



THE HOPE OF
THE WORLD

HAWKES

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I think your sonnet, "The Mountain to the Pine," very beautiful; it makes me think that you see the true inwardness of things better for not seeing the outer semblance.—*Miss Mary E. Wilkins.*

In fidelity of description and wealth of imagery your "New England Winter" is not unworthy of the author of "Snow-Bound."—*Alfred A. Furman.*

The world becomes your debtor for the additional brightness you have given to life by reflecting so clearly, in spite of blinded eyes, another ray of the inextinguishable light.—*Pres. L. Clark Seelye.*

I love your poetic gift, and your work and welfare will always be sacred to me.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

Mr. Hawkes' dialect poems are as quaint as James Whitecomb Riley's, and his children's poems compare favorably with those of Eugene Field.—*Mr. Charles Hallock.*

It is both a rebuke and an inspiration to us who enjoy the full liberty of our senses to see how large and beautiful a world your cadenced lines furnish to the conceptions of your spiritual vision.—*Mr. George W. Cable.*

We might call the book "a blind man's life set to sweet music, and bright with the inner light which bodily conditions cannot mar."—*Julia Ward Howe.*

I have read many of the poems with genuine pleasure, and am struck by their purity and earnestness of thought and feeling.—*Mrs. Laura E. Richards.*

I find your little volume of verse one to be prized and treasured.—*Pres. Merrill E. Gates.*

The humor of your humorous poems is very fine and delicate and as good of its kind as I have ever read.—*Blanche Fearing.*



THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CLARENCE HAWKES.

With illustrations by R. Lionel De Lisser, Clifton Johnson, and
Bessie W. Bell Hawkes.

NEW ENGLAND PUBLISHING CO.,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE

WHO, THROUGH THE MANY NOBLE DEEDS THAT
CROWNED HIS REMARKABLE LIFE, STILL
LIVES TO BLESS US.

THE HERO.

Lines written for Dr. Howe by John Greeneleaf Whittier.

“ O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

* * * *

“ Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

“ Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

“ Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?”



“SINGING THAT NAUGHT IN HEAVEN OR EARTH CAN STILL.”

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*Yours Sincerely
Clarence G. Hawkes*

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INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Clarence Hawkes has long since awakened not only a sympathy such as must rightly be given to one blind of physical sight, but the more important sympathy which follows that compensatory inner sight of the poet. Indeed, there is a certain spiritualization which aptly derives from that privative fate, and is constantly felt in the poetic writings of Mr. Hawkes. He is thereby removed from the world, and exalted above it, in a degree which places him in touch with the greater singers and seers, and gives to his utterances a character of vaticination. As the years have gone on, and Mr. Hawkes has passed from the position of the popular entertainer to the place of the prophet,—which is that of the singer in the days of minstrelsy,—he demands a wider consideration, and deserves it.

Mr. Hawkes's group of thoughts and emotions, which he calls "The Hope of the World," marks an advance in his power of expression, but also a stirring of depths in his nature and an arousing of spiritual convictions which he had not before discovered. The "Hope of the World," of course, is love. And it is a singular and striking thing that Mr. Hawkes breaks into the great theme on the further side—the animosity and

the oppression of workers by classes of privileged power, in past days, even until now. It is in fact in the verses of the first two parts,—“The Builders” and “Pipes of Freedom,”—that the vigor and influence of his thought are seen. These are not dilettante versifying—they possess heart’s blood. This is the key:—

Out of the glow, out of the sunset sky,
 Ever the same, there comes a human cry,
 Stay, Lord! hold, Sun! a little longer stay!—
 But only deepening shadows make reply.

* * * * *

“Give me the cup of life,” the fool did cry,
 “And let me drain it deep, e’en though I die!”
 He took the cup, and drained it to the dregs,
 Then turned it bottom up, and heaved a sigh.

Omar Khayyam, it is plain, and there is much other frank evidence thereof, but what one finds is, after all, the evidence of patience covered in and buoyed up by the grace of that hope inspired by human help and that divine promise which breathes in the very fact of life.

As for poetry, these stanzas, rather loosely held together by their watchword, Love, are overbrimmed with it. Mr. Hawkes has come to his own as poet, and cannot be questioned

of his place. He uses, but with very great difference, the Fitzgerald quatrain with its third unrhyming line, and it is effective to convey the strong, sonorous message of his indignation and warning over the tendencies of our nation. In this lies his great aim of the present work, simply because there he assumes the consummate burden which is laid upon the poet as *vates*—the soothsayer, whom it would be well for the nation to heed. As another poet has lately written:—

“Oh, let the angel be at once obeyed
That comes of pardon and of peace to tell.”

Mr. Hawkes's blindness adds nothing to the value of his verse or of his thought, but also, it must be said, it does not need to be considered in judging of the merit of his work. It is simply one interesting incident in a poet's career, and is to be judged as other incidents are. That it has had its influence in shaping his contemplation of the earth and its conflicting dramas, that it has toned down his lightsome heart and deepened his reflective judgment, is certain. But Mr. Hawkes's privation of a precious sense in no respect affects these very noteworthy songs, and especially leaves untouched the remarkable sequence of stanzas entitled “The Hope of the World.”

—CHARLES GOODRICH WHITING.



“THE TOLLERS.”

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

PART I.

THE BUILDERS.

I hear the tramp of empire's pond'rous feet,
With hideous hoofs that thunder through the street,
That crush the weak and bear aloft the strong,
And human agony is in each beat.

Where are the toilers who have labored long,
Into whose ear was never breathed a song,
Who knew but work all through the wretched day,
And then dull sleep for labor to be strong?

Where are the builders of the centuries,
Laboring afield and toiling on the seas,
Using for bricks their human hearts and brains,
Merging their lives in others' destinies?

Where are the builders of great water-ways,
Expanding ocean into creeks and bays,
Cutting the cordon of the solid cliff?
We know them not, no poet sings their praise.

Where are these toilers with the pick and spade,
Bridging the river and the everglade,
Beating their heads against the mountain-side,
Upon whose back the yoke of earth is laid?

Where are the toilers with the sword and spear
For whom the world has never shed one tear,
Who builded empire with their sweat and blood?
Tell me, O despots, if ye have no fear!

The twice ten thousand put to death with shame
On wheel or rack or swallowed up in flame
Are overshadowed in the lapse of time
By the bright luster of a conqueror's name.



"CUTTING THE CORDON OF THE SOLID CLIFF."

Where are the millions who have lived and died,
 Carried their crosses and been crucified,
 Robbed of their joy e'en from the hour of birth,
 And all, to sate a Cæsar's haughty pride?

When God first set the orbit of the stars
 And lashed them each to each with fragile bars
 Of silver light, and placed the sun by day
 To rule the spheres, where were earth's kings and czars?

Not all are fools who wear the jester's gown,
 Full many a prince hath better played the clown,
 For cap and bells may hide a deal of wit
 While oft a pate is addled by a crown.

If God is just, and else He is not God,
 He did not make thy fellow-man a clod
 And thee a prince, to rule him by thy might,
 Nor left a scepter, save His chastening rod.

If truth is right, and else it shall not stand,
 God gave the ocean and the beauteous land
 With equal rights unto the sons of men
 That all might see His love and understand.

But how hath man perverted God's decree
 By placing bound'ries o'er the land and sea,
 That some may own, where others shall not walk,
 Or e'en enjoy a blossom or a tree.

There is a king whose name is yellow gold
And at his mart are all things bought and sold;
Position, fame, and even love or hate,—
And when he frowns, is hunger, want, and cold.

Hope folds her wings and sits disconsolate,
She cannot soar, when man is wholly sate
With gain of gold, so that he cannot see
The angels Truth and Beauty at his gate.

God giveth rest unto the sons of men,
Man planneth toil within the sweater's den,
Toil in the mines and toil upon the plains,
Rest for the one, but labor for the ten.



“THE BUILDERS.”

O crumbling walls of Ninevehs and Troys,
 The child who builds a block house with his toys
 Hath labored e'en as ye, yet ruin came
 And neither builder sees why God destroys.

Palatial city, with thy turrets tall,
 Whose conquering sword did vanquish one and all,
 So great thou wast, so sated with thy strength,
 Thou didst not heed the writing on the wall.

O pyramids of Egypt, wondrous, vast,
 Thy kings and queens unto their deeds have passed,
 And thou shalt fall as sure as Horus shines
 And royal ashes to the desert east.

Is this sad wall, of dark and crumbling stones,
 That time hath eaten like a dead man's bones,
 The bulwark of old Rome who ruled the world
 And builded empire from a hundred thrones?

Jerusalem, of David and of Saul,
 Riches and fame came quickly at thy call,
 But on thy crown there is a crimson stain
 Since Christ was crucified beneath thy wall.

O song of Eden, when the world was young,
 Before the heart of man by greed was wrung,
 Breathe in my soul thy strains of pure desire
 That I may sing a song in heaven's tongue.

O let Christ's spirit through the world awake,
Let hands reach down and hands degenerate take,
Let shoulders strong bear burdens for the weak,
Let love abide e'en for the whole world's sake.



"YEA, DIE FOR LIBERTY."

PART II.

PIPES OF FREEDOM.

Poor Liberty! a nomad with a tent,
Moving from land to land, half naked, spent
With toil of travel and with hunger gaunt,
Sheltered a day, then onward rudely sent!

O God! how many an Arnold Winkelried
Must fall upon the spears, and wounded, bleed,
Yea, die for liberty, before the world
Thy righteous mandate will forever heed!

O Christ! how many a deed of sacrifice
 Have brave men done between Thy day and this!
 And yet the world rolls on, all unconcerned,
 While brave men feel the sting of Judas' kiss.

Where patriots fall, by ruthless tyrants slain,
 The blood-root grows to memorize the stain;
 And each small blade of grass for justice cries,
 "This is the spot—behold it!—Cain! Cain! Cain!"

Sin on our soul and blood upon our hands!
 Full-gorged and sate, the demon war god stands,
 His heinous hoof upon the neck of truth,
 His path of fire and smoke across brave lands.

With fire and smoke man covers up the sky,
 By smoke and fire the trees and grasses die;
 Loved homesteads fall and cities sink to dust,
 And through the land resounds the orphan's cry.

Justice to all and favors unto none
 If we would hold the laurels we have won;
 Nor mould our country to the old world's creed
 That crushes thousands, to uphold the one.

When we shall own the brotherhood of men,
 Justice for all and not for one in ten,
 Freedom for all under a common law,
 Will war and discord cease, and not till then.

"God give us peace!" the hills and valleys cry,
 "Christ give us rest from war!" the zephyrs sigh:
 The brooks and birds are interceding, too,—
 But only hideous cannon make reply.

Each patriot martyr who for truth hath bled
 Must turn uneasy in his narrow bed,
 To hear again the tramp of marching feet,
 To know once more the axe of war is red.

O war's Gehenna, tragedy of hell,
 Ambition's curse, through which old empires fell,
 Thy heinous sword has caused more tears to flow
 Than from all other causes ever fell.

Are brave men then so plenty that we feed
 The vulture and the jackal on their seed?
 Give carrion to the crows; but human flesh,
 For nobler ends, humanity hath need.

If war must rear its hideous Cyclops head,
 Its mangled living and its butchered dead,
 Be strong, O sons of Liberty, and strike
 Until the robes of tyranny are red.

Amid the shock, the grind, the sulphurous glare,
 The crush of empire, and the wild despair
 Of sleepless nights, that turn the heart to stone,—
 O God of mercy, hear a mother's prayer!



"O WAR'S GEHENNA, TRAGEDY OF HELL."

Can we teach Christ unto benighted souls,
When through their land the tide of battle rolls,
When hearth and home with fire we desecrate,
And every hand its cup of sorrow holds?

Each drop of human blood that we shall spill,
Each human aspiration we shall kill,
Shall be a tongue to cry aloud each day
For us to hear.—a tongue that naught can still.

Our father Lincoln once in wisdom said
For every drop of blood that we have shed
Beneath the lash, a drop of ours must flow
E'en though it run until the sea be red.

In each man's soul there is a spark of God,
It matters not be he the meanest clod,
And when we shackle hands that God made free,
Remember then His spirit is downtrod.



“ EACH BLADE OF GRASS FOR JUSTICE CRIES.”

There is implanted in each human breast,
 That God himself has recognized and blest,
 A deep desire for liberty and truth,
 And on this hope humanity must rest.

There is no path that lies 'twixt right and wrong,
 If we shall crush the weak when we are strong,
 The strong shall crush us some day when we faint,
 And we shall feel the cudgel and the thong.

Christ lifted up His cross on Calvary
 From tyranny of sin to set men free;
 Shall we annul His awful sacrifice!
 Better a millstone sink us in the sea!

'T is not a case of might,—but worthiness,
 God comforts those who seek His holiness,
 Christ smiles on those who wear His crown of thorns,
 His comrades, they who share in His distress.

Think not because the sentence cometh late,
 That thou shalt foil the iron hand of fate;
 God waits for man, love helps Him to endure
 The things He hates,—He will not always wait.

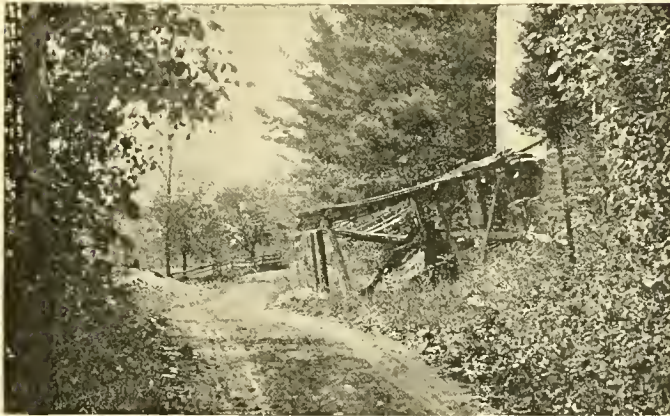
Thy kingdom come upon this world indeed!
 Teach us, O Lord, the emptiness of greed,
 Of gaining all and yet of having naught;
 Show us the way e'en though our feet shall bleed.

By Christ's dead body and its winding sheet,
By all the nail prints in His hands and feet,
I pray, O legislators! men of state,
That justice unto all mankind ye mete.

PART III.

A NIGHT OF DESPAIR.

The rose may bloom and blush its life away,
But man abides his time,—the foolish say;
Man is a transient at this earthly inn,
He eats and sleeps, then passes on his way.



“HE EATS AND SLEEPS, THEN PASSES ON HIS WAY.”

Heart of the sun, a-quiver in the rose,
 To-day the buds, to-morrow are the blows,
 To-day the child, to-morrow is the man,
 A little Summer e'er the time of snows.

Garden of hopes, where childhood's blossoms grew,
 Fed by the sun and watered by the dew,
 How broken are thy flowers, how faded now,
 How full of thorns, which childhood never knew!

Down to my cell a prisoner I go,
 Where loved ones sleep, a melancholy row,
 A prisoner for life, the sentence read,—
 Or was it death? I really do not know.

My dungeon is a narrow six by two,
 No sun, no rain, no blossoms and no dew,
 A musty place of crumbling wood and bones,
 With naught but sleep and sleep the ages through.

It is not much to have so small a plot
 In which to sleep and sleeping be forgot,
 But if we leave behind this endless pain
 And thoughts of death, we should not shun the spot.

Down in the damp where mold and fungus grow,
 How shall I hear my little brook-friend flow,
 Or see the daisies ope their wondering eyes,
 And if dear robin calls, how shall I know?



"IN WHICH TO SLEEP AND SLEEPING BE FORGOT."

If we shall sleep and sleeping pass away,
 E'en like the dew that vanishes by day,
 To what fair land shall this brave spirit roam,
 And who shall habit then this house of clay?

There comes a whisper in the half-grown grass;
 Was it a thought of God that swift did pass,
 Or was it just the elffolk dancing by
 To keep their tryst!—I cannot tell, alas!

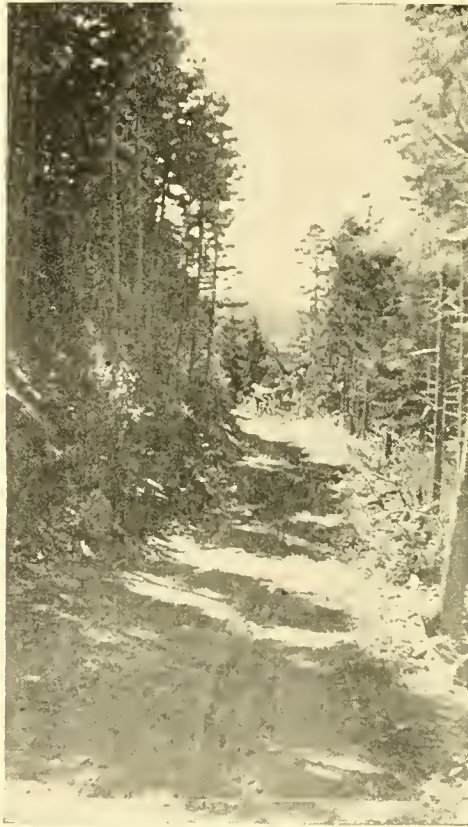
If we could cut this carnal envelope
 And read the letter that 's within, would Hope
 Rise up triumphant to the skies,
 Or would she fold her wings and sit and mope?

There is a lock upon the castle gate,
 Will death give up the key if we but wait?
 Within is God and shelter for mankind,
 Without is man, cold, hungry, desolate.

When God shall come in beauty and in truth,
 Dividing spirit from its carnal woof,
 Shall man emerge from gloom to grope in light?
 For in that hour what soul shall stand aloof?

Shall we lose all emerging then from self,
 Like ancient books be laid upon the shelf,
 Because once read we are no longer strange?
 Better a world of sin and a grain of self.

Out of the glow, out of the sunset sky,
Ever the same, there comes a human cry ;
Stay, Lord, hold, sun, a little longer stay,
But only deepening shadows make reply.



“ BUT ONLY DEEPENING SHADOWS MAKE REPLY. ”

The birth of seasons and the dawn of years,
 The fall of blossoms and the fall of tears,
 The hope for joy, and the cup of pain,
 Are all life's tragedy of human fears.

"Give me the cup of life," the fool did cry,
 "And let me drain it deep, e'en though I die:"
 He took the cup and drained it to the dregs,
 Then turned it bottom up and heaved a sigh.

"Bring me a harp," the master minstrel said,
 "For on this day will pain and pleasure wed:"
 The harp was brought, the wedding feast was laid,
 Now thorns and roses flourish in one bed.

O, what are dreams that they should seem so true?
 And from this earthly dream of me and you
 Shall we awake some morn to find it naught,
 A phantom night from which creation grew?

Here is a puzzle, friend: behold this rose,
 Falling to dust and going no man knows
 Just how or where; canst thou it re-create,
 Refashion it for either eye, or nose?

The falling leaves, methinks, are nature's tears,
 Shed by the forest when the first frost sears
 Its aspirations for eternal youth;
 And how like falling leaves are human fears!

There is no space that is quite infinite;
Unto its Maker earth is but a bit,
Unto the fly a little space is all,
Each magnifies his realm to suit his wit.

Grief came to me with piteous eyes one day
And bade me look on her; I turned away,
When lo! she stood before me naked quite,
My eyes grew sudden dim, my locks turned gray.

There is a thorn beneath the fairest bloom,
Beyond each perfect day the shadows gloom,
The marriage bell foretells the bell that tolls,
And all the world's a sepulchre, or tomb.



"GOD IS THE SUN, THE WARMTH, THE WONDER, AND THE MIGHT."

PART IV.

THE DAWN OF FAITH.

Grief held me e'en as by a single hair
Over a gulf of utter blank despair,
Yet, by this thread I climbed unto the height
Of one bright star and saw that God was there.

Faith is a bridge on which we rest our feet,
Cool, canopied, to shade us from the heat
Of our inventions, which do war with faith,
A bridge that leadeth to God's merey seat.

God is the sun, the warmth, the wonder and the might,
The perfect morning after darkest night,
A song of joy after a dirge of pain,
The heart beat in a bosom that is light.

God's angels are His thoughts, that day and night
Watch over us, upholding truth and right;
Swifter they are than anything we know,
And worlds to them are as a feather light.

When God of old revealed to man His might,
His face was always hidden from their sight,
Lest they that saw through seeing might lose all,
E'en as the sun absorbs all lesser light.

We cannot stray beyond our Shepherd's keep,
Out of the pastures where He feeds His sheep;
All through this life we feel the gentle crook,
And then at last God smiles when mortals weep.

Over the frozen earth God lays His hands,
And it is Spring, all nature understands
The touch divine, and all the earth is glad
E'en to the smallest grain of ocean's sands.



"ALL NATURE UNDERSTANDS THE TOUCH DIVINE."

Hope rules the world when Spring comes back again,
Tears are forgotten in the April rain,
Joy fills the cup unto the bubbling brim,
For love is written in the field and lane.

Hymns in the woods and anthems by the sea,
Singing afield and warbling on the lea,
Chorus of wind and solo of the rill,
O, wondrous strains of nature's rhapsody!

Soul of the mountain, soul of the monarch pine,
Spirit of earth that wanders with the wind,
Heart of the torrent pulsing wild and free,
These spirits brave are kindred unto mine.

A pleasant thought that when this body goes
Back to its native earth, perhaps a rose
May blossom from the dust that it is made,
And some sick child may hold it to his nose.

The wind, the rain, the sunshine, and the dew,
All help to bring the flowers to me and you,
And so in life the mingled good and ill
Shall teach us truth, and make our hearts more true.

There is a something in the earth and air
That holds my spirit from a dull despair,
A sense of life beyond our utmost ken,
A kinship with all life, somehow, somewhere.

When hope deferred doth ope its petals wide,
Unfolding truth for which the heart has sighed,
How fragrant is the morn with that late rose,
How sweet with truth that early bloom denied!

Grief came to me one night in sore distress,
I could not make her sorrow more or less,
But gentle words I gave, sweet ministry,
When lo! my own grief turned to happiness.

Grief drew me down, e'en to the depths of hell,
With pain and bitterness too dark to tell;
Love found me there and led me by the hand
Under his haleyon skies, and all was well.



“THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE EARTH AND AIR.”

The restless wind once said unto the rose,
 "There is a vale where brighter flora grows
 Than in this clime;" the rosebud blushed and said,
 "God placed me here, perhaps our Father knows."

To wear thy heavy cross without a frown,
 Bearing life's load where others lay it down,
 Hoping, enduring to the bitter end,
 This is the test of strength, and Heaven's crown.

PART V.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Deep calls unto deep and planets unto stars,
 Sun unto earth and Venus unto Mars,
 All space, all matter, calls unto its own,
 Across the void that human progress bars.

We know God by the deeds that He has done:
 This noble earth, the stars, the moon, the sun,
 All wondrous fair, and made for our delight,
 Remind us hourly of the perfect One.

God breathed a breath and from His nostrils blew
 Ten thousand worlds that through dim vastness flow:
 So great His power, and yet each blade of grass
 Was fashioned fair and every flower He knew.

When blows the tempest in the forest trees,
Until they thrash their arms and bend their knees,
Didst ever think this is God's symphony,
His wind-harp striking chords in minor keys?

When God doth love, His thoughts become so bright
That all the suns and stars renew their light;
But if His love should cease, His thoughts to burn,
The worlds would sudden be in darkest night.

If shadows are but substance half defined,
May not the shadows falling on mankind
E'en point our vision to the perfect light,
That seen full force, our feeble sight might blind?



"AND EVERY FLOWER HE KNEW."

We cannot flee from God's infinitude,
He boundeth all with endless fatherhood,
O'er land and sea He broodeth with His wings,
E'en as the mother-fowl above her brood.

We ask of God a miracle to-day,
E'en as the Pharisees of old did say,
"Show us a sign," yet miracles abound
At every turn upon life's varied way.

Upon my back the load has lighter grown,
Since God's own Son descended from His throne
And took on flesh and drained the cup of death,
Yet did not die, but claimed us for His own.

Give me, O Lord, a little grace each day,
Teach my rebellious lips each night to say,
"Thy will be done," and with the morning light
Give faith to see one step on duty's way.

Let all the sin, the bitterness in me,
Pass like the wind over a summer sea,
Let shame and guilt be melted as the snow,
And leave my soul for truth and fancy free.

Unto the great soul truth alone is great,
The menial mind the love of Christ would sate
With its own groveling, its own appetite,—
Thus man is arbiter of his own fate.

Each deed we do that Christ's love could not bless
 Shall make our own love just so much the less,
 Shall be an insect eating at our rose,
 The flower of life that we call happiness.

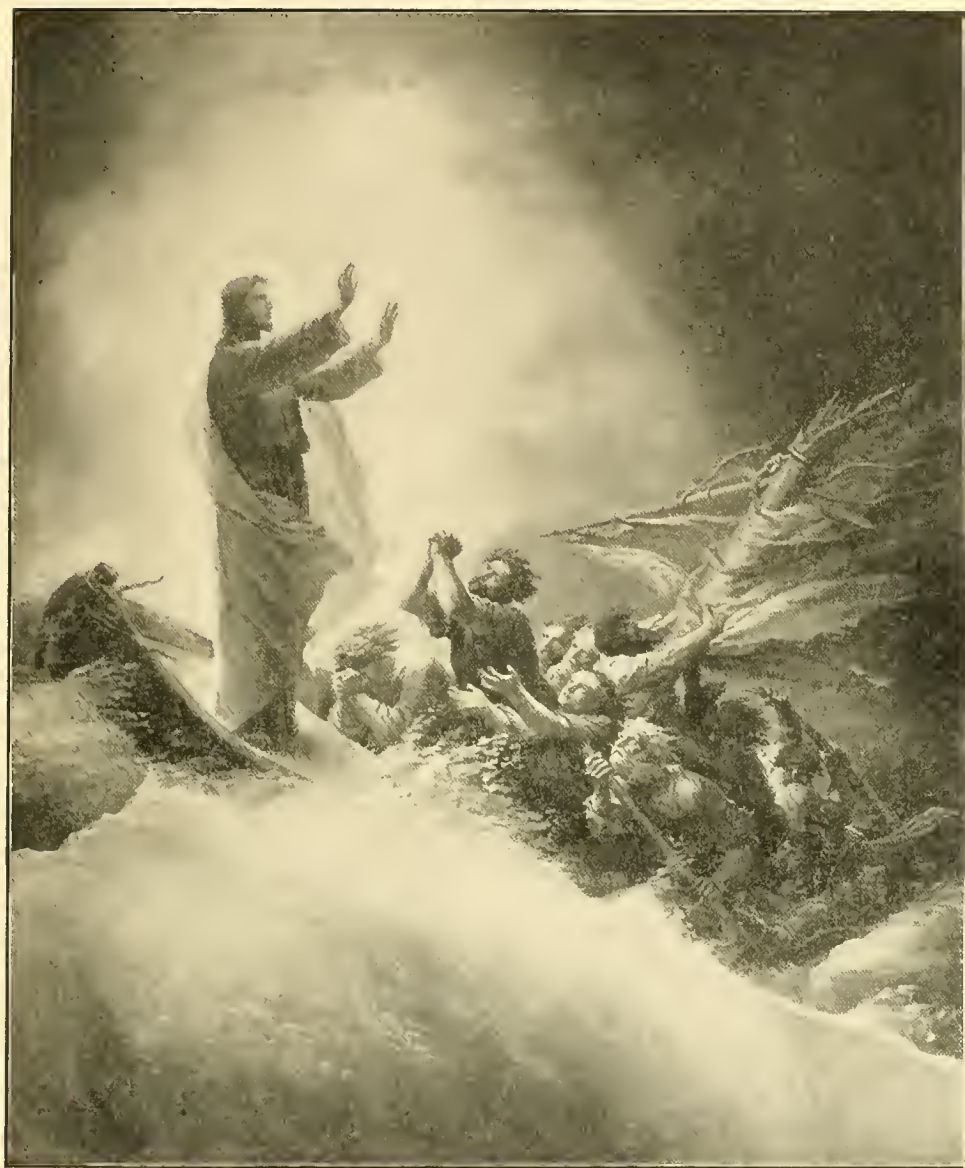
Man is at once a suppliant and king,
 Truth is his crown, and love his offering;
 The robe of truth and beauty he may wear,
 Or in the dust his garment he may fling.

When man shall lose the life that is his own,
 For which he stands supreme, apart, alone,
 His self is dead, and though the body lives,
 It matters not, it is but flesh and bone.

When sorrow takes us sternly by the hand
 And leads us quickly to an unknown land,
 By jagged paths that wound our naked feet,
 Hold thou, O Lord of love, our other hand.

'T were joy indeed to cleave this grassy mound,
 And rise to heaven at a single bound,
 And find at once the key to mystery,
 Instead of mounting upward round by round.

A love for all God's creatures, small or great,
 A lack of malice, envy, greed, and hate,
 A look, a word, kind, simple, and sincere,
 These are the things that make man truly great.



"O'ER LAND AND SEA HE BROODETH WITH HIS WINGS."

THE BIRD CHORUS.

SING, ROBIN, SING.

Sing, robin, sing, another song for me,
Sing, robin, sing of human destiny,
For my soul is heavy, and I fain would wake
Mem'ries that are sleeping, ere the heartstrings break.

Sing, mistress, sing upon my orchard tree,
Gladly would I sing another song for thee,
But my nest has fallen and the magic note
Quivers like an arrow in the songster's throat.

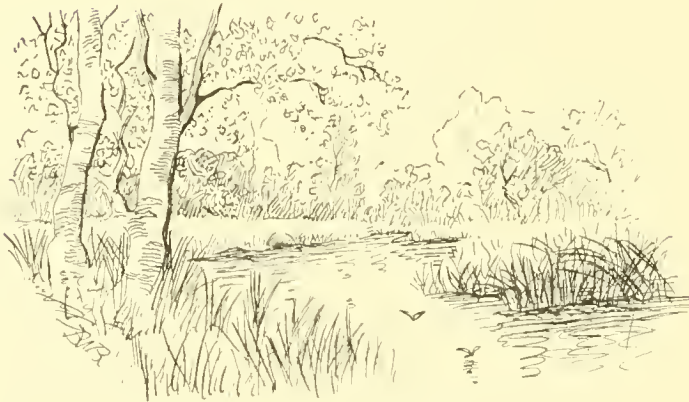
Sing, robin, sing, you and I together,
Nor mind the aching in our hearts, nor mind the stormy
weather ;
O, we'll sing of human sorrow and the eadence of our pen
Will forever find an answer in the broken hearts of men.

HEY, ROBERT LINCOLN.

Hey, Robert Lincoln, down in the meadows,
Singing thy praises unto the morn,
Courting the sunbeams, shunning the shadows,
Trilling and toppling over the corn.

Hey, Robert Lincoln, tell me the reason
Why thou art ever o'erflowing with mirth,
Hast thou not heard of a dark winter season
When the glad sunbeams flee from the earth?

Hey, Robert Lincoln, thou art a fellow
Who never couldst carol life's tenderest song,
Chasing the sunbeams over a shallow
Tells us not whether the current be strong.



“CHASING THE SUNBEAMS OVER A SHALLOW.”

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

Upward, upward, upward mounting,
Like an arrow from a bow,
Singing ever as the fountain,
When the scented breezes blow,
Swiftly, as a lover goes,
Shyly, as unfolds the rose,
Soars the skylark to the sun,
Ere the day has well begun.

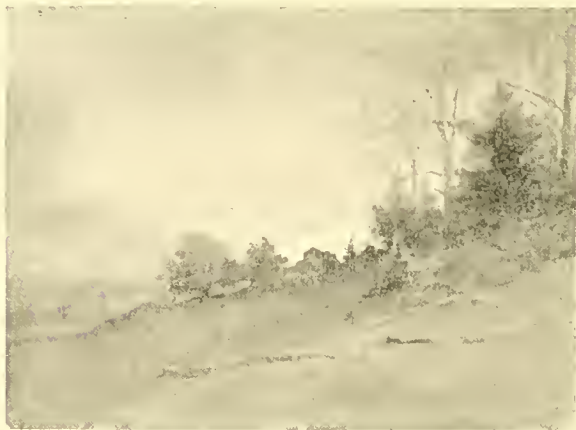
Upward, upward, upward soaring,
As the heart mounts up at bliss,
All his little soul outpouring,
Like a maiden in her kiss;
Singing that the world may hear,
Singing to its dull old ear,
See the skylark's radiant form
Like a sunbeam through the storm.

Upward, upward, upward springing,
Like bright Flora from the sod.
Like the skylark in his singing,
Let my soul mount up to God:

Singing, singing, as I go,
Leaving earthly things below;
Casting human grief away,
Let me mount to perfect day.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL'S SONG.

The whip-poor-will sang on a summer's eve,
When the dusk and the dew were falling,
A song of woe for the world to weave;
So ever he was calling,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, down by the mill,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, under the hill,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, sorrowing still.



“WHIP-POOR-WILL, WHIP-POOR-WILL, UNDER THE HILL.”

The whip-poor-will sang through the summer night,
Sang to a heart that was aching,
Thrilled it and willed it to overflow quite,
And kept it forever from breaking.
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, down by the mill,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, under the hill,
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, sorrowing still.



A NIGHTINGALE SONG.

Singing in the gloaming, when the day is ending,
Singing to the pale moon and the evening star,
Singing to the toiler who is homeward wending,
To his humble cottage where his treasures are.

Singing, singing, singing till his throat is sore,
Singing to the heavens and my lattice door.

Singing in the starlight, he the rusty coated,
Singing to the welkin when the world's at rest,
Singing in the silence, he the silver throated,
Singing to his bird-love and his hidden nest.

Singing, singing, singing till his throat is sore,
Singing to the heavens and my lattice door.

TRILLS AND TURNS.

THE VIOLIN.

Did some poor human heart in grief and sin,
Lie buried where the tree trunk, drawing in
The damp and mold, did feed upon its pain,
Till grief was builded in the violin?

LOVE'S INVOCATION.

The dew is on the rose, my love, my light,
Love whispers in the wind of thee, this night,
My heart is trembling like a frightened leaf,
Come forth, my love, come forth, my soul's delight.

A BOUQUET.

Lilies for thoughts as pure, my love, as thine,
Roses for those that guilty blush like mine,
Roses and lilies in one fair bouquet,—
Come closer, love, thy arms about me twine.

MAN'S SACRILEGE.

God taught the bird his rhapsody to sing,
God gave him motion and the joy of wing;
Man can destroy the songster and the song,
And still, to God, make daily offering.

DOES SHE KNOW?

Upon the ground I lie and hold my ear
Close to the sod, where surely I may hear;
Dear mother, I am bending o'er thy bed,
I'll ask this daisy if she knows I'm here.

TEARS AT DAWN.

What is the matter, little violet,
Why are the lashes of thine eyes so wet?
Did some one come and kiss thee in the night,
And this fair morning didst thy love forget?

THE ENVOY.

Who is this herald thund'ring at the gate,
Upon a foaming steed that will not wait?
Haste, open wide, and do not anger him;
He is an envoy from the realm of fate.

ALL IS WELL.

The grass grows green, just where her hero fell,
His grave is guarded by an asphodel,
And phoenix-like, truth blossoms from his dust
To tell the living that the dead are well.

THE LITTLE STAR.

A little star once said unto the night,
"Thou art so vast, mine is so small a light";
Yet forth he went to battle with the dark,
And myriads more came forth to view the fight.

MY HEAVEN.

Let heaven's choir and chorister be birds,
Its verdant fields be filled with flocks and herds,
With tiny rivers laughing down each slope,
And for disquietude be gentle words.



"WITH TINY RIVERS LAUGHING DOWN EACH SLOPE."

FALLEN PETALS.

Yes, one by one the petals of my rose
Are swiftly falling while the night wind blows ;
Will they continue falling one by one
Until alone the thorny calyx shows ?

WHO BARTERS MAN.

Who barter's man, himself shall not be free,
One woman's tears are all earth's misery,
Where human flesh and blood are bought and sold
The curse of Cain upon that land shall be.

MY WORLD.

A little joy within the cup of life,
A little home, a sweetheart and a wife,
A love of truth, and hope for all mankind,
This is enough to nerve the arm for strife.

A MEMORY.

What 's in the fragrance of a violet,
That it should make my eyes grow sudden wet?
My mother held some in her tired hand,
The last I saw, methinks she holds them yet.

ART'S SECRET.

'T is not the skillful brush, the pigment's flow,
That maketh hearts to thrill and tears to flow;
It is the soul within the painter's eyes
That, focused long, doth make the canvas glow.

FREEDOM AFIELD.

Freedom for heart and freedom for the mind,
In open fields and meadows man may find,
But in this prison-walled metropolis
He lives half-stifled, soul and body blind.



"FREEDOM AFIELD."

HEAVEN IS ABOUT US.

Heaven is about us in the earth and air,
God is above, below, and everywhere,
He watcheth as a mother o'er her child
Each evening when it kneels with her in prayer.

THE RAINBOW.

She heaves in sight just when the storm clouds lift,
A wondrous painted boat between the rift;
All without canvas and without a crew,
Upon a sea of light, she goes adrift.

GREED.

When love of gold shall fill the human mind,
Till man forgets, and is no longer kind
To darkened lands that know no law, no light,
And grope for truth, then he, himself, is blind.

A BIT OF HEAVEN.

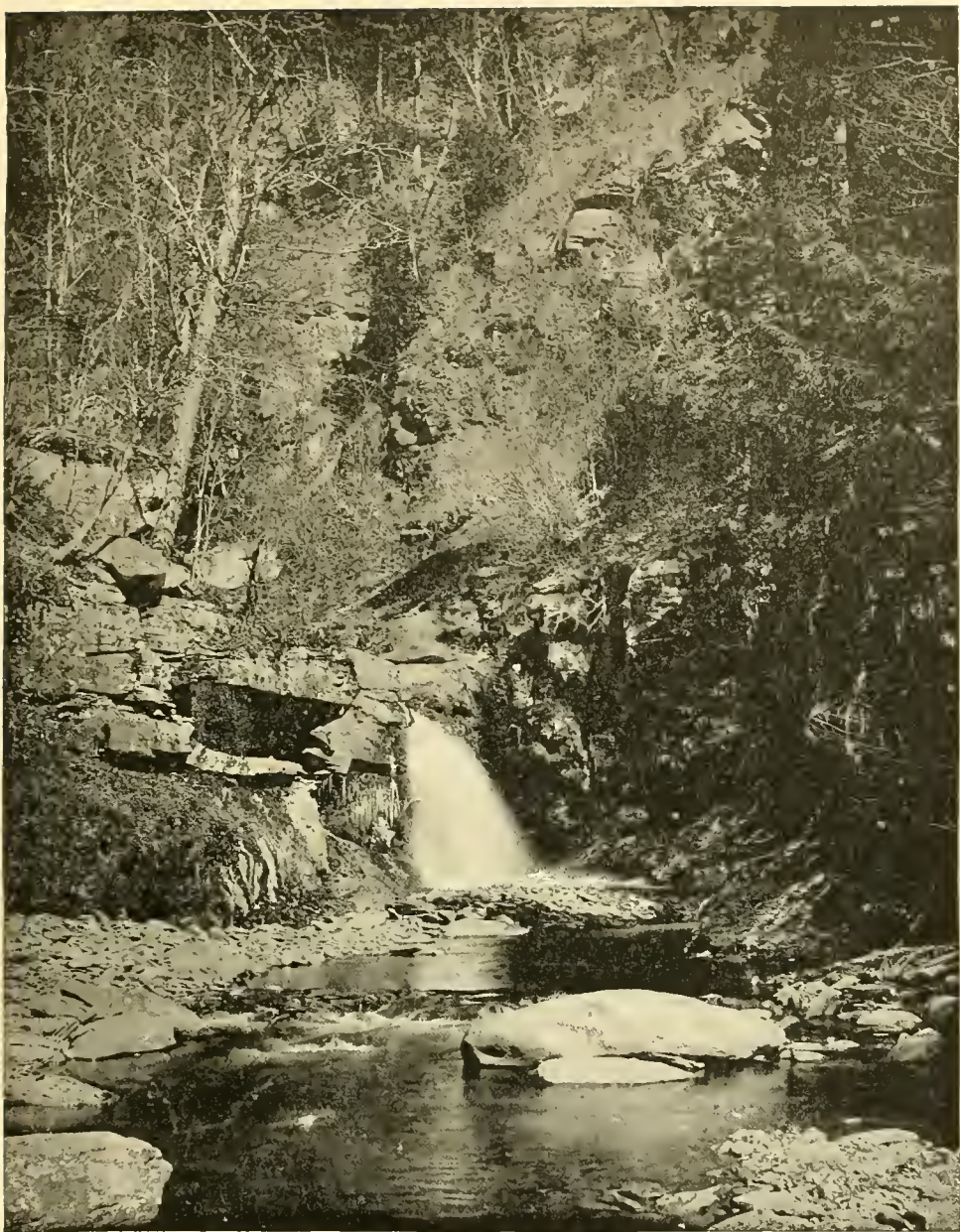
Can heaven be more beautiful than Spring,
When from their caves the nimble wood-nymphs spring
To scatter wild flowers in among the grass,
While overhead the birds of heaven sing?

THE PRESENT JOY.

Be light, my heart, the world is fair to-day,
Rejoice, my soul, it is not always May,
For when the Winter howls about thy bed,
For Summer's beauty vainly shalt thou pray.

POOR ISRAEL.

Poor Israel! coming from captivity,
Where God by miracles had set her free,
Saw not the truth, nor did she understand
When Pharaoh's host was swallowed by the sea.



"HEART OF THE TORRENT, PULSING WILD AND FREE."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE OTHER DAY.

The other day we played upon the lea,
Where 'neath the grass a nimble river ran,
But now I hear the murmur of the sea,
And we are turning home as we began ;
The other day we dreamed of things afar,
But now we hear the breakers on the bar.



“ WHERE 'NEATH THE GRASS A NIMBLE RIVER RAN.”

The other day we grew to manhood's strength,
 Its hours were long and full of anxious care,
 But then we toiled and gloried in their length
 And laughed at wrinkles and at silver hair
 When we were young with strength to toil and plan,
 But O, my friend, how swift the river ran!

Now bowed by years we stand beside the gate,
 Life's golden hours have passed us, one by one,
 When we were young for time we could not wait,
 But now, alas, our little hour is done.
 The other day life seemed an endless span,
 But O, my friend, how swift the river ran!

ALONE.

Alone man draws his first uncertain breath,
 Alone he journeys to the vale of death,
 Alone through life in rapture or despair
 Bearing his cross which others may not share.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Earth's greatest guest the other night
 Came knocking, knocking at our door,
 We did not open with delight
 But did tearfully implore
 Him to leave us and not vex us
 With his shadow on the floor.

But the stranger did not hear us,
 For he lingered in the hall
 And was ever, ever near us,
 In the springtime and the fall,
 And we shuddered at the nearness
 Of his shadow on the wall.

But at last we learned to know him
 As a true friend in disguise;
 When no longer we did show him
 That dumb terror in our eyes,
 Then he vanished like the phantom
 Of the desert and the skies.

AT THE THRESHOLD.

Just on the threshold, though my locks are gray,
 Waiting for morning and the break of day;
 Waiting till time shall slip the heavy bar
 To ope the door and see things as they are.

TEARS FOR THE LIVING.

Mourn for the living, but grieve not for the dead;
 No more their eyes with weeping will be red,
 No more their hearts with aching will be numb,
 No more their lips for sorrow will be dumb;
 No more their sleep shall end in dreams of fright,
 No more their day shall banished be, by night,
 But theirs to sleep from care and sorrow free
 Until they wake in God's eternity.

ANOTHER DAY.

There is one comfort at the setting sun,
One consolation when the day is done ;
Its toil is o'er, its bitterness is past,
And can no more their shadow on you cast.



“WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.”

FOLLY AND FRIENDSHIP.

The thing man knows the least, he loves the best,
 For ever on the unknown he must look;
 His honored friend is like a time-worn book,
 Both laid aside to please a transient guest,—
 The friend he knows the least, he loves the best.
 The heart of man is like a bird, at rest
 When winging to some undiscovered nook,
 And like the restless wind, and like the brook
 That ever seeks the ocean with new zest,
 The world it knows the least it loves the best.

TIRED HANDS.

Folded they lie upon her tranquil breast,
 My mother's tired hands, their labor done,
 Knotted and scarred in battles they have won,
 Worn to the quick by love's unkind behest.
 Pulseless they lie, while from the crimson west
 A flood of glory from the setting sun
 Shines on her face; I hear the deep well done,
 God's angelus that calls her soul to rest.
 Found is the Holy Grail of knightly quest
 Here in her home, where such brave deeds were done
 As knight ne'er saw since chivalry begun.
 She suffered, toiled, and died, God knows the rest,
 And if Christ's crown shines not above her cross
 Then all is loss, immeasurable loss.

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

Out of the blue, out of the vast unknown,
 Thrilling the stars with love's triumphant tone,
 Cometh a message by the breezes blown.

Cometh a song to all down-trodden men,
 Full of compassion easy for their ken,
 Christ loves us now e'en as He loved us then.

GOD'S MANDATE.

When God first breathed the breath of life in man,
 And over all creation gave him sway,
 This was His mandate, so the angels say:
 "Thou art My son, My heir; all through the span
 Of endless æons since the days began,
 I've dreamed of thee, thou wert My child always;
 Behold all things I give to thee this day
 That thou mayst see My love and understand.
 And this I ask, this is My one decree:
 Be faithful to the trust I place in thee
 And from thy heart let no base impulse spring,
 Defile not these, the things that I have made,
 Fear naught but sin, of grief be not afraid,
 Nor even death, for I am Lord and King."

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

Love laid him down in the shade to sleep
 Once in the month of May;
 A rustic maid, her tryst to keep,
 Did chance to come his way;



Royal St. Jackson

“A RUSTIC MAID, HER TRYST TO KEEP.”

She stooped to pick a violet,
 When Cupid quick upgot;
 She wears the flower on her bosom yet,
 A sweet forget-me-not.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

Once in the silent hours, while all things slept,
 And night's dark mantle o'er the broad earth lay,
 I fell asleep, too weary e'en to pray:
 Then on my vision from the sky there swept
 A wondrous host, while God's own beauty leapt
 In dazzling radiance about their way;
 With rhythmic wings they came, while far away
 Enthralling music through the stillness crept.
 Upon a silver cloud they lifted me,
 As light as air it seemed and perfect rest
 Was in its every fold; then swift we passed
 Through time and space beyond life's serried sea,
 Till my tired head was laid on Jesus' breast,
 With pain and grief and death forever past.

TRANSITION.

If man could go from lowest depths of sin
 At one great bound to heaven's high estate,
 Then heaven were worse than hell and love than hate,
 For they must strive for truth who enter in.

A BLOSSOM FROM MEMORY.

O priest or priestess robed in pink and white,
 Swinging your censer when the breezes stir,
 With sweetest fragrance fill the starry night,
 And let me dream awhile the joys that were.

OMNIPRESENCE.

He sees and feels, supports and strengthens all,
 The stars like sheep come quickly at His call,
 The bud unfolds, up-reaching to His face.
 In smallest things we see omniscient grace,—
 He stays the ocean with a grain of sand,
 The blade of grass He covers with His hand,
 He is the source, the author, and the end,
 The rich man's God, the poor man's only friend:
 Then pain and death and bitterness are naught,
 If into life His perfect love is wrought.

TO MILTON.

If out of thy deep gloom could come such rays divine
 From truth's celestial star, that only deigns to shine
 With such pure light as thine thrice in a thousand years,
 I pray that my poor eyes may blinded be by tears
 Till God shall understand my deep humility
 And, through my blinded eyes, my sightless soul may see.

REJUVENATION.

With a sense of something growing,
Something stirring in the earth,
Blossoms forming, rivers flowing,
Nature rising to new birth,
How the heart of man grows lighter,
And a new hope in him stirs,
As creation folds him tighter,
And he lays his heart to hers.



“BLOSSOMS FORMING, RIVERS FLOWING.”

THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

O God of love, look down on us to-night
Where camp fires burn beneath Thy tender stars,
Sons of the battlefield, with many scars,
Whose only lamp of hope is freedom's light ;
Who turn not backward, nor to left nor right,
Whom death and hell and hideous prison bars
Cannot dismay, who, clinging to the spars
Of their wrecked ship of state, though sinking, fight.
O God, have mercy on these war-sick men !
As Thou of old didst rescue from the den
Of lions one brave soul, so rescue these :
With guilt and crime forever brand the name
Of conqueror, and stamp with direst shame
Brute force that crimson turns the rivers and the seas.

HEAVEN.

Man is not set within a jasper wall
Where he is good perforce and cannot fall,
But heaven is a self-appointed state
Of man grown strong in truth, by love made great.

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH.

The sun, the rain, the seasons, and the flowers,
The joy, the truth, the æons, and the hours,
All come by God's decree, by Him are made.
Then wherefore tremble ? wherefore be afraid ?

THOUGHTS FOR NOVEMBER.

Now is the boundary line 'twixt growth and dearth,
When waning Autumn, as the days grow dim,
With wrinkled leaves, like hands, implores of him
Whose iron fingers soon shall clutch the earth,
A few more days in which to scatter mirth



“WHEN WANING AUTUMN, AS THE DAYS GROW DIM.”

Across the dreary world to ocean's rim;
 A few more sparkling drops of joy to swim
 Upon Life's cup, ere all that came to birth
 Shall fade and die, returned to mother earth.
 So man in his November oft will pray
 For one more chance, for one more weary day
 In which to live and strive to prove his worth,—
 Though life is dearth and death is Paradise,
 He cannot see it for the veil before his eyes.

THE HEART OF MAN A FLOWER.

If the heart of man were but a flower
 That God had planted here
 For a summer's day, in a sunny bower,
 Then never a sigh or tear;

If the heart of man were but a rose
 With never a frost to sear—
 But the summer comes and the blossom goes,
 No one knows whither, dear.

ALTITUDE.

This feather from the golden eagle's wing
 Hath seen the world, a pageant, 'neath it swing.
 The gray old sea, a wrinkled monster, crawl,
 Where Himalaya was a twisted string.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

I do not ask that angel throngs stand by
 To swing the gates ajar, when I draw nigh,
 And bid me enter in the Master's name;
 But bowed and broken, full of grief and shame,
 May I just enter in on hands and knees,
 Knowing that He our human weakness sees,
 And covers o'er the heart by sorrow broke
 With His vast pity, even as a cloak,
 And turns to gain the seeming bitter loss,
 And shapes a crown from out the heavy cross.

TRUTH IS GOD.

If one small grain of truth should die,
 And fade into oblivion,
 The world would zigzag through the sky,
 And God himself would be undone.

RESIGNATION.

Dried are the tears that sad November shed,
 And all her dismal clouds have taken flight;
 Her somber grays and browns are changed to white,
 And leaden skies are steely blue instead.
 Out of the deep unknown the moon hath led
 Her myriad stars and crowned the wondrous night,
 And spanned the heavens with bars of silver light;

Swift legions they, yet no man heard their tread.
 Now Nature lays aside her mourning veil,
 Her wrinkled leaves and grasses, sere and brown,
 Down 'neath the snow are little more than dust;
 Yet calm, resigned, though naked, mute and pale,
 She waits God's pleasure and a vernal crown,
 Teaching impatient man her silent, simple trust.

THE CREED OF THE HILLS.

This is the creed the hills declare to me:
 "Yea, truth and beauty live eternally;
 There is no spark of God aglow in man,
 No tender thought, nor heavenly ecstacy,
 But shall outlive yon granite rocks, and be
 A part of God when earth hath lost its plan."

HEAVEN IS WHERE GOD'S ANGELS ARE.

If our love of things immortal
 Could exceed our love of sin,
 Then would earth be Heaven's portal
 And our heaven here begin.

ESCAPED.

For fourscore years they bound his heart and brain
 In that dark cell with stern existence's chain,
 But when his ransom came, Death turned the key;
 Though Life was guard, the prisoner went free.



"TRUTH SHALL OUTLIVE YON GRANITE ROCKS."

PEACE ON EARTH.

On Freedom's heights I see the camp fires burn,
Where her brave soldiers, weary, lie asleep,
While overhead the constellations keep
Their nightly watch o'er action sad and stern.
Brave are these hearts, and manfully they spurn
The traitor's kiss,—they are no hireling's sheep;
Though babe and mother by the hearth-side weep,
They heed them not, and though their sad hearts turn
To home and friends in watches of the night,



"IN WATCHES OF THE NIGHT."

At war's stern call they leap with wild delight,
O Prince of Peace, when will Thy kingdom come,
 When will this strife among Thy people cease,
When clear above the muffled fife and drum
 Shall bleeding nations hear God's hymn of peace?

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

The aged pilgrim goes with doubt and fear,
 And knocks, uncertain, at his Father's gate.
 The child, with eager hands that cannot wait,
Seeks entrance; God to him is very near.

ECONOMY OF NATURE.

Since first God called creation from dark void,
 And set His seal on all that He had made,
No molecule has ever been destroyed
 Or e'en an atom of His worlds mislaid.

THE MIGHT OF LOVE.

No prison wall the might of Love can stay;
Love nerves the hand that else were potter's clay;
Love gives us life; all through, Love is our friend,
Our small beginning, and our mighty end.

L. of C.

MEDITATION.

The wind is singing to the gray old sea,
The waves are talking to the silent shore,
The seashell whispers what the breakers roar,
While I alone am silent on the lea.

ONLY A LITTLE.

Out of the heart of things unknown
There comes a little truth each day ;
Though we do not feel that we have grown
Yet God has seen and marked the way.



“OUT OF THE HEART OF THINGS UNKNOWN.”

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.

A song, a sigh, a laugh, a gentle breeze,
A drowsy rustling in the half-leaved trees,
A cloud, a sky of deep and tender blue,
A home, a friend, a sweetheart always true,
This is the joy God gives to me and you.

PRAYER.

Each thought, each breath, each deed we do or dare,
Is symbolized in God's own thought as prayer;
We cannot move, or breathe, or strive, or be,
But it is felt all through immensity.

THE EXILE.

Not as the hated conqueror went, who reddened all the earth
With sick'ning seas of human blood, nor counted human life
E'en as a feather in the scales with which he weighed mankind,
Goeth our knight of liberty unto the prison isle.
No curse of orphans and of wives and aged mothers bent,
Robbed of the crutch they leaned upon, the strong right arm of
youth
That may no more encompass them, shall follow in his wake.

No curse of burning capitol, or desecrated field,
Of ruined church and sepulcher, of blackened hearth and home,
Shall follow, like a bird of prey, after the exile's ship.
Only the prayers and tears of those who struggled to be free,
Who staked their all in freedom's cause, their blood, their
 brawn, their bone,
Shall follow this heroic heart, as night doth follow day.
But not alone the exile goes, the thoughts and hopes of men
In every land, in every clime, where freedom's songs are sung,
Shall follow him to cheer and bless his sad captivity.
His noble deeds, his sacrifice, have burned his name with fire
Into the hearts and brains of men, in bold italie type
That lapse of time, or height or depth, can nevermore erase.



"AS NIGHT DOTI FOLLOW DAY."

GENERATION AND REGENERATION.

God set the stars His firmament to show,
Out of dark void He called the sun to burn,
But if one breath in anger He should blow,
The universe to spirit would return.

AN ALIEN.

I am a stranger in a foreign land
Whose mother tongue I dimly understand,
Whose laws and creeds I may not even know,
I pray thee, Azrael, let an alien go.

A VISION OF LIFE.

If night revealed what day did not disclose,
Then when man yields him to his last repose
And that vast night of death comes swiftly down
May he not see what now no mortal knows?

THE COMPACT.

God said to man, "If thou wilt Me obey,
And keep My laws and love Me day by day,
I'll give thee strength and wisdom and My love";
Man promised, yet each hour he goes astray.

A CLOUD.

Only the passing of a little cloud
Will dim the rays of Phæbus bright and proud ;
Only the passing of a cloud, a breath,
And life shall vanish in the shroud of death.

TRUE KINGSHIP.

The king should first be ruler of himself,
Czar of his spirit, emperor of his mind,
Above ambition and a greed of pelf,
And unto all his subjects just and kind.



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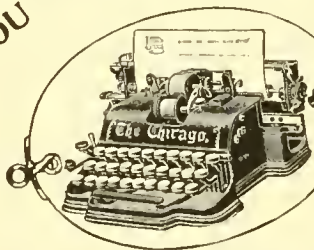
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