

PIPES OF PAN

NO. IV

SONGS FROM A NORTHERN GARDEN

BY
BLISS CARMAN

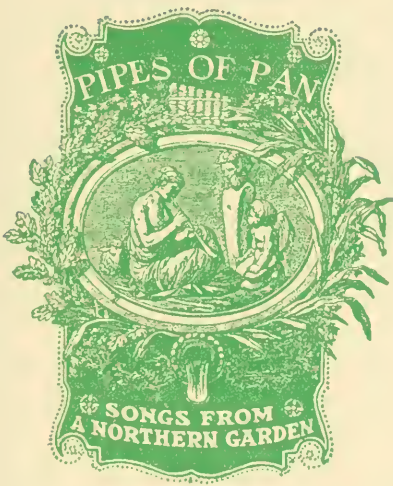
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PIPES OF PAN

BY

BLISS CARMAN

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SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

SONGS FROM A NORTHERN GARDEN

IN PREPARATION

FROM THE BOOK OF PIERROT

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

New England Building

Boston, Mass.



PIPES OF PAN

Number Four

SONGS FROM
A NORTHERN GARDEN

BY
BLISS CARMAN
AUTHOR OF "PIPES OF PAN,"
"SAPPHO," "THE KINSHIP
OF NATURE," "THE
FRIENDSHIP OF
ART," ETC.



BOSTON
L.C. PAGE & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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Published August, 1904
Second Impression, May, 1910

COLONIAL PRESS
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
OUR LADY OF THE RAIN	1
IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN	12
THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE	27
AT HOME AND ABROAD	30
KILLOOLEET	35
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ON THE HILL	39
THE CHURCH OF THE LEAVES	41
THE DEEP HOLLOW ROAD	46
MALYN'S DAISY	48
ABOVE THE GASPHEREAU	50
THE BALLAD OF FATHER HUDSON	79
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S	87
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S	102

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN.

Across the purple valleys,
Along the misty hills,
By murmur-haunted rivers
And silver-gurgling rills,
By woodland, swamp and barren,
By road and field and plain,
Arrives the Green Enchantress,
Our Lady of the Rain.

Her pure and mystic planet
Is lighted in the west;
In ashy-rose and lilac
Of melting evening dressed,
With golden threads of sunset
Inwoven in her gown,

With glamour of the springtime
She has bewitched the town.

Her look is soft with dreaming
On old forgotten years;
Her eyes are grave and tender
With unpermitted tears;
For she has known the sorrows
Of all this weary earth,
Yet ever brings it gladness,
Retrieval and new birth.

And when her splendid pageant,
Sidereal and slow,
With teeming stir and import
Sweeps up from line to snow,
There's not an eager mortal
But would arise and make
Some brave unpromised venture
For her immortal sake.

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

For no man knows what power
Is sleeping in the seed,
What destiny may slumber
Within the smallest deed.
In calm no fret can hurry,
Nor any fear detain,
She brings our own to meet us —
Our Lady of the Rain.

She saw the red clay moulded
And quickened into man;
The sweetness of her spirit
Within his pulses ran;
The ardour of her being
Was in his veins like fire,
The unreluctant passion,
The unallayed desire.

'Twas she who brought rejoicing
To Babylon and Ur.

To Carthage and to Sidon
Men came to worship her.
Her soft spring rites were honoured
At Argolis and Troy,
And dark Caldean women
Gave thanks to her for joy.

With cheer and exaltation
With hope for all things born,
To hearten the disheartened,
To solace the forlorn,
Too gentle and all-seeing
For judgment or disdain,
She comes with loving kindness —
Our Lady of the Rain.

With magical resurgence
For all the sons of men
She crosses winter's frontier,
They know not whence nor when.

OUR LADY OF THE RAIN

Yet silently as sunlight
Along the forest floor
Her step is on the threshold,
Her shadow at the door.

On many a lonely clearing
Among the timbered hills
She calls across the distance,
Until the twilight fills
With voice of loosened waters,
And from the marshy ground
The frogs begin refilling
Their flutes with joyous sound.

Then note by note is lifted
The chorus clear and shrill,
And all who hear her summons
Must answer to her will ;
For she will not abandon
The old Pandean strain

That called the world from chaos —
Our Lady of the Rain.

And still her wondrous music
Comes up with early spring,
And meadowland and woodland
With silver wildness ring;
The sparrow by the roadside,
The wind among the reeds,
Whoever hears that piping
Must follow where it leads.

Though no man knows the reason,
Nor how the rumour spread,
Through canyon-streeted cities
Her message has been sped;
And some forgotten longing
To hear a bluebird sing
Bids folk from open windows
Look forth — and it is spring.

Come out into the sunshine,
You dwellers of the town,
Put by your anxious dolors,
And cast your sorrows down.
O, starved and pampered people,
How futile is your gain!
Behold, there comes to heal you
Our Lady of the Rain.

Go where the buds are breaking
Upon the cherry bough,
And the strong sap is mounting
In every tree-trunk now;
Where orchards are in blossom
On every spray and spire,
Go hear the orioles whistle
And pass like flecks of fire.

Go find the first arbutus
Within the piney wood,

And learn from that shy dweller
How sweet is solitude;
Go listen to the white-throat
In some remote ravine
Rehearse in tranquil patience
His ecstasy serene.

Go down along the beaches
And borders of the sea,
When golden morning kindles
That blue immensity,
And watch the white sails settle
Below the curving rim
Of this frail vast of colour,
Diaphanous and dim.

Go watch by brimming river
Or reedy-marged lagoon
The wild geese row their galley
Across the rising moon,

That comes up like a bubble
Out of the black fir-trees,
And ask what mind invented
Such miracles as these.

Who came when we were sleeping
And wrought this deathless lure,
This vivid vernal wonder
Improbable and sure?
Where Algol and Bootes
Mark their enormous range,
What seraph passed in power
To touch the world with change?

What love's unerring purpose
Reveals itself anew
In these mysterious transports
Of tone and shape and hue?
Doubt not the selfsame impulse
Throbs in thy restless side,

Craves at the gates of being,
And would not be denied.

Be thou the west wind's brother,
And kin to bird and tree,
The soul of spring may utter
Her oracles to thee ;
Her breath shall give thee courage,
Her tan shall touch thy cheek,
The words of sainted lovers
Be given thee to speak.

Fear not the mighty instinct,
The great Aprilian Creed ;
The House of Spring is open
And furnished for thy need.
But fear the little wisdom,
The paltry doubt and vain,
And trust without misgiving
Our Lady of the Rain.

What foot would fail to meet her,
And who would stay indoor,
When April in her glory
Comes triumphing once more —
When adder-tongue and tulip
Put on their coats of gold,
And all the world goes love-mad
For beauty as of old?

At every year's returning
The swallows will be here,
The stalls be gay with jonquils,
The dogwood reappear;
And up from the southwestward
Come back to us again
With sorceries of gladness —
Our Lady of the Rain.

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN.

In a garden over Grand Pré, dewy in the morning
sun,
Here in earliest September with the summer
nearly done,
Musing on the lovely world and all its beauties,
one by one!

Bluets, marigolds, and asters, scarlet poppies,
purple phlox, —
Who knows where the key is hidden to those frail
yet perfect locks
In the tacit doors of being where the soul stands
still and knocks?

There is Blomidon's blue sea-wall, set to guard
the turbid straits

Where the racing tides have entry; but who
keeps for us the gates

In the mighty range of silence where man's spirit
calls and waits?

Where is Glooscaap? There's a legend of that
saviour of the West,

The benign one, whose all-wisdom loved beasts
well, though men the best,

Whom the tribes of Minas leaned on, and their
villages had rest.

Once the lodges were defenceless, all the warriors
being gone

On a hunting or adventure. Like a panther on
a fawn,

On the helpless stole a war-band, ambushed to
attack at dawn.

But with night came Glooscaap. Sleeping he surprised them; waved his bow;
Through the summer leaves descended a great frost, as white as snow;
Sealed their slumber to eternal peace and stillness long ago.

Then a miracle. Among them, while still death undid their thews,
Slept a captive with her children. Such the magic he could use,
She arose unharmed with morning, and departing, told the news.

He, too, when the mighty Beaver had the country for his pond,
All the way from the Pereaue here to Bass River and beyond,
Stoned the rascal; drained the Basin; routed out that vagabond.

You can see yourself Five Islands Glooscaap
flung at him that day,
When from Blomidon to Sharp he tore the Beaver's dam away, —
Cleared the channel, and the waters thundered
out into the bay.

*(Do we idle, little children? Ah, well, there is
hope, maybe,*

*In mere beauty which enraptures just such ne'er-
do-wells as we!*

*I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be
calling me!)*

Here he left us — see the orchards, red and gold
in every tree! —

All the land from Gaspereau to Portapique and
Cheverie,

All the garden lands of Minas and a passage
out to sea.

You can watch the white-sailed vessels through
the meadows wind and creep.

All day long the pleasant sunshine, and at night
the starry sleep,

While the labouring tides that rest not have their
business with the deep!

So I get my myth and legend of a breaker-down
of bars,

Putting gateways in the mountains with their
thousand-year-old scars,

That the daring and the dauntless might steer
outward by the stars.

So my demiurgic hero lays a frost on all our
fears.

Dead the grisly superstition, dead the bigotry
of years,

Dead the tales that frighten children, when the
pure white light appears.

Thus did Glooscaap of the mountains. What
doth Balder of the flowers,
Balder, the white lord of April, who comes back
amid the showers
And the sunshine to the Northland to revive
this earth of ours?

First, how came my garden, where untimely not
a leaf may wilt?

For a thousand years the currents trenched the
rock and wheeled the silt,
Dredged and filled and smoothed and levelled,
toiling that it might be built.

For the moon pulled and the sun pushed on the
derrick of the tide;
And a great wind heaved and blustered, — swung
the weight round with a stride,
Mining tons of red detritus out of the old moun-
tain side, —

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

Bore them down and laid them even by the mouth
of stream and rill

For the quiet lowly doorstep, for cemented joist
and sill

Of our Grand Pré, where the cattle lead their
shadows or lie still.

So my garden floor was founded by the labour-
ing frugal sea,

Deep and virginal as Eden, for the flowers that
were to be,

All for my great drowsy poppies and my mari-
golds and me.

Who had guessed the unsubstantial end and out-
come of such toil, —

These, the children of a summer, whom a breath
of frost would foil,

I, almost as faint and fleeting as my brothers of
the soil?

Did those vague and drafty sea-tides, as they
 journeyed, feel the surge
Of the prisoned life that filled them seven times
 full from verge to verge,
Mounting to some far achievement where its
 ardour might emerge?

Are they blinder of a purpose in their courses
 fixed and sure,
Those sea arteries whose heavings throb through
 Nature's vestiture,
Than my heart's frail valves and hinges which
 so perilously endure?

Do I say to it, "Give over!" — Can I will, and
 it will cease?

Nay, it stops but with destruction; knows no res-
 pite nor release.

I, who did not start its pulses, cannot bid them
 be at peace.

Thus the great deep, framed and fashioned to
a thought beyond its own,
Rocked by tides that race or sleep without its
will from zone to zone,
Setting door-stones for a people in a century un-
known,

Sifted for me and my poppies the red earth we
love so well.

Gently there, my fine logician, brooding in your
lone grey cell!

Was it all for our contentment such a miracle
befell?

No; because my drowsy poppies and my mari-
golds and I

Have this human need in common, nodding as
the wind goes by;

There is that supreme within us no one life can
satisfy.

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

With their innocent grave faces lifted up to meet
my own,
They are but the stranger people, swarthy children
of the sun,
Gypsies tenting at our door to vanish ere the
year is done.

*(How we idle, little children! Still our best of
tasks may be,
From distraction and from discord without base-
ness to get free.
I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be
calling me!)*

Humbly, then, most humbly ever, little brothers
of the grass,
With *Aloha* at your doorways I salute you as
you pass,
I who wear the mortal vesture, as our custom
ever was.

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

Known for kindred by the habit, by the tanned
and crimson stain,
Earthlings in the garb ensanguined just so long
as we remain,
You for days and I for seasons mystics by the
common strain,

Till we tread the virgin threshold of a great moon
red and low,
Clean and joyous while we tarry, and uncraven
when we go
From the rooftree of the rain-wind and the
broad eaves of the snow.

And this thing called life, which frets us like a
fever without name,
Soul of man and seed of poppy no mortality can
tame,
Smouldering at the core of beauty till it breaks in
perfect flame, —

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

What it is I know not; only I know they and
I are one,
By the lure that bids us linger in the great House
of the Sun,
By the fervour that sustains us at the door we can-
not shun.

From a little wider prospect, I survey their bright
domain;
On a rounder dim horizon, I behold the plough-
man rain;
All I have and hold so lightly, they will perish to
attain.

Waking at the word of April with the South
Wind at her heels,
We await the revelation locked beneath the four
great seals,
Ice and snow and dark and silence, where the
Northern search-light wheels.

Waiting till our Brother Balder walks the lovely
earth once more,
With the robin in the fir-top, with the rain-wind
at the door,
With the old unwearied gladness to revive us and
restore,

We abide the raptured moment, with the patience
of a stone,
Like ephemera our kindred, transmigrant from
zone to zone,
To that last fine state of being where they live
on joy alone.

O great Glooscaap and kind Balder, born of
human heart's desire,
When earth's need took shape and substance, and
the impulse to aspire
Passed among the new-made peoples, touching the
red clay with fire,

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

By the myth and might of beauty, lead us and
allure us still,
Past the open door of wonder and oblivion's
granite sill,
Past the curtain of the sunset in the portals of the
hill,

To new provinces of wisdom, sailless latitudes of
soul.

I for one must keep the splendid faith in good
your lives extol,
Well assured the love you lived by is my being's
source and goal.

Fearless when the will bids "Venture," or the
sleepless mind bids "Know,"
Here among my lowly neighbours blameless let
me come and go,
Till I, too, receive the summons to the silent
Tents of Snow.

IN A GRAND PRÉ GARDEN

In a garden over Grand Pré, bathed in the serenity

Of the early autumn sunlight, came these quiet thoughts to me,

While the wind went down the orchard to the dikes and out to sea.

(Idling yet? My flowery children, only far too well I see

How this day will glow forever in my life that is to be!

I must go and pick my apples. There is Malyn calling me!)

THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE

My hillside garden half-way up
The mountains from the purple sea,
Beholds the pomp of days go by
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds
Stream over Grand Pré in the sun,
And the white fog seethe up and spill
Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the North,
Like a great caldron of the tides,
Is Fundy, boiling round their base,
And ever fuming up their sides.

THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE

Yet here within my valley world
No breath of all that tumult stirs;
The little orchards sleep in peace;
Forever dream the dark blue firs.

And while far up the gorges sweep
The silver legions of the showers,
I have communion with the grass
And conversation with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech
Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
So full of homely subtleties.

When the dark pansies nod to say
Good morning to the marigolds,
Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.

THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE

I always half expect to hear
Some hint of what they mean to do;
But never is their fine reserve
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half-aware,
They will unlock their heart for once, —
How sad if I should not be there!

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

My modest Northern garden
Is full of yellow flowers,
And quaking leaves and sunlight
And long noon hours.

It hangs upon the hillside
Above the little town ;
And there in pleasant weather
You can look far down,

To the broad dikes of Grand Pré
Roamed over by the herds,
And the purple Minas water
Where fish the white sea-birds.

I watch the little vessels,
Where the slow rivers glide
Between the grassy orchards,
Come in upon the tide.

For daily there accomplished
Is the sea's legerdemain,
To fill the land with rivers
And empty it again.

Before you lies North Mountain,
Built like a long sea-wall —
A wonder in blue summer
And in the crimson fall.

The sea-fogs cloud and mantle
Along its fir-dark crest,
While under it the fruit-lands
Have shelter and have rest.

And when the goblin moonlight
Loiters upon her round
Of valley, marsh and mountain
To bless my garden-ground, —

(The harvest moon that lingers
Until her task is done,
And all the grain is ripened
For her great lord, the sun,)

I know that there due northward,
Under the polar star,
Sir Blomidon is fronting
Whatever storms there are.

I cannot see those features
I love so well by day,
Calmed by a thousand summers,
Scarred by the winter's play;

Yet there above the battle
Of the relentless tides,
Under the solemn starlight
He muses and abides.

And in the magic stillness,
The moonlight's ghostly gleam
Makes me its sylvan brother,
To rove the world a-dream.

That wayward and oblivious
Mortal I seem to be
Shall habit not forever
This garden by the sea.

Not Blomidon nor Grand Pré
Shall be his lasting home,
Nor all the Ardise country
Give room enough to roam.

Even to-night a little
He strays, and will not bide
The gossip of the flowers,
The rumour of the tide.

He must be forth and seeking,
Beyond this garden-ground,
The arm-in-arm companion
For whom the sun goes round.

And in the soft May weather
I walk with you again,
Where the terraces of Meudon
Look down upon the Seine.

KILLOOLEET.

There's a wonderful woodland singer
In the North, called Killooleet, —
That is to say Little Sweetvoice
In the tongue of the Milicete,

The tribe of the upper Wolaastook,
Who range that waterway
From the blue fir hills of its sources
To the fogs and tides of the bay.

All day long in the sunshine,
All night long through the rains,
On the grey wet cedar barrens
And the lonely blueberry plains,

K I L L O O L E E T

You may hear Killooleet singing,
Hear his *O sweet*
(Then a grace-note, then the full cadence),
Killooleet, Killooleet, Killooleet!

Whenever you dip a paddle,
Or set a pole in the stream,
Killooleet marks the ripple,
Killooleet knows the gleam;

Killooleet gives you welcome,
Killooleet makes you free
With the great sweet wilderness freedom
That holds over land and sea.

You may slide your birch through the alders,
Or camp where the rapids brawl,
The first glad forest greeting
Will still be Killooleet's call.

K I L L O O L E E T

Wherever you drive a tent-pin,
Or kindle a fire at night,
Killooleet comes to the ridge-pole,
Killooleet answers the light.

The dark may silence the warblers;
The heavy and thunderous hush
That comes before storm may stifle
The pure cool notes of the thrush;

The waning season may sober
Bobolink, bluebird, and quail;
But Killooleet's stainless transport
Will not diminish nor fail.

Henceforth you shall love and fear not,
Remembering Killooleet's song
Haunting the wild waste places,
Deliberate, tranquil, and strong;

K I L L O O L E E T

And so you shall come without cunning,
But wise in the simpler lore,
To the House of the Little Brothers,
And God will open the door.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ON
THE HILL.

“ Bartholomew with his cold dew.”

Bartholomew, my brother,
I like your roomy church ;
I like your way of leaving
No sinners in the lurch.

I wish the world were wealthy
In ministers like you,
When at the lovely August
You give the blessed dew.

I love your rambling Abbey,
So long ago begun,
Whose choirs are in the tree-tops,
Whose censer is the sun.

Its windows are the morning;
Its rafters are the stars;
The fog-banks float like incense
Up from its purple floors.

And where the ruddy apples
Make lamps in the green gloom,
The flowers in congregation
Are never pressed for room;

But in your hillside chapel,
Gay with its gorgeous paints,
They bow before the Presence,—
Sweet merry little saints!

THE CHURCH OF THE
LEAVES.

In French Canadian legendry,
A rising from the dead recurs
Each Christmastide. The old *curé*,
With his parishioners

Around him, in the night returns;
And while his voice renews its bond
In the beloved offices,
The ghostly flock respond.

Just so, we keep the forms of faith
That wrought and moved us long ago;
We mark the height man's soul attained,
Forgetting it must grow.

Those venerable outgrown shells
Wherefrom the radiant life is fled, —
We wrong with our idolatry
The dogmas of the dead.

But He who walked with the world-soul
At twilight in Gethsemane,
Breathing among the listening boughs
Sweet prayers of charity,

Must daily with the wind return
About the dim world, to renew
The trembling litanies of the leaves,
The blessings of the dew.

He must revive with wind-sweet voice
The gospel hardly known to flesh,
Till the same spirit speaks again,
Interpreting afresh;

Till the vast house of trees and air
Reverberates from roof to floor
With meanings of mysterious things
We need to ask no more.

For still He walks these shadowy aisles,
Dreaming of beauties still to be,
More manly than our manliest,
Whose thought and love were free.

The pines are all His organ pipes,
And the great rivers are His choir;
And creatures of the field and tide
That reckon not, yet aspire,

Our brothers of the tardy hope,
Put forth their strength in senses dim,
Threading the vast, they know not why,
Through eons up to Him.

I see Him in the orchard glooms,
Watching the russet apples tan,
With the serene regard of one
Who is more God than man.

And where the silent valley leads
The small white water through the hills,
And the black spruces stand unmoved,
And quiet sunlight fills

The world and time with large slow peace,
It is His patience waiting there
Response from lives whose breath is but
The echo of His prayer.

Brother of Nazareth, behold,
We, too, perceive this life expand
Beyond the daily need, for use
Thy thought must understand.

Not for ourselves alone we strive,
Since Thy perfection manifest
Bids self resign what self desired,
Postponing good for best.

And in the far unfretted years,
The generations we uphold
Shall reach the measure of Thy heart,
The stature of Thy mould.

THE DEEP HOLLOW ROAD.

Cool in the summer mountain's heart,
It lies in dim mysterious shade,
Left of the highway turning in
With grassy rut and easy grade.

The marshes and the sea behind,
The solemn fir-blue hills before;
Here is the inn for Heavy-heart
And this is weary Free-foot's door.

O fellows, I have known it long;
For joy of life turn in with me;
We bivouac with peace to-night,
And good-bye to the brawling sea.

THE DEEP HOLLOW ROAD

You hear? That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June,
And when to falter on the flute
In the satiety of noon.

A mile or two we follow in
This rosy streak through forest gloom,
Then for the ample orchard slopes
And all the earth one snowy bloom!

MALYN'S DAISY.

You know it. Rays of ashy blue
Around a centre small and golden,
An autumn face of cheery hue
And fashion olden.

When the year rests at Michaelmas
Before the leaves must vanish faster,
The country people see it pass
And call it aster.

It does not come with joy and June;
It knows God's time is sometimes tardy;
And waits until we need the boon
Of spirit hardy.

MALYN'S DAISY

So unobtrusive, yet so fair,
About a world it makes so human,
Its touch of grace is everywhere —
Just like a woman.

Along the road and up the dike
It wanders when the noons are hazy,
To tell us what content is like;
That's Malyn's daisy.

ABOVE THE GASPEREAU.

TO H. E. C.

There are sunflowers too in my garden on top
of the hill,
Where now in early September the sun has his
will, —
The slow autumn sun that goes leisurely, taking
his fill
Of life in the orchards and fir woods so moveless
and still;
As if, should they stir, they might break some illu-
sion and spill
The store of their long summer musing on top of
the hill.

The crowds of black spruces in tiers from the valley below,

Ranged round their sky-roofed coliseum, mount row after row.

How often there, rank above rank, they have watched for the slow

Silver-lanterned processions of twilight, — the moon's come and go!

How often as if they expected some bugle to blow,

Announcing a bringer of news they were breathless to know,

They have hushed every leaf, — to hear only the murmurous flow

Of the small mountain river sent up from the valley below!

How still through the sweet summer sun, through the soft summer rain,

They have stood there awaiting the summons
should bid them attain

The freedom of knowledge, the last touch of
truth to explain

The great golden gist of their brooding, the mar-
vellous train

Of thought they have followed so far, been so
strong to sustain,—

The bright gospel of sun and the pure revelations
of rain!

Then the orchards that dot, all in order, the green
valley floor,

Every tree with its boughs weighed to earth, like
a tent from whose door

Not a lodger looks forth, — yet the signs are there
gay and galore,

The great ropes of red fruitage and russet, crisp
snow to the core.

Can the dark-eyed Romany here have deserted
of yore

Their camp at the coming of frost? Will they
seek it no more?

Who dwells in St. Eulalie's village? Who
knows the fine lore

Of the tribes of the apple-trees there on the green
valley floor?

Who, indeed? From the blue mountain gorge
to the dikes by the sea,

Goes that stilly wanderer, small Gaspereau; who
but he

Should give the last hint of perfection, the touch
that sets free

From the taut string of silence the whisper of
beauties to be!

The very sun seems to have tarried, turned back
a degree,

To lengthen out noon for the apple-folk here by
the sea.

What is it? Who comes? What's abroad on the
blue mountainside?

A hush has been laid on the leaves and will not
be defied.

Is the great Scarlet Hunter at last setting out on
his ride

From the North with deliverance now? Were
the lights we descried

Last night in the heavens his camp-fires seen far
and wide,

The white signal of peace for whose coming the
ages have cried?

"Expectancy lingers; fulfilment postponed," I
replied,

When soul said uneasily, "Who is it haunts your
hillside?"

All the while not a word from my sunflowers
here on the hill.

And to-night when the stars over Blomidon
flower and fill

The blue Northern garden of heaven, so pale and
so still,

From the lordly king-aster Aldebaran there by
the sill

Of the East, where the moonlight will enter, not
one will fulfil

A lordlier lot than my sunflowers here on the
hill.

So much for mere fact, mere impression. So
much I portray

Of the atmosphere, colour, illusion of one
autumn day,

In the little Acadian village above the Grand
Pré;

Just the quiet of orchards and firs, where the
sun had full sway,

And the river went trolling his soft wander-song
to the bay,

While roseberry, aster, and sagaban tangled his
way.

Be you their interpreter, reasoner; tell what they
say,

These children of silence whose patient regard
I portray.

You Londoner, walking in Bishopsgate, stroll-
ing the Strand,

Some morning in autumn afford, at a fruit-
dealer's stand,

The leisure to look at his apples there ruddy and
tanned.

Then ask, when he's smiling to serve you, if
choice can command

A Gravenstein grown oversea on Canadian land.
(And just for the whim's sake, for once, you'll
have no other brand!)

How teach you to tell them? Pick one, and
with that in your hand,
Bethink you awhile as you turn again into the
Strand.

“What if,” you will say, — so smooth in your
hand it will lie,

So round and so firm, of so rich a red to the eye,
Like a dash of Fortuny, a tinge of some Indian
dye,

While you turn it and toss, mark the bloom, ere
you taste it and try, —

“Now what if this grew where the same bright
pavilion of sky

Is stretched o'er the valley and hillside he bids
me descry,

The windless valley of peace, where the seasons
go by,
And the river goes down through the orchards
where long shadows lie!"

There's the fruit in your hand, in your ears is
the roar of the street,
The pulse of an empire keeping its volume and
beat,
Its sure come and go day and night, while we
sleep or we eat.
Taste the apple, bite in to the juice; how abund-
ant and sweet!
As sound as your own English heart, and whole-
some as wheat.
There grow no such apples as that in your
Bishopsgate street.

Or perhaps in St. Helen's Place, when your
business is done

And the ledgers put by, you will think of the
hundred and one

Commissions and errands to do; but what under
the sun

Was that, so important? Ah, yes! the new
books overrun

The old shelves. It is high time to order a new
set begun.

Then off to the joiner's. You enter to see his
plane run

With a long high shriek through the lumber he's
working upon.

Then he turns from his shavings to query what
you would have done.

But homeward 'tis you who make question. That
song of the blade!

And the sharp sweet cry of the wood, what an
answer it made!

What stories the joiner must hear, as he plies
his clean trade,
Of all the wild life of the forest where long
shadows wade
The untrodden moss, and the firs send a journey-
ing shade
So slow through the valley so far from the song
of his blade.

Come back to my orchards a moment. They're
waiting for you.
How still are the little grey leaves where the
pippins peep through!
The boughs where the ribstons hang red are
half-breaking in two.
Above them September in magical soft Northern
blue
Has woven the spell of her silence, like frost or
like dew,

Yet warm as a poppy's red dream. When All
Saints shall renew
The beauty of summer awhile, will their dream-
ing come true?
Ah, not of my Grand Pré they dream, nor your
London and you!

Their life is their own, and the surge of it. All
through the spring
They pushed forth their buds, and the rainbirds
at twilight would sing.
They put forth their bloom, and the world was as
fairy a thing
As a Japanese garden. Then midsummer came
with a zing
And the clack of the locust; then fruit-time and
coolness, to bring
This aftermath deep underfoot with its velvety
spring.

And they all the while with the fatherly,
motherly care,

Taking sap from the strength of the ground,
taking sun from the air,

Taking chance of the frost and the worm, taking
courage to dare,

Have given their life that the life might be
goodly and fair

In their kind for the seasons to come, with
good witness to bear

How the sturdy old race of the apples could
give and not spare.

To-morrow the harvest begins. We shall rifle
them there

Of the beautiful fruit of their bodies, the crown
of their care.

How lovingly then shall the picker set hand to
the bough! —

Bid it yield, ere the seed come to earth or the
graft to the plough,
Not only sweet life for its kind, as the instincts
allow,
That savour and shape may survive generations
from now,
But life to its kin who can say, "I am stronger
than thou," —
Fulfilling a lordlier law than the law of the
bough.

I heard before dawn, with planets beginning to
quail, —
"Whoso hath life, let him give, that my purpose
prevail:
Whoso hath none, let him take, that his strength
may be hale.
Behold, I have reckoned the tally, I keep the
full tale.

Whoso hath love, let him give, lest his spirit
grow stale;

Whoso hath none, let him die; he shall wither
and fail.

Behold I will plenish the loss at the turn of the
scale.

He hath law to himself, who hath love; ye shall
hope and not quail."

Then the sun arose, and my sunflowers here on
the hill,

In free ceremonial turned to the East to fulfil
Their daily observance, receiving his peace and
his will, —

The lord of their light who alone bids the dark-
ness be nil,

The lord of their love who alone bids the life in
them thrill;

Undismayed and serene, they awaited him here
on the hill.

Ah, the patience of earth! Look down at the
dark pointed firs;

They are carved out of blackness; one pattern
recurs and recurs.

They crowd all the gullies and hillsides, the
gashes and spurs,

As silent as death. What an image! How
nature avers

The goodness of calm with that taciturn beauty
of hers!

As silent as sleep. Yet the life in them climbs
and upstirs.

They too have received the great law, know
that haste but defers

The perfection of time, — the initiate gopeller
firs.

So year after year, slow ring upon ring, they
have grown,

Putting infinite long-loving care into leafage
and cone,

By the old ancient craft of the earth they have
pondered and known

In the dead of the hot summer noons, as still
as a stone.

Not for them the gay fruit of the thorn, nor the
high scarlet roan,

Nor the plots of the deep orchard-land where
the apples are grown.

In winter the wind, all huddled and shuddering,
came

To warm his old bones by the fires of sunset
affame

Behind the black house of the firs. When the
moose-birds grew tame

In the lumberer's camps in the woods, what
marvellous fame

His talk and the ice of his touch would spread
and proclaim,
Of the berg and the floe of the lands without
nation or name,
Where the earth and the sky, night and noon,
north and south are the same,
The white and awful Nirvana of cold whence
he came!

Then April, some twilight picked out with a great
yellow star,
Returning, like Hylas long lost and come back
with his jar
Of sweet living water at last, having wandered
so far,
Leads the heart out-of-doors, and the eye to the
point of a spar,
At whose base in the half-melted snow the first
Mayflowers are, —

And there the first robin is pealing below the
great star.

So soon, oversoon, the full summer. Within
those dark boughs,

Deliberate and far, a faltering reed-note will
rouse

The shy transports of earth, till the wood-crea-
tures hear where they house,

And grow bold as the tremble-eared rabbits that
nibble and mouse.

While up through the pasture-lot, startling the
sheep as they browse,

Where kingbirds and warblers are piercing the
heat's golden drowse,

Some girl, whom the sun has made tawny, the
wind had to blowse,

Will come there to gentle her lover beneath
those dark boughs.

Then out of the hush, when the grasses are
frosty and old,
Will the chickadee's tiny alarm against winter
be rolled ;
And soon, when the ledges and ponds are bitten
with cold,
The honk of the geese, that wander-cry stirring
and bold,
Will sound through the night, where those hardy
mariners hold
The uncharted course through the dark, as it
is from of old.

Ah, the life of the woods, how they share and
partake of it all,
These evergreens, silent as Indians, solemn and
tall!
From the goldenwing's first far-heard awaken-
ing call,

The serene flute of the thrush in his high beech
hall,
And the pipe of the frog, to the bannered ap-
proach of the fall,
And the sullen wind, when snow arrives on a
squall,
Trooping in all night from the North with news
would appal
Any outposts but these; with a zest they partake
of it all.

Lo, out of the hush they seem to mount and
aspire!
From basement to tip they have builded, with
heed to go higher,
One circlet of branches a year with their lift of
green spire.
Nay, rather they seem to repose, having done
with desire,

Awaiting the frost, with the fruit scarlet-bright
on the briar,
Each purpose fulfilled, each ardour that bade
them aspire.

Then hate be afar from the bite of the axe that
shall fell

These keepers of solitude, makers of quiet, who
dwell

On the slopes of the North. And clean be the
hand that shall quell

The tread of the sap that was wont to go mount-
ing so well,

Round on round with the sun in a spiral, slow
cell after cell,

As a bell-ringer climbs in a turret. That resinous
smell

From the eighth angel's hand might have risen
with the incense to swell

His offering in heaven, when the half-hour's silence befell.

Behold, as the prayers of the saints that went up to God's knees

In John's Revelation, the silence and patience of these

Our brothers of orchard and hill, the unhurrying trees,

To better the burden of earth till the dark suns freeze,

Shall go out to the stars with the sound of Acadian seas,

And the scent of the wood-flowers blowing about their great knees.

To-night when Altair and Alshain are ruling the West,

Whence Boötes is driving his dogs to long hunting addressed;

With Alioth plumb over Blomidon standing
at rest;
When Algol is leading the Pleiades over the
crest
Of the magical East, and the South puts Al-
pherat to test
With Menkar just risen; will come, like a sigh
from Earth's breast,
The first sob of the tide turning home, — one
distraught in his quest
Forever, and calling forever the wind in the
west.

And to-night there will answer the ghost of a
sigh on the hill,
So small you would say, Is it wind, or the frost
with a will
Walking down through the woods, who to-
morrow shall show us his skill

In yellows and reds? So noiseless, it hardly
will thrill
The timorous aspens, which tremble when all
else is still;
Yet the orchards will know, and the firs aware
on the hill.

“O Night, I am old, I endure. Since my be-
ing began,
When out of the dark the aurora spread up like
a fan,
I have founded the lands and the islands; the
hills are my plan.
I have covered the pits of the earth with my
bridge of one span.
From the Horn to Dunedin unbroken my long
rollers ran,
From Pentland and Fastnet and Foyle to Bras
d’Or and Manan,

To dredge and upbuild for the creatures of tribe
and of clan.

Lo, now who shall end the contriving my fingers
began?"

Then the little wind that blows from the great
star-drift

Will answer, "Thou tide in the least of the
planets I lift,

Considers the journeys of light. Are thy journey-
ings swift?

Thy sands are as smoke to the star-banks I
huddle and shift.

Peace! I have seeds of the grasses to scatter
and sift.

I have freighting to do for the weed and the
frail thistle drift.

"O ye apples and firs, great and small are
as one in the end.

Because ye had life to the full, and spared not
to spend;

Because ye had love of your kind, to cherish and
fend;

Held hard the good instinct to thrive, cleaving
close to life's trend;

Nor questioned where impulse had origin, — pur-
pose might tend;

Now, beauty is yours, and the freedom whose
promptings transcend

Attainment forever, through death with new
being to blend.

O ye orchards and woods, death is naught, love
is all in the end."

Ah, friend of mine over the sea, shall we not
discern,

In the life of our brother the beech and our
sister the fern,

As St. Francis would call them (his Minorites,
too, would we learn!),
In death but a door to new being no creature
may spurn,
But must enter for beauty's completion, — pass
up in his turn
To the last round of joy, yours and mine, whence
to think and discern?

Who shall say "the last round?" Have I passed
by the exit of soul?
From behind the tall door that swings outward,
replies no patrol
To our restless *Qui vive?* when is paid each
implacable toll.
Not a fin of the tribes shall return, having cleared
the great shoal;
Not a wing of the migrants come back from
below the dark knoll;

Yet the zest of the flight and the swimming who
fails to extol?

Saith the Riddle, "The parts are all plain;
ye may guess at the whole."

I guess, "Immortality, knowledge, survival of
Soul."

To-night, with the orchards below and the firs
on the hill

Asleep in the long solemn moonlight and taking
no ill,

A hand will open the sluice of the great sea-
mill, —

Start the gear and the belts of the tide. Then
a murmur will fill

The hollows of midnight with sound, when all
else is still,

A promise to hearten my sunflowers here on the
hill.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER
HUDSON.

You may doubt, but I heard the story
Just as I tell it to you;
And whatever you think of the setting,
I believe the substance true.

The great North Seaboard Province,
From Fundy to Chaleurs,
Is a country of many waters
And sombre hills of fir,

Where the moose still treads his snow-yard,
Breaking his paths to browse,
Where the caribou rove the barrens,
And the bear and the beaver house;

Where Killooleet sings from the ridge-pole
All through the night and the rain,
When the great blue Northern Summer
Comes back to the wilds again.

In that land of many rivers,
Bogan and lake and stream,
You may follow the trail in the water
With the paddle's bend and gleam,

Where the canoe, like a shadow
Among the shadows, slips
Under the quiet alders
And over the babbling rips;

You may go for a week together,
Reading footmark and trace
Of the wild shy woodland creatures,
Ere you meet a human face.

There where the Loyalists came
And the houses of men were few,
Little was all their wealth
And great were the hardships they knew;

But greater the hardy faith
They kept unflinching and fine,
And chose to be naught in the world
For the pride of a loyal line.

And there came Father Hudson,
As I've heard my father tell,
To serve the wilderness missions,
With sound of a Sunday bell.

Sober he was and a toiler,
Cared not for ease nor place;
They speak of his humour, too,
And the long droll shaven face.

Labour he did, and spared not,
In that vineyard wild and rough,
And often was sore with travel,
And often hungry enough,

Doubt not, as he carried the word
By portage and stream and trail,
That still in the mind of his people
The fire of truth should prevail.

And once was a church to build,
Little, lonely, apart,
Hardly more than a token
In the forest's great green heart.

With his own hands he reared it,
And often was wet to the hide,
And often slept on the shavings
Till the birds sang outside ;

Then up in the fragrant morning,
And back to hammer and saw,
Building into the timbers
Love and devotion and awe.

So the fair summer went by,
And the church was finished at last;
But Father Hudson was called
To a country still more vast.

In the land of the creaking snowshoe
And the single track in the snow,
There's many a thing of wonder
No man will ever know.

It happened about the feast
Of the blessed Nativity,
When the snow lay heavy and silent
On every bending tree,

When the great north lights were stalking
Through the purple solitude,
Father Hudson's successor
Passed by the church in the wood.

And it came to his mind to ponder
What the requital may be
Of toil that is done in the body,
When the soul is at last set free ;

And whether the flame of fervour
That is quenched in service here,
Survives through self-surrender
To illumine another sphere.

Then he saw the place all lighted,
Though it was not the hour of prayer,
And the strains of a triumphing organ
Came to him on the air.

In amazement he turned aside.
Who could the player be?
And who had lighted the lights?
The door still fast, the key

On its nail in the little porch!
He turned, put one foot on the sill,
Unlocked, opened, and entered.
The church was dark and still!

The white-robed spruces around it
Stood still with never a word;
The sifting snow at the window
Was all the good man heard.

Verily, Father Hudson,
Strong was thy sturdy creed,
But stronger and more enduring
The humble and holy deed,

Which so could enthrall the senses
And lend the spirit sight
To behold the glory of labour
And love's availing might.

O brave are the single-hearted
Who deal with this life, and dare
To live by the inward vision, —
In the soul's native air.

THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S.

Once at St. Kavin's door
I rested. No sign more
Of discontent escaped me from that day.
For there I overheard
A Brother of the Word
Expound the grace of poverty, and say:

Thank God for poverty
That makes and keeps us free,
That lets us go our unobtrusive way,
Glad of the sun and rain,
Upright, serene, humane,
Contented with the fortune of a day.

Light-hearted as a bird,
I will obey the word
That bade the earth take form, the sea subside, —
That bids the wild wings go
Each year from line to snow,
When Spring unfurls her old green flag for
guide, —

That bids the fleeting hosts
Along the shelving coasts
Once more adventure far by sound and stream, —
Bids everything alive
Awaken and revive, —
Resume the unperished glory and the dream.

I too, with fear put by,
Confront my destiny,
With not a wish but to arise and go,
Where beauty still may lead
From creed to larger creed,
Thanking my Maker that he made me so.

For I would shun no task
That kindness may ask,
Nor flinch at any duty to my kind;
Praying but to be freed
From ignorance and greed,
Grey fear and dull despondency of mind.

So I would readjust
The logic of the dust,
The servile hope that puts its trust in things.
Ephemera of earth,
Of more than fleeting worth,
Are we, endowed with rapture as with wings.

(Type of the soul of man,
The slight yet stable plan!
Those creatures perishable as the dew,
How buoyantly they ride
The vast and perilous tide,
Free as the air their courses to pursue!)

And I would keep my soul
Joyous and sane and whole,
Unshamed by falsehood and unvexed by strife,
Unalien in that clear
And radiant atmosphere
That still surrounds us with a larger life,

When we have laid aside
Our truculence and pride,
Craven self-seeking, turbulent self-will,
Resolved this very day
No longer to obey
The tyrant Mammon who begods us still.

All selfish gain at best
Brings but profound unrest
And inward loss, despite our loud professions.
Think therefore what it is,
What surety of bliss,
To be absolved from burdensome possessions!

Shall God, who doth provide
The majesty and pride
And beauty of this earth so lavishly,
Deny them to the poor
And lowly and obscure?
Nay, they are given to all justly and free.

And if I share my crust,
As common manhood must,
With one whose need is greater than my own,
Shall I not also give
His soul, that it may live,
Of the abundant pleasures I have known?

And so, if I have wrought,
Amassed or conceived aught
Of beauty or intelligence or power,
It is not mine to hoard;
It stands there to afford
Its generous service simply as a flower.

How soon, my friends, how soon
We should obtain the boon
Of shining peace for which the toiler delves,
If only we would give
Our spirit room to live, —
Be, here and now, our brave untarnished selves;

If only we would dare
Espouse the good and fair
Our soul, unbound by custom, still perceives;
And without compromise
Or favour in men's eyes
Live by the truth each one of us believes!

Bow not to vested wrong
That we have served too long,
Pawning our birthright for a tinsel star!
Shall the soul take upon her
Time-service and mouth-honour?
Behold the fir-trees, how unswerved they are!

Native to sun and storm,
They cringe not nor conform,
Save to the gentle law their sound heart knows;
Each day enough for them
To rise, cone, branch, and stem,
A leaf-breadth higher in their tall repose.

Ah, what a travesty
Of man's ascent, were I
To bear myself less royally than they,
After the ages spent
In spirit's betterment,
Through rounds of aspiration and decay!

For surely I have grown
Within a cleft of stone,
With spray of mountain torrents in my face.
Slow soaring ring by ring
On moveless tiled wing,
I have seen earth below me sink through space.

I too in polar night
Have hungered, gaunt and white,
Alone amid the awful silences;
And fled on gaudy fin,
When the blue tides came in,
Through coral gardens under tropic seas.

And wheresoe'er I strove,
The greater law was love,
A faith too fine to falter or mistrust;
There was no wanton greed,
Depravity of breed,
Malice nor cant nor enmity unjust.

Nay, not till I was man,
Learned I to scheme and plan
The blackest depredation on my kind,
Converting to my gain
My fellow's need and pain,
In chartered pillage ruthless and refined.

Therefore, my friends, I say,
Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago, —
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of patience strong and slow.

Let us go in once more,
By some blue mountain door,
And hold communion with the forest leaves,
Where long ago we trod
The Ghost House of the God,
Through orange dawns and amethystine eyes.

There bright-robed choristers
Make music in the firs,
Rejoicing in their service all day long;
And there the whole night through,
Along the dark still blue,
What glorying hosts with starry tapers throng!

There in some deep ravine
Whose walls are living green,
A sanctuary spacious, cool, and dim,
At earth-refreshing morn,
The pure white clouds are born, —
The incense of the ground sent up to Him.

No slighted task is there,
But equal craft and care
And love in irresistible accord,
The test and sign of art,
Bestowed through every part;
No thought of recognition or reward.

In that diviner air
We shall grow wise and fair,
Not frayed by hurry nor distraught by noise, —
Learn once again to be
Noble, courageous, free, —
Regain our primal ecstasy and poise.

Calm in the deep control
Of firmamental soul,
Let us abide unfretful and secure,
Knowledge and reason bent
To further soul's intent, —
Her veiled dim purposes remote yet sure.

For soul has led us now,
Science unravels how,
Through cell and tissue up from dust to man;
And will lead by and by,
No logic tells us why,
To fill her purport in the ampler plan.

Ah, trust the soul, my friends,
To seek her own great ends
Revealed not in the fashion of the hour!
For she outlives intact
The insufficient act,
Herself the source and channel of all power.

The soul survives, unmarred,
The mind care-worn and scarred,
That still is anxious over little things,
To come unto her own,
Through benefits unknown
And the green beauty of a thousand springs.

From infinite resource
She holds her gleaming course
Through toil, distraction, hindrance, and dismay,
Till some high destiny,
Accomplished by and by,
Reveals the splendid hope that was her stay.

Therefore should every hour
Replenish her with power
Of joy and love and freedom and fresh truth,
That we even in age
May share her heritage
Of ancient wisdom with the heart of youth.

Lore of the worldly wise
Is folly in her eyes.

All-energy, all-knowledge, and all-love,
Aware of deeps below
This pageant that we know,
Hers is the very faith accounted of

By Him who rose and bade
His friends be not afraid,
When peril rocked their fishing-boat at sea, —
Who bade the sick not fear,
The sad be of good cheer,
And in the hour they were made whole and free.

The sceptic sees but part
Of Nature's mighty heart.
A wide berth would I give that dangerous
shoal —
Steer for the open sea,
No sight of land, but free.
Trusting my senses, shall I doubt my soul?

Let me each day anew
My outward voyage pursue
For the Far Islands and the Apple Lands.
Till through the breaking gloom
Some evening they shall loom,
With one pale star above the lilac sands.

Ah, that day I shall know
How the shy wood-flowers grow
In the deep forest, turning to the light;
Untrammelled impulse still
With glad obedient will
The only guide out of ancestral night.

Oh, I shall comprehend
Truth at my journey's end, —
What being is, and what I strive to be, —
What soul in beauty's guise
Eludes our wistful eyes,
Yet surely is akin to you and me.

Therefore, towards that supreme
Knowledge, that unveiled dream,
That promise of our life from day to day,
The grace of joyousness
Abide with us to bless
And help us forth along the Perfect Way!

The voice of the good priest
In benediction ceased;
The congregation like a murmur rose;
And when I set my pack
Once more upon my back,
'Twas light as any thistle-down that blows.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST.
KAVIN'S.

To the assembled folk
At great St. Kavin's spoke
Young Brother Amiel on Christmas eve;
I give you joy, my friends,
That as the round year ends,
We meet once more for gladness by God's leave.

On other festal days
For penitence or praise
Or prayer we meet, or fulness of thanksgiving;
To-night we calendar
The rising of that star
Which lit the old world with new joy of living.

Ah, we disparage still
The Tidings of Good Will,
Discrediting Love's gospel now as then!
And with the verbal creed
That God is love indeed,
Who dares make Love his god before all men?

Shall we not, therefore, friends,
Resolve to make amends
To that glad inspiration of the heart;
To grudge not, to cast out
Selfishness, malice, doubt,
Anger and fear; and for the better part,

To love so much, so well,
The spirit cannot tell
The range and sweep of her own boundary!
There is no period
Between the soul and God;
Love is the tide, God the eternal sea.

Of old, men walked by fear;
And if their God seemed near,
It was the Avenger unto whom they bowed, --
A wraith of their own woes,
Vain, cruel, and morose,
With anger and vindictiveness endowed.

Of old, men walked by hate;
The ruthless were the great;
Their crumbling kingdoms stayed by might alone.
Men saw vast empires die,
Nor guessed the reason why, —
The simple law of life as yet unknown

As love. Then came our Lord,
Proclaiming the accord
Of soul and nature in love's rule and sway,
The lantern that he set
To light us, shining yet
Along the Perfect Path wherein we stray.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

To-day we walk by love;
To strive is not enough,
Save against greed and ignorance and might.
We apprehend peace comes
Not with the roll of drums,
But in the still processions of the night.

And we perceive, not awe
But love is the great law
That binds the world together safe and whole.
The splendid planets run
Their courses in the sun;
Love is the gravitation of the soul.

In the profound unknown,
Illumined, fair, and lone,
Each star is set to shimmer in its place.
In the profound divine
Each soul is set to shine,
And its unique appointed orbit trace.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

There is no near nor far,
Where glorious Algebar
Swings round his mighty circuit through the
 night,

Yet where without a sound
The winged seed comes to ground,
And the red leaf seems hardly to alight.

One force, one lore, one need
For satellite and seed,
In the serene benignity for all.
Letting her time-glass run
With star-dust, sun by sun,
In Nature's thought there is no great nor small.

There is no far nor near
Within the spirit's sphere.
The summer sunset's scarlet-yellow wings
Are tinged with the same dye
That paints the tulip's ply.
And what is colour but the soul of things?

(The earth was without form;
God moulded it with storm,
Ice, flood, and tempest, gleaming tint and hue;
Lest it should come to ill
For lack of spirit still,
He gave it colour, — let the love shine through.)

My joy of yesterday
Is just as far away
As the first rapture of my man's estate.
A lifetime or an hour
Has all there is of power.
In Nature's love there is no small nor great.

Of old, men said, "Sin not;
By every line and jot
Ye shall abide; man's heart is false and vile."
Christ said, "By Love alone
In man's heart is God known;
Obey the word no falsehood can defile."

The wise physician there
Of our distress had care,
And laid his finger on the pulse of time.
And there to eyes unsealed
Earth's secret lay revealed,
The truth that knows not any age nor clime.

The heart of the ancient wood
Was a grim solitude,
The sanction of a worship no less grim;
Man's ignorance and fear
Peopled the natural year
With forces evil and malign to him.

He saw the wild, rough way
Of cosmic powers at play;
He did not see the love that lay below.
Jehovah, Mars, and Thor,
These were the gods of war
He made in his own likeness long ago.

Then came the Word, and said,
" See how the world is made, —
With how much loving kindness, ceaseless care,
Not Wrath, but Love, call then
The Lord of beasts and men,
Whose hand sustains the sparrows in the air."

And since that day we prove
Only how great is love,
Nor to this hour its greatness half believe.
For to what other power
Will life give equal dower,
Or chaos grant one moment of reprieve!

Look down the ages' line,
Where slowly the divine
Evinces energy, puts forth control;
See mighty love alone
Transmuting stock and stone,
Infusing being, helping sense and soul.

And what is energy,
In-working, which bids be
The starry pageant and the life of earth?
What is the genesis
Of every joy and bliss,
Each action dared, each beauty brought to birth?

What hangs the sun on high?
What swells the growing rye?
What bids the loons cry on the Northern lake?
What stirs in swamp and swale,
When April winds prevail,
And all the dwellers of the ground awake?

What lurks in the dry seed,
But waiting to be freed,
Asleep and patient for a hundred years?
Till of earth, rain, and sun,
A miracle is done,
Some magic calls the sleeper and he hears, —

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

Arouses, puts forth blade
And leaf and bud, arrayed
Some morning in that garb of rosy snow,
The same fair matchless flower
As shed its petal-shower
Through old Iberian gardens long ago.

What is it that endures,
Survives, persists, immures
Life's very self, preserving type and plan? —
Yet learns the scope of change,
As the long cycles range, —
Looks through the eyes of bluebird, wolf, and
man?

What lurks in the deep gaze
Of the old wolf? Amaze,
Hope, recognition, gladness, anger, fear.
But deeper than all these
Love muses, yearns, and sees,
And is the self that does not change nor veer.

Not love of self alone,
Struggle for lair and bone,
But self-denying love of mate and young,
Love that is kind and wise,
Knows trust and sacrifice,
And croons the old dark universal tongue.

In Nature you behold
But strivings manifold,
Battle and conflict, tribe warring against tribe?
Look deeper, and see all
That death cannot appal,
Failure intimidate, nor fortune bribe.

Our brothers of the air
Who come with June must dare,
Be bold and strong, have knowledge, lust, and
choice;
Yet think, when glad hosts throng
The summer woods with song,
Love gave them beauty and love lends them voice.

Love surely in some form
Bade them brave night and storm, —
Was the dark binnacle that held them true,
Those tiny mariners
No unknown voyage deters,
When the old migrant longing stirs anew.

And who has understood
Our brothers of the wood,
Save he who put off guile and every guise
Of violence, — made truce
With panther, bear, and moose,
As beings like ourselves whom love makes wise?

For they, too, do love's will,
Our lesser clansmen still;
The House of Many Mansions holds us all;
Courageous, glad, and hale,
They go forth on the trail,
Hearing the message, hearkening to the call.

Oh, not fortuitous chance
Alone, nor circumstance,
Begot the creatures after their own kind;
But always loving will
Was present to fulfil
The primal purpose groping up to mind.

Adversity but bade
New puissance spring to aid,
New powers develop, new aptness come in play;
Yet never function wrought
Capacity from nought, —
Gave skill and mastery to the shapes of clay;

For always while new need
Evoked new thought through deed,
Old self was there to ponder, choose, and strive.
Fortune might mould, evolve,
But impulse must resolve,
Equipped at length to know, rejoice, and thrive.

And evermore must Love
Hearten, foresee, approve,
And look upon the work and find it good ;
Else would all effort fail, —
The very stars avail
Less than a swarm of fireflies in a wood.

Take love out of the world
One day, and we are hurled
Back into night, to perish in the void.
Love is the very girth
And cincture of this earth,
No stitch to be unloosed, no link destroyed.

However wild and long
The battle of the strong,
Stronger and longer are the hours of peace,
When gladness has its way
Under the fair blue day,
And life aspires, takes thought, bids good increase.

So dawns the awaited hour
When the great cosmic power
Of love was first declared by Christ; so too
To-day we keep in mind
His name who taught mankind
That open secret old, yet ever new, —

Commemorate his birth
Who loved the kindly earth,
Was gentle, strong, compassionate, humane,
And tolerant and wise
And glad, — the very guise
And height of manhood not to lose again.

Shall we not then forego
Lavish perfunctory show,
The burdensome display, the empty gift,
That we may have to give
To every soul alive
Of love's illumination, cheer, and lift?

See rich and poor be fed!
Break up thy soul for bread,
Be loaves and fishes to the hungry heart,
That a great multitude,
Receiving of thy good,
May bless the God within thee and depart!

You workman, love your work
Or leave it. Let no irk
Unsteady the laborious hand, that still
Must give the spirit play
To follow her own way
To beauty, through devotion, care, and skill.

How otherwise find vent
For soul's imperious bent,
Than thro' these hands for wonder-working made,
When Love the sure and bold
Guides to the unforetold?
Blessed the craftsman who is unafraid!

Give Beauty her sweet will,
Make love your mistress still,
You lovers, nor delay! God's time be yours.
Make low-born jealousy
And doubt ashamed to be,
And cast old envious gossip out-of-doors.

Believe the truth of love,
Enact the beauty of love,
Praise and adore the goodliness of love.
For we are wise by love,
And strong and fair through love,
No less than sainted and inspired with love.

Remember the new word
The Syrian twilight heard,
That marvellous discourse which John records,
The one last great command
The Master left his band,
"Love one another!" And our time affords

What greater scope than just
To execute that trust?
Love greatly; love; love is life's best employ.
Neighbour, sweetheart, or friend,
Love wholly, to love's end;
So is the round world richer for your joy.

Love only, one or all!
Measure no great and small!
Love is a seed, life-bearing, undecayed;
And that immortal germ
Past bounds of zone and term
Will grow and cover the whole world with shade.

Sow love, it cannot fail;
Adversity's sharp hail
May cut all else to ground; fair love survives.
The black frost of despair
And slander's bitter air, —
Love will outlast them by a thousand lives.

Be body, mind and soul,
Subject to love's control,
Each loving to the limit of love's power;
And all as one, not three,
So is man's trinity
Enhanced and freed and gladdened hour by hour.

Beauty from youth to age,
The body's heritage,
Love will not forfeit by neglect nor shame;
And knowledge, dearly bought,
Love will account as nought,
Unless it serve soul's need and body's claim.

Let soul desire, mind ask,
And body crave; our task
Be to fulfil each want in love's own way.
So shall the good and true
Partake of beauty too,
And life be helped and greatened day by day.

Spend love, and save it not;
In act, in wish, in thought,
Spend love upon this lifetime without stint.
Let not the heart grow dry,
As the good hours go by;
Love now, see earth take on the glory tint.

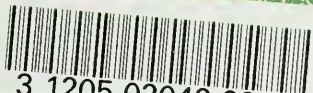
Open the door to-night
Within your heart, and light
The lantern of love there to shine afar.
On a tumultuous sea
Some straining craft, maybe,
With bearings lost, shall sight love's silver star.

THE END.

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