

LAURELS

By LAURA PAYNE EMERSON

11



185

LIBRARY OF
CALIFORNIA

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

1918

Copyright by
LAURA B. PAYNE

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst



LAURA PAYNE EMERSON

CONTENTS

P53509
M47
L3

Appeal to the Proletariat, An.....	66-67
As It Shall Be.....	52-53
Baby Donald	62
Bolsheviki, The	40-41
Cosmic Consciousness	13
Country School, The.....	60-61
Dawn in the East, The.....	38 to 40
Death in the Cottage, The.....	48 to 50
Gertrude and Geraldine.....	16-17
Hobo, The	56 to 58
Industrial Workers of the World, The.....	56 to 59
I Am	37
In the Valley of Shadows.....	13 to 15
Liberty	15-16
Lines to Lena.....	68
Love	29 to 31
Meditation	32-33
Memories and Hope.....	17 to 19
My Castle	31-32
My Church	63
My Floweret	65-66
Never Alone	64-65
Picture of Farm Life, A.....	26 to 29
Restitution and Retribution.....	44 to 46
Robbie and Jim.....	19 to 23
School Memories	63-64
Soul Knoweth Its Own, The.....	23 to 25
Today	9-10
To Gertrude	34-35
To You	11-12
Trusting	35-36
Vision, A	41 to 43
Voice of the Soul, The.....	66-67
Wayfarer's Query, The.....	25-26
What the Angels Saw.....	53 to 56
Woman's Prayer, A.....	50 to 52
White Rose	68-69

191

**Kindly dedicated to all those
who toil, and those who think**

MY VIEWS ON THE WAR.

As we go to press on this little volume, the great world war is raging. It is March 27, 1918, the seventh day of the great German drive on the west front and the outcome is still uncertain. I do not offer the following as a prophecy, but as my friends have requested me to give my opinion on the great war I make the following statement as to my belief about things as they now are. Of course time will tell whether I am right.

I believe this war had to be. Conditions and forces leading up to it which cannot be explained here, made it imperative. I believe the Germans will finally be overwhelmed and utterly defeated, not altogether by the Allied nations now opposing them, but by the Russian proletariat, also.

The action of the Germans in invading Russia, and her apparent determination to re-establish the old order has shown the Bolsheviki that they must fight to uphold their revolution.

It may be said that all capitalist countries would be glad to see the Russian working class regime overthrown, and that Germany is no worse than any of the others would be if the opportunity were afforded them as it was Germany. Perhaps that is so, but we must not forget that President Wilson refused to sanction a Japanese intervention in Si-

beria, and has offered to aid Russia in any way possible. No doubt his attitude on this question prevented the Japanese Government from laying hands on Siberia.

I believe that the rise of the proletariat of Russia, and the part they are destined to play in this great struggle are but the beginning of the world revolution which will follow this war or perhaps end it.

While I am an internationalist I do not think it best to oppose this country in its war program. In fact, I believe that to help it will hasten the time for which we long, the day of industrial freedom.

LAURA PAYNE EMERSON.



Miscellaneous Poems

TODAY.

Be happy today while the sky is bright,
And the birds are singing with cheerful delight.
Let the smiles of contentment your face adorn,
For the world is too full of the sad and forlorn.
Let songs of rejoicing pour forth from your soul,
And symphonies grand ever heavenward roll.
Chant not a dirge as you journey along,
But make the world ring with life's beautiful song.

Be generous today with your love and gold,
While the suffering millions of young and old,
Are reaching their eager hands for bread,
And sighing for words that are never said—
Words of affection and sweet tenderness,
Touches of hands in the gentle caress.
Give, oh, give freely, these gems of great worth,
Of which this old world has had so much dearth.

Be gentle today with the wayworn and sad,
Who, footsore and weary, hungry and half-clad,
Come timidly knocking upon your back door,
Begging even the crumbs from your dining-room floor.
Remember they're human, they suffer and feel
Pangs which perhaps they now seek to conceal.

Grieve not for the heathen in far away lands.

Among China's millions or on Afric's hot sands;
But in sympathy sweet, oh, list to the plaint
Of the one at your door, be he sinner or saint,
And do not withhold the crust nor the cup,
But bid him come in to rest and to sup.

Be hopeful today for the final success
Of the good in the world to conquer distress;
For if it be true that our thought's are things,
Then let them bear out on their snowy white wings
Rich burdens of love and hope and delight,
That will bring back the fruit on their homeward flight
To brighten earth's hills and desolate plains
And fill all the land with love's peaceful refrains.

Then let us be happy today and try
To live for the now, not the bye and bye.
For if in life's drama we act our part well,
We need have no fears of the torments of hell.
Today is the day of salvation, oh friend,
The day to do right, the day to amend.
The day to find heaven about you lying,
To know that you're saved without waiting or dying.

The day to commune with the saints over there,
The day you may realize answer to prayer,
The great day of judgment when sentence is passed
And the sheep and the goats appear in contrast;
The day that the soul may find happy release
And rejoice in a heaven of infinite peace,
By casting out sorrow, Satan and sin,
And bidding pure love rule the kingdom within.

TO YOU.

You do not love me? Well, then, perhaps
It is because you do not know me.
Whoever you are, wherever you may be,
If you could stand beside me this day
And, looking in upon my brain
Read there the lofty sentiments and grand
That forever formulate themselves
Into messages of love, and hope, and praise
That flash like living fire along the wires
Of my being for every living thing,
You would understand and love me.

If you could sit beside me today
As I ponder the woes of the world,
And, turning the tablets of my heart
Read thereon the sorrow, the yearning,
The indescribable sadness I feel
For the oppressed and suffering millions,
See how the pains of each man, woman and child
In the great slave markets of the world
Pierce my heart and leave their traces there,
How their woes become my burdens,
How the tragedies of their pitiful lives,
Like tumultuous waves o'erwhelm me.

How the cry of the little children
Rings through the corridors of my soul
And reverberates from peak to peak,
From crag to crag, and up, and down the valleys
Of the perdition where I struggle with the strugglers
In a fierce contest for existence,
If you could so read, you would at least not hate me.

Or if you could look back along the way I've come,
See the awful nights of pain and anguish,
The Calvarys I've climbed, the Gethsemanes known,
The storms I've buffeted and battles fought,
See the suns that have set behind mountains of despair,
The flowers that have faded and fallen from my hand,
The unmarked graves where lie my buried hopes,
The wrecks and ruins of the castles I have built,
The seas where my ships have gone down,
The conflagration in which my joys were consumed,
You would know me better, and would pity me.

Again, if you could stand beside me today
And look, with me, out over the landscape of futurity,
See, as I do, the sun rising out of darkness
To light a glorious and eternal day,
The flowers bursting into beauty and bloom,
The resurrection morn of my buried hopes,
The peaceful ports where my ships lie anchored,
The glittering castles that tower above
The ruins of my former ones,
My joys that leaped unmarred from the furious flames,
If you could behold the bright mountain of resolve

Whereon I have reared an altar and placed myself
A living sacrifice to human good
(Unselfishly, if unselfishness to mortal be possible)
If you could see and know this as I do,
Feel the strong motives that move me,
You would rejoice with me in fellowship and good will,
Clasp my hand in the warm friendship I crave,
Press me to your bosom in sympathy and blessing,
Give me that which I am freely giving you,
And for which I so much long from you, Love.

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS.

There are times when my conquering soul
Feels its divine mastership.
When I put all obstacles underneath my feet,
And, looking far out o'er life's dominions
See clearly the meaning and majesty of all.
And in that hour details do not concern me,
But with one swift sweeping glance
I see and understand.
And in such moments what to me
Are earth's trivial disappointments,
The clamoring, surging sea of humanity
That tries, and fails and falls,
The sorrow, suffering, misery and death,
That blot the fair face of nature
And seemingly make of life a hideous nightmare?
Since to my soul is revealed in that quick glance
The cosmic life complete and whole,
And I know that all things tend toward the good.
That what appears an endless chain of disasters
Is but the process of evolution
That lifts all life to higher planes of consciousness.

IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS

I went down the Valley of Shadows,
Where the darkness of sickness lay,
The sun was hid by the mountains,
And I thought it would never come day.
Thick forests and marshy swamplands
Spread 'round me on every side,

Where I felt as if venomous reptiles
In dark recesses might hide.

But is this all I saw in the valley?
Ah, no! Strange lights beamed 'round me oft times,
And I saw, instead of this region
Most healthful and beautiful climes.
The lights seemed to come from the ocean
Of radiant, infinite light,
And for a few moments would scatter
The clouds of that terrible night.

And in that Valley of Shadows
I found I was never alone,
For oft when the way was darkest,
My loved ones, who long had been gone,
Would come forth out of the stillness
And silently walk by my side.
We talked, but our language was voiceless,
As thoughts on life's limitless tide.

I never had known till that journey,
Down into the Valley of Death,
Where the fever gripped my vitals—
Almost stilled my heated breath—
How close they lie together,
This world and that one there!
How the shadows that darken this one
Burst forth into beauty there!

So closely lie these countries,
And so nearly are they one,
That when I walked in silence,
That vale without a sun,
My kindred souls from both worlds

Most sweet communion found
As they worked and prayed together
On one common meeting ground.

They have borne me from the Valley,
On the golden waves of Love,
And I thank my blessed angels—
Those on earth and those above—
But I know they dwell together
Where the two worlds interblend,
And upon love's shining ladder
Everlastingly ascend.

LIBERTY

O, Liberty! peace crowned and beautiful,
Fairest goddess conceived by mortal mind,
Or fashioned by human hand;
Standing where the waves triumphant lash the shore,
Thy light doth shine on sea and land forevermore.

Liberty, fairest gem in earth's bright galaxy!
In all the ages men have dreamed of thee,
And longed to clasp thee in a close embrace,
But ever hast thou held aloof from earth,
Waiting for a nobler race to have its birth.

O, Goddess, fair! most holy and prophetic
Are the gleams that flash and stream
From the torch in thy majestic hand;
For promises are they that thou shalt one bright day
Come to this greed-cursed land, to stay.

Blest Liberty! when thou shalt reign triumphant,
Woman and man shall both be free—
None shall e'er more bear the name of slave,
And this the land of freedom's noble fame,
Shall be worthy its illustrious name.

GERTRUDE AND GERALDINE

In the Springtime of my life,
While yet the flush of girlhood rouged my cheek,
From out the unfathomable past
You came forth unto me, my children, dear.
And oh, what joy, what mystery
Were folded up within your babyhood!
Warm and soft, and precious as my life,
I pressed you to my bosom in ecstatic delight,
Gertrude and Geraldine.

And every day since then I have thanked
The giver of all good things for you.
Looking through the mists of futurity
He must have seen how much I should need you;
For in the strange, changeful life I've led
You two have stood like beacon lights
Upon the shore of my earthly existence,
Gertrude and Geraldine.

Or like angels of light, I have beheld you,
Whose fair white hands have reached me,
No matter where I have wandered.
Bereft of all in life but you, dear ones,
I have lived for you, worked for you,
And have borne you each day, my loves,

To the holy shrine of thanksgiving and prayer,
And there have met with God,
Gertrude and Geraldine.

You have been my anchor in storm,
My light in darkness, and my hope;
My comfort, my inspiration, my counselors and guides,
Your little white hands pressed into mine,
In confidence, love and trust,
Have taught me the meaning of faith and trust in God,
Gertrude and Geraldine.

MEMORIES AND HOPE.

I watch the leaves of autumn
As slowly down they fall,
And they make me think of a vanished form
Now gone beyond recall.

I watch the Spring day flowers
And hear the bird notes sung,
And think of one I learned to love
When the Spring was fair and young.

I walk the streets, times often
Alone 'mid the busy throng,
And peer into each eager face
As it swiftly moves along;

Aye, scan their anxious faces,
I know not hardly why;
But it seems as if I might see him
Among the passers-by.

Sometimes in field or woodland
I think alone to roam,
And hold communion with my God
Beneath fair Nature's dome;

But with the swaying breezes,
And the brooklet's murmuring tone,
There comes a voice that seems to say,
"Think not you are alone."

Sometimes I watch the dancers
As they move to music's chime,
And I catch a glimpse of a face most dear,
I knew in a former time,

That sets my pulses thrilling,
And dizzy turns my head;
But, then, I know it is not he,
For they tell me he is dead.

Yet the likeness sets me thinking
Of a ballroom in the past,
Where we whirled through the mazy dance
In bliss too sweet to last.

To church sometimes on Sundays
I take my weary way,
To hear the organ's solemn notes,
And with the people pray;

Then, while the mighty anthems
Make saddest souls rejoice,
I listen, for it seems to me
I hear a well known voice.

Sometimes around the old hearthstone
We meet at Christmastide—
The brothers, sisters, parents, all
Now scattered far and wide,

And always when I look around
Upon that circle gay
My heart aches at the vacant seat
By me on Christmas day.

Sometime I'll cross the river,
And join the mighty throng,
And help them sing the chorus
In accents sweet and strong.

And when the organ's pealing,
My soul will then rejoice;
For I shall not be mistaken—
I know I'll hear your voice.

And sometime over yonder
We'll meet at Christmastide,
The children and the parents
And loved ones true and tried;

And in that family circle
There'll be no vacant seat;
No hearts will then be aching,
For life will be complete.

ROBBIE AND JIM.

It was Thanksgiving Day in the morning.
The ground was all covered with sleet,

And two little children were standing
Half clad in the slippery street.
Their faces were pinched and haggard;
Their figures were dwarfed by the cold,
And, while they in years were but children,
Each visage looked careworn and old.

"I should like to eat dinner in that house,"
Said Robbie to poor little Jim,
As he pointed toward a grand mansion
With a finger all bony and slim;
"I know they'll have turkey and good things,
'Cause yesterday evenin', quite late,
I saw them a-bringin' the things in
As I waited beside the back gate.

"I was hungry and cold, and 'twas rainin',
My papers hung here at my side,
For I felt too tired to sell 'em,
And so all the day had not tried.
A lady came where I was standin'
And told me to run on away,
But I said: 'Please, ma'am, I'm hungry;
I've had nothing to eat this whole day.

"'Oh, will you not give me a penny
To buy just a morsel of bread,
For there's no one to love and feed me
Since dear, pretty mamma is dead?'
But she said: 'Go 'long away with you!
I've nothing for beggars tonight.'
So then I crept home and found you, Jim,
And slept till the broad daylight."

"Robbie," spoke Jim, with a gesture,

"I can remember quite well
When papa and mamma were livin'
We had things awfully swell!
We lived in a neat, pretty cottage
Right up in the best of the town,
And our Thanksgivin' dinner, I tell you,
Was always done up brown.

"Then my papa somehow got to drinkin'
And soon our nice dwellin' was gone,
While all our silver and jewelry
My mamma had to pawn.
One night they came carryin' papa
All bleedin' and pale from a wound.
He died and then was buried
'Way down in the cold, damp ground.

"Then my mamma took to pinin',
Or that's what the neighbors said,
And one morn when I went to kiss her
She was dreadfully pale; yes, dead!
And while the snowdrops were fallin'
And the wind was a-goin' oo, oo!
They took her off to the graveyard
And buried her away, too.

"Since then I've been sellin' papers
And runnin' on errands for bread,
But many's the time, dear Robbie,
I've gone hungry and cold to my bed.
And I was so lonely at night time
That I called for poor mamma, tho' dead,
Until I found you in the street there
And asked you to sleep in my bed.

“Now, just see here what I’ve been savin
(Holding out a purse, greasy and slim)
All to buy a Thanksgivin’ dinner
For poor little Robbie and Jim.
Of course, they’ll have turkey and good things
In that big, fine house ’cross the street,
But think, we’ll have salted peanuts
And popcorn, just all we can eat.

“And if we have enough money
We’ll call for a piece of mince pie.
Come, Robbie, and let us be goin’.
Won’t that be a-livin’ high?”
And his partner, in sickness and hunger,
He seized and hurried away
To the joys so long anticipated,
Of a dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

Now, the story of these little children
Is the story of human life—
A tale of troubles and heartaches,
Of struggles in earth’s weary strife.
The woman within the grand mansion
Represents that class, who today
Oppress and defraud the masses,
And then hypocritically pray

That God will have mercy on them;
And save them from Satan and Sin
And open the doors of His kingdom
To let the poor sufferers in.
But the Christ lifted up the fallen,
And healed the lame and the blind,
And taught the wonderful lessons
Of how to cure body and mind.

He reached out His hand to the children,
Bidding them to be happy and whole,
And said: "Of such is the Kingdom
Of Heaven," the infolded soul.
In this world there are many urchins
Like poor little Robbie and Jim,
But does anyone think to liken
The Kingdom of Heaven to them?

THE SOUL KNOWETH ITS OWN

I knew you when I met you—
Recognized your soul-lit face—
And the form—tall, straight and supple,
With its slender, manly grace—
Had you been already wedded
By ten thousand earthly ties,
Yet my soul would hold and claim you
For its own in paradise.

As the maiden by the seaside
Looks out o'er the tossing main
For the longed-for ship's returning
That would bring her loved again,
So I've looked across life's desert—
'Cross its surging, restless sea
For the ship of sea or desert
That would bring my own to me.

In my dreams I've stood beside you
On the sun-kissed hills of life,
Left all earthly cares behind me,
All the world's unfriendly strife,

And our souls have interblended
In a sweet, entrancing bliss!
In a union blessed by angels,
"In one grand eternal kiss."

Today my soul's prophetic vision
Scans the realms of time and space,
And I know that way out yonder
I shall meet you face to face;
That you'll know me at that meeting,
By the joys of other days,
When we roamed in bliss together
Through the long Olamic days.

Lonely through earth life I've wondered,
And I thought you had not come
Down from those bright field Elysian,
Through this saddened life to roam;
And my heart had grown so senseless
To the pleading tone of love,
That I feared it ne'er would waken
Tho' you called me from above.

But, ah, me! when first I saw you
How my heart stood still with joy!
And I realized the power
Of a love time can't destroy.
Then I knew my soul was chastened
By the mighty fires of love;
That God's hand had sealed our union
At an altar high above.

In the grand eternal future
You shall know me as your own,
And may read the runic record

When your cares away are thrown,
Of two lives in one life blended
By the mighty powers that be,
And you'll love me, aye, and call me,
As my soul calleth now for thee.

Out o'er hill and dale and mountain,
Steals my soul away tonight,
Seeking through the mists and shadows,
Through the darkness and the light,
For its own, for thee, beloved,
Since no force hath power to keep
Soul from unto soul low calling,
"Deep from answering unto deep."

All the sounds of sweet, sad music,
That so oft my soul o'erflow,
Are the memories of the age-long
Life with you, where radiant glow
Gems of purest thought and music
'Mongst the scenes of angel land
Where we'll wander yet, my darling
Heart to heart and hand in hand.

THE WAYFARER'S QUERY.

O, what is the meaning of life,
With its endless routine of strife,
Its hopes and fears,
Disappointments and tears,
O, what is the meaning of life?

The soul, how it sighs and sings!

Like a harp of ten thousand strings,
Like the moan of the sea,
Or the rain on the lea,
The saddest of all sad things.

How we long always to be glad,
Yet oftenest we are sad;
For the joys that we crave
We are given a grave
With its heap of fresh dirt and a slab.

And, O, how we long for love!
The completeness of life to prove;
How we stretch our hands
'Cross the weary lands
For the freedom of carrier dove.

Then tell me, O sage, if you can,
The why of life's intricate plan.
The sensitive soul,
O, its mysteries unroll;
Explain them, O sage, if you can.

A PICTURE OR FARM LIFE

I can never quite get over
 Bein' raised upon a farm,
And around that old log farm house
 There lingers many a charm;
So when the days get shorter,
 And a chill is in the air,
I kinder have a longin'
 And a wishin' I was there.

I can ne'er forget my father
When we lived on the farm,
And I trudged to the school house—
(That school house has a charm).
How, when the day was rainy,
Or it snowed, I'd see 'im come
A-gallopin' on Jacob,
Our horse, to take me home.

Then when the day was ended,
And the teacher turned us out,
We'd grab our shawls and buckets,
Play tag, and sing and shout,
Until I'd hear my father
Say: "Laura, come, let's go."
Then with me up behind him
We'd go boundin' o'er the snow.

And when the horse went faster,
My father'd reach his arm
Right back and hold me to 'im
All the way out to the farm,
And ne'er have I felt safer
From fallin' or from harm,
Than when my father held me
With his strong and lovin' arm.

And then those winter evenin's—
The supper and the games;
The marks made in the ashes,
And called our sweetheart's names;
The tales told 'round the fireside,
The apples thawin' there,
The crackin' nuts and laughter,
Are remembrances most dear.

The Springtime with its flowers,
Its openin' buds and trees.
The Summer with its wheatfields,
Its clover and its bees;
And then the Autumn golden,
When apple, peach and pear
Hung temptingly above us
In abundance rich and rare.

These, and a thousand others,
Are the blessin' and the charms
That meet and greet the children,
Who are reared upon the farms.
They're healthy and they're happy,
Their cheeks are full and pink;
Their minds are strong and active;
They have the power to think.

No, I never can get over
Bein' raised upon a farm;
And, if I had it in my power—
I'm sure 'twould do no harm—
I'd gather all poor children
Who in cities now reside,
And o'er this broad, fair country
Would scatter far and wide.

I'd take these millions acres
And turn 'em into farms,
With houses neat and roomy,
With horses, sheds and barns,
With implements for farmin',
And men to till the land,
That all who lived upon 'em
Great plenty could command.

Then all the sufferin' millions,
Of homeless and distressed,
Now crowded in large cities,
Pale, sickly and oppressed;
I'd snatch from out those hovels
Where hopelessly they dwell
To fill these homes of comfort
And happiness compel.

'Twould do me good to see 'em
Standin' out among the trees,
Where the bobolinks were singin',
Where they'd feel the balmy breeze;
Where the sun could shine upon 'em,
And each day bring forth its charm.
Oh, there's nothin' else like growin'
Up from childhood on the farm.

Whether in the cot or palace,
Wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
'Mid life's scenes of joy or sorrow,
Comes a memory of that home,
And I know when these reflections
Bring their sweet and sacred charm,
I can never quite get over
Bein' raised upon a farm.

LOVE

O, Love, divine, from portals high,
Descend on us this day;
Light up our pathway here below

With thy transcendent ray;
Baptize us with the rainbow hues
That bathe fair Heaven's dome,
And wreath thy richest garlands round
Our country and our home.

For what were life without
Thy sweet, entrancing, soothing balm.
What else but thee could compensate
The soul for griefs that come,
And storms that sweep in maddening rage
Our trembling being o'er,
Leaving the wreckage tossed and strewn
Upon a barren shore?

For when the soul is tempest tossed,
Amid the breakers' roar,
'Tis Love points out the beacon lights
Along the distant shore.
Love whispers hope, "Hope sees a star,"
E'en when the mist hang low
And casts the sunshine on the cloud
Where smiles the welcome bow.

And "listening Love" hath caught the sound
Of angels' rustling wings,
And looks across the chasm of death,
Beyond earth's troublous things,
And sees again the golden chain
Of sympathy sublime,
Binding in one all kindred souls,
Eternity and time.

For height, nor depth, nor space, nor time,
Nor any powers that be,

Can separate the souls that love,
Or keep thine own from thee.
Amid the eternal ways we stand
Where tempests fret and moan,
But e'en through death or what may come,
The soul shall claim its own.

MY CASTLE

I built a castle, grand and fair,
Whose turrets gleamed high in the air.
Then fancy on her shining wings
Bore me away in search of things
With which to decorate its walls,
And folks to promenade its halls.
I brought all that I held most dear
My sad and lonely heart to cheer,
Placed him I loved upon its throne,
And called it all my very own.

One night there came an awful gale,
While we, all trembling, scared and pale,
Knelt down and tried to pray and trust
In God, and perish if we must.
And when 'twas o'er, my house, I found,
Was torn and tumbled to the ground;
My idols all had found a tomb
Beneath its ruin, wreck and gloom.

“Mourn not thy castle in the air,”
A voice spoke from I know not where.
“Its walls were frail and could not stand
The storms that blow o'er this strange land.

Take up the burden at thy door,
Toil on and count thyself not poor,
And when thou comest to yon bright hill
Rapture and joy thy soul shall fill."

I said then I shall cease to build,
Be passive where before I've willed,
And let supernal love suggest
That which for me will be best.
O, God! I cannot stand alone!
There's nothing that is all my own,
I'm part of one great Over Soul
Who doth my destiny control.

Then lo! upon a hill-crest bright,
Loomed a castle grand and white,
And the voice spoke gently as before,
Saying: "This shall stand forevermore.
Its marble walls and chambers vast
Were fashioned in the eternal past,
And all that round thy soul doth cling,
To this fair temple thou shalt bring.
The house of air, see why it fell?
That thou shouldst come to this to dwell."

MEDITATION

I know that as long as I live
In this land where the teardrops flow,
That angels will hold my hand

In my wanderings to and fro—
That no day can be so dark
But a light on me will fall;
No night so full of pain
But that love will sweeten all.

Though the road be strewn with thorns,
Over which my feet must tread,
And the goal of my earthly life
Seems the earning of daily bread;
Yet the thorns will wither away,
And roses for me will bloom,
And above earth's sordid gains
The goal of my quest shall loom.

Earth has no sorrow so great
As to crush me with utter despair;
No burden it can impose
That I am unable to bear;
For I know that my bark must touch
Every dark or shimmering shore—
Must learn to anchor safe,
Be calm 'mid the breakers' roar.

And e'en when I tread the vale,
Where death leads down to the grave,
With joy I shall hail that day,
And palms of victory wave;
For I know that the tides of life
On a fairer shore will break
When I lay this body down
An immortal one to take.

TO GERTRUDE.

You are gone from my sight
Blessed child of my youth,
And my soul weeps on Calvary's Hill,
While I sigh mid the clouds
And the blackness of night,
For the sound of a voice that is still.

First born of my love
Fare you well, fare you well!
How can I live on without you
When your sweet angel presence
God lent from above
No more in this world I shall know.

It seemed all a dream
When I stood by your bier
And beheld your pale beautiful face,
Your hands like white marble
So shapely and fair,
At rest in their maidenly grace.

That mayhap I should wake
To find you still here
The terrible nightmare forgot;
But alas! 'twas not dreaming.
My heart seems to break
While I wait for a form that comes not.

Not the grief of despair
Do I feel; for I know
That my darling one is not dead—
That she's only arisen

Transcendently fair
Like a bride to her love to be wed.

O would I could see
You today, blessed one,
Embraced by an ocean of love,
Happy and free in the realm of song,
Where your soul longed to be,
In your home far above.

Not one drop of bliss
Do I grudge you, dear child,
In the plains your soul loves the best
Nor would I recall you
Again unto this
Where you were so often distressed.

But sometimes, dear child,
When my spirit grows calm,
And the shadows of twilight descend,
O may you not waft me
A message of love,
Surcease of my sorrow to lend?

TRUSTING

When winds and waves are raging
Through every threadbare sail,
And my bark seems most unlikely
To stem the powerful gale,
I drop my oars, am quiet,
And say: Let come what will,
All safe in the arms Infinite,
I know I am resting still.

E'en though my boat is stranded,
And the wild waves dash me o'er,
I yet shall make my moorings
Upon some other shore ;
Or if the worlds should crumble,
And back to chaos fall,
Serene, unhurt, undaunted,
I would triumph over all.

No matter where I wander—
On desert-land, or sea,
Or out and on for ages,
In the blue immensity—
I shall not be lost nor injured,
For the Father's hand will guide,
And within the love unfailing,
I shall evermore abide.

For since I'm part and parcel
Of the great Eternal Whole,
I'd as soon think God could perish
As that I could lose my soul ;
Or that height or depth or distance,
Or any powers that be,
Could intercept the current
That bears my own to me.

The hand that guides the wild bird
Through trackless seas of air
To fields in sunny Southlands,
With matchless skill and care,
I know will guide my footsteps
In paths my feet should tread ;
In the only royal highway
I know I shall be led.

I AM.

I am from everlasting to everlasting,
Always was and ever shall be,
When the morning stars sang together
And the worlds sailed forth in glee
I was present, beheld their creation,
I! boundless, eternal and free!

I am the truth all embracing,
I am all that was, is, or can be,
I am the fount of all knowledge,
The universe in epitome,
I am, my friend, what you are,
And you are undoubtedly me.

And this is the reason, my brother,
Your sorrow pierces my soul
As we journey and struggle together
Where the wheels of experience roll,
And we get not a perfect perception
Of the truth and the path to our goal.

So rise in your majesty, brother!
Stand up and claim your own.
Why feed on husks any longer,
Why wander sad and alone,
For you are the truth all sufficient
And all that there is, is your own.

I'll arise and go to my Father,
His richest robes I'll don,
In His house I'll rest and feast me
While the gladsome years roll on.
Mine is His boundless kingdom,
For the Father and I are one.

Poems of the Revolution

THE DAWN IN THE EAST.

O "Darkest Russia"! through thy fading gloom
I see the red splendor of the new day dawn.
While o'er all the world the black
Angel of death and destruction
Has spread his wings, and ugly vultures
Jostle each other in their mad scramble for prey,
And while the people, horror stricken,
Wait in mute despair for the worst to come,
I search the heavens and earth
For one ray of hope or joy,
And find it, O Russia, in thee.
Like the Aurora Borealis
The light of thy revolution
Blazes up over the northern sky;
And, in mysterious manner,
Piercing the darkness of night
Sends its radiant beams to the uttermost
Parts of the earth.
In thy determination to stand
For Industrial Freedom
Even tho' the armies of imperialism
Thunder at thy gates and invade
Thy borders, thou hast stirred
The spirit of hope and admiration
In the breast of the toilers of all lands.
And as the Armageddon draws nearer,

And the gloom of the nations thickens,
We turn our eyes to the north,
And watch for the rosy hues
To penetrate and scatter the night.
Down all the stretch of history
To the present time there has been
No such spectacle! Millions have
Fought and died for freedom so called,
But never so many millions
Of the oppressed working men and women
At any time, in any land,
Have thrown off their shackles,
And defied the ruling class
With all its military strength
To put them down, or force them to retreat.
O, Russia! land of the knout, the dungeon and
Siberia

May the "Holy War" make possible
The realization of thy dream.
To arms! To arms! Ye people.
Thine is a righteous cause;
And neither Hun, nor Jap,
Nor all the Turks of Turkey, can prevail
Against Thee when thou shalt rise
In the might and majesty
Of thy awakened millions.
And what is it thou dost demand?
Only that all shall be free
To work, to live, to love, and enjoy
The fruits of their labor.
That the land, and all of those things
Necessary to the common weal
Shall be free. That no man shall be
Slave to another; but that all
Shall have equal opportunity for

The fullest expression of the true self.
That human plants in the garden of God
Shall never more be deprived of the
Elements necessary to their perfect growth.
Thou hast thy quarrel just, Dear Russia,
Now dark no more; for thou art emancipated
From slavery, and nothing else matters.
Thou wilt find a way to victory o'er thy foes.
In my imagination I can see the spirits
Of the millions who have died in exile
Or under the bloody lash along
The corpse strewn road to Siberia.
Rise and gather to battle with those
Who now struggle to be free.
O, that the "Holy War" may spread
To all nations and wipe forever from
The face of the earth, Capitalism,
With its profiteering, its prisons,
Its slums, its poverty, its war and woe.

THE BOLSHEVIKI.

All hail to thee! Bolsheviki,
Ye sons of toil, all hail!
You are on the track, you can't turn back,
You are right, you cannot fail.
Oh Red Guards brave, you have come to save
The world, and make men free
From the "Iron Heel". Let tyrants feel
Your power for liberty.

I pray for thee, Bolsheviki—
Sons of a land oppressed—

You rise at last from an awful past
And start on your noble quest.
May your haughty foe be forced to go!
Let him bow to your sovereign will.
If he would be fed let him earn his bread,
Would he live let him pay the bill.

May old things pass, and the working class
Take charge of the earth, most fair,
The strong arm of might be coupled with right
In Russia and everywhere.
May your armies be blest till that class is suppressed
Who have held you in slavery's thrall—
Till their voices are hushed, their authority crushed
And freedom's flag waves over all.

Then success to thee! Bolsheviki,
And Red Guards true and brave—
You are pointing the way to a better day
To the freedom of the slave.
O that my eyes may behold the rise
Of the great majority
In every land to take their stand
For God and humanity.

The following poem was written and published
two years before the great war began, and while the
world was practically at peace.

A VISION.

On the heights of the world, where its flags unfurled
Gave token of prowess and might,
I stood to behold a scene unfold,

A solemn and awful sight:
The thunders of war sounded near and far,
And the storm-cloud hovered low,
The eagles screamed, and the war-knife gleamed
Athwart the reddening glow.

For the time had come for the fife and drum
To call the millions forth,
More power to bring to Mammon, the King,
Through the nations of the earth.
On they came, in His glorious name,
The ranks of the uniformed braves,
They fought and died, or were crucified,
And slept in forgotten graves.

The King and Czar looked on from afar,
And Emperors and Presidents,
From safe retreats, in their lofty seats,
Looked down on the battlements,
While counsellors, wise, watched the fall and rise
Of the struggling, battling throng,
The gain or loss of their monied boss,
Their country! right or wrong.

The armies grew, and the missiles flew,
And rivers of blood ran deep;
Such carnage and hate the Devil would sate,
Or make the angels weep;
But Mammon is bold, and his heart is cold,
And Shylock must have his pound,
So there is no peace, but the wars increase
Till they reach the whole world 'round.

But hark! Arise! There's a light in the skies,
And an army stands out on the field;

They carry no gun, nor march, nor run,
But, like iron, they will not yield.
'Tis the Labor band, who now command
That war shall be no more;
The king, accursed, shall lie in the dust,
His reign of terror o'er.

"They feed the world, they clothe the world,"
These women and children and men;
They furnish their sons, and fashion the guns,
Ere a battle can begin.
They pull the train, and plough the main,
Bearing death 'neath their sinewy hands,
Transporting troops in battle-sloops
O'er the seas to many lands.

And the victory, for whom shall it be?
Will it free the serfs and slaves
When the boys from the mass of the working-class
Are sleeping in soldiers' graves?
Ah, no! they fight not for the right
Of their own class to enjoy
The fruit of their toil, but over spoil
Where vultures black shall prey.

Then, down with the flags, those fluttering rags,
The emblems of plunder and greed,
For a banner, unfurled, shall cover the world,
And the millions shall be freed!
Thus Labor spoke, and the battle-smoke
Of the centuries cleared away,
The war-drum ceased, and the slaves, released,
Walked forth to the light of day.

RESTITUTION AND RETRIBUTION.

“O, masters, Lords, and rulers in all lands”
What will you do on that tomorrow
When the “Dumb Terror” shall arise
And confront you with your record,
Calling you to account for your stewardship.
What explanation can you make
To that innumerable company
Of disinherited children of toil
When they turn upon you, and
Demand restitution at your hands?

How will you account to them
For the lands you have stolen from them
And held out of use, while they,
Landless, and homeless, were forced
To pay you with their heart’s blood,
Rents for enough of the earth
On which to produce your living and theirs?
What legal technicality will you present
When they demand that you relinquish
The land, their birthright, and
The wealth they have created
Even to the last farthing?

Will there be any argument when
The Red Guards and Bolsheviki
Of the world have their hands at your throat?
Not as now will it be, a disarmed,
Disorganized proletariat
Facing the military powers
Of a haughty, slave driving class—
But an aroused, united working class—

Those who wield the implements of labor
Joined with their brothers who carry the guns—
Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils
Whose deliberations shall guide the world—
What will you have to say to them?

You will have nothing to say!
You will restore the world to the people
Not because you want to do so
But because you will have it to do.
And when that day comes, and
The earth is shaken from center to circumference
With the tread of the victorious hosts,
And you feel the earthquake shocks
In the valley of dry bones of Capitalism,
You will call for the rocks and mountains
To hide you from the face of him
Who sitteth upon the throne—Labor!

And you will have no power over Him
For he feeds, clothes, and shelters the world.
You will either march under his banner
And become one with him or starve.
Parasites cannot enter his kingdom,
At last he is awake, and knows his strength,
And when he lays his mighty hand
Upon the rusty locks and iron bars
Of your prisons, wrenching away
The last barrier that confines humans
In a living tomb, setting your captives free,
And when your dens of thieves are broken down,
Your courts of injustice abolished,
Your rotten parliaments dissolved,
Your satanic business schemes for robbing
Labor and each other, forever at an end

What will there be for you, What will you do?

Yes, you will make restitution to the poor,
But you cannot heal the wounds you have made
Nor undo the wrongs you have done.
You cannot give back the lives lost
In your wars for greed and gold,
Nor repair the bent and broken bodies
Of those who have toiled to make you profits.
Behold the stunted, misshapen human race!
The starved degenerate wrecks
Upon the sea of life!
For these you are responsible,
Look at them and answer!
What will you do?

AN APPEAL TO THE PROLETARIAT.

Arouse from your slumbers, ye vagrants!
Look up from your labor, O slave!
A world in distress and destruction
Implores you its children to save.
Adown all the blood-crimsoned ages
You've been beaten, and robbed, and ignored;
To those who waxed fat from your labor
You were cattle—the rabble—the horde.

And when, from the beasts' thickest jungle,
Where greed fought fiercest for prey,
And the grim, ghastly demon of hunger
Stalked abroad through the land night and day,
You have started the fires of rebellion,
Declared for freedom and right,
The powerful mailed fist of the masters

Has crushed you with pitiless might.
You have languished in horrible prisons,
You have died on Siberia's plains,
On your bones rest the thrones of the kingdoms,
Your blood every altar stains;
Like sheep, you've been led to the slaughter,
And, childlike, you've wept and obeyed,
Because you believed you were helpless,
And of gods, kings and priests were afraid.

And the world swung 'round in its orbit,
Hastening on to a terrible fall
Of the Lords, who, wining and feasting,
Saw not the hand on the wall.
It has come—the end of their power—
Their kingdoms in pieces shall lie;
In the war they have spread o'er the nations
They themselves shall perish and die.

So the world turns to you for salvation,
Ye toilers, ye erstwhile despised,
For you hold the key to the kingdoms,
Though this you have not realized;
You furnish the fatness of tyrants,
You fashion the sword and the gun,
You can say to the hordes of destruction:
"The work of King Mammon is done."

O stand in your ranks, men and women,
A phalanx unbroken and true—
Humanity groans and travails,
Its deliverance depends upon you.
You have nourished a monster to sting you,
Now build you a system sublime,
Where no ruler nor robber can harbor
Through the years of the future time!

THE DEATH IN THE COTTAGE.

I passed by the door of a cottage
Where a woman lay dying, they said,
Of a fever brought on by starvation
While not able to work for her bread.
Three children sat weeping beside her—
Pale, pinched little faces they bore,
And tatters and rags, soiled and grimy,
Were the clothing the little ones wore.

'Tis said that grim Death, the much-dreaded,
Comes alike to the rich and the poor,
That all with his gloom is enshrouded
Wherever he enters the door;
But wealth robes its corpse in fine raiment,
And ladens with flowers the rich tomb,
While poverty wraps a coarse mantle
And buries wherever there's room.

A few people stopped by the doorway,
And looked on the sorrowful scene,
With grief tugging hard at their heartstrings,
For all are not hardened and mean,
And some seemed anxious to aid her
As stifled and short grew her breath.
Ah, how we are touched and softened
In the terrible presence of death!

I thought as I looked and pondered,
This last and most pitiful scene,
In the miserable life of a woman,
Of all that it really did mean.
It means there are hundreds, aye, thousands,

No matter how much they may try,
Who cannot afford here a being,
Neither can they afford to die.

Not able to work, they told me;
Belonged to no order, she'd said;
Not able to pay the dues monthly,
And the husband and father was dead.
The groceryman and the landlord
Had worried her with their bills
Until she had grown unconscious,
For this is the brief that kills.

Oh, where will they lay her poor body?
Who'll plant a sweet flower on her grave,
And who will reach out a hand kindly
Her three little children to save?
O, God! if it be that the angels
O'er the earth their kind vigils keep,
Methinks that such scenes by them witnessed
Would cause even angels to weep.

How long, O, how long, I do wonder,
Will a system so foul still obtain,
That makes him or her the earth's chosen
Who only full coffers can gain;
That gives to the few all the houses,
The silver, the gold and the lands,
And turns out the millions as paupers,
To sink in life's awful quicksands?

A system that's founded on hatred,
That makes every brother a foe;
And kindles the fires of hell's kingdom
In this beautiful world below;

That leaves to starvation a sister,
Like her of whom we have said,
Lay dying within a poor cottage,
• While her children were famished for bread?

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

A woman, pale, at close of day,
Knelt where a dying baby lay.
And prayed to God to spare her child
From hunger's torture, fierce and wild.
O, Christ, Thou who didst love the poor,
Come near, I pray, my humble door!
Thou who didst make the water wine,
From fish and loaf bid thousands dine,
Give bread this day to me and mine!

For days and days my weary feet
Have trudged about from street to street,
Where I have begged for work, not bread,
Until my heart sank down like lead,
And oft I wished that I were dead.
A hundred times the angry frown
Of employer has cast me down,
And empty-handed, sick and sore,
I've sought again my hovel door.

I've seen my children, once so hale,
From want of food grow thin and pale.
And now, as fades the waning light,
My darling's soul goes home tonight.
O, God! is it for this we're born,
To tread the winepress, sad, forlorn,

And in a land of greed and gold,
Starve as the felons did of old?

There is no famine in the land;
Vast riches from Thy loving hand
Are poured out lavishly each day,
Yet he must want who cannot pay.
Pay who? Not Thee, O, Lord, not Thee.
Are not Thy bounties, full and free?
Pay those who claim the land and gold,
While millions of Thy children slave
Or beg for that Thou freely gave.

They say this is a Christian land,
And church spires rise up tall and grand,
While hosts of people meet to pray,
And praise Thee every Sabbath day.
Yet e'en within the sacred shade
Of chapel dome dire want is laid
With vise-like grip on youth and age
Until we find our printed page
Becomes a record sheet of crime,
Despite Thy life and words sublime.

O, God! if it be true that right
Shall triumph and at last make might,
Then let earth's wrongs be swept away,
And righteousness shine in like day.
Forbid that ere the sun should rise
On starving babes and weeping eyes,
Where mothers, bent with aching head,
Beg for a chance to toil for bread,
While greed shuts up his shiveled soul,
And takes the world in full control.

Thus Christian mothers kneel and pray,
While misery gnaws the heart away,
And travesties on Christian love
Make angels weep who watch above.
But lift your eyes, O, child of earth!
For righteousness shall soon have birth,
And nature from her thousand hills
Shall yield a balm for human ills;
With gentle speech she'll check each sigh,
And wipe the tears from every eye;
Soothe every pain, drive out all care,
And answer every heartfelt prayer.

AS IT SHALL BE.

The scepter and crown shall rust,
The great shall be fallen low,
The sword and gun, their work well done,
To the melting pot shall go,
And fashioned anew shall serve
Some purpose of peace and love;
While low on the air like an angel fair
Shall hover the snow white dove.

No menial shall weep and moil
Nor to master bow the knee,
For human skill and human will
Shall set the wage slaves free.
All boundaries that divide
Nation, tribe or clan
We soon will find are in the mind
Only of foolish man.

No prison for men shall yawn
Nor gallows cast its pall—
The weird refrain of the ball and chain
And bolts and bars, and all
That go to make for the living hell
Where victims are done to death,
Shall pass from earth at its glad new birth
Like vapors of poison breath.

No woman a pawn shall be
Nor tramp the highway tread,
No children cry, and pine and die
For the want of air and bread.
The crowded tenement,
Landlord and money king,
Shall fade from sight like clouds of night
When the birds of morning sing.

O, toiling hosts be glad!
Your emancipation I see;
The time is at hand in every land
When all men shall be free.
No worship of Father-land,
No faction, creed or clan,
But power and place for the human race—
The BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

WHAT THE ANGEL SAW.

An angel came down from heaven
And stood on the sea and land,
Where the nation's trade and traffic
Observant on every hand

Bartered the souls of people
Though Christian they thought and free.
"How is this?" said the angel,
"But wait, I will go and see."

He went to a populous city,
And stood by a factory gate.
The air was cold and piercing,
The hour was dark and late,
When forth came an army of children,
A pale, pinched, hungry throng,
With bodies bent and suffering
From labors hard and long.

Next day down in the coal mines
He watched the children toil,
And in cotton mill, department store,
And at tilling of the soil,
Aye! one tremendous army
Of patient little slaves
Who march through filth and hunger
To fill their pauper graves.

Then the angel turned from looking,
And said, as the teardrops fell,
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven
Ye have made them the servants of hell.
The Father hath care for the raven
And pities the sparrow's fall,
Can it be He forgets His children
And leaves them to slavery's thrall?"

Then he went where the people were crowded,
In loathsome, dark tenements,
Where thousands were daily evicted

For the crime of non-payment of rents.
He saw the millions toiling,
And starving for a crust
While the few are gorged with plenty
And in idle pleasure rust.

He saw the costly mansion
And the hovel, side by side,
The working people walking
While the rich in splendor ride.
He saw the mouldy prisons
Where the innocent were bound
While free to rule and ruin
The fiendish ones were found.

“Why is it,” said the angel,
“That they who wealth create,
Who plant the vineyards, build the homes,
Must face such awful fate
While they who do not labor
Possess, inherit, rule.
'Twould seem a plan satanic
Or the bungling of a fool.

“I’ve heard sometimes in heaven
Of a place where the wicked dwell,
It must be I have found it,
For surely this is hell.
By a system most pernicious
King Mammon keeps the throne,
And when the people ask for bread
They give to them a stone.

The few own all the factories,
The railroads, mines and lands,

While the many beg to labor
And wait with empty hands;
And the mills whose ceaseless turning,
Whose moaning never ends,
Grinds women, men and children
To the mighty dividends.

“Tear down their thrones and altars,”
Saith God, they shall not stand!
The stench of murdered thousands
From them pollutes the land.
The cries of little children,
The moans of the sad and poor,
The tears of the toiling millions
Have doomed them ever more.

“With whirlwinds of rebellion
I will shake their kingdom down,
Not one stone upon another
In that day shall be found.
I’ll restore unto the people
The Earth to have and hold
Free from the tyrant masters
Whose highest god is gold.”

THE HOBO

The sun hung low o’er the mountains
Tinting each rugged crest,
And painting in golden glory
The bending skies of the West;
When dark, like a speck on the landscape,

With his blankets across his back
Came a worn and weary hobo
Down the dusty railroad track.

By the curve of the road at nightfall
Where the stars above glimmer, and peep,
Through a curtain of leaves and grasses,
He laid him down to sleep ;
And he thought as the song of the night bird
Soothed his tired and troubled mind ;
There's room in this world and plenty
For all except me and my kind.

He slept, and lived in dreamland
Where love spread her splendid wings,
And bore him from old surroundings,
To a better scheme of things.
He dwelt in a cosy cottage
With flowers blooming 'round the door
Where all was wealth and gladness—
There were no tramps, no poor.

A sweetheart wife beside him
Made him of all men blest,
While the wee curly head of their darling
Nestled close to his manly breast ;
And there were great things to be doing—
The best that was in him he gave
To a world with no soldiers, no shackles,
No prisons, no master or slave.

O, woe! to a world whose workers
Are cast like chaff to the wind
When the lords can not use them for profit
Must go seeking, but cannot find.

O! cursed be the system forever
That robs human life of a home,
And sends young and old to the highway
In quest of a living to roam.

But why will you die, Ye toilers,
You have the power and the might
To wrest from the cravens who hold them
Your bread, your freedom, your right.
O rise! in your infinite numbers
Unite on the sea and the land,
Let tyrants implore you for mercy
Take the reins of the world in your hands.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

I stood by a city prison,
In the twilight's deepening gloom,
Where men and women languished
In a loathsome, living tomb.
They were singing! And their voices
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,
As the words came clear with meaning:
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Gallileo,
And all thinkers of the past,
So with these Industrial Workers,
Tyrants' shackles hold them fast.

In the bastiles of the nations,
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,
While upon their aching bodies
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirit still unbroken
And with hope for future years
They are calling to their fellows:
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,
Break your bonds, exert your might—
You can make this hell a heaven,
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,
Vanguard of the coming day,
When labor's hosts shall cease their cringing
And shall dash their chains away.
How the masters dread you, hate you,
Their uncompromising foe;
For they see in you a menace.
Threatening soon their overthrow.

Hark! ye masters, lords and rulers,
With the cruel iron hand;
Labor built your thrones and altars,
Made the wealth you now command;
And some day she'll wrest it from you,
Break your scaffolds, burn your jails,
Sink your warships, kill your soldiers,
To the music of your wails.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

By the curve of the road fringed and narrow
Half embowered by the green forest leaves
Stands a school house serene, and secluded
With birds building under the eaves.
As I lingered awhile in reflection
There came such a rush and a shout
Of healthy, happy youngsters!
'Twas "Four" and school was out.

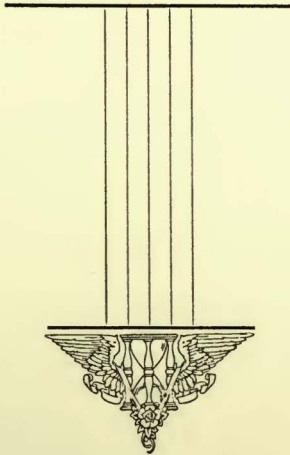
And I saw standing there in the doorway
A young girl, slender, and fair,
With eyes like the blue of the twilight
And a wealth of raven hair.
The children all clustered about her
Each one with a cheerful good night,
While the love between teacher and pupil
Beamed forth from their faces so bright.

O, the tender, true love of childhood!
Little lady bear this in mind:
As you journey on life's rough pathway
No truer friends you will find.
And the lessons you now are imparting,
And the bent to their character give
Will become a part of their being
And remain with them while they shall live.

O, little white schools in the country
Half hid by verdure and hills,
Your pure minded teachers and pupils
My heart with reverence fills.
You are the center and seat of learning

Far away from all scenes of strife;
Your graduates fill high stations
In all of the walks of life.

I greet you, fair girl, noble teacher
Of this little white country school—
May your influence strengthen the children
Who heed now your word and your rule.
Be thankful today you are useful,
That your lot has been cast among men
And women of honest intentions—
Far away from the city's mad din.



Songs

BABY DONALD

Oh, Baby Don, since thou hast spoken
From out the mists, from out the gloom,
The dismal spell of death is broken
And golden sunshine gilds the tomb.
Oh, how I've hungered broken-hearted,
How searched the space with weary eyes,
Since by your little grave we parted,
For a message from beyond the skies.

I saw your blue eyes closed forever,
Your pulseless hands clasped on your breast,
To thrill with life again, no, never,
And saw you laid to rest, to rest.
How your child-like, perfect beauty,
Pained my overburdened heart,
As I saw it lowered earthward,
Back to clay saw it depart.

But I'm sure my baby liveth,
I've heard him speak. I've seen his face.
I know that God the Father giveth
Each of His little lambs a place.
I know that this world simply fadeth
Out into that which lies beyond—
Beyond the mists, where there awaiteth
All those of whom we are so fond.

MY CHURCH

My church embraces all
Of this great pulsing world.
Every color, race and tribe,
Bond and free, rich and poor alike,
Are welcome at its shrine.
Its altars fair are human hearts,
From whose sacred fires of love
Holy incense eternally ascends.
Its priest is the inner self or soul
That speaks face to face with God,
Its holy place wher'er you chance to be
On sea or land, in palace grand or cot
Its baptismal fount the mighty sea of love
Whose waters must immerse each soul
Else it cannot be redeemed.

SCHOOL MEMORIES

'Mong Missouri's rugged Ozarks
Stands a school house mean and old,
Where the leaves in mild October
Turn to scarlet, brown and gold.
During months of fall and winter
Many children gathered there—
Boys with hearts both brave and loyal,
Girls with faces fond and fair.

Chorus—

O, those days so bright and fair!
How my thoughts still linger there,

While on memory's page I trace
One sweet, tender, girlish face.

When I played or when I studied,
Sweet brown eyes looked into mine,
Though my boyish heart was wayward,
Yet I worship at her shrine.
O, the thrill that stirred my being,
As with looks so swift and sly,
'Cross the room when others saw not,
Flashed love's glance from eye to eye.

Years have passed, and leaves are falling
On the old playground today,
But a face and form have vanished
From those hills and dells away,
For the angels took my darling
Where sweet love is law and rule,
And she now recites her lessons
In a higher, better school.

In Spirit Land she waits for me,
Where angels flutter glad and free,
Time nor change can e'er efface
The memory of her loving face.

NEVER ALONE

I'm never alone by day nor by night,
For ever around me are angels of light,
They brighten my pathway and teach me to do
The work of the noble, the good and the true.

Chorus—

Never alone ; no, never alone ;
Though my pillow may be of down or of stone,
In my dreams come sweet visions of faces so fair,
And palaces grand of my home over there.

Though the days may be darkened by sorrow and pain,
I know that the sun will shine soon again,
For no day is so dark but they whisper to me
Of light just beyond, that my eyes cannot see.

Chorus—Never alone, etc.

They remove from my path every thistle and thorn,
And with beautiful flowers my pathway adorn ;
They walk by my side with love's banner unfurled,
As I journey along through this sorrowful world.

Chorus—Never alone, etc.

MY FLOWERET

In the cold, damp earth we laid him,
And left him there alone,
While the winds that swept the prairies
Did moan, and moan, and moan ;
And we wept that one so lovely
Like the floweret and the leaf,
Or the rainbow tinted morning
Should have a life so brief.

And as I turned me homeward
My heart was sick and sore,
For I thought a flower had faded

To bloom, no, nevermore ;
And the wind among the branches
Sang this requiem o'er and o'er :
"Thou art gone, art gone, my darling ;
I shall see thee nevermore."

But an angel softly whispered :
"Thy darling is not dead,
Nor in the far-off mansions,
But with thee now instead."
And my faint heart caught the whisper,
And it stayed the troubled tide,
For I knew my sainted baby
Was standing by my side.

That the flower so early gathered
Bloomed on another plain,
And what had been our own loss
Was his eternal gain ;
That the floweret was transplanted
On the bright celestial shore,
To grow and bloom in beauty
In God's garden evermore.

THE VOICE OF THE SOUL

I'm told of a country just over the sea,
A land of perennial bloom
Where the soul from all sorrow and pain shall be free,
Beyond the dark shades of the tomb.
Where the wayworn of earth may stay and take rest,
Where the traveler will reach his goal,

The city of light in the land of the blest,
The Jerusalem of the soul.

Chorus—

I cannot say if these things be true,
Mine eyes have not seen them, I own,
But something within ever whispers to me
Of joys beyond what I have known.

I'm told of a Father of infinite love
Who knows me and answers my prayer,
And that I can never, no, not if I would,
Drift out and away from His care;
That He notices even the sparrow's fall,
And hears the young raven's cry;
That nothing is lost to this Infinite All—
Not even a tear or a sigh.

Chorus—

I cannot say if these things be true;
Mine eyes have not seen Him, I own,
But my soul reaches up to the fountain of life
For joys beyond what I have known.

And so I just rest in the happy belief
That somehow, sometime and some place,
My craving of soul will be satisfied,
Though I never behold His face.
Then let me come unto His house and be clothed,
And drink of His rich flowing bowl,
Oh let me sit down at the banquet with Him,
And feed my poor famishing soul.

LINES TO LENA

An August flower that blossoms
Among the Ozark hills
Of Missouri, with her song birds,
Her waving trees and rills—
A flower of wondrous beauty
That ever since its birth
Hath scattered fragrant perfume
To purify the earth.

WHITE ROSE

When the roses were in bloom
In the fragrant month of June,
A little angel came to bless our home
With its baby smiles and graces
It dwelt in love's embraces
While the days passed sweetly, gently,
With no gloom.
From the beautiful bye and bye
Where the roses never die
This laughing, bright-eyed
Cherub seemed to fall
And from that land supernal
Did bring God's love eternal
And showered like bright
Sunshine on us all.

O, her face grew wondrous fair
With its crown of golden hair,
And her eyes were like the skies of azure blue

How her smiles our hearts did lighten,
How her life our home did brighten;
But she faded like the roses of the June.
When the roses were in bloom
We laid her in the tomb
And we heard the clods fall
Heavy o'er her head,
And our hearts were wrung with sorrow
On that day and on the morrow
How we missed her, but we knew
She was not dead.

Grieved we were as day by day
We watched her fade away
Gently passing from our watchful tender care;
Who could then refrain from weeping
Tho' she passed to angel's keeping
To that land where all of life
Is bright and fair?
In the beautiful bye and bye
Where the roses never die,
And we'll never lay our darlings in the tomb,
We know some day we'll meet her
And with raptured souls shall greet her
Where the days pass sweetly,
Gently, with no gloom.