

ROSE OF THE FLAME IMMORTAL

BY

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*Author of "Soul Shadows," "Songs and Sonnets,"
"Influence Télépathique" (published in French), etc.*

Tam corde quam manu



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From a painting by E. H. Miner.

Sherwood Studios, N. Y.

Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

PRESIDENT OF THE CAMEO CLUB OF NEW YORK
WALDORF-ASTORIA

IN MEMORY OF MY DEAR HUSBAND

CLARENCE DE VAUX-ROYER

WHOSE ELOQUENCE IN MUSIC AND GENEROSITY OF SPIRIT
WERE UNIVERSALLY RECOGNIZED, THIS BOOK IS

LOVINGLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

A WORD IN MEMORY

For long years I knew Clarence de Vaux-Royer, and it was a delight to know him. He had the graces of a gentleman and the courtesies of a friend. More than this he was an artist, a violinist of exquisite touch, of infallible taste, of indefatigable devotion. Often in my own home and in the concert halls of Manhattan, I have listened to the witchery of his melodious bow; and only music of the highest quality and performed with the highest artistry, ever breathed from his beloved violin.

Clarence de Vaux-Royer was an honor to the musical circles of America. Everywhere he held high the ideals of his great art.

Many will miss his friendship and his ministrations, now that he has gone on into the Next Chamber of the Mystery. We follow him only with happy thoughts in his new adventure; for he is now more alive than ever, more free to express the fine melodies of his spirit.

EDWIN MARKHAM

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,
February, 1920

IN MEMORY OF CLARENCE DE VAUX-ROYER

He whose divining heart and hand knew here
How from tense chords rapt melodies to win,
Now draws within some happier unseen sphere
More golden music from his violin.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

PREFACE

We slowly learn the language of the hours whose voice is hushed. It is not in words, but the silence that ensues that bears the conviction of our love; and those who have loved deeply have learned many secrets unknown to others. The great silences of death and grief are broken that others may be comforted.

In 1896-98 I was a student of *Psycho-therapie* in Paris, and at this time was appointed delegate to the capitals of Europe for the Medico-Legal Society of New York. Honorary membership was extended to me by the French *Société Legal et Médicin* and I passed through the doors of the *Palais de Justice* under unusually pleasant auspices. It was in Paris that I met the happy-hearted musical soul, Clarence de Vaux-Royer.

His devotion to his art—inborn of the spirit—could not be exceeded, but of the temperament of Mozart and Shelley, he was not strong physically, and his physicians had made a forecast of two years for him. (He outlived the term by twenty years.) I advised his return to America. After six months' absence he wrote me of his illness and discouragement in New York and entreated my presence. I cabled and went to him on the first steamship, *La Champagne*, in mid-winter. Upon his earlier departure from Paris we had experienced a wonderful and accurate transmission of thought—telepathically—with such corroboratory evidence as to make it valuable to the scientific world. It was published in the French Journal "*Les Annals des Science Psychique*"

at the request of Dr. Charles Richét of the Academy of Medicine.

What I wish to add of import is that since he has entered Immortal Life I have received similarly intelligent telepathic communication from him.

We know that the "dead" do not die—that mind transcends matter; that no material function or sense is called upon to bridge the etheric spaces—any more than to solve a mathematical problem; that a law remains a law.

Every day we pray "Thy kingdom come," and when the manifestation appears, we often miss the revelation.

Nearly 2,000 years ago, life in continuity was demonstrated to man. Today as yesterday the law is operative. "Man is not the offspring of flesh, but of Spirit—of Life not of death. Life is of God . . . eternal, self-existent, . . . everlasting . . . whom nothing can erase."* "Mind never becomes dust." Mind does not inhabit the grave; it is its own power, and cannot be annihilated, for God is Mind.

VERITIES

There is no night!

Who follows the sun's ray
And travels in its light
Knows but eternal day.

There is no death!

From out the warring strife
Man's spirit—as Christ saith—
Will rise to eternal life.

ROSE M. DE VAUX-ROYER.

* "Science and Health," p. 289.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Man, The Immortal	xii
Rose of the Flame	1
Deserted Beaches	1
Dead Days	2
Islands of Infinity	3
Butterflies	4
The Miracle of Spring	5
To a Canary	6
In My Summer Garden	7
The Conqueror Worm	7
Faiths and Creeds	8
Idolatry	9
The Valley of Bloom	11
Unity	11
In Memory of Elbert Hubbard	12
Tempest-Tossed	13
Reverie	14
The Search for Heaven	15
December Days	16
Democracy (1917)	17
The Poets	18
Dreamer of Dreams	19
The Passing of a Poet	20
To Joaquin Miller	21
A Sketch	22
The Stars Above the Stars	23
Consolation	24
Pipes o' Pan	24
Longing	25

	PAGE
Cameos	26
The Mathematician's Passing	27
Jerusalem (1917)	29
Springtime	30
Woman in Marble	31
Days	31
Power of Place	32
An Hour of Mirth	33
Justice	34
Wild Roses	35
Sea Song	36
Pastels	37
Little Loves	38
Query?	39
Whither?	39
In the Beginning	41
Divine Desire	42
Birth of Bermuda	42
Reflections	43
To a Boy with Poet-Face	44
Vanished Leaves	45
Intermezzo	47
Transformation	47
To the Egyptian Sphynx	48
Echoes	49
Frailties	50
Evolution	51
Woman	52
High Control	52
Lighted Windows	53
At Udaipur	53
Criticism	55
Understanding	56

	PAGE
Silhouettes	56
Spring's Miracle	57
Dawn	58
Till Dreams Come True	59
The Little Country Cottage	60
To a Bird of Song	61
La Suicidio	62
Symbols	62
Where the Roses Twine	63
In Memoriam	64
Departed	65
To One Passed Beyond	66
My Heart a Lute	68
Love's Sunset	69
Constancy	70
He Is Risen	70
The Mulberry-Tree	71
Then I'll Come Back to You	72
Loss and Gain	73
The Immortal Dead	73
Spring	74
Fall	74
The Law	74
Aux Âmes Bien Néé	75
The Light Beyond	76
April's Music	76
Twilight Shadows	77
All that Perisheth Shall Live	78
Restoration	79
A Dream	81
Tributes	83
A Dream Interview	86

THE HARP

Blow through me, wind of the world divine,
Gentle or sharp;
Each chord of the trembling soul is thine—
I am thy harp.

Set in the casement of earth I caught
One starry strain.
Blow through me, wind of the heavenly thought,
Again! again!

(JUSTICE) WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, March 9, 1920.

ROSE OF THE FLAME

The Title.—Who can gather again the scattered petals of a rose and recharge it with fresh perfume? The soul is silent in the flower, but manifests itself in man. The flames with which the Greeks enveloped and consumed the bodies of the departed, die out and are lost; but the flame of life does not die—it is immortal—bestowed from the Divine treasure house.

MAN, THE IMMORTAL

A *N inner sense appeals and questions why?
That you who were so near, so very far
Appear; even as some luminous distant star
That burns yet brightly to the mortal eye
When night and all her radiant hosts pass by;
Vanquished by dawn, which dims, but cannot mar
The worlds invisible, nor yet debar
Your silent place in the eternal sky.*

*I know you live (enshrined, vital and warm,
Within God's arms enfolded), even as I.
Obscured my vision to discern the form
Your spirit radiates in realms most high;
Where birth greets death transmuted from the clay.
Man, the immortal, holds the flaming ray!*

ROSE OF THE FLAME

(IN MEMORY OF JOYCE KILMER)

ROSE of the flame immortal!
Flame from on high;
Piercing the heavenly portal,
There let it lie!

Green grow the graves of passion;
Silent the slain!
Roses, strewn in sweet fashion,
Crown hill and plain.

Heroes, life's wine are spending;
Drenching the soil;
Crimson the flow—unending
The torture and toil.

Flowers of passion, burning
Under blue sky;
Heart-beats of hope and yearning
Throb endlessly!

DESERTED BEACHES

THERE is no stir in all the atmosphere;
A quiet calm is brooding o'er the main;
Creation's murmurs do not greet us here
Where silence throbs its passion and its pain.

DEAD DAYS

GHOSTS of the dead days haunt me
With lustral glow and smile;
Old tenderesses taunt me,
And hold my heart awhile.
Faint rose-leaves—resurrected
Like perfumes past—beguile.

Could we but lure, together,
Those halcyon days that sing
Of other times; and tether
Renascent powers of Spring
That gild the sylvan meadow
With sunlit glimmering!

In evening's silent spaces
Hang pictures of the past;
Of unforgotten faces
That enter at Love's fast,
With their immortal treasure
Of happiness, dream-cast.

Dust-shrouded faiths are dying;
Deluded their false fears
Which play on heartstrings, crying
In spectral chant or tears.
Oh! miracle of memory
That yearns adown the years.

Of this fine instrument God gives.
'Tis you that may remember,
 And I that must forget
The fire from some old ember
 That may be smouldering yet.
(Dim ghosts of dead days haunt me,
 Vague shadows of regret.)

ISLANDS OF INFINITY

NATURE wears at even-while
 Still her sad mysterious smile;

Turned the flagons of the vine
Back to earth—the wasted wine!

Music penetrates the past
Faintly, tranquilly at last;

And the floating petals fall
In the sea where slumber all.

Love and hate and passion's lust
Kiss, united in the dust.

Blended, both the fair and wise
Sleep beneath the watchful skies.

Softly go; serenity
Waits by the untroubled sea;
Fair the phantom that is seen
In these Grecian groves of green.
Hellas greets you: "Who shall say
Life is short—dream of a day!"

For the Breath—immortal Will—
Which transports us, ne'er is still.

Sunsets pass while I repeat
Nature's secret:—Man's retreat

In his ageing, endless quest,
Is not bounded, east or west!

Youth with bloom and beauty blent,
Lit the torch of love, and went

Dancing into shadowland—
"Follow after!" his command.

And this dream-pent path, oh, friend!
We must follow to the end.

Softly go; serenity
Waits by the untroubled sea.
On these shores of silvered sheen
Minstrels chant, of mystic mien.
Sunset pilots paths to Thee—
Islands of Infinity!

BUTTERFLIES

GOD'S in His temple! aflame and afloat,
Butterflies flit in their filmy array;
Sailing the fields in a frail fairy boat—
Tiny aeronauts, here for a day;
Man in his grandeur is even as they.

Simple the service of love and of life—
Myriad forms of the Infinite mind;
Vain is the tempest of warring and strife,
Soon all resolves to its own and its kind—
Held in the law of the ages enshrined.

THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

I'VE come again! I've come again!
To roam by rock and river,
To scent the wild anemone
And set the world a-quiver.

I burn in heart of bird and bee,
I temper tides a-flowing,
And scepter with new majesty
The flower-blent fields a-blowing.

I court the canvas of the night-
Emblazoned beauty ever;
(Imbedded far from mortal sight,
The secrets of the Giver).

From empyrean solitude
With shafts of light and laughter,
I paint the great infinitude
Of blossoms following after.

Launched on the auras of the air,
By sunny and waste places,
Rebirth is hovering everywhere
In merry joy-lit faces.

And Spring's rare miracle includes
This resurrection ; sighing
On Pan's low pipes her interludes :
" We live, even after dying ! "

TO A CANARY

THOU trilling form of joy !
O bird, with throbbing throat ;
The sorcery of thy note
Is rapture's deep alloy.

Apostle of ecstasy !
With fitting yellow wing.
What is the theme you sing
In such alluring key ?

Quaint gymnast, fleet and free ;
By music's spell enshrined ;
What high melodious mind
Inspires thy minstrelsy ?

IN MY SUMMER GARDEN

OUT in my garden of blossoms and birds—
Colors of opal and rich Orient—
Lotus-cupped lilies the mirrored pool girds;
Arched by the latticed trees, dreaming, content,
Rarest of roses grow; fair Persian dyes!
Steeped in the nectar that Lucullus sips.
Golden and fleeting my summertime flies;
Transient its rays as the amber moon dips.

July 9, 1919.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

"God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him."—Genesis.

BUT who created thee, thou conqueror, worm!
What need was voiced that thou, too, shouldst appear
In hideous form of matter animate,
With power to crumble the deserted throne?
Base scavenger of transitory fame,
Existing where was once invested mind,
And trembling held as lord of that domain.

What dim funereal processes are thine,
Thou tiniest form of law immutable!
Consuming buried hopes toward greater ends
Transforming atoms into lowly dust.
Even empty shells where once have reigned vast powers,
Thou enterest there to devastate all form
Reducing all unto thine own, O Worm!

Brave forager of unknown darks and depths,
No mystery remains proof to thy lens!
The first and last in germ of life extant;
Of form the one eternal to endure.
There's nothing holds to self its purposed power
More lasting, omnipresent, than art thou.

We crown thee king and conqueror of Earth!—
This myriad-peopled pedestal, thy throne!

Los Angeles, 1890.

FAITHS AND CREEDS

MY faiths and creeds about me lie;
In heart and hand-clasp understood
By all mankind beneath the sky
Who seek the universal good.

The constellations glow on high,
And play their part with parent sun;
We, as the lesser Earth-lights die,
Turn our unswerving faith toward One.

Life-weavers, on our wavering way;
The higher light of mind discerns
The bright new versions of the day;
Leaves justice that which justice earns.

The comedy of man for man—
The tragedy of bread and blood—
The human ocean and its clan,
That flows back to its source in God.

Is this the purpose of the race—
These flesh-crowned pyramids we build?
Life's aim, greed's wild chaotic chase
With Earth's eternal moanings filled.

Where words ascend in labored creeds
Unto some sacred place—divined—
Oh, send the demonstrated deeds,
As incense to the throne enshrined.

My creeds embrace the common tie
That binds a broader brotherhood;
My faith is founded to supply
The universal love of good.

IDOLATRY

IN the years that grow old—
In the days that grow dim,
As the years onward roll—
It is night without him;
Without him it is night in my soul.

In this darkness of night
Hangs a pale moon dipped dim;
And its wan shadow-light
Filled with weird thoughts of him
Shrouds this desolate darkness of night.

In this last hour of night
I fashioned and wove
Him a garment all white
From the fabric called Love—
From a love that was strong in its might!

I bordered and bound
It with rainbows of Hope
His form to surround.
Now blinded I grope—
For it fell to the soil of the ground!

(They were false vows that bound;)
When the girdle-knot broke,
It fell to the ground;
With a start I awoke,
As it fell to the soil of the ground!

I awoke, and 'twas day;
The pale moon had gone down;
God above! can I pray
That the night come and drown
At its dawn this great anguish of day!

Will no kind mercy stay—
Hedge my consciousness round?
Oh, my God! can I say—
Can I say what I found?
I found that my idol was clay!

THE VALLEY OF BLOOM

OH, the depth of fragrance and wealth of blows
In the flower-kissed valley, where no man goes ;
A land of God's rare gardening
Across the river of Ting-Lo-Ting.

The mountains are blue and amethyst,
Their sapphire peaks a starry tryst.
Here Love abroad is wandering
Beyond the banks of Ting-Lo-Ting.

What spell of rapture the Iris wreathes
In vales where Beauty immortal breathes ;
Elysian fields! The wild birds sing
Their song to heaven—near Ting-Lo-Ting.

When evening comes with scented breeze,
One prayer is wafted over-seas ;
And thought goes merrily back to bring
The vision fair of Ting-Lo-Ting.

(There is a "Valley of Bloom" in the Orient where the odors of flowers are so overpowering in their massed fragrance that tourists have succumbed and fallen while admiring their natural beauty. This section is uninhabited.)

UNITY

TWO souls met in the silence ;
Each bore a flaming star ;
And one was Night and one was Day—
Both traveling afar.

Night held aloft her jewels
In sparkling proud display,
And flashed her menaced monarch then
Full in the face of Day.

Day roused himself from shadow
And blew his horn with might ;
Then red and bold the god of gold
Quenched all the stars of Night.

And thus alone he traveled—
A solitary Sun—
Till Twilight wooed, in winning mood,
And wed the twain, made one.

IN MEMORY OF ELBERT HUBBARD

WHERE trees and blue hills bask
Under the sun ;
'Neath the drawn veil we ask
Where now this one?

Where gone the life that held
Glory and glee?
Give this faint message: spelled
Its mystery.

Re-birth a joy shall bring
Spirit supreme !
In its full blossoming
Back from the dream.

All life's past conflicts crowned;
Infinite love—
Formless—the breach has bound
Beneath and above.

Gone to its own again—
Light to the Flame—
Soul of the soul in men
One is His name!

TEMPEST-TOSSED

I WATCHED the low-toned waters beat
Upon the pebbles at my feet,
In soothing ripples murmuring sweet
Of tenderness and love;
And placidly the sea so calm
Coquetted in the sunbeam's charm
With not a dream of sudden harm
From burning skies above.

When lo! on her untroubled breast
A mighty, surging, deep unrest
Unfurled and tossed a haughty crest
Toward the towering sky!
The lightning's eye, 'mid rumbling roar,
Scanned the wide seething waters o'er,
And bowed the leaden cloud-line lower,
Like pennants floating high!

With thunderous peal the lightnings flash,
The heaving breakers rend and crash
And torrents pour with vengeful lash
 Into bold ocean's bed ;
The sea climbs shivering up the land,
In vain to foil the furious hand
Of the invading tyrant-band
 That signals overhead.

With swollen bosom river-rent
She sobs and moans her discontent,
Till soon—the tempest's fury spent—
 The sun resumes his place ;
Again uniting at the dim
Horizon-line where wan clouds swim
Across her bosom's boundary rim
 And there imprints his face !

REVERIE

OLD memories of a thousand things
 Crowd back to haunt my busy brain—
Where recollection fondly clings—
 Ere sent out to the world again.

One thought hangs lingeringly on
 The swinging hinge of memory ;
And places, faces, absent, gone,
 Are floating past me rapidly.

I seem to stand by grassy mounds—
 Within a porch that westward looks—
And steep my senses in the sounds
 Of lowing herds and running brooks.

* * * * *

Of all the arts, of all the creeds
 And all the logic learned by man,
There's nothing touches the heart's needs
 As simple forms of nature can.

And so they come and so they go,
 These thoughts—that kindle new the themes
That once set our fond hearts aglow—
 Live now in reverie and dreams.

THE SEARCH FOR HEAVEN

LAST night my soul rose on the foam
 Of a great wave beneath the dome
Of all creation; rose to see
Age-ripened hosts in agony,
 Seeking a heaven;

Saw forms and faces early known,
From which a haloed radiance shone;
As though their inner vision lent
To life new meanings God had sent
 From His high heaven.

I saw within a field a pair
Of workers;—labor checked their prayer

In this His vineyard—called to key
The homelier things to harmony ;
And was this heaven?

Here one whom Hate's foul venom fanned
Turned from Love's way the great Will planned ;
Weary, unmerciful the breath—
An ecstasy perverted—death !
(For Love is heaven.)

I reached across the black abyss—
The chasm 'twixt that world and this—
Called him by name of magic, " friend " !
And watched the light and shadow blend,
And there found heaven.

DECEMBER DAYS

THE bleak wind-minstrel tones the blast,
As Winter tints the wonder sky,
And saddens the discerning eye,
Haunted by Autumn's ardor, passed.

The flickering leaves low fallen lie,
Remnants of glory, faded, gone.
The naked boughs we gaze upon
Point mercilessly toward the sky.

No sweet-souled rapture of a bird
Resounds again from leafy bower ;
Its song is hushed, and struck the hour
When Winter speaks the final word.

His seal is on all Nature's moods:
And deep within his silent breast
Her burning secret, held in rest;
Over all a solemn silence broods.

The cricket's voice, the tree-toads "chirr"
Are hushed; the katydids that stray
Through twilight's echoed ecstasy
Are banished. New enchantments stir

The wood; King Frost has blown his blast
And gathered all his courtiers round.
The little things of air and ground
Have vanished, each, its fate forecast.

Soft snow-flakes shroud the shivering earth,
And under Winter's garment creep
Our little loves, to lie asleep—
Waiting the gentle Spring's new-birth.

(Read by Edwin Markham at the Cameo Club Banquet, 1916.)

DEMOCRACY (1917)

(TO DR. J. GARDNER SMITH)

WHEN the great above and the small below
Are levelled by a fair God's throw;
When mothers of men, at the bugle's blow,
Give the best they have to give;

When the gun and the sword and the steel that rings,
In the clash of the savage strife that stings,
Are laid in the dust of forgotten things—
Then democracy will live!

With death and despair must the martyrs meet
Till dawn brings a respite in night's dark defeat.
Bright as the stars on the heights, fair and sweet,
Shines the spirit of God's man!

Caught like a shred on the edge of the world;
Battled and scarred, like a leaf he is whirled—
Plaything of time—to eternity hurled!
(Mighty the plea and the plan.)

Shrouded in sorrow the shadow is cast;
Echoes roll on as the victors sweep past;
A thousand years hail this day, here at last,
To herald democracy!

(From *The New York Herald*, October 21st.)

THE POETS

WE are the weavers, monarchs of might!
Dreamers of dreams and prophets of light.
Singing the Song Everlasting, which rings
Out on the void like an echo that brings
Courage and hope in the world-weary strife,
Rich with the romance—the red blood of life.

We sing of the Past that has ripened, grown strong;
For our heart is a heart of passion and song.
Thought upon thought we have built, full and free,—
Philosophy, art, in their complexity.
We are the product of all that has been
Brought from the crucible; Beauty must win!

From the dim heaven and from the deep hell,
Transfigured, on the empyrean we dwell;
With the fire and the flame—unkempt and unshorn
Our threnodies rise to the high hills of morn,
'Mong the minarets; poised like a bird in its flight
Come we, the Titans of magic and might.
The old gods are greying; the faithful and few
Will worship forever their shrine; and the new,
From the fire of their fury and dreaming divine
Shall create a new Athens to shimmer and shine!

DREAMER OF DREAMS

OH, hero of a bygone day!
Oh, lover of the songs unsung!
We cherish thee with thoughts among
Our choicest in life's Litany.

And thus I fashion these like flowers,
Woven in wreaths of amethyst
And rose, to tint the wayside tryst,
And mark with music lonely hours.

For in the heart's deep place there rings
A happier note that poets find—
Strong faith in self and in mankind—
The radiant way to higher things.

Divined beyond the measured word,
A message to the inner soul—
A harp that vibrates to its goal—
Where friendship's mist is mixed and stirred.

Fulfilment waits the shadow cast ;
So child of faith—dreamer of dreams,
Though vague thy vision, that which seems,
Bursts into being, thine at last !

THE PASSING OF A POET

(Upon scanning a collection of Madison Cawein)

WE welcome the words of one now dead ;
And ponder the pathway he did tread—
In these uncut pages of books unread—
And would that the world might listen
To one who gave of his finer sight ;
Who followed a vision of higher light
To fathom the soul in its chastened might
And nature with beauty christen.

The images woven within remain ;
The joy of his joy, the pain of his pain ;
The flow of the tears, like the drip of the rain—
Or a voice in the night that is calling

Through the soundless calm of an empty room ;
(A shuttle that's stilled when spent in the loom) ;
A voice vibrant beyond the tomb—

When the twilight shadows are falling.

What is your message, oh friend, gone forth?
To realms of Israfel—bidden from birth—
Poet, who passed by the portals of Earth,
Seeking the wisdom of sages!
Falter nor fail not! song is reborn ;
One final cadence of agony drawn—
Fraught with the rapture of death! a new dawn!
Linked in the law of the ages.

TO JOAQUIN MILLER

(In response to his last poem "At Final Parting")

HE lived true-souled to nature ; gave
His life to modeling in thought ;
The rhythm of the wind and wave
Were moods wherein this monarch wrought.

Nature his God ; he stood aloof,
Pregnant with all that makes men ; this
And more,—the poet's insight—proof
That simple ways are ways of bliss.

His final cry—fine soul! for man
Must ring forever as to-day.
He knew the secret of God's plan ;
He gained the great finality!

But no, there is no first nor last!
Man comes and goes and comes again;
Form cannot serve to hold him fast,
For spirit rules its own domain.

And so a brother did but pass
Within the shadow; to our eyes
No more revealed. The flowering grass
Returns to earth: its beauty dies

In its own season. Essence lives,
And blooms again the coming year.
And so our growth goes on, and gives
“Life after life” in some new sphere.

A SKETCH

(TO AN UNSEEN POET)

AND are you tall—and somewhat slim and slender?
A mind wherein moods rhythmic words engender?
Falling darkly once the hair—
But the lighted face is fair,
With the old-time gracious tone and tender.

I would, if I could, paint a faithful picture;
But you—impish-like—evade a mental fixture;
Yet I fain would here reveal
What no rogue of time can steal;
'Tis *my* vision of the deeper inner mixture.

Limpid notes, rose-bloom reflections transcendental;
Dreams of daring in a mind not sentimental;
 True as arrow's aim e'er pointed,
 Nature's heart with hope annointed,
So are you, like truth, unchanging, rare and gentle.

Is't the opal's iridescence that foretelleth?
Deeper meaning than mere words portray, indwelleth!
 Would that distances were slain:
 Bridged by ether's mystic chain—
For to meet you face to face all doubt dispelleth.

THE STARS ABOVE THE STARS

(TO EDWIN MARKHAM)

THE gods may grey, but never grow old;
 Your monarch mind with its flint at play
 Strikes from dull earth a starry ray
That warms the heart of man, grown cold.

Your flame-wrought rhapsodies resound
 With chords of tenderness and might;
 They sing with stars at the gates of night;
They touch the morning's rosy round.

The future will your song rehearse
 Down all the misty shores of time;
 You build the dream of earth sublime,
Oh, architect of mighty verse!

CONSOLATION

(TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX)

LIFE is all beautiful! God,
Man, tree, universe!
Hush! Lest we tread on the sacred things;
Things that recur, like the memories of the dead;
The inarticulate murmurings and moanings
Of life at its early inception—with
The soul in its spring. Form and sound
Are not life, if devoid of the force where imprisoned
Lies the source of re-birth—Resurrection!
Even through tears and sadness and death!
All growth comes through travail and sorrow;
Dead leaves, bruised and brown, cover the sod—
But underneath, the violets crave new birth!

(New York, 1916.)

PIPES O' PAN

AUTUMN'S here and *temps du Nord*
Pour their chilling blasts abroad;
Glowing tapestries of leaves
Now the vagrant wood-wind weaves.

Nymphs come forth from reedy pools
Driving butterflies in schools;
And the fauns that sleep by day,
Roam at night to hear Pan play!

Beneath mellow moonbeams, he
Pipes his tender melody ;
And the shadows to and fro
Sway, enchanted by its flow.

All the laughing painted things—
Flower-faced, with fairy wings—
Come to bid poor Pan farewell
Ere stern Winter throws his spell.

All fair things will hide away
While the Frost-king holds his sway.
Dreamer thou of dreams of men,
Sleep till they return again !

Quiet on earth's loving breast
These bright forms shall fall and rest,
Waiting Pan's gay pipes to sing
Welcome to a new-born Spring.

LONGING

I AM weary, tired of waiting, gazing West where you
have gone ;
Weary of the fast and feasting since you left ;
And I miss the tender touch and joyous welcome of the
morn ;
For the hours are charged with memories bereft.

When I walk among the roses, there I fain would meet
your eyes;

Or within the sun's gold rays behold your head;
See the warmth of love's own light before my vision rise,
As I fold you to my sad heart—comforted.

The stars above shed loveliness in lights that flash and
gleam;

Across the scented grass I breathe a prayer.
Through the music of the meadows flows the iridescent
stream

Past the voices of the night and gray mists' glare.

Oh, I would that you were with me, that I could touch
your hand;

Could hold you close before my dazzled eyes;
Could call you mine till daybreak—call you from the
shadowland—

The land where love immortal never dies!

CAMEOS

CLEAR chiseled, cut upon the crest
Of life's reflected joy and woe;
Man carves within his secret breast
A self-created Cameo.

Thy thought creates thy prison place,
Fair architect of heaven or hell;
By some fine hand or divine grace
Rare tracings in the shadows tell

Of ideals wrought in land of dreams,
That we shall welcome face to face
On some far shore that fades and seems
Our fairest treasures to embrace.

Incessant flows the Power that thrills
Through form of lily and of rose ;
Burst from the bonds of lesser wills
We stand, each, clear-cut Cameos !

THE MATHEMATICIAN'S PASSING

(Read before the Psychological Section of the Cameo Club,
New York City, February 25, 1916)

OLD Dusty-bones he died last night—
Left “plus” and “minus” in pitiful plight—
For he was “divided” from self in his flight.

He died of “figures in the head” ;
For that is where they found him—dead—
In the counting-house, whence his soul had fled.

“Spaces and lines have never lied,”
Said this Doctor-of-digits, with pardonable pride,
Who passed by the Borderland undenied.

Spaces and lines for every class,
Furnish their measure for all who pass ;
Even our Globe is a circling mass.

Circles and angles—it whirls around,
Giving us bearings as figured and found—
Diameter by circumference bound.

But he escaped and went his way ;
Whence or whither—now who shall say?
Thus they go from us every day.

Spirit and body were never one !
(Spirit the builder of body begun.)
Thought will reach to the farthest sun.

Spirit, released, floats freely in space,
Drawn to its destined ethereal place,
By laws as fixed as the Sphinx's face.

Phantom-like, here, our deeds are filed,
Burnished and brilliant and sense-beguiled.
The One Great Wonder looked and smiled.

Captured by Death and made his own ;
Given new lease in the upper-zone
Of the undefined, unsought, unknown !

Measures and weights—what can they tell?
Or figures, of one now gone—Oh, well—
To the place where souls are said to dwell?

No answer comes from out the tomb—
No ray to light the empty room
Where Science ponders in the gloom.

Greater the wisdom than of man
Ruling the magical works that ran ;
Will He not finish what He began?

Risen again, this soul last night
 Stood in the gloaming, pale and white,
 In an iridescent shape of light.

And he tried to tell what his presence told:
 That there is no end for the Godly-souled;
 That death is life in a finer mold.

Life, with its forms and changes spent;
 The hour-glass turns with Time's intent—
 Inverted bears its eternal bent.

Forward and backward, in and out,
 The juxtaposition we worry about—
 Life and death—lead a merry rout!

•
JERUSALEM (1917)

JERUSALEM! Oh, Jerusalem!
 Adown thy storied street
Resounds the might of freedom's arms—
 The tramp of marching feet.

Oh, Sacred City of Solomon!
 Of faiths and creeds and war;
The Cross has conquered the Crescent and
 The Mosque of old Omar.

The sun shall rise all-glorious
 Again upon the scene,
As rose the Star of Bethlehem
 That hailed the Nazarene.

And we will hear the cheering chant
Of angels from afar,
And know the hero-souls of earth,
Have risen in peace from war.

Jerusalem! Oh, Jerusalem!
Path where the patriarchs trod;
Still shines the Star of Bethlehem
Above the City of God.

SPRINGTIME

SPRING is here,
With its cheer!
And the storm's cold blast
Is lessened at last;
And the bars
Of Winter's wars
Are thrown down.
About the town
Violets bloom, and on the hill
Dandelions flock and fill
Old waste places; in the lane
Pussy-willows bud again;
And on mossy woodland banks
Pale arbutus files and ranks
With the lone anemone;
And the birds from every tree
Trill their mirth in maddest glee,
Chirping loud in gayest cheer
"Spring is here!"

WOMAN IN MARBLE

La Femme Froide

(TO ADELAIDE JOHNSON)

THIS, the fine substance, cold and clear, was lent
To art—transmuted by the fire that warmed
A dual being into beauty ; formed
The line and curve with human passion blent.
Then Love, the sculptor, with a high content
Created woman ! From the depths he called
Her name ! unsealed by magic, sense-enthralled,
Her soul shone through the marble, smiled, then went
To other trysts ; but time can ne'er erase
The artist-touch triumphant, nor efface.
Ephemeral and exquisite it seems
The spirit calling subtly, through the years—
A radiant calm that cancels joy or tears—
To live with Beauty in the land of Dreams.

DAYS

STILL as a dream the western sea,
That bears upon its breast
The light of one lone star. To me
Its quivering sheen speaks longingly
Of days that were ; with prophecy
Of those to come as best.

Hung like a white rose, sails the moon
Above the silent sea.

A million lights encircle June;
Harps, hidden, strum their love-mad tune,
And myriad fire-flies dance and swoon,
While I sit silently,

And count as beads days gone to rest,
Strung in a rosary;
Each bead a prayer—a soul confessed—
Gone to its setting in the west
Where glad hand-greetings wait. The best
Of days are yet to be!

Oh, spirit of the singing sea,
Light of the lingering West!
Bring back the loved of memory
That bind our hearts in constancy
And bear us through eternity!
The days to be are best!

POWER OF PLACE

WHERE are the men who crave for place and power?
Who cry aloud for their lost heritage?
Nothing is lost that may not be regained;
(Except that inner shrine be desecrate—
The soul's sweet sense purloined to other ends
Than building.) "Man is his own star!"
Achieving character that will resound
To credit or discredit; a few years
Allotted here upon his deathless way.

True power and glory ring forever on
Adown the dusky pathway of dim graves,
And fortify—though aeons pass—the deeds
Which proclaim man immortal, to his time.
So memory, both merciful and kind,
Finds niches for her loved and long revered.
But Nature's immortality, not thus
Established, comes and goes in forms,
Even as the blades of grass or leaves of trees.
Empowered with divine self-consciousness
And will to be, to live on endlessly
Beyond time limitations, or flesh-throes
Of pain and pleasure—bidden by the sense.
All things become perfected thus in time
And man's high place awaits him subject to
His conscious effort; one with the Supreme!

AN HOUR OF MIRTH

(At the Cameo Club Banquet)

"I said of laughter: It is mad: What doeth it?"—Eccl. I. II

LET laughter lighten care awhile,
And mirth sit at the feast,
And happiness the sense beguile,
With beauty *sans* the beast.

Here hope our horoscope has cast,
That we should love each other,
Each "Cameo," from first to last,
Just wisely "as a brother."

And should you step on slippery ground,
With Cupid to command it—
You're not the first—just look around
And see how others stand it!

Life has its seasons ; times to weep
And mourn, and dream thereafter ;
But let us ever try to keep
Our fill of love and laughter.

JUSTICE

"We lie in the lap of an immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activities, and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves but allow a passage to its beams."—Emerson.

I AM the Voice of human souls ;
I am the Music of the night ;
I am the Thought that God controls ;
I am the Power that makes for Right.

I am the chosen force that frees—
That sends abroad in kindlier tone
The world's deluded harmonies,
Fearless and first to seek mine own.

The soul is but a sounding board
For rhythm ; or by vain misuse,
May vibrate to a common horde
Of dissonant chords—jangled abuse

Of this fine instrument God gives.
Oh, let us seek the true and brave!
And know within each soul there lives
The same desire our own hearts crave.

WILD ROSES

(TO ELLA M. FRANKLIN)

WILL you come some morn to the old world's edge,
Where the dew lies damp on the moss-grown ledge,
And the wind-flower whispers unceasingly
To the zephyrs that murmur caressingly,
And look and listen? For there you'll find
In a wonderful fairy nook enshrined
Queen Beauty abloom in a wild-rose fane,
Singing so softly her rare refrain:

“Rose! Wild-rose of the wind and fire,
Born to bloom for an hour or day;
Breathing your beauty through root and clay
Revealing God's deep desire.”

Rose! Wild-rose! Sweet memory sings
And re-awakens the voiceless years;
Joy and heart-ache, tenderness, tears;
As a strain in the wilderness rings

And quivers and dies—so life will close;
Fade as petals fade in the air;
But spirit is dwelling everywhere:
The spirit of life and the rose.

SEA SONG

ON the river! On the river!
Sea-craft sail and rock and quiver,
Floating pennants—color patches;
Lorelei with lute sing snatches
To the neriads 'neath the waters
Where the wavelets shine and shiver.

Willow branches wildly blowing,
In reflected beauty showing
Wind-turned leaves of grey and green
Shimmering in golden sheen;
And the trailing lotus-lilies
Mingle with the sedge-grass growing.

'Twas a day like this I found her,
With the sea spray swirling round her
In the surging singing reaches
Of the waves on glistening beaches;
And her soul was like the sunlight;—
Iridescent glory crowned her.

With the summer's wane and going,
I confessed the deep love growing;
Told her of man's highest passion
In the oft repeated fashion;
Held her as a jewel precious,
Under starry heavens glowing.

* * * * *

But she vanished ; morning called her
Back to God, who had enthralled her ;
Left my soul to solitude,
Love turned cheerless, heart laid nude.
Here I wait to follow after
To the heaven where He installed her.

O'er the River ! O'er the River !
From the rainbow world a-quiver ;
Lo ! a Boatman comes for me ;
Sails the ship of Destiny !
Into Shadowland he passes—
To the presence of the Giver !

PASTELS

THE day is dark, and gray the moor ;
I stand beside the open door
Of an old house, known long before.

Upon its well-remembered stoop
The tangled grape-vines twine and droop ;
And at the sight fond memories troop.

Gray sand-dunes slumber restlessly.
Beyond, the deep and silent sea
Lies, boundless as eternity.

I step within the open door ;
An empty cradle on the floor,
A vacant chair, is all its store.

No faces press the window-pane,
No merry voices ring again
These barren walls that wait in vain.

No magic can resuscitate
The passing years that soon or late
Takes each its toll beyond the Gate.

* * * * *

And still it stands, remote ; with wild
Sweet-briar thorns about it piled,
Where once I walked—a little child.

LITTLE LOVES

LITTLE Loves are lasting ;
Love of beauty, love of flowers,
Childhood's fleet and happy hours—
Soon the heart goes fasting.

Little loves are given
That with the worn world's increase
We may seek our heart's surcease
In the old love's leaven.

Faster time goes winging ;
Cherish memory as we must ;
Time, the tyrant, turns to dust
All but love's low singing.

QUERY?

O H what is glory and what is fame
And what the worth of a saintly name?
When all is resolved to whence it came.

The world as critic is tardy and tame;
The world is raw, and it taints of shame;
But—who *is* the world? and *who* is to blame?

WHITHER?

(IN MEMORY OF ELBERT HUBBARD)

There was the Door to which I found no key,
There was the Veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.
—Omar Khayyam.

THE ceaseless centuries
Roll on, roll on!
No word returns from these,
The dead and gone!
No clue is wafted back
To us forlorn,
From the far vanished track
Beyond the morn!
Darkness enfolds us round,
Dim grows the night;
Doubts that enwreath the ground
Rise in their might!

Whence passed the soul of him?
This soul supreme
That haunts the vision dim;
Was it a dream?

Flesh is the form which life
Inhabits, holds;
Sin-interwoven, strife
Remodels, moulds.
Are all earth's strivings lost
Since life began?
Must man, then, pay the cost?
Futile the plan!

Out of pale shimmering
Born into Light,
Back to dull glimmering
Gone into night!
Oh, Mystery! the mask
That veils our sight;
Grant thou the prayer we ask:
Fathom man's flight!

Show us the place we seek,
Land of our lost!
May we his soul bespeak?
Him that has crossed?
Voice from the mist of dream,
Oh, tell us where
Vanished our loved that seem
Passed into air!

IN THE BEGINNING

(" God spoke and the world was born! ")

STAR—MIST—a radiant glimmer!
(Before the birth of man ;)
An opalescent shimmer,
A form—and life began.

The World was born insistent
As the unseen fountain springs ;
And Adam, non-resistant,
Awakened woman brings

With Earth's new dawning ; woman—
Soul of the crystal stream
Of life—mysterious, human,
Drawn from the wonder-dream.

Adown the years of glory,
By field of asphodels,
Love loiters ; transitory
His breath where beauty dwells.

Parts in the Play of Shadows
They come and vanish—sleep!
Pale Psyches from dim meadows
Their poppy-vigils keep.

DIVINE DESIRE

("Seek ye first the Kingdom within, and all things shall be added thereto.")

TIS not through unknown ways man rises higher,
But by some kindly grace to friend or kin;
Born from the deep recesses bared within
The soul's quick comprehension, and desire
To reach the lofty height that truths inspire;
To sing with morning stars above the din,
And herald a new brotherhood; to win
The common kingdom—light its altar fire.

Oh, Heaven-bound summit! Thy vast peaks arise
As thought, that interpenetrates and flows
Incessantly, beyond life's pallid woes;
Beyond the little days of Time, that flies;
Beyond the grave—the grave of blinded eyes,—
Reflecting what infinitude bestows.

BIRTH OF BERMUDA

(CHILD OF THE SEA)

THE Earth arose! the Sea
Stood rigid, calm and still
Beneath the panoply
Of God's high heaven. A thrill
From yonder star to me
Brought life's fair, holiest fill;

Brought you—Love's agony!
Mind, body, soul and will
United hold life's history;
Its promise to fulfill
Its mission and its mystery.

(In Bermuda, 1900.)

REFLECTIONS

I KNOW a place within the deep
And dewy woods where crickets "cheep";
The paths are carpeted with sleep,
And moonlight flows
On all around. The pixy elves
Dance in the dusk among themselves,
As in the flower-hearts each one delves
Mid blooms of rose.

One bright star in the quiet sky
Turns truant from its sphere on high,
To cast a glimmer lovingly
In woodland streams;
And there in shine and shimmer lies—
Reflecting heaven in new disguise—
To light the way for faery eyes
Where Beauty dreams!

TO A BOY WITH POET-FACE

POET, with flower-face,
 Gladsome with glee;
Soul, with a winsome grace
 Buoyant and free!
Beauty will list to thee;
 Thy fair mind holds
Shadows of mystery
 The muse enfolds.

Where dim ideals dwell
 Vaguely, it seems,
The veil is torn to tell
 Truth lives in dreams.
Voice of the wonder-world!
 Faint forms of earth—
Spirit and mist-empearled—
 Song gives them birth.

All the sweet, sentient things,
 Whispering, sad;
And the wild-bird that sings
 With joy gone mad.
Moonbeams, and music's stress,
 Starlight and strife,
Temper with loveliness
 The poet's life.

VANISHED LEAVES

(TO MRS. HENRY VILLARD)

IN the old deep woods,
With its changeful moods,
And sounds that never cease,
The chill winds blow
A crimson flow
Of leaves in the roadway's crease.

They flutter away
Through the livelong day,
In wavering shapes and shades,
(Their duty done),
To Oblivion—
Or rest in the murmuring glades.

They vied with Spring's
Gay colorings;
But Autumn's ardent breath
Bore the fair things born
Of the Summer's morn,
To the twilight's cavern—death.

With ceaseless change
They roam and range
Like formless fleeting things,
Or stir the wood's
Calm solitudes
With a sound like beating wings.

They fall once more
On the forest floor
In a sleep of death or dream ;
Or turn in the track
To wander back
To their place in Nature's scheme.

As the dim tides flow
That bade them go
On the waves of the wilderness ;
The veins that thrilled
Once ruby filled,
Cling to earth and its cold caress.

The shadows fall
And cover all
Their loveliness from me ;
Still they haunt my heart
In their lonely part
As they lie released and free.

But the burning fire
And the warm desire
Of spring shall bring rebirth.
There is no death
For the living breath
And the vanished forms of earth.

INTERMEZZO

LONG slanting lines upon the hills betray
Declining hours where dusky Night meets Day;
And Summer blithely treads beneath the boughs
Of trees red-ripe in fruitage; she allows
A last fond look where these her children stood,
Ere Autumn claims a foster-motherhood;
Warm, languorous-limbed, pale Summer glides away,
Lost in the tawny touch of Autumn's sway.

TRANSFORMATION

THE sound of the falling waters
Is music to the ear;
The dance of dawn on the tip of morn
When the clouds hang violet-clear,
Where the stars of God have vanished—
White cities of the skies—
And golden-red from his gorgeous bed
King Sol's wide wings arise.
There, shining from the shadows
Lie the shores of Earth, mist-gowned;
The green washed wave and deep sea-cave—
Man's kingdom, emerald crowned.
The sound of the laughing waters
And the surge of a deep unrest;
'Neath the cold and slime of the Winter-time
Bides Spring in her beauty drest.

TO THE EGYPTIAN SPHYNX

LOST hope and hunger and despair
Of centuries are chiseled there!
Massive, inscrutable, outborne
From man's own mind to conjure on;
Created soulless, without thrill
Of things designed by divine will;
Raised to the heights of finite power,
Fashioned to fit the ages. Dower
Of mortal might; voiceless and free
From aught save the dread destiny,
To pose forever; centuries drear
And changeless—without smile or tear;
Nor human touch nor taunt can bare
The silent history hidden there.
Oh, mound of mystery, stony face!
Wert thou the ruler of some race
Long passed to dissolution's tomb,
Emblem of everlasting gloom?
(Do cubes and squares portray the part
That thou hast ever held to art?)
A monument to memory,
Or tribute to geometry?

Above thee marched Orion's bands;
Pale Pleiades twinkled o'er thy sands;
And here Arcturus sought at night
To cast thy shadow in his light.
Unmoved thou art—though worlds go wrong—

Before creation's passing throng ;
Immune from pain and pleasure, free
From all the powers of necromancy.
The silence of the ages stares
From thy unseeing eyes ; the cares
Of nations—midnight wail of babes—
Reach not thy cold mute heart ; the slaves
Of commerce, rulers of the world,
Beat at thy breast ; back to them hurled
That which they gave, and only that ;
Where thou, stern shape, impassive sat
As sentinel to the centuries !

ECHOES

OH, time is fleet,
And laughter sweet,
When Autumn's leaves are sere ;
But the old, old chime
Of true love's time
Can never grow less dear.

In the frolic of fate
There are many who wait
To gather the brightest and best,
While their beautiful Day
Is dancing away
Down the golden glow of the west.

Somewhere above
Or below, with love,
And a true heart's happy cheer,
From the South or the North
Your call will bring forth
An echo of faith or of fear.

Where the shadows meet
In the loveland sweet,
There the music-makers dwell,
With the harmonies
That hold the keys
Of life in a magic spell.

FRAILTIES

REJOICE O faiths of yester-morn,
The sun has risen again;
And vanity meets not your scorn
Within her world of men.

Necessity bends each to each!
Beginnings serve the end
As life serves death; thought waits on speech,
And fashion finds its friend.

In symbolized form we walk the earth,
And welcome man as brother,
Thro' tears and prayers, and death and birth,
We claim "We love each other!"

But sad to say man loves but self,
And worships where he must ;
He sells his soul for punch and pelf,
And settles—with the dust !

So all his days are sorrow,
His cup the lot of men ;
But in some bright to-morrow
He must be “ born again.”

EVOLUTION

OUT from the soil and the dust and sod,
Drawn from the source of eternal things ;
Formless and fleshless—a breath from God—
Heaven-empowered with light and wings ;
Up from the earth the lilies nod,
Down from the heavens the skylark sings.

Each in its orbit of color and sound,
Holding its secret and melody ;
Born from the silence where Beauty profound
Fashions the blossoms for fruit of the tree ;
Weaving invisible waves, far around,
Wafting sweet visions and music to me.

Man, far-famed, with the host of men,
Loves and rejoices forever to be ;
Faltering he goes—returning again—
As the billows flow back embraced by the sea ;
Life at the centre, aglow, must then
Surge soul-laden eternally.

WOMAN

I AM the mother of the Ages!
I held man's fate and fashioned it all fair,
Both body and the mind alight therein;
Made man again in His own image—blessed;
And taught this mind to speak words all aglow
With light and life and love and fire and warmth;
And nourished him and raised his form to fame,
And placed him where the strong earth-currents meet;
This primal first-born impulse called "my son!"
And as his tender years to manhood grew,
And I, still mother in my beating breast,
Did penance do each day within my heart;
I heard his cry as cry of my own flesh,
And saw his shame in shame wrought to my sex!

HIGH CONTROL

THE dreams that all our slumbers fill,
Are shadows from a higher will;
The deeds which we aspire to do,
Are unseen forces filtering through.
We serve as forms for mind's repose
And action, like the budded rose.

LIGHTED WINDOWS

(TO DR. FRANK CRANE)

YOU have sent afar from your lofty height,
Into the fevered shades of night,
A message that mellows the soul of men,
A song that is echoed again and again.

Out from the silence your symbols weave
Hope for the hopeless hearts that grieve;
Light for the unknown endless years,
Born from the mist of the sun and tears.

Back of the song the singer lives;
Back of the gift the hand that gives;
Sending a radiance near and far
Into the years from the days that are.

Love triumphant is yet to be,
Lifting the soul of humanity.
From these windows the light will shine
Outward forever—the Light Divine!

AT UDAIPUR

(TO COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER)

ARADIANCE crowns the silent hills:
The mosques of morning open stand;
A reach of sky-line throbs and thrills
And trembles through the land.

The miracle that Dawn creates
Now sends its roseate glow afar,
To fire the ruby in the gates
And light the Temple bar.

At Agra, past the burning sands,
By towers of Siva flashing red,
Upon the banks of Jumna stands
The Taj ; built for one dead.

Shah Jahan lies beneath the stone
Of Taj Mahal,* the Palace Tomb.
Forever has his spirit flown—
Burst from the darkened room!

The Emperor searches far and wide ;
By sacred waters lifts his prayers ;
He seeks his favorite Mumtaz bride,
Long buried. Unawares

Her soul has risen with the dawn :
No temple, mosque, or marble tomb
Can bind the life that is inborn.
As light escapes the gloom

Her spirit broke the prison-bars ;
Even as the new-blown flowers break—
Take shape, and shine beneath the stars—
Spring from the earth, awake.

* The Taj Mahal, Agra, was built by the Emperor Shah Jahan in 1648 for his favorite wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal. Both were buried therein.

Bathed in the moonbeam's breath, astir,
She welcomes those who this way go,
(The legend told at Udaipur)
That all who pass may know.

CRITICISM

"Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter."—
Isaiah.

A WAKE! The world's new age needs heart!
Combined with purpose and strong mind to-day
For local justice! Puritanic sway!
"Pure food" is offered now at any mart,
Except those choicer stuffs, that play no part
In vender's deals. Embodiments that prey
As crystalized conceptions bid us stay!
And tear to tattered bits life's earlier art.

Cold critic! Even the muse must feel your rod
Of iron will, and measurements that fit
Your mitred age: obedient to a nod
From high opinion! Shafts which hurled must hit
The just and the unjust. To fathom it
Behold! Man prays to man in place of God!

UNDERSTANDING

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

HAVE pity, Thou, for the unseeing eye;—
For him who, seeing, understandeth not.
Oh, raise their insight to the perfect sky
Of promised vision by the earth-bound sought!

Restore the sound attuned beyond the sense;
Re-string the hearing to Truth's highest tone;
Unto the failing give Thou recompense
For prayers unspoken, mighty deeds undone.

Oh, lend compassion to the fettered mind,
Groping and faltering on Life's winding way;
That thro' the sin-mist these at last may find
The Path that leads unto the Perfect Day.

SILHOUETTES

(TO DR. J. P. MCCASKEY)

THE fading lights of evening fall;
Faint silhouettes of hours gone by
Glide past, where their pale shadows lie,
At darkening day's low call.

Beyond the portal-ways of thought,
Beyond the tender sense of dream,
The mystic waves of memory seem
To bear a vision fraught

With old-time places and their lure;
A lustral radiance drawing near
Breathes of the self-same atmosphere
That former scenes insure.

Oh, Time, return and bring again
The faces we were wont to see
Held in Love's chastened sacristy,—
The joy, and the sweet pain.

The joys that mock me with their guile,
The kisses vanished, but still dear;—
Their spectral shapes arise and wear
Dead passion's haunting smile!

Oh, perfect days of love and life!
Oh, mystery that none may know,
Of those who meet and part and go
Beyond the tide of strife.

In dreams I sail the Golden Sea!
Pale wraiths of forms draw near and pass
Across the silent mirrored glass
Toward Eternity!

SPRING'S MIRACLE

THE oriole swings on the topmost bough
And chants his litany
To Spring; the tall pines cease to sough;
Buds peep out lovingly.

The great old world is brisk with breeze
From sunrise till nightfall ;
They have planned to decorate her trees
And her gardens, each and all.

The spirit of love and beauty shines
In this earth-wide garlanding ;
The spirit of God in His work enshrines
The miracle of Spring!

DAWN

THE dawn's grey mist now dims the stars ;
A crimson flush new-heralds day
With prophecy and promise ; mars
The night (pale ghost, stealing away!)
Its luster banishes—disbars
The lesser faiths that worship clay.

A fiery radiance flames anew,
And Truth is born in minds of men!
The light steals over Earth with hue
Of opaline and gold, as when
God first created man, and knew
Eternal Law the victor then.

(From *The World Court.*)

TILL DREAMS COME TRUE

THE hills are fused with heaven
And the fires of sunset-glow ;
The substance and the shadow
Meet where the roses blow ;
The wild earth holds communion
And kinship with the sky—
The immemorial granite
And heather-bloom, near by.
And, half-discerned, a ghostly group
Of dandelion heads
There, seem to resurrect old dreams,
As dusk the day-light weds.

The night is made for dreaming
Strewn with its silver stars
And moonbeams, brightly gleaming,
That swerve the sword of Mars.
A brotherhood is breaking
Across the earth again ;
And love of kind is waking
Within the hearts of men.
A finer force is dawning
More lasting than world-wars,
And soon will come the morning
Of victory for our cause!

It would be always morning
With sunshine in the heart.
With hope and cheer, and not a fear,
We play our daily part.

And we will do our dreaming
Beneath the skies of blue,
And work away through night and day
Until our dreams come true.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY COTTAGE

(REVEILLE OF NIGHT)

JUST a little rustic cottage
By the orchard's vine-wreathed wall,
With the perfume of the wild flowers
And the wandering night bird's call.

Here a silvery rippling brooklet
Sends the music of its song,
With a melody and murmur,
Through the meadows all day long.

In the twilight strums a cricket
Where the fire-flies sow their flame;
From the oak an owlet twitters;
Whippoorwill cries wild its name.

Winds are whispering of beauty;
Fairies flit in drowsy dance;
And the stars above reflected
Lie in pools of necromance.

On the porch we sit and listen
To the music of the night;
In the little country cottage,
In the shadowy moonlight.

And we sense a subtle presence
That enshrouds the soul—a call
From the mountains and the meadows—
And the great God over all!

(Music by Florence Turner Maley.)

TO A BIRD OF SONG

SWEET singer of the untold melodies!
Warbled and trilled in many a wayside glen;
No varying note within thy tale, than when,
In olden days, heard by Demosthenese.
Sacred the source of song; the wonder keys
Of minstrelsy vibrate the air again
As flashing wings soar far from haunts of men—
To mingle with Heaven's higher harmonies.

In Grecian glades—by ancient streams that run—
There thou didst swell Aeolian lyres with song.
The secrets of the infinite lie among
The innumerable trysts thy throne of joy hath won.
Thou art of the vast universe a part
Even as I—born from the cosmic heart.

LA SUICIDIO

I DID not know that I was dead!
White roses bloom about my head,
And calm hands clasp across my breast
As friends come in their mourning dressed.

I did not know the dead must lie
So mute and cold as pride passed by;
That false tears shed, and forced smiles give
The conqueror's claim to those who live.

The dead may rise to realms on high
Where sham and shame no more shall cry
Their farewell forms of mockery;
Thank God that I, at last, am free!

SYMBOLS

WHERE shall we look for the love that's dead?
For the Summer day when the rose bloomed red,
And the sun shone gaily overhead?

Can we claim anew the days that were?
With radiant thought our vision stir
Of a dream long hushed in the world's loud whirr.

God fashioned this as frail and fair
As he fashions the flowers of field and air,
And scatters their beauty everywhere.

A maid was won with a princely pride;
All bright and brave the promised bride;
O fair, sweet face—that drooped and died.

The moon shone down on the cold earth-bed
And a voice from the solemn silence said,
“Come, dream with me of the love that’s dead.”

Up from this mound of faith and trust
A lily’s sheath from the soil was thrust;—
Spirit transcends both death and dust!

And there bloomed again—where the rose was red—
A chastened lily of pearl instead;
An emblem eternal of love not dead!

(From The Advance Sheet.)

WHERE THE ROSES TWINE

(IN CALIFORNIA)

NEW mornings dawn, but still I remember
A love that lighted another year,
By flowery fields of a rare September,
By country lanes, when the skies were clear.

We welcomed there the world as brother.
Mid Beauty’s glamour and gentle glow,
In that sunset land we loved each other,
In that summer-time of long ago!

Through the hush of night my heart goes dreaming
Over the past and the peaceful pine;
And two rise out of the dream-mist, seeming
To reunite where the roses twine!

(Music by Florence Maley.)

IN MEMORIAM

THE soul of one who vanished—
His star shall guide my hand
From the cool fields of Heaven,
From a far lovelier land.

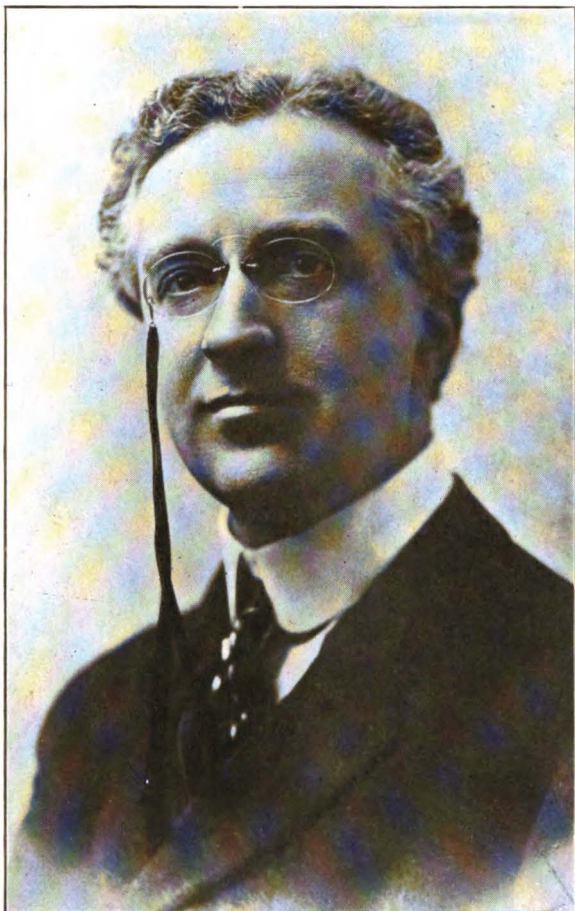
I know the hallowed angels
Communion to us grant;
A subtle haunting presence
Sings on in solemn chant,

And summons me at evening
When skies grow sombre, sweet,
Within God's silent spaces,
Where day and darkness meet.

I hear a voice transcending
Mortality, whose art
Has risen from the shadows
To shine—of light a part.

And he who gave it listens
In the anointed ways;
In some high chambered heaven
Among the endless days.

Beyond the broken altars,
Beyond blind mammon's creeds
His soul ascends, nor falters,
Where love incessant leads.



Houston Studios, New York

CLARENCE DE VAUX-ROYER

DEPARTED

"Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."—Joshua 5, 9.

O H, he has gone to that far fair land,
Gone undismayed;
And he will walk in that new rare land,
Walk unafraid!

And he will find bright flowers blooming—
Not asphodels;
There is no death for love's consuming
Where beauty dwells.

For he was fair in word and token;
Strong for the right;
He failed no pledge; with vows unbroken
He braved the fight.

The roses droop; the leaves fall sadly;
Hushed is all song.
A voice within my heart rings madly—
"Twill not be long!"

For we shall meet and know dear faces,
Those passed before;
Where God, in love, assigns our places
Forevermore.

(Clarence de Vaux-Royer entered the consciousness of Eternal Life, October 28, 1919, aged 45.)

TO ONE PASSED BEYOND

NO more, then, no more tears!
Knowing beyond our vision, free, he stands;
The anguished call, the clinging touch of hands—
Beyond Earth's fading years!

* * * * *

I yet will speak your name at eventide,—
The hour you set, when souls may still commune—
Listening to hear one faint familiar tune
Of those you played—my secret grief to hide.

They haunt my heart—the songs you treasured well;
And fitful echoes bring again to me
Your wondrously wrought floods of melody—
I turn the page; love is too deep to tell!

To you who have ventured into the Unknown Vast, into the limitless etheric spaces, do you not find all life as one in continuity—now, as you are nearing the outposts of Eternity?

When we discussed the “wireless,” the revelations to come and the essence called “life,” we knew that the laws which exist today always have existed, although they only exist to us from the time we make them ours by recognition.

Perception is the ultimate end of thought; and of our many queries and wonderings do you now perceive the Truth in its entirety, or only the foreshadowing? And are there further shores toward infinity that stretch beyond that on which you now stand? And is life then a frame within a frame—a vision within a vision—in multiplicity? These symbols of the mind are material; what are the symbols of the soul?

You are but following the law that must achieve the thing that once was not, for man we know is a process, not an end. You

went, but left a murmur—as a shell tells phantom tales in murmurings of the sea, once it inhabited on other shores of consciousness.

And do the vibrations of our friendly memories resuscitate you there? Is God's vision now made visible to you—or are you held within the confines of your own beliefs and limitations, to grow wise gradually by training and degree, even as on Earth? You went after the Indian Summer time, when the air was full of the mist of parting, and the Earth bore a gentle regret for her losses, but in the ebb and flow of nature we know it will all return again. You may, too, be sleeping, but when you awaken within the Gates of Light, may God make it a happy dawn for you.

And there shall you be made whole of sorrow,
Have no more care;
No troubled thought of the coming morrow
Or days that were.

MY HEART A LUTE

THE wintry winds grow mournful as they pass
Above my head;
I do not heed the falling leaves—alas!
For Love is dead!

The human chords attune an instrument—
The heart a lute!
Play on sweet Life! thy message God's intent—
(Let pain be mute!)

We cannot bear the silences; the soul
Its burden breaks;
It breathes its anguish and its high control
Old flame awakes.

We are as flowers, that blossom here on earth,
Fade and depart;
They bloom in beauty—transient hour of birth—
Oh, aching heart!

And is there not some solace left—or given—
When Love is slain?
With brave "farewell" we pray to meet in Heaven,
Healed of the pain.

LOVE'S SUNSET

A ROSEATE glow heralds Night!
In the hour of darkest despair,
One soul beams on, scintillant, bright,
To lighten the lone cares of Night;
One the star-broidered Heaven holds fair.
(The star-broidered Heaven holds fair.)

Faint echoes of song and of sighs,
Bear dreams of delight unto me:
Bring visions where love never dies—
But lives in the lure of her eyes
Like the gold of the sun on the sea.
(The gold of the sun on the sea.)

Did Beauty have birth in Cathay?
Crown Capri's cerulean sea?
Is it fairer in Heaven than May
When together through flower-fields we stray—
Together forever to be?
(Forever and ever to be?)

A cold wind blew in from the west;
A cold wave rose out of the sea
And blighted the love in my breast.
She went with the sun to her rest—
Far, far from the world and from me!
(Far from the world and from me!)

At sunset, when silence greets sound,
A mist shrouds the earth and the sea;
Then I'll welcome my lost there refound,
Where the past and its voices resound,
On the shores of Eternity!
(The shores of Eternity!)

(Music by Clarence de Vaux-Royer.)

CONSTANCY

AFTER the Summer roses are dead,
And merry-winged singing birds have fled,
And you and I by the window-pane
Stand watching the pitiless, ceaseless rain.
I look within, and I thank God then
That out of His countless creation of men,
One soul stands firm, unchanging and true,
That shines as a light from the vaults of blue,
To temper the days and years ahead:—
After the Summer roses are dead.

(Music by Clarence de Vaux-Royer.)

HE IS RISEN

WE all will pass the slumber-shore,
Where the cypress sorrows evermore;
We all will lie in the lap of life
Till time has quenched the burning strife.

Christ said, "In three days I shall rise!"
And cast the doubt from weeping eyes.

Calm science shows the battling creeds
To follow man's design. Who reads
From Nature's tale—intuitive—
Knows naught is lost, that all must live.

Go, rest in peace! Each soul a part
Of God's great plan in the cosmic heart.

THE MULBERRY-TREE

(TO CLARENCE)

OH the mulberry-tree! the mulberry-tree!
That brings back the vision of boyhood to me.

When far from the city and worn marts of men
It cheers me with memory's music again.

Where fields are all ripe with the soft-blowing grain
And the quail sounds its whistle—a challenge for rain.

The grace of a day near forgotten comes back
To cancel the years in time's endless track.

The robin and woodpecker, swallow and wren,
Sing now in its branches the same song as then.

Their melody rings in a heart once more free
By the mulberry-tree—dear mulberry-tree.

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU

AS the first ray of morn
Breaks from the night,
So is man's spirit born
Into the bright
Immortal world above
Back to the goal of love,
Into the light.

Death's fatal, fair caress
The door unbars ;
One moment's perfectness
Beneath the stars :
The voices of the spheres
Sing softly through the years—
No sound that mars.

Like night's low whispering,
Crystal and fair ;
Lulled where bird-vespers cling
Upon the air ;
Held in the hazy mist
Of memory's fond tryst—
Our lost are there.

Day's glamour fades and goes ;
A shimmering track
Wavers at dusk and glows,—
Grows sombre—black.
“Then I'll come back to you
In the soft twilight's dew,
Then I'll come back!”

LOSS AND GAIN

“*There is no death; what seems so is transition!*”

“**O**UR friend is lost!” we often say;
But naught above—beneath the sod
Is lost. The soul will seek its God,
Severed in love from form of clay,
He knows, and His the eternal way;
The way that one and all have trod,
With promise that we meet some day.

Some day we'll wake with sweet surprise,
And know those thought afar are near.
The days grown desolate and drear
Will brightly dawn to gladdened eyes;
As when rain falls from saddened skies
The afterglow is made more clear;
So loyal heart, let hope arise.

(From *The Progressive Thinker*.)

THE IMMORTAL DEAD

“**C**OME! dream in my arms,” carols death;
(There freedom will meet you.)
Come! breathe deeply once of my breath;
(No passion will greet you.)
Come, conquerors! wreaths wait for your head;
(Immortal we crowned you.)
Come! *live* in the world where the dead
Sweep silently 'round you.

SPRING

(LIFE)

BLOSSOMING! blossoming!
With all its might;
Budding in rainbow tints
Out of the night;
Up through the soil of things
Into the light.

FALL

(DEATH)

SHEDDING its leaves again,
Dropped into earth—
Gone is the beauteous sheen,
Lost now its mirth;
Mourning the tribute then
Of a new birth.

THE LAW

OH! Who can call the red rose back
When its last flower is fled?
And who would walk the crimson track
Of life when love is dead?

Down in a gentle garden's dusk
I saw the dew unfold,
From barren bush and bed of musk,
The fragrant blooms of old.

The essence there within them lies,
The spirit that God gives ;
Naught perishes ; love never dies ;
Love is the Law—and lives.

AUX ÂMES BIEN NÉÉ

(LES ARTISTES)

NO chart nor compass made for these I find ;
But as the roaming, restless, flippant breeze
Provokes to bloom the buds of springtime trees
And flings their wealth of color on the wind ;
Casting these peerless petals in a shower,
Held imaged and perfected by a power
That caught with brush and canvas the refined
Perpetuated vision :—the desire
Of each brave mariner of the high seas
Of art ! Bold dreamers who aspire—
Cold frozen peaks have warmed to life, and these
Imbued with magic of the divine fire
That flashed from God into the artist's mind.

THE LIGHT BEYOND

WHEN twilight tints the misty peaks
A voice long-stilled unto us speaks ;
And memories gather close and fond,
Led by the lure of the light beyond!

There are faces that we fain would greet—
Faces grown old, and fair and sweet—
That link the present's golden thread
With the unrevealed of the years ahead.

In the dark of night, when the great world sleeps,
And thought lies silent within the deeps,
Then our dead return in a mist of dreams,
And counsel us till the new day gleams.

As we travel on 'twixt smile and tear,
What once seemed far, now measures near.
The years grow less and friends more fond,
Led by the lure of the Light Beyond!

APRIL'S MUSIC

BLOSSOMS, blossoms everywhere!
In the earth and in the air ;
Colored flame and opal fires
Burning with their brief desires.

Bluebirds whirr and sing again
In their sky-tinged splendor. Wren,
Thrush, and robin's matinee
Thrill the hillside all the day.

Through the evening's amethyst—
Echoing in a golden mist—
Tinkle the clear waters falling;
Kindling stars are faintly calling.

Beauty born of murmuring sound
Weaves its witchery around;
Wandering voices fill the air—
April's music, everywhere!

Lancaster, Pa., April, 1919.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS

TWILIGHT shadows stealing round us,
Shroud our senses to beguile;
Ancient memories here have found us
Wrapped in reverie for awhile.

Calling to us friends and faces,
That were dear in days of yore;
Twilight shades of lingering graces
Hover round the open door.

Boughs in blossom bend and beckon
 Silently their shadow-wings;
And my heart's mad riots reckon
 With the Past, that sobs and sings.

Hushed the wind with soft caresses;
 Star-mist crowns the jewelled air;
What the fond heart here confesses,
 I alone may know and share.

Light loves pass with shine and shimmer,
 Gold now glints the azure east;
Night's new passion spent, with glimmer
 Of old fancies at life's feast.

ALL THAT PERISHETH SHALL LIVE

TWISTED and curled upon the ground
 The dead leaves lie;
The sparrow sends his twittering sound
 From haunts on high;
And the wind moans in plaintive round
 Pitilessly.

The rain folds in a pearly mist
 The shimmering trees;
Their crimson etchings, once cloud-kist,
 The coy winds tease;
Here Autumn's artist holds high tryst
 As Summer flees.

All grey and empty is the sky
And drear as doom!
But in the mold and rootlets lie
New bud and bloom
Where Nature's beating heart will vie
With Resurrection's tomb!

RESTORATION

ALL the day you have been near me,
Like an echo that has found
In some faint reverberation
Lost for long, a kindred sound;
Or a voice once trilled to music,
Out of silence vague and dim,
Now rejoicing, newly gladdened,
By some radiant morning hymn;—
Or with memory of a June-time
Fresher than the early dew
Held in lily bell-cups, swaying
On the hillside; so are you!
So you conjure to my fancy
Reminiscent days of charm,
When we lived in faery glamour
Innocent of fear's alarm.
Birds were singing, boughs were budding,
And I long again to see
All the rosy warmth and gladness
That those memories bring to me.

Tell again the old, old story ;
Whisper, Voices, if the while
My fond heart is breaking, breaking
For the living word and smile
I once knew in Love's sweet springtime,
Knew and loved without regret ;
Knew in God's own image perfect,
One my soul can ne'er forget.
Flowing to thee as a river
Flows beneath the stars and sun,
Ever onward and forever,
Toward the great eternal One!

Oh, that love! its joy and sadness—
Mingled rue and roses bloom!
Voiced in music, mute with madness,
While Love's altar-fires consume!
Love, the universal essence,
Comes and goes, and comes again,
To and fro a vital presence
Hedged about by laws of men.
I shall know you, spirit, ever,
And my soul with yours entwine,
Though the Cosmic chain shall sever—
For the finding made you mine!
Love lives on in human places,
Where our human feet have trod,
While our hungering hearts and faces
Crave the shining peaks of God!

When the lutes are playing softly,
And the lights are burning low,
Then I seek your star in heaven—
Woo a dream of long ago;
And in fancy hear you calling!
Calling! and I see your face,
Feel your arms about me falling,
Folding me in close embrace!
And I whisper to the silence:
“Kiss me once before you go!”
And the echo of that whisper
Is the only sound I know!

* * * * *

A DREAM

THE CROWN OF LIFE

MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 17, 1917.

(After reading Ecclesiastes by Solomon.)

I climbed and climbed the highest trestle-like structure to the very top-most height. This structure was higher than any building or monument ever built by man. When ascending I was conscious of a huge crowd watching me with keen interest, and at the same time devotion or sympathy, and a desire that I should win. When I arrived at the very summit I was made conscious of the fact that I had already won, before hand, two trophies, or victorious prizes; i.e.—a large silver cup and a larger gold one. The summit of this structure upon which I stood was only about three feet by two and one-half feet. Then a most beautiful gold crown, immense in size, at least a foot and some inches in height was placed upon my head from out the invisible, or as if from above.

Immediately the material structure began to rock, up and down and side ways like a modern scales, when things are thrown upon

it for weight. I then lost my balance sufficiently, so that the crown fell from my head. I witnessed the consternation among the great crowd of people below, who thought that I had purposely thrown the great crown, with its valuable diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones (of immense size) away. After losing the crown, beautiful and valuable as it was, I felt a great spiritual upliftment and relief from material things, accompanied by such a heavenly peace of mind, that I threw the other two prizes (cups) after the crown, which caused still more agitation and condemnation for me from the crowd below. I then discovered a wide white marble stairway, winding round and round to the bottom. I ran and ran and ran down this, oh so fast, not stopping to answer the questions on the way about the crown, from people who came out at different points of the descent. When I arrived on the Earth, I went still farther down into a basement-like place, where was seated my wife, cold and distant. With her were Markham and many other notable people. I said to my wife, "Is this a time to be cold and condemning? Didn't you know it was an accident?" Whereupon they all advanced toward me, and Markham took my hand and said, "I am so glad, we all thought you threw the crown away."

AMEN

(Signed) CLARENCE DE VAUX-ROYER.

628 W. 139th Street,
New York City.

TRIBUTES

One day when I was a very little boy . . . my father, Andrew John Kauffman, took me . . . to hear a violinist, a boy not much older than I was. He said that we were going to hear him now and that some day we would surely hear a great deal of him. . . .

I don't remember what the place looked like, nor even how the musician looked, for, the moment he began to play, all my other senses blended into the sense of hearing—and how he played I shall never forget. He was Clarence de Vaux-Royer.

As we came away, my father said: "That boy is your cousin; the day will come when you will be proud of it."

The day did come, and, although Clarence Royer has now passed, my pride in him has not passed. It grew year by year, as his art grew, and it will remain as long as my memory endures.

Royer interpreted beauty to an ugly world, and his interpretation was creative. He made music in the silence of life and harmony of our hearts' discord. He has left us the sadder for his going, but he took with him a soul all music to play its part in the anthem that shall never cease. I think of him as a musician on his way from a little orchestra to a great, and I think of that prayer from the Divine Liturgy of St. John the Goldenmouthed, as it is read in the Holy Eastern Orthodox (the Graeco-Russian) Church:

"Give him rest, O our God! Give him rest in a quiet place, a pleasant place, where there is neither sorrow nor mourning . . . and grant him finally a sure defense before the dread tribunal of Christ."

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

24th February, 1920.

From *The Critic* (New York Musical Journal).

Mr. de Vaux-Royer was a man of very fine distinctions and charming personality, with Wagnerian nose and Byronic chin, and during his days in Paris he wore his hair a-la-Mozart—in ringlets over his collar. His friends were legion. He sang in three languages, having been tenor for the Empress Friedrich Church, in Berlin, and also one of the prominent churches in Paris.

During his fifteen years in New York he was associated on the musical staff of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, All Angels

Church, St. Bartholomew's and many others. He was in every sense a true artist, and consecrated his life to music, holding it above price. His high aims and noble spirit prompted him to give his music to charitable institutions and individual charities, and responded to innumerable demands.

Biographical data of Mr. de Vaux-Royer appeared in Grove's Musical Dictionary, The Musical Blue Book, Who's Who in America and in The Genealogy of the Schumann Family.

His lectures before universities and The Board of Education were written on The Composers of the Nation, but his great work was as concert artist—Violin Soloist—and he was known with honor over twelve countries of the world.

LANCASTER, PA., Oct. 28, 1919.

The end of earth has come to Clarence, and soon will come to all of us. What is the deep mystery that lies so near us, and all the while just ahead? We are glad to have been born, glad to have lived, and, I think, the experience of all good souls when they have passed beyond is that they are glad to have died. Let us look with grateful hearts, it may be through tears. He was kind and wished well to all about him. He toiled manfully at his appointed work and attained eminence in it. He was never strong in physique, and lies down to sleep very tired, but with hope of to-morrow. May he who giveth his beloved sleep give that glad rest to him and you and all of us.

DR. J. P. McCASKEY.

. . . The length of life depends not upon years but upon our service to humanity.

Mr. Royer's life was one of service and cheer to all who knew him.

We mourn his departure as our loss, but his spirit will live forever.

(DR.) J. GARDNER SMITH.

(Over five hundred tributes from devoted and distinguished friends were received, all worthy of space here.)

A DREAM INTERVIEW

Last night I experienced a wonderfully realistic dream interview with my dear husband, who passed from mortal to the immortal plane two months ago. We were together in a very old house of Revolutionary period (standing when my father bought his country estate with 500 acres surrounding it). We were at the top and ~~he was having his way out with an axe.~~ (These symbols are ~~at~~

FOR C. DE V.-R.

Extol his valour, Earth! Let all revere
The memory of his song, and lofty ways;
So men may grow in wisdom thro' his praise
And life be sweeter since we knew him here!

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

March 31, 1920.

Pre-eminent in his profession Mr. de Vaux-Royer not only excelled as concert artist but had written and delivered seven illustrated lectures on the composers and music of the seven principal musical countries of the world. He was director of his orchestra and the De Vaux-Royer Quartette, and of latter years composer, having been educated in Europe under the greatest living masters.

ERRATA: Page 82, line 19, word should read "accident."

and I followed. He said, "You were right, Rose; you have a great work before you. Half the musty books should be burned and replaced by new ideas."

Then as I looked around I saw the two beautiful maples of my Father's place (that I have not visited for 18 years) overshadowing a scene, natural but not earthly, as it was radiant with a strange

Church, St. Bartholomew's and many others. He was in every sense a true artist, and consecrated his life to music, holding it above price. His high aims and noble spirit prompted him to give his music to charitable institutions and individual charities, and responded to innumerable demands.

Biographical data of Mr. de Vaux-Royer appeared in Grove's Musical Dictionary, The Musical Blue Book, Who's Who in Amer-

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A DREAM INTERVIEW

Last night I experienced a wonderfully realistic dream interview with my dear husband, who passed from mortal to the immortal plane two months ago. We were together in a very old house of Revolutionary period (standing when my father bought his country estate with 500 acres surrounding it). We were at the top and he was hewing his way out with an axe. (These symbols are given in dream visions where language fails.) The timber was of very heavy beams, with board upon board nailed over, as though by each generation, all bearing labels, viz.: "Creeds," "Traditions," "Smothered Aspirations," "Deranged Ideals," etc., and he slashed at them all. I said, "You are not strong. You must not do that." He replied, "I have Eternal Life, and I must do this to live in the open sunlight of Truth. That is what the human race needs today for growth, mental and physical, not to be hedged around by false and antiquated conceptions. To know that man himself is a responsible agent and his own builder. My life was hampered by false teachings. Your institutions may be 'a way unto,' but if you do not branch out bigger than the Institution you will not arrive, but be hidden under the name—in the letter. It is the emancipated Spirit that builds for progress. Some smug corner of soft concession in a church does not constitute Christianity, or save the soul, or save anything. Your growth is arrested. Sleepers, awake! I have found no golden streets or great white throne here, but plenty of work to be done (you cannot get away from that), but under a finer and clearer atmosphere. Thought is the thing! Train your faculties."

Then I tried to raise an old window of small panes of glass, grown green and mossy and dim, securely fastened, so that nothing should escape its bondage or filter in. But time had loosened its setting; yet I was fearful and put the old fastening back with a sacrilegious feeling.

He bounded through the structure he had liberated himself from and I followed. He said, "You were right, Rose; you have a great work before you. Half the musty books should be burned and replaced by new ideas."

Then as I looked around I saw the two beautiful maples of my Father's place (that I have not visited for 18 years) overshadowing a scene, natural but not earthly, as it was radiant with a strange

light—a luminous glamour. There stood a family group that seemed familiar, but only one advanced to meet me—my dear Mother, natural, but ultrarefined. And a lamb came up and placed his forefeet, crossed, into my hand in loving greeting, so gentle, without fear, and of human expression, as though one of the family—all in harmony. Then the light faded gradually as the beautiful landscape and setting disappeared from view before I could greet the others assembled. This is one of several impressions I have received since he passed over.—From the *Washington News Letter*.

There is one Mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this Universal Mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.—Emerson.

SOUL SHADOWS, SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

ROSE M. DE VAUX-ROYER

(*With portrait of the author*)

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE PRESS

Some views and reviews of prominent people

"Your songs have delicacy and alluring melody."—*Edwin Markham*.

"Your poems are full of messages to the soul of humanity, and I find a quality of spirituality pervading them seldom found in books of modern verse."—*Madison Cawein*.

"I am particularly impressed with the high purpose and motive the poems give evidence of, on the part of their author."—*Ralph Waldo Trine*.

"If you have expressed what some one else feels—that one will get your book. Put my name down for two books."—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*.

"Your poetry is refined, lofty, deep, and musical, the touching voice of an Aeol's harp on which Ariel plays with his flower-like fingers. In the midst of materialistic American society, a soul like yours is a national blessing. Your life work means idealism and you are the incarnation of this noble tendency."—*Dr. Max Nordau*.

"I congratulate you that you have been able to imprison in verse so much of the loveliness of nature and life."—*Clinton Scollard*.

"Always the poems contain hints of something just beyond—suggested—this more secret loveliness whose presence haunts every page. The essence of your poetry is the optimism of the spirit."—*John Hall Wheelock*.

"I find a philosophical flame throbbing through your soul poems—a musical rhythm which fascinates."—*Homer N. Bartlett*.

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"I have been reading your very charming volume with profit and pleasure. It does credit to everyone concerned—author, artist, printer and binder."—*Elbert Hubbard*.

"No appreciative reader can lay down the volume without feeling that through some occult power in the lines he has absorbed a radiant spiritual uplift."—*Overland Monthly, Calif.*

"Under the title 'Soul Shadows' Rose M. de Vaux-Royer issues a volume of her songs and sonnets, many of which have been published previously in magazines and papers.

"The sonnet 'Within,' written in Paris, is dedicated to Francois Coppée."—*N. Y. World*.

"In 'Soul Shadows,' by Rose M. de Vaux-Royer, we find a nice fancy, at times eloquent and musical. They all show an earnestness and genuine inspiration.

"'Memory's Visions' reveals a rare depth and philosophic fervor, and 'Calling' is a breathless, fervent little pæan."—*The International*.

"I like your lines on Edwin Markham, and I see by his comment that he also likes them. I am glad to see that your poetic marksmanship has hit that big Bull Muse."—*Hudson Maxim*.

"Your poems are a noble work: virile and full of exalting images."—*Blanche S. Wagstaff*.

"I find your poems almost beyond my criticism. You are too true—too elusive; you must be studied if one sees the beauty of your lines."—*Margaret Holmes Bates*.