain futility  
To leave their impress; borne resistlessly  
By the swift Light; whirled onward to their doom!  
[Forgetful of the twisted thorn or bloom],  
Guarded by God—in native purity.

## Chanson

[*To Alma Webster Powell*]

**G**IVEN as the birds, that herald to the morn  
Each day's approach, each new delight of dawn:  
So you, fair singer, waken in my breast  
A music, sweeter that it comes caressed  
From your fine soul,—your thought that moulds its  
form—  
And sends it forth in strains vibrant and warm;  
A kindred note from the vague world of sound  
That floats in hallowed circles far around  
In mystic charm of vocal silences.  
Sweet singer of the untold melodies!

## Love's Vision

[*To Baroness de Bazus*]



WOODLAND nymph came thirsting to the  
spring

Where once the God of Love had dipped his  
wing,

Leaving his impress; that the passer-by  
Might look and see Love's true reflection lie  
Tranquil, in waters undisturbed and deep,  
Where longing souls might drink, refresh, and keep  
This image in their heart, and deeds and life,  
To quench the thirst of selfishness and strife.

Love came one day and took me by surprise;  
I knew him not, in masterly disguise;  
But oft had dreamed of something near—akin—  
And then grew fearful lest I let him in.  
So, slowly, after years of duty, art  
Came near, to be of life an earnest part.

In fancy only, as a poet may,  
I'd quell the battlings of that other day;  
But still I long to look within the spring—  
To feed the hungering heart's faint whispering—  
Where *is* the nymph? the dancing woodland elf?  
I look once more—and only see—myself!

\* \* \* \* \*

And now I know, as one who paid the price,  
That love's true meaning is love's sacrifice!

## The Shadowy Third

[To Edwin Markham]

**W**HEN poets meet  
There comes the mingling of the sweet  
Incense of mind to mind; replete  
With fancy, imagery, and word  
By sympathetic union stirred  
To life. When two shall—blending—meet  
They image forth a shadowy third!  
For from this chemistry of thought  
A magic minstrelsy is wrought.

## Petite Papillon

**O**H, belated butterfly!  
Something in me stirs to sing  
As you spread your yellow wing,  
Floating 'neath the sky;  
Like a breath from out the South  
Into cool November's drought  
Ere you fade and die.  
Holding yet one more day's life  
In that shape where God is rife.  
Nothing more am I!

[*Music by Clarence de Vaux-Royer.*]

[*Mt. Allison University, New Brunswick, November, 1899.*]

## Telepathy

**A**LONE! Unbroken silences!  
Far out across the void to me  
Beyond sense-sight and hearing; free  
From speech's faint influences;

Borne on the fine etheric waves  
From battery of mind to mind,  
True as the arrow, to its kind,  
Your life-thought comes and saves.

Flows like the lighter waves of love  
Sent through this medium of the air—  
Pregnant with purpose, strong to bear—  
The subtle law to prove.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who shall acclaim *this* as the end?  
Or limit *here* the heart's desire?  
The heavens, with all their finer fire,  
Respond where prayers ascend.

Behold man's powers multiplied!  
Mind penetrates the fleshly screen  
Where Earth and Essence meet—convene—  
Unite, soul-pacified!