

THE
LIGHT OF INSPIRATION

— by —

Mrs. Nora Armour Armstrong.

Second Edition
Revised and Enlarged.

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Mrs. Nora Armour Armstrong

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THE EDITOR INTRODUCES THE AUTHOR.

Nora Armour Armstrong persists in believing herself "uneducated." While she may not have passed half her youth in school, educated and cultured in the best sense of the term, she is. To be innately kind and true; to love all things and all ideas that are good and beautiful; to desire goodness and beauty as the heritage of all mankind, is to be cultivated in the very innermost sense of the term. This last and final test of true culture puts her and her verse in the poet class. She strikes again and again the grand key note of life—Universality. So does Whitman; so does Tennyson when he cries:

But we grow old. Ah! when shall
all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal
Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the
land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the
sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?

What one does is inevitably the result of what one is. What one is shows itself in the way one reacts to either pain or pleasure, so to know the why of the poems in this little book, it is needful to know something of the woman who wrote them. First, she comes of notable stock. Her mother was an Early of Virginia, a niece of the confederate General Early.

Her father was an Armour, cousin to the first Philip Armour of Chicago.

In his early manhood, young Armour placed himself at the disposal of the Methodist Board of Missions, which at first strongly favored sending him to the Fiji islands; but later capitulated sufficiently to make the sentence less rigorous and the enthusiastic missionary found ample scope for his activities in the Indian-haunted wilds of Wisconsin. There he went with his family at a time when the hard pressed red man was bitterly contesting every advance made by the whites. The Armours saw the conquered chief, Black Hawk in the power of his captors; saw his braves melt away before the inexorable pale face.

In this wild land Nora Armour lived the first years of her life. Later, her family moved to Nebraska, where she became the wife of W. H. Armstrong. This union, the years have proved to be a wise and happy one.

Together they went still farther West and settled in the Mission Valley of San Diego. Here, though they wooed prosperity with all the arts of industry, it proved obdurate, forcing them to move. With their own trusty horses and stout wagon, the family, in true pioneer style traveled up the coast to Portland, where they have ever since lived.

When Mrs. Armstrong was fifty, she was strong, well and active, both in her home and in the Spiritualist societies of the city, to which she was devoted and in which her influence was strongly felt—always for good. She was a frequent attendant at Mrs. Mallory's Advanced Thought Center, referred to elsewhere in these pages. Mrs. Armstrong has indelibly stamped upon her memory one evening at

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this time when, with her husband, she left home for one of these meetings. She has told me how happy they were—times were bright for them; they were both strong and well; better than all, comrades. They ran for the car, hand in hand, like a couple of children. It was the last time. Not long after—but let Mrs. Armstrong tell this herself as she told it to me: Mr. Armstrong and I had been appointed upon a committee to arrange for a big mass meeting in honor of the coming of the president of the National Spiritualists Association. There was a committee meeting that night, but Mr. Armstrong was very tired and decided not to go. I did not know why, but I dreaded to go alone. Usually I did not mind it at all—so after I had actually started out, I went back and urged my husband to go with me. He repeated his objection and I went alone. After the meeting when I thought of boarding the car alone, the same dread came over me. I started away from Mrs. Mallory's alone, but went back to get company and Mrs. Craig went to the car with me. As I was leaving the car when it reached my street, it started before I had cleared the steps and threw me to the ground. My hip was broken at the socket but I did not know it then.

I don't care to live over again those long months of physical and mental agony. To do that, would take me back into the courts where the injustice of Judge Cleland sent me out a cripple for life with not a dollar. He was in the pay of the people; but in the face of all the evidence to the contrary, he forced the foreman of the jury to sign a non-suit, a thing uncalled for by the company or the jury. One of the

jurymen met me on the street afterward and told me that they did not think fifteen thousand dollars would have been unfair compensation. But the judge took the right of decision away from them.

She refused to be crushed by this terrible happening. She appealed to the Invisible Powers in whom she believed. To them she credits the gift of song which brightened many of her darkest hours. It was the spirits' compensation for her pain, her reward for asking—one might say demanding—of them the help that could come from nowhere else. Besides, Mrs. Armstrong's innate lack of self confidence renders it impossible for her to believe herself capable of what since her accident she has accomplished as a writer.

When at last she was able to take her place in the home and in her work in the Spiritualist cause—though with a shortened hip, her verse had begun to make its loving or humorous appeal—as the case might be—to many others. She recited sometimes at the gatherings of her own church or at the Mallory meetings; and requests came in for copies of the favorites. She partially met this demand with type-written copies. Finally this expedient was plainly inadequate, so with many fears, she published her first edition in 1910. And now in 1919 the second edition revised and enlarged.

Of her writing, Mrs. Armstrong says: "It has all been woven in and out of my housework and the care of my family. Our six children were grown at the time of the accident. Four of them—three girls and one son were teachers. For them and my husband I kept my place in the home. Sometimes when

the folks complimented me on my cake or bread, I would tell them that if I couldn't make as good a loaf of bread as I could write a poem, I wouldn't ever write any."

By far the majority of her poems are written to hearten the spirit and clear the vision of those who need the right thought put into the right words. A few there are purely lyrical and evidently written for the mere joy of self expression. "If I Were the Earth and You Were the Sun;" and "Butterfly Colors," are the best examples of these.

These and many others, will be popular for recitation uses, as Mrs. Armstrong has herself found them.

And now to both author and reader: To the author, because she will be consoled to know that in lack of self appreciation she is not alone; and to the reader, that he may note the poet's appeal for kindly criticism, I commend these lines with which Oliver Wendell Holmes, sent out one of his own volumes of verse:

Deal gently with us, ye who read !
Our largest hope is unfulfilled—
The promise still outruns the deed—
The tower but not the spire we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow
Accept them; but to me, more fair
The buds of song that never blow.

Portland, Oregon, July 28, 1919.

Lucius Willard.

Review of First Edition, From the Oregonian.

The Light of Inspiration, by Mrs. Nora Armstrong, Portland, Oregon. A little book of verse, breathing beauty of thought, the conviction of our common brotherhood, and sensing the teachings of reincarnation and what is known as a "new thought" idea. Mrs. Armstrong is a Portland woman, and her poetry is very creditable to her and the city that is her home. Her book consists of 46 printed pages, and her poems are thirty-seven in number. The most beautiful in poetic finish and purity of imagery are, "If I were the Earth and You Were the Sun," "The Second Birth," "The Spiritual Rock," "Life After Death" and "The Crown of Motherhood." One humorous poem, "The Bitter With the Sweet," has a smiling vein in it, one that a woman will be sure to appreciate. The book is dedicated to the author's family and friends "and the evergreen hills of Oregon."

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DEDICATION.

It's not the mountain peaks I seek
But the valleys green with their flowers sweet.
It's not the eagle but the dove I would send to
bear my message of love.
For in his flight so wild and free he might forget
my message to thee.
But the dove with its nature faithful and true will
bear my loving message to you.

To my Family, to my Friends, to the Reader Unknown, whose sympathetic eyes may follow the rhymes herein; and to the Evergreen Hills of Oregon, do I dedicate and consecrate this little book of verse.

Mrs. NORA ARMOUR ARMSTRONG,
847 East Thirty-seventh Street.

Portland, Oregon.
Phone, Selwood 872.

The Light of Inspiration

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TO MY INVISIBLE TEACHER.

Oh guide my bark I pray thee
Across life's storm tossed sea
For somehow I fall to drifting
When you leave the guiding to me.

And then a fear comes o'er me
When the storm clouds gather fast
That if I do the guiding
My barque will go down at last.

And I ask in my fear of the darkest wave
Thy guiding hand my barque to save
And bring me into a haven of peace
Where I may sit down to a heavenly feast,

And know that the love
Which guided me here
Is the love
That casteth out all fear;

And the waves that wash
The sun-kissed shore
Will drive my barque
On the rocks no more.

Then I can throw out the life line
To those on the storm-tossed wave
And may through love and patience
Lend them a hand to save.

INSPIRATION.

Through inspiration's glorious light,
Whose rays shot forth a gleam so bright,
That by its glow my eyes could see
The road to all souls' liberty.

It is by walking hand in hand,
By mountain streams or desert sand,
Through sun-kissed valleys, or by the sea
Whose waves cry out sweet liberty

Nor pause to ask consent of man
To dash their waves upon the sand;
For who but God hath power to free
The waves in such grand liberty ?

And thus the mind and thought can soar
Out into space from shore to shore
And wash its waves upon the sand
Of golden truth, through love for man,

Until there is no space above,
Around, beneath, that is not love,
No power but spirit anywhere
That covers the earth and fills the air,

For spirit is life and life is love,
And this is the light that shines from above
That illumined the path of the children of God
As hand in hand through life they trod.

Oh, lift your souls to the sphere above
Where they live in the spirit of perfect love
And down upon your hungry hearts
They will pour such love that life will start

To grow within your love-kissed breast
And overflowing all the rest
Until there is no border line
And everything will seem divine

And God will whisper in your ear,
That "perfect love will cast out fear
And know I have no choice in thee
But in my love all souls are free."

Free as the stars in yon heavenly sky,
Free as the breezes passing by,
Free as the waves upon the beach,
Whose power a lesson from God doth teach

For by that great eternal light
That in my soul doth burn so bright,
I know that love is all of life
Though tasting of its toil and strife,

Or basking in the golden light
Of day that hath no clouds in sight.
And now, while writing 'neath the power
Of inspiration's holy hour

My soul goes out to every mind,
With thoughts so true, so sweet and kind
That angels might come here to live;
And have no sweeter love to give.

For angelhood, my precious one,
Is made up from this central sun
Of love; the essence of all life
That knows no sorrow, pain or strife;

That radiates a force so fine
It penetrates the inner mind,
And makes us conscious of a life
That's free from mortal toil and strife

Where Justice sits upon the throne
And reigns as king and king alone;
And at his side, the fair young Queen
Of Love, can evermore be seen.

And in this kingdom of the soul,
With Love as Queen; we ne'er grow old,
But heart to heart, and hand in hand,
We make this life the summer-land.

We grow its fruits all rich and rare,
And give to each a brother's share;
And thus we lead him day by day
Into truth's clear, broad highway.

Voices of the Silence

IN THE SILENCE OF THE SOUL.

Oh! how bright is my brightest vision,
How fair is the fairest scene,
How sweet is the scent of the roses,
I see, in the golden dreams,
That fall on my soul, in the silence—
The silence so holy and sweet
That the joy of all ages seems o'er me
And around to make my life complete.
And I feel that my soul is its saviour,
My spirit, its council and guide
That teaches me how in the silence
Of love, I may ever abide
Secure from the storms that sweep o'er us,
Secure from the sorrow and pain
That fall on the soul in life's turmoil,
Like a tempest of wild wind and rain.
For the value of silence, Oh! Father;
No spirit or mortal can know
Except that we see in all nature
How in silence the bright flowers grow;
In silence the hills and the valleys
Are clothed in their garments of green;
And in silence the bright sun of glory
Floods all with a soft golden sheen,
And whispers at morn to the dew-drop;
"Come back to your home in the sky,
While I silently kiss every blossom
With the sunshine of love from on high."

THE ANGELS.

I have longed oft times in the silence
For the angels to speak to me
And have gazed oft times in the twilight
Some angel's face to see;
But the only voice of the angels
My ear hath ever heard,
Was when some kind and faithful friend
Hath spoken the cheerful word;
And the only face of an angel
Mine eye hath ever seen
Was when the veil was parted
And I have gazed between
The fleshly robe of my brother
On the angel's face behind,
Which reflected the face of the Father,
And spoke in His voice divine;
And through the voice of my brother
That I could understand,
I caught the voice of the angel friend
Who comes from the Summer Land.
And in the face of my sister
Where the love-light ever shines,
I see the face of the angels
Who ever stand behind;
And I know that though m^y hearing

Is dulled by earthly sounds,
The angel friends are near me
And ever gathering round
To give me words of comfort;
To make me happy and free,
And help me in my very soul
Their shining faces to see;
And as I journey onward
Up the steep mountain side,
From the faith and love within me,
Their faces they cannot hide;
For the veil that hangs between us
Will grow thinner day by day
Until the love within me will roll it all away;
And I shall see the angels
Who have watched over me so long;
And when I sit in the silence
I shall hear the words of their song
Which they sing when they come to bless us
For the faith we had in them,
When we saw the face of the angels
Only in our fellow men.

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NOW.

I know not the day, nor the hour,
That shadows may darken my way;
But I know that the spirit of love
Has filled me with sunshine today.

I know not the day, nor the hour,
When sharp thorns may pierce my lone feet;
But I know that the present holds
Ever, some thoughts that are sweet.

I care not what lies in the past,
Or what the veiled future may hold;
It's the present, I'm living for now
And the image of love I must hold

With thoughts that are pure
As the stars that shine in heaven's own blue
And sparkle like diamonds at night
To let the Lord's glory shine through.

And thus, I'm living the Now,
Regardless of future or past.
And putting in thoughts that are sweet
With love that forever shall last.

IN THE SPIRIT, ALL IS WELL.

I lifted my face to Heaven
Where the loving angels dwell
And asked them of the Spirit,
And they answered, "All is well."

I turned my eyes to the meadows
Deep in the flowery dell
And asked them of the Spirit,
And they answered, "All is well."

I faced the mighty ocean
Where the billows roll and swell
And asked them of the Spirit,
And they answered, "All is well."

And so I found that in heaven
On earth and in the sea
The self same answer of Spirit
Was wafted back to me.

Then the trials that had beset me
And the fears that had prevailed
Like the ships that pass in the night time
Away o'er the billows sailed;

And the sunlight of my being
That all around me fell
Gave back the echoing answer:
"In the Spirit, all is well."

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And so I will rest in that answer
Whatever may betide;
And in the strength of the Spirit
Forever and ever abide,

Till the answer comes back from Heaven
Where the loving angels dwell
As a greeting to earth's children:
"In the Spirit, all is well."

Join hands then, in one grand union;
Let lip speak love to lip
And from the same great fountain
Of wisdom and knowledge sip,

Until all souls may answer
And a mighty chorus swell
Back to God and the angels:
"In the Spirit, all is well."

ARCTURUS THE CENTRAL SUN.

Arcturus! Oh, thou Central Sun
From whom all forms of life begun,
Help us unfold our inner sight
To see thy wondrous glory bright;
And name the stars the ancients knew,
That from thy sparkling orbit grew;
Each one appointed to his space
In time to know both name and place.
And when long eons had rolled by,
We saw them sparkling in the sky;
And angels named them, one by one
As on their shining course they run.
And as we grow in wisdom's light
We see each one in a starry night
And know the message it sends to earth
To guide us from the hour of birth.

They lead us gently by the hand
Until their laws we understand;
And then together we can grow,
Reaping the love and wisdom we sow,
Inspired by the Central Sun
From whom the source of life begun,
Little by little in ether space
Until evolved the human race
With all the attributes in one,
Of life from out the Central Sun.

Each attribute in space afar,
Is represented by a star:
We have sweet Love which rules them all
And answers to the highest call;
We have bright Hope which leads us on
E'en when all courage and strength seem gone;
We're blessed with power of Faith to give
Us sweetest comfort while we live
To battle with the pain and strife
Which come to every human life,
Which would engulf us day by day
And carry all our joy away
If Heaven's light from stars above
Did not o'ershadow us with love;
And Hope lead on, our radiant guide,
And Faith and Truth in us abide.

ORIGIN OF MAN.

This morning I took a journey
Far back in nature's field,
And some of its hidden secrets
Were unto my soul revealed.

And I saw the form of spirits
Descend upon the earth
And clothe themselves with the mortal;
And that was mankind's birth.

Though the world has called them Adam
And sinful mother Eve,
That let a snake beguile her
And all mankind deceive,

We know those souls were sinless
When they planted the tree of life
Amid earth's dark surroundings
Filled with nature's primeval strife;

For love in the life descending
Upon the new-made earth
Gave to the world its power
To give unto all life its birth.

And Eden is here in its beauty
Inborn in every one,
The same God-given spirit
Since first life's force begun

Growing amid the brambles,
Blossoming here and there,
Out into full-grown spirits,
Grand and wise and fair

Proving the God of progress
Is the father of us all.
Leaving in doubt the story
Of Adam's awful fall.

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LIFE AFTER DEATH

Life after death—is it sunshine or shadow ?
Is it what God hath given, or what man hath made ?
And this is the answer was wafted to me
By the angels of light from the bright sphere above;
That life after death is the essence of love
Garnered up from the deeds we have done upon earth
And saved for the soul at its spiritual birth
To help speed it upward and onward for aye,
Through the laws of progression and life's endless
day

That are open alike to the children of earth
Regardless of name, or nation, or birth,
Where the lessons we learn when the spirit is free,
Will grow brighter with love through eternity,
And little by little we find that all good
In the realm of the spirit is true brotherhood.
Endowed with a wisdom, so noble and grand
Your light will descend from the bright spirit land,
And whisper to mortals tender and low,
That life after death is where they will grow
The fruits of the spirit, loving and kind
And bless and be blessed by all of mankind,
Unconscious of aught but the fact that we live
Beyond the dark grave, and have power to give
Praise to the Father of wisdom above
That our growth, and our gladness, must come
through our love.

THE WORLD OF SPIRIT LIES ALL AROUND.

They tell us the world of Spirit
All around us lies,
And if we keep on growing
We will sense it bye and bye;

That we need not take a journey
Across the river Styx,
And alike with beggar from hovel
And a king from his palace mix;

That we need not take the journey
That seems so lonely and long,
In order to catch the music
Of Life's eternal song;

But that here, and now, in this body,
Which we say is made of clay;
We can feel the joy of the angels
And hear the songs they play;

That Heaven with all its glory
Is not beyond the sky;
But here in our soul and spirit
Is the Heaven for you and I.

And that all around and about us,
Is a beautiful sea of Love,
That has no bottom to measure,
Nor breadth, nor height above,

Where no ill can enter to harm us,
For none can find the gate,
Who has his eyesight darkened
With the shadow of envy and hate.

So let's try and sense its glory,
From near, and not from afar,
And oft we may catch its beauty,
When the gates are a little ajar;

And we may hear the echo
Of the angel's lovelight song;
And in the joy of the spirit
Carry the music along.

THE LIGHT THAT SHINES FROM AFAR.

Oh! Ye shepherds of far-off Egypt, that watch your
flocks by night,
Tell us of the glories and wonders of that light
That must have lit the sky that day
To make it shine so far away,
That we on the Western shores of time
Can clearly see its light divine,
And try to walk in the golden ray,
Of its truth and love from day to day,
As it leads us close to the Little Child
Whose nature was loving, sweet and mild,
Whose glory now fills the earth and sky
As we feel His loving presence nigh
With peace on earth and good will to man,
Sounding in every clime and land;
Echoing forth from mountain and plain;
And then returning to us again
Laden with the heart's best love,
To lift our souls, to realms above the thought,
That pomp or pride or earthly gain
Could come to us through that precious name
Of the Christ, who spoke to man and said,
"I have not where to lay my head;
"But the Father and I have ever been one
"Since first the creation of life begun;
"Since first the light was on sea or land
"I have walked with the Father hand in hand;
"And unto Him the praise is given
"For the glory that fills all earth and heaven."

THE SYMBOL OF THE SUN.

Far down o'er the sloping hillside,
And out o'er the mountain crest,
The sun, in all its glory,
Has silently sunk to rest.

And it beams, still red and golden,
Light up the western sky,
And linger along the hilltops,
Kissing the flowers good-bye.

And, with the selfsame sunbeams
That linger and then are gone,
Is the sky on the other side of the earth
Lit up with a golden dawn.

And the eyes that were closed in slumber
Awake to a newborn day;
And the darkness that lay around them
Is silently rolled away.

And thus does the soul awaken
To the light of the new-born day,
And thus is the darkness around it
Silently rolled away;

And the spirit walks forth in freedom,
And views the tinted sky,
And catches the sound of voices
Lovingly saying good-bye,

And knows far more of its meaning
Than the flowers on the green hillside,
For not the smallest part of the soul
Through the darkness and dawn has died,
But awakes in the fresh, new morning,
As bright as it was before
Where the white capped waves of the ocean of
life
Are washing the golden shore
Of time that had no beginning
And never an ending will know;
For the soul of man in its upward flight
Will need all time to grow—
Will need the beautiful symbol
Of the sun sinking in the west—
Marking the dawn to the world beyond,
Like the sun on the mountain crest.

THE SPIRITUAL ROCK.

How grand it is to stand alone
And watch the waves dash their foam
Wildly upon the ocean beach,
And know that you stand beyond their reach.

And thus my friends I feel to-day,
When the ocean of life dashes up its spray,
Of turmoil and strife around my feet—
That I stand on a Rock beyond its reach.

As I lift my eyes to the rising sun
I feel that my mission has just begun;
For the place on which my feet do stand
Is a solid Rock not sinking sand.

The waves that are dashing their foam and spray
Can never wash this Rock away;
For this Rock is Spirit and Spirit alone
Can never be reached by the ocean foam,

Nor can it be moved by a little spray
Of the troubles of earth or be washed away;
For Spirit is all there is of Life
And this knowledge will lift us above earth's strife

And open our souls to the realms above
Where we live in the joys of Truth and Love;
And Truth walks ever by our side
As sweet and pure as a new-made bride;

And the star of hope, high over the way,
Shines brighter and brighter for us each day;
And into that haven along the shore
We may guide our barks to be tossed no more.

For he who is conscious that Spirit is Life
Is lifted above earth's turmoil and strife;
Although the waves roll close at his feet
He catches the sound of voices sweet

And reaching a hand to the ones long gone
He joins them in their heavenly song,
Until its echoes roll far and wide
And we know that the angels are by our side

To give us courage and strength each day
And love to last us all the way.
A joyful thought: how firmly we stand
And reach out to others a helping hand;

Or throw out the Life line across the dark wave
Trying some storm-tossed souls to save;
And guide them into our haven of peace,
Where the knowledge of Spirit brings sweet release.

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THE GREAT STAR BURNS.

The Great Star burns and the Great Star shines;
And its light goes out into space;
The years roll on into eons of time
Ere it reaches a given place.

But never a shadow covers its face;
There is never a pause in its flight
To await the return through endless space
Of a single ray of light.

And thus may love illuminate
And shine out into space;
And live through many a year of time
Ere it reaches a given place.

And the soul that sends it onward
Must surely this lesson learn:
That not a ray sent on its way
Will unto its source return.

But the heart must keep on loving
And sending out its light
To every one of the human race,
Though reward be out of sight;

For the planets roll and the planets burn;
And their light goes out into space
And years roll on into eons of time
Ere they reach a given place.

MY PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

I cried aloud to the raging sea,
To send the Angel of Peace to me,
And I moaned one night to the desert sand,
That One might lead me by the hand.

I whispered one morn, on my bended knee,
That the blessings around my eyes might see,
When lo! a voice from across the sea
And the desert sands spoke sweetly to me

And said, "My child cry out no more,
For the Angel of Peace is at thy door,
And he will daily unseal thine eyes
To sweeter thoughts and greater joys

"As long as thou madst so wise a choice
And asked it meekly in humble voice
That thou thy daily blessings might see,
My child, thy prayer shall set thee free—

"Free to love God; and free to love man—
And all the lessons understand that
The angels of light will bring to thee
As daily the blessings of life you see."

IF I WERE THE EARTH AND YOU WERE THE SUN.

If I were the Earth and you the Sun,
We would woo and wed together,
And unto royal heirs give birth,
Forever and forever.

If I were the spring and you were the showers,
We would wed and woo from Heaven such flowers
As never Angel hands could bring,
If I were the showers and you were the spring.

If I were the field and you were the grain,
How gladly we would grow;
And oh, what abundance we would yield
To all who plant and sow.

If I were the Earth, the sea and sky,
And you a beautiful tree,
How rich and rare and sweet
Would the fruits grow, for you and me.

And so through all the kingdom wherever we met
as one,
I the beautiful broad green Earth, and you the
glorious Sun,
How rich would be the harvest of flowers, and fruit,
and grain,
Bringing the Garden of Eden and joy, back to
man again,
Filling all life with gladness, blending all Souls as
one,
If I were the broad green Earth, and you the
glorious Sun.

NATURE'S PUPIL.
(Robert Louis Stevenson)

There's an island far out in the ocean
That I dreamed of one night, in my sleep,
Where the blue waves forever are rolling
Along on the beautiful beach.

And one day I sailed from the main land
Far out to that beautiful isle
Where the sun kissed the waves in the morning
And faded at night with a smile,

Like the bidding adieu of a lover
Whose absence would last but an hour,
To return with a bright smile of greeting
Blessed with all of Love's magic power.

And out on that island of beauty
As I made my home on its breast,
I felt that of all of God's kingdom,
This isle was the fairest and best.

So there I lived hours in the sunshine
Watching the waves on the beach;
Knowing that every bright ripple
Some precious lesson could teach.

And I prayed for the power of Heaven
That would teach me to read as I run;
Then, to write down the lessons of Nature
Which I learned from the waves and the sun.

And there on that beautiful island,
Far away from the dark haunts of man,
I was taught to commune with the angels
And write down their words with my pen.

* * * * *

All the world knows full well, the story
Of that rare Scot, Stevenson,
Who lived on an isle of the ocean
Where an author's laurels he won,
Though he longed oft times in the twilight,
In his own native Scotland to be,
Yet he could not remain in the body
Except near that tropical sea.

So health that one ever is seeking
(If that jewel is not his own,)
Led him out to that beautiful island
Away from his own beloved home.

And there within sound of the billows,
When earth life was ebbing away,
He saw bright visions of angels
And heard the sweet music they play.

And their notes were the same as the robin's,
Caught up from the musical spheres
And rolled out upon life's broad billows
Throughout all eternity's years.

And he asked of the angels in Heaven:
"Have you not a lesson for me
That I could not glean from the sunbeams,
Nor find in the waves of the sea?"

But they answered: "Just Nature's OUR teacher,
No matter how high we may go—
The same Nature that teaches the robin—
None other the archangels know."

**Dear Ones
and
Daily Life**

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

THE REAL PICTURE.

How often the mother is pictured
In a rocking chair—by the fire
Mending clothes for the children,
Or darning socks for their sire—
With her face as calm and as placid
Doing her duty as wife,
As if the darning and patching
Were what she had planned for life.

And I think such a picture is lovely,
And I long such a mother to be
So that every one who comes to my home,
Such a picture of peace may see.
But my brow is not smooth and placid,
For wrinkles have come in the time
That I have been sewing and working
For these six children of mine.

THE GOLDEN THRONE.

I have a little golden throne
Where all my loved ones sit,
And when the lights are all turned down,
I softly and quietly slip over to them,
And do you know, I can see by the light they
shed
Just where to place my laurel wreath gently
upon their heads.

They never know I am near them, I come so
very still;
But if they knew the love in my heart
Their very being would thrill
With the blessings of joy and gladness,
Of love, and hope, and peace
I ask the angels to bring them
In the leaves of my laurel wreaths.

MY DAILY LIFE.

Amid this world of toil and care,
I plucked sweet blossoms from the sky
And filled my vases to the brim
With flowers that ne'er on earth can die;

And when I meet a friend who knows
And loves the place where my flower grows
I gladly give blooms from my vase,
For others will come to fill their place

That breathe to us of words on high
Where angels dwell, and from the sky
They come to us, with words so sweet,
They are to our souls both bread and meat.

THE POSTMAN'S WHISTLE.

Oftimes I think, in the silence
Of the grand old Liberty Bell.
Of the wonderful story of freedom
Its mighty tongue could tell;

And I love in the summer's twilight—
Nature's sacred hour—
To hear the silvery church bells
Speak of a higher power.

And I love the grand old organ,
When its music floats along,
Melting the voice like sunbeams
Into a holy song.

Sweet music of earth and heaven,
In the spheres beyond the sky,
You fill my heart with pleasure,
And lift my soul on high.

Though high and holy your mission,
Though grand and noble the thought,
You melt like snow in the sunshine,
You sink into life as naught

When we hear the sharp, quick whistle
Of the postman on his way,
Spreading sunshine and shadows
Patiently day by day;

For I care not what their nature
Their color or their creed,
All love that kind of music,
And its sound they gladly heed.

And when I enter the portals
Of heavenly joy and bliss,
The soul-stirring sound of that whistle,
I know how I shall miss;

For of all the stories of heaven
I have read or ever heard,
Of the grand old army of postmen
They have never breathed a word.

The foregoing poem after appearing in a daily
paper, called forth the following post card:

Cleveland, Ohio, June 4, 1904.

Dear Madam:

Your poem in the Postal Record, of June, was
very nice, all but the last part of it, you say you will
miss the soul-stirring sound of the postman's whistle,
when you enter the portals of Heavenly joy and
bliss. Do you not think there will be letter carriers
in Heaven, and are you just dead sure you will
squeeze through the portals yourself, or if we go
there do you think we will leave our whistles here?

Yours, W. E. Boynton,

THE ANSWER.

Forgive me, Mr. Postman,
If you deem, from what I said,
That I shall enjoy more heavenly bliss
Than you, when we are dead;

But really, in all my writing
The truth I have tried to tell,
And not the slightest falsehood
To make my verse sound well.

Still, of all the stories of heaven
I've seen or heard about,
I never read of a postman
Taking his daily route,

And sounding his musical whistle
At the pure white palace door,
Until it startled the angels
Along on the golden shore;

Or seen a postman with angel's wings,
Who in the heavenly choir sings,
Or heard that any such man was there,
The glory and bliss of heaven to share.

But I did not make the other life—
Nor this one with its toil and strife—
Or the postman would surely have a place
With glory shining in his face

And wings as large as any bird,
That we of earth have seen or heard;
For heaven would not be heaven to me
If not a postman I could see

Or have my soul's sweet raptures stirred
By the sweetest sound I ever heard,
Of your whistle in place of the golden
Harp, that always takes the leading part.

HEAR NO EVIL.

A sweet sister asked me one day,
If I'd heard how they talked of a friend o'er the way.
And meekly I hung down my innocent head,
And told her I knew not a word that they said.
But I thought that one going as oft as you do,
Some, if not all, of the scandal you knew.
And quickly I answered her back with a smile:
The bird flies forth daily o'er many a mile,
But when it lights down it is careful and neat,
Not to carry off any damp soil on its feet
To burden its soaring and hinder its flight
Back to the nest where it rests through the night;
And thus I go forth in the soul life to feed
On the thoughts and the things that my spirit must
 need

Like the bee that sips honey from each open flower,
And carries it with it through sunshine and shower,
Back to the home it has builded so well,
To hold its sweet burden in cell after cell,
Caring not what all other bees do,
Just so it rounds out its own comb sweet and true,
That nature has taught it so well how to make,
If only the best from the flowers it take.

THE HAND WRITING ON THE WALL.

Oh friend of earth,
Whose names are written
In the eternal book,
Bow down your heads above the page,
And there in earnest look
To see what's written upon the lines,
Forever by your name—
Whether it be for good or ill—
For honor or for shame.

I saw a hand one even tide,
Writing upon the wall,
A deed of shame beside my name,
Plainly in sight of all.
I cried aloud to the vanished hand
As I beheld that scene,
To erase my name from that deed of shame,
Though in a midnight dream.

But it wrote and vanished and would not return
For I called on it in vain,
To see once more, as it was before,
My pure and spotless name.
And all day long, when the night had gone,
And the sun had risen high,
I could see my name traced out in shame,
And I prayed that I might die.

But the writing, dear one, was in my dream,
The vision was in my sleep,
But the lesson it taught
Though I knew it not
Will forever and ever keep
My heart from doing an unkind deed,
As I labor and love for all,
So the hand may write
In the clearest light
My name upon the wall.

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

My husband was home from work last week,
And that to me is always a treat;
For he is so gentle, loving and kind
And likes to help, to ease my mind.

So we put the bedding all out to air,
And fixed up the rooms we had to spare,
And worked upstairs, till everything
Was as neat and tidy as a pin.

Then to the kitchen we hied our way,
To put in what was left of the day;
For everything else in the house was fixed,
Without the slightest bit of a hitch.

Then I slipped away for a little while
To write some rhymes, with a happy smile,
Thinking it nice to be quiet and calm
As a beautiful lake on a summer morn;

And with my mind and heart the same,
I returned to my work in the kitchen again;
Where my husband had stayed, while I was
gone,
And most of the work in my absence had done.

For there on the wall, all neat and clean,
Hung the pan I'd had my jelly in;
And I asked, in a voice that was strangely low:
"Where is my jelly, I'd like to know?"

He spoke, calm as a summer breeze,
That hardly stirs the leaves of the trees;
And said—while I suppressed a scream:
"There was no jelly that I have seen."

While I cried: "Speak quickly, man!
I had it cooking in that pan."
And he said: "Oh, now that I come to think,
I poured that stuff out into the sink."

AT THE OCULIST'S.

I went one day, to an oculist
To have him examine my eye;
And when I entered the waiting room
I thought in my soul I'd die.

For here and there, to my despair,
Quietly sitting on many a chair,
Were men and women of every size
With wads of cotton tied to their eyes.

And I thought, without doubt
This good doctor is wise,
And knows all about these people's eyes;
But this much is sure: it'll be a cold day

'Ere he fixes me up in any such way.
And so I protested, both earnest and long;
But being a doctor, he thought it no wrong
To fix up a fellow to look like a guy

With a string on his head and a wad in his eye;
And so, it seemed funny;
But I will be blest, if I didn't sit round
Looking just like the rest.

Editor's Note.—This poem was shown to the oculist, who greatly enjoyed its quiet humor. But more: It resulted in a change of method, which isolated the patients with "wads of cotton tied to their eyes," in a separate room where those who first entered the waiting room could not see these creations of the oculist's art.

THE ROSY DAWN.

Read at the 1910 Celebration at Portland, Oregon
of the Birth of

MODERN SPIRITUALISM
March 29, 1848.

Dear friends, if I stood before you,
Robed in garments of white,
With a radiant crown of wisdom,
Shedding its golden light

Far down o'er the coming ages
And back o'er the years that are gone,
I would ask you to lift your faces
To catch the Rosy Dawn

Of life and light and beauty
In an era born of joy,
Through the wisdom, hope and knowledge
Brought from the world on high

By the spirit of man in his freedom,
By the soul in its onward march,
Bearing the healing balm of love
To soothe the wounded heart.

For this is the glorious mission
Of the angels from on high,
Who come with sweet compassion
To dry the tear-dimmed eye,

Nor linger in the shadows
Till hope and joy depart
When just a little word of faith
Would fill the empty heart.

Oh, countless years of sorrow,
With your endless tale of woe,
Why did ignorance tarry so long
And make us suffer so ?

Where were the white-robed angels
In all the ages past ?
How chanced they to hear our cry
And come to our homes at last,

And rap to gain admittance,
And linger by our side,
To whisper words of comfort
When some dear one has died ?

And make us know that living
Is not confined to form;
But death is the birth of the soul of man
Into life's eternal morn.

And so we have met together
To celebrate the hour
When the world awoke to the knowledge
Of a mighty Spirit power

Which is rolling away the darkness
That covered the sea and land
And parting the veil that we may see
The ever-beckoning hand

Of Lore who is greater than darkness—
Greater than sorrow or night—
Who waits for us long at the portals
To let in her golden light

Of truth, o'er the field of knowledge
So none need wander alone,
Crying for bread when our hopes seem dead,
And ever receiving a stone,

In place of the sweet assurance
That Spirit and Life are one;
And we only lay down our bodies
When our earthly work is done,

And take up a larger mission
Of drying the mourners' tears,
Of giving them hope and comfort,
Of giving the joy that cheers,

Which we feel today dear pilgrims
Brothers, sisters, and all,
As o'er our heads in gentle love
Their benedictions fall

For meeting and greeting each other
On this anniversary day,
When the angels of light, to dispel the night
Have rolled the stone away

From the graves of all our loved ones
In all the ages past,
That the Rosy Dawn of the glad new morn
Might break o'er the world at last.

The Call of the Dreamer

IN APPRECIATION AND EXPLANATION.

The poem following, was inspired by the sweet influences of the World's Advanced Thought center and that spiritual lady, Mrs. Lucy A. Rose Mallory, its presiding genius.

It would be most creditable to the citizens of Portland, Oregon, not to forget that Mrs. Mallory established and maintained the first free reading room in their city. For thirty years it was open to whomsoever would enter it. In it were many rare books of spiritualism and philosophy, as well as periodicals, not easily obtainable elsewhere.

Besides this, Mrs. Mallory was editor and publisher of The New Republic and World's Advanced Thought—two periodicals printed under one cover—published for more than thirty years.

Mrs. Mallory, with her All World Soul Communion hour, to be observed around the world, was the pioneer in the "going into the Silence" idea, collectively. Many New Thought groups have since practised this method of attaining unity of thought, and still do; but she led in that as in many other things.

In addition to her reading room and periodicals, Mrs. Mallory kept parlors open for meetings held twice or three times a week. Often these were addressed by speakers of world reputation, but oftener, those with unusual ideas spoke there as the one place in the city where they could utter their

thoughts in a friendly and hospitable atmosphere. Many tried their speaking powers here for the first time. Elizabeth Towne, publisher of Nautilus Magazine, Holyoke, Massachusetts, was one of these; and the author of these poems first found voice and self confidence to recite her lines, encouraged by the gentle woman, to whom all sincere human effort was precious.

Although practically unknown to thousands in her home city, Mrs. Mallory was a valued friend of Count Leo Tolstoy, who took and read her magazine; and of the late W. J. Colville, noted lecturer and author.

Mrs. Mallory is at this writing in San Jose, California.

THE CALL OF THE DREAMER.

The call of the Dreamer. O, list ! Do you hear
How it rolls down the ages and falls on the ear
In tones loud as thunder, yet clear as a bell,
The story of life's earnest workers to tell ?

For the call of the Dreamer is not what it seems—
Just fancy and fiction and bright fairy scenes
Of fields white with lilies and hills' sloping sod
As fair as the sunshine with bright golden rod—

No. The call of the Dreamer in ages gone by
Was a call to the heroes to conquer or die;
Was a call to the martyrs, though many were slain
By rack and by torture—to heed not the pain

But to keep ever floating above the brave dead
The purpose for which all their life blood was shed.
This call of the Dreamer in ages long gone,
Is written in story and chorused in song

And painted by artists; for every great scene
Ever put upon canvas, first lived as a dream
In the mind of the artist, ere its colors and shades
Were touched with the brush that the great pictures
made.

And thus in the present as in the great past:
The things that will live and forever shall last,
Come first as a shadow—a dream of the mind
To bless and uplift and redeem all mankind,

Like the World's Soul Communion. What mind
could have seen

The strength of its mission—except as a dream
As vague as a shadow; and dim to the eye
As the bright golden sun when clouds fill the sky.

And still, round and round the broad earth it has run,
Warming all hearts as the rays of the sun
Kissing the dew on the sweet summer flowers,
Melting its way in the fresh morning hours.

Gentle and sweet, earnest and true
Is the voice of the Dreamer calling to you,
To fields that are vernal and heights yet untrod,
Guiding and leading our souls unto God;

For beyond all the sorrows and trials of today
We have our great Tolstoy pointing the way
To a time that now is but a dream of the mind;
And still, it will come to the lives of mankind,

If each will go forth without doubting or fear
When the call of the Dreamer falls on the ear,
To work in the vineyard as all workers should,
With an unselfish love for a true brotherhood.

Yes, all that has come to this great world of thine
To bless it, first lived as a dream in the mind;
An ideal—a picture—a light on a hill,
That we in our wisdom, may fill out at will.

SOME TREE, THAT

He tells us forty times a day,
This pesky writing man,
To put in lots of gardens
And raise just all we can.

Plow up the earth for freedom's sake,
And plant our beans and peas
And let them grow in rain and sun
And heaven's gentle breeze.

For that's a way we all can help
To set the nation free.
But what I'd like to buy and plant
Would be a butter tree

Whose fruit would grow in hours of night
And melt in morning's sun
And over my beans and peas and corn
In golden rivulets run.

SORRY, BUT CAN'T BE HELPED.

Oh grasses green, you once were queen
O'er all the sod, I know;
But now we've had to turn you down
So other things can grow.

We know you do a world of good
When you are young and sweet,
But somehow you are not the kind
Of food we care to eat.

Although you hold an honored place
In nature's lovely scenes
We need your space for the human race
To raise our spuds and beans.

GOODS MARKED "GOLDEN WEST."

If I were asked to cross my heart
And honestly, truly tell—in softest tone
To you alone, or from the house top yell—
What powder I used on baking day
And which I liked the best—
I would shout with glee, o'er land and sea
The Peerless "Golden West."
It had a battle royal and won in every way;
And with "Golden West" Coffee and Spices its
here—and here to stay.
My cake is like the thistle down,
My biscuit a very joy,
So here's to the health the pleasure and wealth
Of the wisest kind of a guy
Who helps us all to economize
Yet have the very best
If we only choose to buy and use
All goods marked "Golden West."



**Patriotic Verse
and
Echoes of the War**

OLD GLORY.

I have but one heart-song to sing;
But one immortal story;
And that is told in the Stars and Stripes
Of our Old Glory.

It floats above the school and home;
And afar o'er land and sea,
Ever on each fold the story is told of
Love and Liberty.

Then sing with me the dear heart-song—
The one immortal story,
Emblazoned on the Stars and Stripes of
Our Old Glory.

The sun may set, the stars may fade,
The earth fall to decay;
But the story told on each shining fold
Will never pass away.

Then sing again the dear heart-song—
The one immortal story,
Written in red and white and blue
On our Old Glory.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NOTE.

We have a guardian of our land,
And round him as a phalanx stand
A people with a power untold
The Nation's honor to uphold;
For a key was struck that will resound
In echoing tones the wide world round.

No shot nor shell shall touch our shore,
With that true guardian at our door;
And time will prove what all have heard:
"The pen is mightier than the sword."
The smoke of battle will never dim
The sunlight of glory that lies within
For Love and Justice and Wisdom's hand
Will guard the homes of our fair land.
No demon of death 'neath the ocean's wave
Will make for our sons a watery grave.

But in place of that crime,
O'er the wide blue sea
Goes a message of love
From the Land of the Free—
A heavenly note from the West to the East—
An olive branch, a dove of peace
Whose brood will find a resting place
In every land with every race
Till all the world of men shall know
They reap what in wisdom or folly they sow;
And he who lives by the sword today,
By the sword on the morrow, must pass away;
While the nation, unarmed, the victor will be
O'er all the land and all the sea.

WOODROW WILSON OUR PRESIDENT.

I dipped my pen in the glittering stars
And wrote a name on high;
And when I looked, it was gilded o'er
By the sun in its passing by.

I heard the nations of earth rejoice
As our people cry aloud
The name of Woodrow Wilson,
Above the dark war cloud; and

Hail him who dared to do the right—
Hail him from West to East;
Hail him—the guardian of our land—
America's prince of peace.

We stand before him in our pride,
And still, in humble mien,
Viewing the warriors who fought and died—
Beside our peaceful scene

Could greater contrast fill the mind
Or a deeper lesson give
To teach the brotherhood of man
Their highest thoughts to live ?

O you who rest beneath the shade
Of your own fig tree and vine
Can bless the chieftain of our land
In the name of all mankind.

Let not your hearts be troubled,
For he stands at the golden gate
With the key of destiny in his hand,
Guarding your happy fate.

Let not your hearts be troubled,
For the East with its rosy dawn
Will see his face outlined in love
When the shadows of war are gone.

And the name of Woodrow Wilson,
We proudly honor today
In the glory light of right against might
Will shine forever and aye.

MY ANSWER

To my friends who ask why I have not used my
inspiration to write about the war.

(Written in 1917).

I feel no inspiration
To write about the war.
The awful cost of the struggle
And its carnage, I abhor.

But the spirit that is in us
And will carry it along,
Has touched my heart with gladness
And filled my soul with song

For the boys who go to battle—
In the fiercest of the fight—
Bare their breasts and yield their manhood
In this struggle for the right,

With no thought but love of country,
Love of home and love of peace
For the world and all its people.
When the cry of war shall cease

And the fires of inspiration
Flood my soul and fill my heart;
When I see our glorious nation
Enter in and take her part

In the mighty task before us,
Counting not the price we pay
For victory and justice
To the nations far away;

To Old England and her people;
To dear France—the Martyred One,
Who will offer on her altar
Every father, every son

To defend their land of beauty,
Land of sunshine, land of might,
Where the star of hope keeps shining
Through the darkest hour of night;

For they know our boys are with them
To the end, what e'er may come;
Till they sing the song of victory
And of freedom bravely won.

And Italy! Though vanquished,
Yet victorious will be
When they feel the mighty power
Of our boys beyond the sea,

Who will scale the highest mountains—
Not of granite, but of hate—
Which would doom those noble people
To the conquered warriors' fate,

And will bridge the deepest canyon,
Drive the foe from lowly plain,
Till the victory of freedom
For all nations they will gain

And we'll see them marching homeward
Full of courage, hope and pride,
With the golden stars above them
For the blessed ones who died.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The Liberty Bell that I love so well
Is the size and shape of my heart,
And it swings to and fro wherever I go,
And the music its deep tones impart
Is a joy to my soul as its deep echoes roll
Over mountain and valley and sea,
Saying to all where its melodies fall
That this is the land of the free.

Ring on Oh, ring on,
Sweet Liberty Bell,

Till your tones reach around the wide world;
And the flag of the free all nations will see,
To the Liberty Bell is unfurled.
Yes, the Liberty Bell that I love so well
Is the size and shape of my heart;
And I know when it rings its melody brings
A joy that can never depart.

WHEN HE CAME HOME.

I saw a Hero the other day—
Home from a foreign land—
Whose deeds of valor I did not know,
Nor whose courage understand;
But I know the language of the soul,
And the power the angels gave
As he fought for life in that awful strife,
Our country's blood to save.
So I'm weaving a laurel wreath for him,
Out of the depths of my heart;
And I'll ask him to come—when my work is done—
And stand with me apart
While I crown him, as never king was crowned,
In the name of Liberty
For the blood he shed for the living and dead
And the people he helped set free.

BUTTERFLY COLORS.

(A Poem in Prismatic).

Some people I know think that butterflies gay
Were made with bright shades since the very first
day.
But a secret I've learned from fairyland bright—
The first butterflies were all perfectly white

Till a rainbow exploded one showery day,
In butterfly fairy land, far far away.
And some of the colors arched over the sky,
Fell down here and there on the white butterfly.

And ever since then, in light and in shade,
They have carried the colors the rainbow made;
And they sport in the sunshine, happy and free,
So all little children their bright wings may see
| |

And know what was done one sweet summer day,
In butterfly fairyland, far, far away,
When a rainbow, in forming an arch o'er the sky,
Exploded all over the white butterfly.

**Portland and Oregon
Verse**

THE LIGHT ON THE HILL

"1905"

No one of all the thousands who were in Portland during the Lewis and Clark Fair of 1905, but will remember vividly that hilltop light which burned so steadily through all the nights of that Anniversary year—as steadily as the high purpose which kept those two supermen—Lewis and Clark—a century before on their hazardous way to the great Columbia River and its wonderful empire.

On yonder height—aglow alive—
All through the year blazed nineteen five.
Burning on the hill so high,
It was written in fire against the sky;
And the tall trees swaying to and fro
Heard the night wind whisper low:
God placed this light upon your crest
As a guiding star for all the West,
Fair city, crowned by a hand unseen
With more riches far than a royal queen,
With mountains, rivers, and woods and land—
Holding aloft a beckoning hand
To the thousands who daily and yearly roam
To come and build themselves a home
In this fair city, whose future for years,
Could not be seen through its mist of tears
Or gain for itself either title or fame
That was not washed away by the pattering rain.
But that is all in the vanished past
And Portland has won a name at last,

With a future as bright to fill
As the light that burned on yonder hill,
Piercing the gloom of the darkest night,
Shedding abroad its beams of light
And seeming to say, as though alive,
That this glorious year of Nineteen-Five
Will shine through all the years to come
As a crown by a noble victory won—
A jewel forever to flame in the dark
In memory of our Lewis and Clark
Who blazed the way o'er the mountain's crest
For you and me, to this glorious West,
Where Nature will bless with a lavish hand
The sons and daughters of every land,
From North and South and the crowded East
To the Western slope—the land of peace,
Where men can live in this gentle clime
And life go on like a merry chime.
So we lift our eyes in kindly adieu
To this grand old year and welcome the New.

FRIENDSHIP'S FLOWER.

(Tribute to Senator Mitchell.)

On the form of our Senator, old and gray,
A simple white flower in pity I lay,
Mid the other blossoms, rich and rare,
Sad friends have sent to cover his bier.

And I ask of the angels in this hour
To bless with love my little flower,
And whisper to him when they meet in Heaven,
That my spotless flower to him was given,

In memory of the days gone by,
When no cloud of suspicion darkened his sky;
And now, as we sorrow that he is dead
No clouds shall rest on his honored head;

For love shall roll them all away,
And the sun break forth in endless day,
Over friendship's lovelit sky
As we feel his gentle spirit nigh.

And our fancy will linger long and sweet
Over the time when we shall meet,
And walk together on that shore
Where grief and parting will come no more.

So this little white flower in pity I lay
Upon his silent form today,
For those who could not understand
The noble soul of such a man,

Who worked in love for all he knew,
Strong and steadfast, brave and true,
As he climbed, as it were, from the very ground
Until he reached the topmost round,

Where he ever reached down with love's magical
power
To pluck and cherish sweet friendship's flower.

THE HUMAN ROSEBUD.

(Seen at the Rose Festival, Portland, Oregon).

Here's to the human rosebud,
The fairest of them all !
May Heaven's choicest blessings
Gently upon them fall.

Our Rex is a mighty monarch;
He sits on a golden throne;
He rides in a blaze of glory
And splendor all his own.

He rules o'er millions of people,
He carries a golden key
To unlock the gates of the city
And set his subjects free

To roam through a forest of roses,
To bask in the glory of light
Of a fairy land on every hand
To greet our wondering sight.

You may have your men of honor,
Your grand electric parade,
More glorious in it's beauty
Than ever fairies made.

But give me the human rosebud
All God-like in design;
Blossoms of the kingdom,
Sparks of love divine,

As they march in all their gladness,
Fair children of the sun,
Hail ! hail ! to these mighty rulers,
They come, they come, they come

Right into the heart of the nation,
Right into every soul
Who has the glorious privilege
Their beauty to behold,

Dancing like fairy figures,
Radiant as the sun,
Rolling on like billows
Of rosy light they run.

No hand can paint the picture,
No mind the scene can hold,
As moment by moment the vision
In rainbow tints unfolds.

So here's to the human rosebud,
Fresh as the morning dew.
Our Rex and all his kingdom
Bow down in honor to you.

THE COLUMBIA HIGHWAY AND ITS WATERFALLS.

I stood before Waukeena Falls
And gazed at a height that bewilders—appalls
A mind like my own, whose life is so tame—
And pondered the sense of the Indian name.

Did the Indian race in the days that are gone
Interpret the meaning of its laughing song ?
Could they tell as it fell from its heights above
The words of its song and its spirit of love

How it knew all these years there'd come a glad day
When it would be first on the Columbia Highway
To welcome the stranger, whoe'er he might be,
The wondrous Highway of beauty to see ?

Did they read in the ripple o'er each mossy rock
The call to the traveler in welcome to stop
And partake of its waters so fresh and so free
As it went on its way to its home in the sea
Rejoicing in secret and silence to know
More wonders await them as onward they go ?

For just at the right, but a short space ahead
Another great Falls, from its brink to its bed,
Plunges eight hundred feet, in the bright morning
light

Filling the soul with the sweetest delight,
As downward and onward it sparkles and glows,
A child of the mountain; its ices and snows

That used the deep canyon like dishes of gold
The waters of many long winters to hold.

And when you have thought and expressed every
word

Of surprise and delight, that your ears ever heard,
The Highway ! the great masterpiece of the mind !
The roadway of pleasure ! a joy for mankind
Will lead you along by the river of light
To another great Falls, all sparkling and white
In the sunlight, that plays with it all the day long—
And you feel you could burst into some lilting song
That was sung by the fairies in Fairyland gay—
When was planned and completed the Columbia
Highway,

By its broad River grand, with rocks, valleys and
hills,

Its cool shady nooks, its great heights and pure rills.
Your heart thrills to the core as you gaze up and
down

From your place on Crown Point to the low, level
ground

That completes a great picture—the fairest e'er
seen—

With its sunshine, its waters and islands of green.

The Thoughts I Think Over
My Dish Work

THE THOUGHTS I THINK OVER MY DISH WORK.

The thoughts I think o'er my dish work,
While washing each dish sweet and clean,
Might be prized by a maker of patterns,
To weave into a robe for a queen;

For they bear in their tints glints of sunbeams
On a background of blue from the sky,
With a star here and there in the distance
Shining out from white clouds drifting by.

And the moon, with light turned to silver
She borrowed one time from the sun,
Like the course of a clear swimming river,
Thru all the fair pattern would run.

And methinks that a flower from the hillside,
And vines from the valley below,
And a few ferns from out in the woodland,
Worked out on a border of snow,

Would bear some faint trace to my thinking,
While working in love for my own
In doing the things that are needful
In pleasure, for those in my home.

For it keeps not my feet from ascending
To heights yet untrod by the world
Or the banner of truth in my being
From all the fair breezes unfurled.

And I stand on the mount so transfigured,
While yet my poor feet press the sod
That the voice of all nations seems speaking,
One word, and that sweet word is: God.

THEY SAY I WAS ONCE A PRINCESS.

Yes, I must have been a Princess
In the ages long gone by,
For a scene of royal splendor
Oft times floats before my eye.

And I feel the robe upon me
And the crown upon my head,
And see the light around me
By the flashing jewels shed

As I sit in royal grandeur
While the courtiers around me stand
And list to catch my slightest word
And heed my least command.

And thus the life around me
Was to take and never give,
And in those cramped surroundings
All my earthly days I lived.

And when my reign was over
And they bore my body away
To lofty pyramids of old
Where kings and princes lay,

My spirit was but an infant
In the higher realms above,
And they taught me as a little child
My first sweet lessons of love:

How the heart was the royal palace
And the soul the ruling power,
And love in the garden of the Gods,
The only perfect flower.

All else is but the glitter
Of earthly pomp and fame,
And except you carve it out in love,
You will have no lasting name.

And so with that sweet lesson
I am back again on earth,
Bearing my share of its burdens,
Content in an humble birth,

As long as the bright cheeks glowing
In every land and clime,
Are fed by the warm blood **flowing**
From the same great Fountain as mine.

TIME AND I.

Time and I are just as happy
As two old chums could be,
For he told me not to worry
And truth would set me free,

He had soothed so many sorrows,
Dried so many bitter tears
In the hours and days of practice
He had these long, long years,

I could count upon his presence
To do as much for me
If I'd tarry just a moment
And my blessings try to see—

Try to feel that he was present
Every moment of the day;
And would help my eyes in seeing
All the flowers along the way,

All the wonders he was working,
Not with sickle by his side,
As the mind of man has pictured
When some precious one has died,

But the mowing down of error,
Weeding out all thought unkind,
Sowing seeds of love and kindness
In the heart, the soul, the mind.

Gathering up the heartstrings broken
Binding them with golden cord,
Brought to him in tender mercy
By the angels of the Lord.

Then we took a little journey back
In all the ages past,
And I found that no great sorrow
In the mind of man could last.

For He came and took it from them,
Planting little seeds of joy
That would grow when least they dreamed it
And would bless them by and by.

THE SECOND BIRTH.

Long years ago when I was young and innocent as a
dream,
A wealth of flowers seemed on my brow and colored
every scene
Far down the beautiful valley of time and all of hope
and joy were mine.
And when a thorn lay in my path, I knew its sting
could never last
As long as the fragrance of the flower
That bloomed for me in youth's bright bower.

But tho' sweet hope was kind to me,
My bark was drifting o'er life's sea
And I know no quiet haven of rest
Where peace could hold full sway in my breast,
Until I received the Second Birth; and then a light
on my vision burst,
Brighter far than the rosy scene
Viewed by me in youth's bright dream;
For it did not contain just my love and me
But was broad as the universe, deep as the sea.

And now when the waves roll mountain high,
The Father's face reflects from the sky.
And when they gently roll at my feet,
I hear the sound of voices sweet,
And I know the words that are wafted to me
Across the waves of the rolling sea

Are sweeter by far than those of earth,
That I heard before my Spirit birth;
For they speak of a life eternal and grand.
Progressing for aye in the Summer Land,
Where the perfect love that rounds out the soul
The reality of a dream doth hold
And here and now we can feel the joy
Of the hopes of youth beyond the sky
That are renewed at the Second Birth,
And flood with sunshine all the earth,
And fill the heart, the soul, the mind
With a tender love for all mankind,
Which is played upon, as the lofty trees
Are played upon by the passing breeze
And caused to whisper soft and low,
To the buds that burst and the flowers that grow,
"Receive, receive, from the world on high,
From the gentle breezes passing by,
To the earth beneath and the sky above,
For all is sent in the name of love."

LIFE'S PROBLEMS.

Just over the hill by the river
I saw on the banks of the stream
A child in the joy of her childhood
'Neath the boughs of a tall evergreen

Dip down her white hand in the water
That rippled in waves at her feet,
To lift up bright pebbles in gladness
She sought for in pleasure, to keep;

And the eyes that looked down in their beauty
Saw naught but each bright shining one
As it sparkled and glowed in the water
Reflecting the light of the sun;

And I lifted my face to the sunbeams
Where dwells the fair likeness of Him
Who journeyed o'er hillside and valley
To teach of the kingdom within.

And I wonder if we in our blindness,
Could ever know just what he said
Unless like the child in her gladness
Who, along by the pure water led,

Sought out and raised up just the brightest
Of pebbles that lay at her feet
Feeling that only the fairest
Were all that her young heart would keep.

And the answer came back as I pondered
And listened in joy to the soul
That the story of all of earth's gladness
In seeking the brightness, was told.

For we are but children who wander
Along by the river of life
And we choose as the child does, the pebbles—
Its pleasure, its peace or its strife.

A LOST DAY.

What is a day that has gone away ?

What is a day to me ?

Yes, what is a day that has passed away ?

Shall I let it go and be free ?

Deep down in my heart I was calling it back;

But I cannot tell just what I'd do

If I'd get my wish; for here is a day

All bright and fresh and new

And full, Oh, so full ! of the greatest array

Of work that will take up the livelong day.

Then what would I do if a day should come
back—

Return, as it were, on its backward track ?

Would it help me, or hinder my work in the
end ?

Would I be any wiser, my counsel to lend ?

Would I be far ahead in my progress, of you,

Or behind the whole world—if I tried to live
two ?

THE CALM OR THE STORM ?

The days are lengthened into weeks,
The months and years go by
With scarcely a change in the daily lives
Of either you or I.
We drift along o'er the boundless sea,
Calm from day to day,
While the precious moments we love so well
Are swiftly passing away.
And I wonder, sometimes, if our task is done
And we're resting on our oars,
Or must we stem the tide again
Ere we reach the sunny shores.

Some days I love the battle cry
And long in line to fall,
To the quickest tune of fife and drum
And the shrill of the bugle call.
I love the din of the thunder's roar,
The flash of the lightning's chain
As it rends the heavens with a crash
Of flame and wind and rain.

And then again, when the mood is gone
And my heart comes home to me,
I long for the silence and the calm
That sometimes stills the sea.

And so we live from day to day
In a thought world all our own;
Sometimes we long for the merry throng,
Sometimes for our hour alone,
While ever and ever the seasons come
And ever the years go by;
And who can say as they pass away,
What they bring to you and I ?

Are the peaceful hours we love so well,
The moments when we grow;
Or those when we thrill the battle cry—
Do any of us know ?

THE NEWNESS OF LIFE.

Somehow I feel a newness of life
Steal o'er my soul today,
As I sense all mental bondage
Slowly passing away
While I stand on a plane above the strife
Rejoicing in love at the newness of life.
It may be the stars have changed their course
Or the earth has shifted its orb;
But this much I know, wherever we go
We each lift our face to the Lord
With a holier sense of the newness of life,
With the love that is tender and true
To help one another be faithful and kind
And all of our courage renew.

Or the ocean—who knows the depths of its waves
Rolling onward forever and aye—
It speaks to my soul as its deep waters roll
And fills me with gladness today,
And brings me so close to the whole human race
I feel in my soul like a mother
Who would gather them all in my soft warm embrace
And bind them in love to each other
Till the flowers in the field and the waves and the sky
Where the planets roll ever in space
Can fill every heart with the newness of life
And love for the whole human race.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER ?

Am I my brother's keeper? My mind hath often
asked.

And when my soul awakened it quickly answered,
yes !

And showed me in a thousand ways,
The part our thought and action plays.

If we be strong and brave and true,
It helps some one to be that, too.
If we be strong and true and brave,
Who knows how many souls we save ?

If we keep this spark of God divine
Burning brightly, brother mine,
It will light some one upon the way,
Whose feet on downward path might stray.

We cannot see, we cannot know
How much we help each other grow;
But in the ages yet to be
It will be shown to you and me.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I could talk as I can work
I tell you what I'd do:
I'd scale the heights from morn till night
For something new and true—
If I could write as I can think—
I'd ask for nothing higher;
For with my thoughts put into words
I'd set the world afire
With inspiration's holy flame
To burn away the dross;
To count the victories we gain
And never count the loss;
To bear the banner that we love
No matter where we go;
To be content to pay the price
And reap what e'er we sow.

If I could do as I would like,
I'd go from shore to shore
And write the word of love and peace
Above the cottage door.
I'd write it on the stately church
And on the mountains high;
I'd write it on the hearts of men
And o'er the bended sky.
I'd search with joy o'er land and sea
Wherever men have trod
To make them know the only way

To serve and honor God
Is to bring peace to all the world
And love to all mankind,
So each may live and work and die
In his own allotted time—
No cutting down in the prime of life
No giving up your own—
But all would live in peace and love
In country, state and home.

These are the things that I would do
If I were strong and brave and true,
And had the power o'er sea and land
To touch the hearts of mortal man.

THE CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

There are chains of iron and chains of steel;
There are chains of silver and gold;
But the chain that binds
Our hearts and minds,
And all our efforts holds,

Is the chain of Circumstance.
Strong it is as tempered steel,
With links as fine as the human mind;
They will not break or yield.

This is the chain that binds
And troubles me through and through;
For some of the links are old with mould,
And some are bright and new.

Some are made of sorrow;
And some are made of joy;
Some of the bitterest dregs of earth;
Some of gold, without alloy.

But all are linked together,
And their weight I daily feel;
For some are as fine as the human mind
And others are strong as steel.

How to temper the crude links;
How make the dull ones bright;
And how to even the heavy weight
And make it a little light,

Is a depth I would love to fathom,
A height I would love to scale,
A breadth I should love to live in
Lest my strength to endure might fail;

And the chains of circumstance
That have troubled me so long
Crush at last my highest ambition
And silence my sweetest song.

MY WEAVING

I was touched by the beauty of Heaven,
And wooed by the spirit of love
To fix my hopes on eternal things
In the realm of the spirit above.

For we know this life is transient.
Death speaks, and we must obey;
And then we live in the spirit,
And not in this house of clay.

Oh! to be true to that knowledge!
Oh! to be strong and brave!
And cloud not the soul with a habit
We would blush for beyond the grave.

For there we're stripped of earth's garment
And stand in the spirit's pure light;
We see and are seen in our glory
Or in the soul's shadows and blight,

That is made, Oh, my brother and sister
By the life we are living to-day.
And the garment we're weaving this moment
Is the garment we'll all wear away.

And oft times the wonder of weaving
Comes sweeping in joy o'er my soul,
And I try to weave only the whitest
Of threads into every fold.

And while that sweet spell is upon me
I know what I weave is pure white,
And fit to be worn in my bright spirit home
In the strongest and clearest of light.

But what is the color of weaving
When doubt throws a cloud o'er my mind;
And the thoughts that I think are unholy,
And the deeds I do are unkind ?

And love is just given in notions
To this one, or that, as I choose,
Is it then that spots cloud my garments
And some of its brightness I lose ?

Is it then that I feel all unworthy
To weave what through time I must wear,
And know that no matter how dark they
may be,
The spots on my robe I must bear ?

Then in love I pity my weaving,
And in love I try to do right;
Helping other souls with the knowledge,
To weave all their garments pure white.

MY MANTLE OF LOVE.

In a mantle of love and light
Have I clothed myself today;
And I shall wear it till all the weight
Of my cross has passed away.

It was made by the power of my will
From the tears that I have shed
Over the hopes that I cherished so,
That now lie withered and dead.

I made it of flowers of every hue,
Of blossoms of every shade;
I made it of wisdom, of love and light
Whose glory will never fade.

I shall wear it till peace shall rule my heart
And the love of liberty
Will make me rejoice that I am a part
Of every soul that is free.

And so this luminous mantle of love
I have clothed myself with today
I shall wear —and wear
When the light of earth is lost in Heaven's
day;

And I shall be an immortal star
In the higher realms above,
Because I have clothed myself today
With this mantle of light and love.

And so, dear friend, if a sorrow you bear—
As a crown of thorns on your brow—
Then clothe yourself as I have done,
With Love's mantle, here and now.

Make it of all the joy of earth;
Of all its sorrow and pain.
Make it of flowers of hue—
Of your losses and your gain.

Make it of courage, wisdom and hope;
Of anguish and despair;
Blend all these atoms into one,
For this mantle, bright and fair.

Then you will have all life can give—
All Heaven holds in store—
For earth or air or God or man
Can give the soul no more.

THE CROWN OF MOTHERHOOD.

I saw a crown descending
For some saint or holy one,
I thought; for the jewels in that crown
Shone brighter than the sun.

And I asked the angels bearing it,
Who was so holy and good
As to win such a crown
As they brought down ?

And they answered: "Motherhood,"
As they meekly bowed before me
And laid it at my feet;
And said in accents soft and low

Like silver bells, so sweet,
That all through the countless ages
The angels had worked on this
To make it shine as brightly

As the love in a mother's kiss;
Even now they were loath to bring it,
Feeling they needed more time
To make it reflect the glory of Motherhood
divine.

MY BLESSING.

This morning I sat in the silence,
With my hands uplifted in prayer;
And there came a vision before me,
Of a scene so bright and fair,
I scarce could breathe for a moment,
Or dared to touch my pen
Lest the vision should vanish from me,
And never return again.

And the memory now is so hallowed,
I scarce can write it down;
Or disturb that sacred silence
With discordant earthly sound.
For as I sat in the silence
With my hands uplifted in prayer
I saw a band of angels
Plucking flowers so fair

That the dewdrops in the lily
Seemed as spots in the mellow light,
Near the flowers the angels brought me
So spotless was their white.
And they wove them into a garment
Of fragrance, soft and sweet,
And placed it around my shoulders,
To fall in folds at my feet.

And on each flower was written
Some good that I had done
In sending out my blessings
To each and every one;
For this is the work of the angels—
The silent work of the soul—
And that is the way their garments
Grow white in every fold

By sending out a blessing
To the children of earth below;
And helping them in the knowledge
Of love and peace to grow.
And the lining was rainbow-tinted
Like the bow of promise o'er head
Saying the flood was over
Of tears, that I have shed;

Of hopes that had long since vanished
Because I needed them not;
For the angels knew if granted,
My garments would bear the spot
And the blessings that seem so hallowed,
When in the soul-life I live
If tarnished by selfish desire,
To others, I could not give.

And the silence I felt around me,
So hallowed, so holy and sweet,
That I scarce could breathe for its presence
E'er the vision from me would sweep,
Would ne'er be mine in the morning
As at the set of sun,
If I did not give my blessing
To each and every one.

THE CALM IN MY SOUL.

There are times when I'm lonely,
And times when I'm sad,
There are times when I'm happy
And joyful and glad.

But the times I love most
Are the times I am calm
As a fresh, rosy morn
At the first hour of dawn

Ere the last gentle breeze
From the South Seas has passed
To stir but a leaf
Or a green blade of grass

As a lake in a still forest glade reflects
The scene that Nature has made
From the trees and ferns and flowers bright
To the stately mountains' peaks all white.

Each one alike, from the mountain peak
To the tiny flower, reflects in the deep
Its own true self, in the quiet calm
Of the beautiful lake in the summer morn.

And thus, dear Father, would I the same,
Reflect myself, in Thy Real Name,
True to nature in every part,
With just pure love to rule my heart.

Not on the waves of emotion wild,
But trust as a calm and gentle child,
Faithful and kind as a wife and mother,
True in my soul to sister and brother,

Obedient ever to Nature's will
Just as the beautiful waters still
Reflect the form of the mountains and trees,
When no leaf is moved by a passing breeze

Or a cloud has swept the rosy sky
And hid the crest of the mountain high.
And this is my prayer from day to day
As the moments come and pass away:

That the calm in my Soul
That I love best,
Will rock me forever
On Nature's breast.

TO THOSE IN SORROW.

I, too, have had sorrow, but glimpses of light
Would flash through the darkness like star gems at
 night,
And out of a rift in the clouds I could see
The faces of angels smiling at me.

And when I was silent I knew I could hear
Their sweet words of comfort, of courage and cheer,
That lifted me up when I fain would lie down
In anguish and grief with my face to the ground.

And when all my sorrow was carried away
I could see precious flowers on the ground where I
 lay.
And the fields that in winter were barren and bleak
Are now filled with promise that makes life complete.

THE TRUE BREAD.

There are two of me, I have often said;
And one of these parts subsists on bread,
And fruit and soup and fish and meat,
Or anything I choose to eat.

But the other part, Oh, friends of earth,
Was starved before my spirit birth,
When my eyes were opened and I could see
The kind of food that would nourish me.

Then I found that love was the only thing
That peace to my hungry heart could bring;
And so I began to love with my sight;
And loving things, brought a clearer light,

Until it became as light as day
And I could see through your mask of clay
And know that part, which I have said
Could not live on fruit and fish and bread
And milk and soup and bits of meat,
Or anything else you'd wish to eat.

THE DREAMER'S DREAM.

I saw a vision in my sleep
Of scores and scores of men
And women, each with brush and paint
And palette in their hands.

And I watched them closely, in my dream,
To see what they might do;
And I saw them painting life's great scene
In their own peculiar view.

One tints the world a rosy shade
That would brighten the tear-dimmed eye;
Another, Oh, Father! paints a shade
That would make you long to die,

So dark the scene, so heavy the cross,
As the head bends weak and low;
While other souls caught a glimpse of light
From the mountain peaks of snow;

And dipping their brush in the sunbeams bright
Ere the light began to fade,
When lo, the lilies of the field
And the passion flowers were made.

And thus all flowers sprang into life
And the world of beauty was made
By each dear heart with its palette and brush
Painting its best loved shade.

MY TREASURE BOX.

Oh, bring me again my treasure box,
Fling back the cover for me;
And open my eyes in the sunlight
Till all of its jewels I see.

I once walked in paths that were golden
With light from the bright spheres above.
I listened to voices so olden
They had cradled the infant of love
And sent her upon her first mission
To man in his infantile state,
To win from his heart in life's journey
All shadows of envy and hate.
I rested where lilies were blooming
O'er hillside and valley and plain;
I sat by the bedside of sorrow,
And soothed all its anguish and pain.
And I pray you, Oh angels of wisdom,
To bring back my treasures to me
And fling back the cover of darkness
Till all its bright jewels I see.

We have light where so many have darkness;
We have love where so many have hate,
And see not the hand that would lead them
In gladness to love's open gate.
We have blessings, ten thousand in number,
Deep down in our dear treasure box;
And the key God will give in the keeping

Of each, as we choose to unlock
The lid, that too long has been resting
Upon every treasure we hold
Of the truth of God's ministering angels
More precious than silver or gold.

It leads us to life everlasting;
It teaches us wisdom and peace.
We walk with the Master of Masters
And eat of the heavenly feast;
And the light that streamed down from above us
And the shadows that fall at our feet
Alike in the spirit of goodness
Bring blossoms so fragrant and sweet
We would wreath them in garlands of beauty
And crown every mortal below
And robe them in garments of glory
As fair as the mountains of snow.

DO WE REAP WHAT WE SOW ?

They tell us each day that we reap what we sow.
Now tell me, I pray, when it ripens to mow
And if wheat is the symbol of our daily bread,
Who cares for the chaff and who garners the seed ?

I have pondered quite often this question, my friends,
And I trust some wise one his counsel will lend,
And help solve this problem that I do not know,
Of when and how much do we reap what we sow ?

What becomes of the chaff and the straw that must
 grow
To strengthen the grain ere it's ready to mow ?
Is the grief in our hearts, the sorrow and pain
Just the chaff and the straw, or the real ripened
 grain ?

Is the pleasure we oft times so long to live in
The straw in the stack or the grain in the bin ?
The one that can answer my question aright
Will throw on my pathway a much-needed light

To aid me in seeing just how I should treat
The chaff to be burned or the grain I should eat
To strengthen my limbs for the journey ahead—
When sifting out wheat for my heavenly bread.

WHAT ARE WORDS ?

What are words, and where do they start ?
Do they come from the self-same place in the heart ?
Some are so gentle, low and sweet,
Like fragrant flowers that bloom at our feet;

And their sweetness wreathes your lips with a smile
That shortens the length of the weary mile;
And you cherish them in your heart like a gem,
And you long to hear them over again.

But some of the thoughts, when put into words,
Cut into the heart like two-edged swords
And you shrink away with deep surprise,
While the teardrops rise and fill your eyes;

And your heart seems crushed and bleeding and sore,
While you hear their harshness o'er and o'er,
As your eyes grow dim and you cannot see.
It may be a friend is speaking to thee

Who has not learned just how to unfold
And speak the language of the soul
That is ever gentle, true and sweet,
Like the fragrant flowers that bloom at our feet

To give us comfort when life seems sad,
And help us forget words that are said;
And make us know that perfect love
Is gentle as the voice of a dove

And soothing as the summer breeze
That floats away among the trees,
Cooling the heat of the mid-day sun,
Bringing sweet rest to everyone.

SWEET GRATITUDE.

Oh, thou fairest flower of the human heart,
Tell me, I pray you, where you grow,
For I've searched and found you not
In the places where I thought you grew.
I've worked and searched the long years through
For just a tiny bud or stem, sprouting in the breasts
of men.

And sometimes I sit me down and weep,
For I've searched o'er hill and mountain steep,
And have never shirked a duty,
Where I thought your blossoms, sweet and rare,
Should bloom for every human heart,
That takes a true and honest part

And sends out love to every one,
From early morn to set of sun.
For in the sunshine and the rain,
We love sweet gratitude the same.
I care not where on land or sea,
No soul is from thy magic free,

For thy rare flower would sweeten life,
And soften all its toil and strife.
And if it bloom not for me on land,
I'll find it in the sea, on some fair strand
That my frail bark may reach some day,
And from that isle I'll bring the seed away

And plant it for the soul's great need
And raise its blossoms sweet and rare,
And wreath them into garlands fair,
To cheer the lonely on their way,
And strengthen them from day to day;
For here on earth each soul doth need
The flowers that grow from thy rare seed.

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE ?

What is worth while in this great living world
That out into space the past ages have hurled
As a home for the mortal, a school for the mind,
A brief dwelling place for all of mankind,
Where we know one another as strangers might do,
As hurrying onward, we chance to pass through
The same open doorway—on the same beaten path
Which ends in the life that forever shall last ?

As we catch the sweet sound of some kindly word
 spoken,
That lies in the mind like a dear blessed token
We have cherished and laid away with a smile,
Knowing full well it to us, is worth while
To cherish with others in sunshine and shade
Till the bright stars afar in their glory shall fade,
And the sea with its tide will never more roll
And time will turn back as a great mighty scroll,
While we read for ourselves in the light of God's
 smile,
That to love and be true are all that's worth while.

OH, SOUL OF MINE.

My body said to my soul one day:

I wonder how long we will jog away
Together, on this earthly plane,
Sometimes in pleasure and sometimes in pain.

Many a morn we've seen dry the dew;
We have weathered the old and welcomed the new;
We have watched the sun sink low at night,
And have seen it arrive in its glory bright.

We have seen the fairest flower of May,
Bloom, then wither and fade away;
And then again, when the spring time comes,
Gaily blossom, one by one,

As if the night had closed their eyes,
Nor storms had swept the wintry skies;
But that life in one unbroken vein
Flowed on and on, forever the same;

And by that self same law, dear soul,
I wonder how long that power will hold:
To live and love and pass away,
Then rise again some glad new day,

Bearing no mark, like the fragrant flower,
Of the winter's storm or the summer shower;
Each time as pure—O, Soul of mine!
As when first evolved from the Master's mind,

Which carries no blemish from the past
Into the part that forever shall last,
Throughout all time and eternity
When the soul from the body at last will be free

And the comradeship that has lasted long
Will be like some half forgotten song
Which we listened to—learned and forgot again,
While here on earth with the children of men.

A PRAYER.

Bless me, Oh God, with a humble
heart

A loving thought and a kindly
mien,

So in the days and years to
come

No cloud of doubt can drift
between

Me and the sunlight of the
soul

With the common lot of human
kind,

Where love leads to a perfect
goal

Of trusting faith in all
mankind.

MY MONUMENT.

I will build a Monument all my own
Silently, quietly in the home,
Out of the solid granite rock,
Saved from the shafts that have pierced my
heart

Resting on the foundation of love,
Sent from the shining world above
To help me build, while all alone,
A lasting monument from the home.

Some granite I use is streaked with gray,
Like the dull, dark clouds of a stormy day.
And other blocks are pure and white,
As the moon-lit beams of a starry night.

And when my heart is light and free,
My granite is blue as the southern sea.
And when I lift my voice in song,
It is tinted with rose like the early dawn.

And when at eve my hands I fold
To rest, like the sun in a bed of gold,
My beautiful monument turns to light,
To guide me through the hours of night.

For I am building day and night,
In the darkness and in the light,
A monument I call my own,
Silently, quietly in the home.

But it is not ready to unveil,
For ere it is finished, I may fail
To use the rock that I have in hand,
Wisely, and well so it will stand.

For every thing I think or do,
Must help to make it plumb and true
To follow out the real design,
Which I have fashioned in my mind

Of just the little things of life,
That fall to the lot of mother and wife,
Tenderly, kindly, true and sweet,
As daily the trials of life we meet;

But if I reach the setting sun,
Before my willing task is done,
I pray you, in that silent hour
To place one bright immortal flower
Above my dear unpolished stone,
In love's sweet memory of the home.

And because your hearts are truly kind,
You will read some little poem of mine
That I have written of my own,
Amid the duties of the home.

MY PERFECT DAY.

"This is the end of a perfect day,"
My heart sweetly sings and my lips softly say
As I pillow my head in the shadow of night—
Awaiting the dawn of the morning light.

Your love cannot perish as grief cannot stay
When my heart sweetly sings and my lips softly say,
As I lay me down in perfect rest:
"This day of all days was the brightest and best."