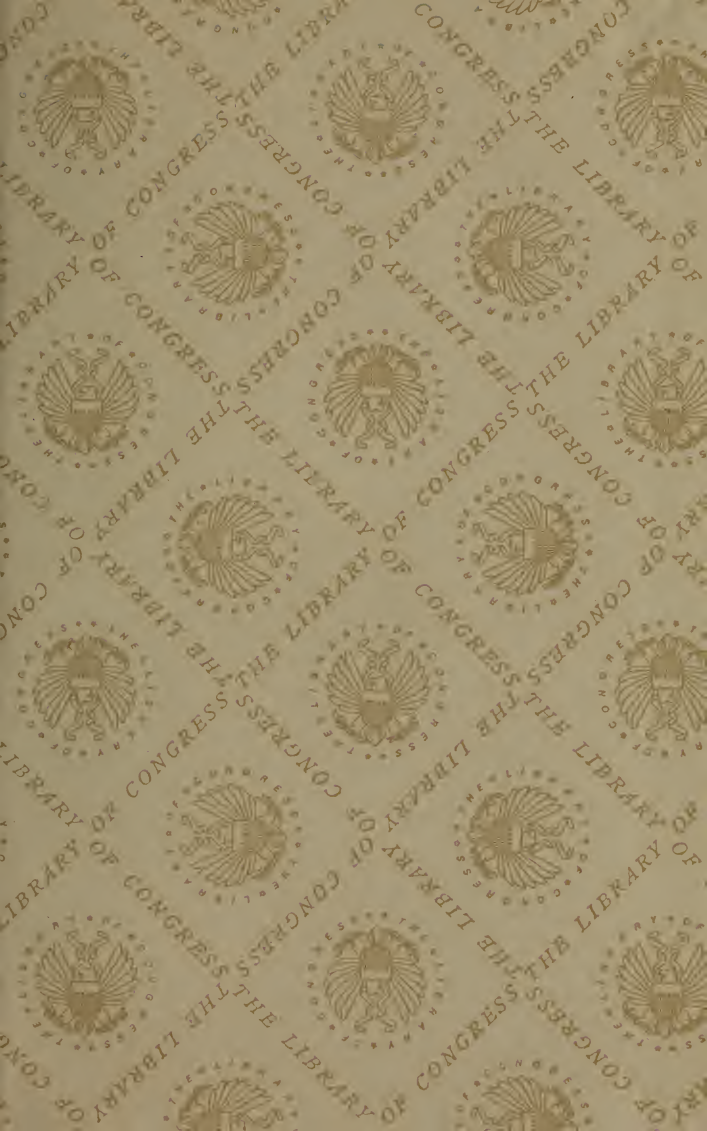


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Ella Wheeler Wilcox



# PICKED POEMS

BY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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W. B. CONKEY COMPANY  
CHICAGO  
1912

PS 3312  
P23

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PICKED POEMS



\$1.00

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This book is affectionately dedicated to

## Theodosia Garrison

(Mrs. Frederick Faulks)

---

IN APPRECIATION OF HER PATIENCE AND KINDNESS  
IN READING THROUGH THE FOLLOWING BOOKS OF  
VERSE, AND AIDING ME BY HER CRITICAL  
JUDGMENT TO MAKE THESE  
SELECTIONS FROM

*Poems of Passion*

*Poems of Pleasure*

*Poems of Power*

*Poems of Progress*

*Poems of Sentiment*

*Poems of Experience.*

*Maurine*

*Three Women*

*Yesterdays*

*Kingdom of Love*

*The Beautiful Land of Nod*

*The Englishman and Other Poems*

THE AUTHOR

# I STEP ACROSS THE MYSTIC BORDER- LAND

*I step across the mystic border-land,  
And look upon the wonder-world of Art.  
How beautiful, how beautiful its hills!  
And all its valleys, how surpassing fair!*

*The winding paths that lead up to the heights  
Are polished by the footsteps of the great.  
The mountain-peaks stand very near to God:  
The chosen few whose feet have trod thereon  
Have talked with Him. and with the angels walked.*

*Here are no sounds of discord—no profane  
Or senseless gossip of unworthy things—  
Only the songs of chisels and of pens,  
Of busy brushes, and ecstatic strains  
Of souls surcharged with music most divine.  
Here is no idle sorrow, no poor grief  
For any day or object left behind—  
For time is counted precious, and herein  
Is such complete abandonment of Self  
That tears turn into rainbows, and enhance  
The beauty of the land where all is fair,  
Awed and afraid, I cross the border-land.  
Oh, who am I, that I dare enter here  
Where the great artists of the world have trod—  
The genius-crowned aristocrats of Earth?  
Only the singer of a little song;  
Yet loving Art with such a mighty love  
I hold it greater to have won a place  
Just on the fair land's edge, to make my grave,  
Than in the outer world of greed and gain  
To sit upon a royal throne and reign.*

# PICKED POEMS

## SYMPATHY



Is the way hard and thorny, oh, my  
brother?

Do tempests beat, and adverse wild  
winds blow?

And are you spent, and broken at each nightfall,

Yet with each morn you rise and onward go?

Brother, I know, I know!

I, too, have journeyed so.

Is your heart mad with longing, oh, my sister?

Are all great passions in your breast aglow?

Does the white wonder of your own soul blind you,

And are you torn with rapture and with woe?

Sister, I know, I know!

I, too, have suffered so.

Is the road filled with snare and quicksand, pilgrim?

Do pitfalls lie where roses seem to grow?  
And have you sometimes stumbled in the darkness,  
And are you bruised and scarred by many a  
blow?

Pilgrim, I know, I know!  
I, too, have stumbled so.

Do you send out rebellious cry and question,  
As mocking hours pass silently and slow,  
Does your insistent 'wherefore' bring no answer,  
While stars wax pale with watching, and droop  
low?

I, too, have questioned so,  
But now *I know, I know!*  
To toil, to strive, to err, to cry, to grow,  
*To love through all*—this is the way to *know*.

## THE SQUANDERER



OD gave him passions, splendid as the  
sun,  
Meant for the lordliest purposes; a  
part

Of Nature's full and fertile mother heart,  
From which new systems and new worlds are spun.  
And now behold, behold, what he has done.  
In Folly's Court and Carnal Pleasure's Mart  
He flung the wealth life gave him at the start;  
This of all mortal sins, the deadliest one.

At dawn he stood, potential, opulent  
With virile manhood and emotions keen,  
And wonderful with God's creative fire.  
At noon he stands, all love's large fortune spent  
In petty traffic, unproductive—mean—  
A pauper, cursed with impotent desire.

## THE BIRTH OF JEALOUSY



WITH brooding mien and sultry eyes,  
 Outside the gates of Paradise  
 Eve sat, and fed the faggot flame  
 That lit the path whence Adam came.

(Strange are the workings of a woman's mind.)

His giant shade preceded him,  
 Along the pathway green, and dim;  
 She heard his swift approaching tread,  
 But still she sat with drooping head.  
 (Dark are the jungles of unhappy thought.)

He kissed her mouth, and gazed within  
 Her troubled eyes; for since their sin,  
 His love had grown a thousand fold.  
 But Eve drew back; her face was cold.  
 (Oh, who can read the cipher of a soul.)

“Now art thou mourning still, sweet wife,”  
 Spake Adam tenderly, “the life  
 Of our lost Eden? Why, in thee  
 All Paradise remains for me.”

(Deep, deep the currents in a strong man's heart.)



Thus Eve: "Nay, not lost Eden's bliss  
I mourn; for heavier woe than this  
Wears on me with one thought accursed.  
*In Adam's life I am not first.*

(O, woman's mind! what hells are fashioned  
there.)

"The serpent whispered Lilith's name:  
( 'Twas thus he drove me to my shame)  
'Pluck yonder fruit,' he said, 'and know,  
How Adam loved her, long ago.'

(Fools, fools, who wander searching after pain.)

"I ate, and like an ancient scroll,  
I saw that other life unroll;  
I saw thee, Adam, far from here  
With Lilith on a wondrous sphere."

(Bold, bold, the daring of a jealous heart.)

"Nay, tell me not I dreamed it all;  
Last night in sleep thou didst let fall  
Her name in tenderness; I bowed  
My stricken head and cried aloud.

(Vast, vast the torment of a self-made woe.)

"And it was then, and not before,  
That Eden shut and barred its door.  
Alone in God's great world I seemed,  
Whilst thou of thy lost Lilith dreamed.

(Oh, who can measure such wide loneliness.)

“Now every little breeze that sings,  
Sighs Lilith, like thy whisperings.  
Oh, where can sorrow hide its face,  
When Lilith, Lilith, fills all space?”  
(And Adam in the darkness spake no word.)

## THE WHITE MAN



HEREVER the white man's feet have  
trod

(Oh, far does the white man stray)

A bold road rifles the virginal sod,

And the forest wakes out of its dream of God,

To yield him the right of way.

For this is the law: *By the power of thought,*

*For worse, or for better, are miracles wrought.*

Wherever the white man's pathway leads,

(Far, far has that pathway gone)

The earth is littered with broken creeds—

And always the dark man's tent recedes,

And the white man pushes on.

For this is the law: *Be it good or ill,*

*All things must yield to the stronger will.*

Wherever the white man's light is shed,

(Oh, far has that light been thrown)

Though nature has suffered and beauty bled,

Yet the goal of the race has been thrust ahead,

And the might of the race has grown.

For this is the law: *Be it cruel or kind,*

*The Universe sways to the power of mind.*

## THAT DAY



HEART of mine, through all these  
perfect days,  
Whether of white Decembers or green  
Mays,

There runs a dark thought like a creeping snake  
Or like a black thread which by some mistake  
Life has strung through the pearls of happy years  
A thought which borders all my joy with tears.

Some day, some day, or you, or I, alone,  
Must look upon the scenes we two have known,  
Must tread the self-same path we two have trod  
And cry in vain to one who is with God,  
To lean down from the Silent Realms and say  
"I love you" in the old familiar way.

Some day—and each day, beautiful though it be  
Brings closer that dread hour for you or me.  
Fleet-footed joy, who hurries time along,  
Is yet a secret foe who does us wrong:  
Speeding us gaily, though he well doth know  
Of yonder pathway where but one may go.

Ay, one will go. To go is sweet, I wis—  
Yet God must needs invent some special bliss  
To make His Paradise seem very dear  
To one who goes and leaves the other here.  
To sever souls so bound by love and time,  
For any one but God, would be a crime.

Yet death will entertain his own, I think.  
To one who stays life gives the gall to drink;  
To one who stays, or be it you or me,  
There waits the Garden of Gethsemane.  
O dark, inevitable, and awful day,  
When one of us must go and one must stay!

## BROTHERHOOD



OD, what a world, if men in street and  
mart,  
Felt that same kinship of the human  
heart,

Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,  
Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood.

## THE DECADENT



AMONG the virile hosts he passed along,  
 Conspicuous for an undetermined grace  
 Of sexless beauty. In his form and  
 face

God's mighty purpose somehow had gone wrong.  
 Then on his loom he wove a careful song,  
 Of sensuous threads; a wordy web of lace  
 Wherein the primal passions of the race  
 And his own sins made wonder for the throng.

A little pen prick opened up a vein,  
 And gave the finished mesh a crimson blot—  
 The last consummate touch of studied art.  
 But those who knew strong passion and keen pain,  
 Looked through and through the pattern and  
 found not  
 One single great emotion of the heart.

## DISARMAMENT



DREAMED a Voice, of one God-authorized,  
 Cried loudly thro' the world, Disarm!  
 Disarm!

And there was consternation in the camps;  
 And men who strutted under braid and lace  
 Beat on their medalled breasts, and wailed, "Undone!"

The word was echoed from a thousand hills,  
 And shop and mill, and factory and forge,  
 Where throve the awful industries of death,  
 Hushed into silence. Scrawled upon the doors,  
 The passer read, "Peace bids her children starve,"  
 But foolish women clasped their little sons  
 And wept for joy, not reasoning like men.

Again the Voice Commanded: "Now go forth  
 And build a world for Progress and for Peace.  
 This work has waited since the earth was shaped;  
 But men were fighting, and they could not toil.  
 The needs of life outnumber needs of death,  
 Leave death with God. Go forth, I say, and  
 build."



And then a sudden, comprehensive joy  
Shone in the eyes of men; and one who thought  
Only of conquests and of victories  
Woke from his gloomy reverie and cried,  
“Ay, come and build! I challenge all to try.  
And I will make a world more beautiful  
Than Eden was before the serpent came.”  
And like a running flame on western wilds,  
Ambition spread from mind to listening mind,  
And lo! the looms were busy once again,  
And all the earth resounded with men’s toil.

Vast palaces of Science graced the world;  
Their banquet-tables spread with feasts of truth-  
For all who hungered. Music kissed the air,  
Once rent with boom of cannons. Statues gleamed  
From wooded ways, where ambushed armies hid  
In times of old. The sea and air were gay  
With shining sails that soared from land to land.  
A universal language of the world  
Made nations kin, and poverty was known  
But as a word marked “obsolete,” like war.  
The arts were kindled with celestial fire;

New poets sang so Homer’s fame grew dim;  
And brush and chisel gave the wondering race  
Sublimier treasures than old Greece displayed.  
Men differed still; fierce argument arose,

For men are human in this human sphere;  
But unarmed Arbitration stood between,  
And reason settled in a hundred hours  
What War disputed for a hundred years.

Oh, that a Voice of one God-authorized  
Might cry to all mankind, Disarm! Disarm!

## ILLUSION



OD and I in space alone

And nobody else in view.

“And where are the people, O Lord,”

I said,

“The earth below, and the sky o’erhead,

And the dead who once I knew?”

“That was a dream,” God, smiled and said—

“A dream that seemed to be true.

There were no people, living or dead,

There was no earth, and no sky o’erhead;

There was only Myself—in you.”

“Why do I feel no fear,” I asked,

“Meeting you here this way?

For I have sinned I know full well?

And is there Heaven, and is there hell,

And is this the judgment day?”

“Nay, those were but dreams,” the Great God  
said,

“Dreams, that have ceased to be.

There are no such things as fear or sin,

There is no you—you never have been—

There is nothing at all but Me.”

## EASTER MORN



TRUTH that has long lain buried  
 At Superstition's door,  
 I see, in the dawn uprising  
 In all its strength once more.

Hidden away in the darkness,  
 By ignorance crucified,  
 Crushed under stones of dogmas—  
 Yet lo! it has not died.

It stands in the light transfigured,  
 It speaks from the heights above,  
*"Each soul is its own redeemer;  
 There is no law but Love."*

And the spirits of men are gladdend  
 As they welcomed this Truth re-born  
 With its feet on the grave of Error  
 And its eyes to the Easter Morn.

## WE TWO



WE two make home of any place we go ;  
 We two find joy in any kind of  
 weather ;

Or if the earth is clothed in bloom  
 or snow,

If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,  
 What matters it if we two are together?  
 We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare ;  
 In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure ;  
 We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of  
 care,  
 And win to smiles the set lips of despair.  
 For us life always moves with lilting measure ;  
 We two, we two, we make our world, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn ;  
 Each day holds something of an unknown glory.  
 We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone ;  
 Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on,  
 And thrums upon his harp new song or story.  
 We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth ;  
We do not need to wait for realms eternal,  
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,  
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.  
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal ;  
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.

## AT FONTAINEBLEAU



T Fontainebleau, I saw a little bed  
Fashioned of polished wood, with gold  
ornate.

Ambition, hope, and sorrow, ay, and  
hate

Once battled there, above a childish head,  
And there in vain grief wept, and memory plead.

It was so small! but Ah, dear God, how great  
The part it played in one sad woman's fate.  
How wide the gloom, that narrow object shed.

The symbol of an over-reaching aim,

The emblem of a devastated joy,

It spoke of glory, and a blasted home:  
Of fleeting honours, and disordered fame,  
And the lone passing of a fragile boy.

It was the cradle of the King of Rome.

## YOU WILL BE WHAT YOU WILL TO BE



YOU will be what you will to be;  
 Let failure find its false content  
 In that poor word "environment,"  
 But spirit scorns it, and is free.

It masters time, it conquers space,  
 It cows that boastful trickster Chance,  
 And bids the tyrant Circumstance  
 Uncrown, and fill a servant's place.

The human Will, that force unseen,  
 The offspring of a deathless Soul,  
 Can hew the way to any goal,  
 Though walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient in delay,  
 But wait as one who understands.  
 When spirit rises and commands,  
 The gods are ready to obey.

The river seeking for the sea  
 Confronts the dam and precipice,  
 Yet knows it cannot fail or miss;  
*You will be what you will to be!*



## THE STORY



THEY met each other in the glade—

She lifted up her eyes;

Alack the day! Alack the maid!

She blushed in swift surprise.

Alas! Alas! the woe that comes from lifting up  
the eyes.

The pail was full, the path was steep—

He reached to her his hand;

She felt her warm young pulses leap,

But did not understand.

Alas! Alas! the woe that comes from clasping  
hand with hand.

She sat beside him in the wood—

He wooed with words and sighs;

Ah! love in Spring seems sweet and good,

And maidens are not wise.

Alas! Alas! the woe that comes from listing lovers'  
sighs. . .

The summer sun shone fairly down,  
The wind blew from the south ;  
As blue eyes gazed in eyes of brown,  
His kiss fell on her mouth.

Alas! Alas! the woe that comes from kisses on  
the mouth.

And now the autumn time is near,  
The lover roves away :

With breaking heart and falling tear,  
She sits the livelong day.

Alas! Alas! for breaking hearts when lovers rove  
away.

## THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE

(Written on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral)



THE Queen is taking a drive to-day:

They have hung with purple the carriage-way,

They have dressed with purple the royal track

Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labour as she goes by  
 On her last appearance to mortal eye;  
 With heads uncovered let all men wait  
 For the Queen to pass, in her regal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way  
 For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day,  
 Kings and Princes and Lords of the land  
 Shall ride behind her, an humble band;  
 And over the city and over the world  
 Shall the flags of all Nations be half-mast furled,  
 For the silent lady of royal birth  
 Who is riding away from the Courts of earth,  
 Riding away from the world's unrest  
 To a mystical goal, on a secret quest.

Though in royal splendour she drives through  
town,

Her robes are simple, she wears no crown;  
And yet she wears one; for, widowed no more,  
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,  
And crowned with the love she has left behind  
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low your heads—lift your hearts on high—  
The Queen in silence is driving by!

## UNANSWERED PRAYERS



LIKE some schoolmaster, kind in being stern,

Who hears the children crying o'er their slates

And calling, "Help me, Master!" yet helps not,  
Since in his silence and refusal lies

Their self-development, so God abides

Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf

To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;

He hears and strengthens when He must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums;

But should he give the key and dry our tears,

What would it profit us when school were done

And not one lesson mastered?

What a world

Were this if all our prayers were answered. Not

In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills

As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,

Voiced one by one in prayer, ascend to God

And come back as events shaped to our wish,

What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth  
I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet,  
Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons  
Which were denied; and that denial bends  
My knee to prayers of gratitude each day  
Of my maturer years. Yet from those prayers  
I rose always regirded for the strife  
And conscious of new strength. Pray on, sad  
heart,  
That which thou pleadest for may not be given,  
But in the lofty altitude where souls  
Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there  
Thou shalt find help to bear thy daily lot  
Which is not elsewhere found.

## THE POET'S THEME

What is the explanation of the strange silence of American poets concerning American triumphs on sea and land?

—*Literary Digest.*



WHY should the poet of these pregnant times

Be asked to sing of war's unholy crimes?

To laud and eulogise the trade which thrives  
On horrid holocausts of human lives?

Man was a fighting beast when earth was young,  
And war the only theme when Homer sung.

'Twixt might and might the equal contest lay:  
Not so the battles of our modern day.

Too often now the conquering hero struts,  
A Gulliver among the Liliputs.

Success no longer rests on skill or fate,  
But on the movements of a syndicate.

Of old, men fought and deemed it right and just.  
To-day the warrior fights because he must,

And in his secret soul feels shame because  
He desecrates the higher manhood's laws.

Oh! there are worthier themes for poet's pen  
In this great hour, than bloody deeds of men

Or triumphs of one hero (though he be  
Deserving song for his humility):

The rights of many—not the worth of one;  
The coming issues—not the battle done;

The awful opulence, and awful need;  
The rise of brotherhood—the fall of greed,

The soul of man replete with God's own force,  
The call "to heights," and not the cry "to horse,"—

Are there not better themes in this great age  
For pen of poet, or for voice of sage

Than those old tales of killing? Song is dumb  
Only that greater song in time may come.

When comes the bard, he whom the world waits for,  
He will not sing of War.



## A MAN'S IDEAL



LOVELY little keeper of the home,  
Absorbed in menu books, yet erudite  
When I need counsel; quick at repartee  
And slow to anger. Modest as a flower,

Yet scintillant and radiant as a star.

Unmercenary in her mould of mind,  
While opulent and dainty in her tastes.

A nature generous and free, albeit  
The incarnation of economy.

She must be chaste as proud Diana was,  
Yet warm as Venus. To all others cold  
As some white glacier glittering in the sun;  
To me as ardent as the sensuous rose  
That yields its sweetness to the burrowing bee.

All ignorant of evil in the world,  
And innocent as any cloistered nun,  
Yet wise as Phryne in the arts of love  
When I come thirsting to her nectared lips.  
Good as the best, and tempting as the worst,  
A saint, a siren, and a paradox.

## MORNING PRAYER



LET me to-day do something that shall  
take

A little sadness from the world's vast  
store:

And may I be so favoured as to make

Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed

Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend:

Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,

Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,

Let me give something that shall aid my kind—

A word of courage, or a thought of health,

Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span

'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience

say—

Because of some good act to beast or man,

“The world is better that I lived to-day.”

## THE RIVER



AM a river flowing from God's sea  
Through devious ways. He mapped  
my course for me;

I cannot change it; mine alone the toil

To keep the waters free from grime and soil.

The winding river ends where it began;

And when my life has compassed its brief span

I must return to that mysterious Source.

So let me gather daily on my course

The perfume from the blossoms as I pass,

Balm from the pines, and healing from the grass,

And carry down my current as I go

Not common stones but precious gems to show;

And tears (the holy water from sad eyes)

Back to God's sea, from which all rivers rise,

Let me convey, not blood from wounded hearts

Nor poison which the upas tree imparts.

When over flowery vales I leap with joy,

Let me not devastate them, nor destroy,

But rather leave them fairer to the sight;

Mine be the lot to comfort and delight.

And if down awful chasms I must leap,

Let me not murmur at my lot, but sweep  
On bravely to the end without one fear,  
Knowing that He who planned my ways stands  
near.

Love sent me forth, to Love I go again,  
For Love is all, and over all. Amen.

## THE WORLD'S NEED



O many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
While just the art of being kind,  
Is all the sad world needs.

## THE OPTIMIST



THE fields were bleak and sodden. Not a wing

Or note enlivened the depressing wood;

A soiled and sullen, stubborn snowdrift stood  
Beside the roadway. Winds came muttering  
Of storms to be, and brought the chilly sting  
Of icebergs in their breath. Stalled cattle moomed  
Forth plaintive pleadings for the Earth's green  
food.

No gleam, no hint of hope in anything.

The sky was blank and ashen, like the face  
Of some poor wretch who drains life's cup too  
fast.

Yet, swaying to and fro, as if to fling  
About chilled Nature its lithe arms of grace,  
Smiling with promise in the wintry blast,  
The optimistic Willow spoke of spring.

IF—



If I were a raindrop, and you were a leaf,  
I would burst from the cloud above  
you

And lie on your breast in a rapture  
of rest,

And love you, love you, love you.

If I were a brown bee, and you were a rose,  
I would fly to you, love, nor miss you;  
I would sip and sip from your nectared lip,  
And kiss you, kiss you, kiss you.

If I were a doe, dear, and you were a brook,  
Ah, what would I do then, think you?  
I would kneel by the bank, in the grasses dank,  
And drink you, drink you, drink you.

## LIFE'S LESSON BOOK



LIFE is a ponderous lesson-book, and Fate  
The teacher. When I came to love's  
fair leaf

My teacher turned the page and bade  
me wait.

“Learn first,” she said, “love's grief”;  
And o'er and o'er through many a long tomorrow  
She kept me conning that sad page of sorrow.

Cruel the task; and yet it was not vain.

Now the great book of life I know by heart.  
In that one lesson of love's loss and pain  
Fate doth the whole impart.

For, by the depths of woe, the mind can measure  
The beauteous unscaled summits of love's pleasure.

Now, with the book of life upon her knee,

Fate sits! the unread page of love's delight  
By her firm hand is half concealed from me,  
And half revealed to sight.

Ah Fate! be kind! so well I learned love's sorrow,  
Give me its full delight to learn tomorrow.



## THE WORLD-CHILD



T times I am the mother of the world;  
 And mine seem all its sorrows, and  
 its fears.

That rose, which in each mother's  
 heart is curled,—

The rose of pity, opens with my tears,  
 And, waking in the night, I lie and hark  
 To the lone sobbing, and the wild alarms,  
 Of my World-child, a-wailing in the dark:  
 The child I fain would shelter in my arms.

I call to it (as from another room

A mother calls, what time she cannot go):  
 'Sleep well, dear World; Love hides behind this  
 gloom.

There is no need for wakefulness or woe,  
 The long, long night is almost past and gone,  
 The day is near.' And yet the World weeps on.

Again I follow it, throughout the day.

With anxious eyes I see it trip and fall,  
 And hurt itself in many a foolish way:

Childlike, unheeding warning word or call.  
 I see it grasp, and grasping, break the toys

It cried to own; then toss them on the floor,  
And, breathless, hurry after fancied joys  
That cease to please, when added to its store.  
I see the lacerations on its hands,  
Made by forbidden tools; but when it weeps,  
I also weep, as one who understands;  
And having been a child, the memory keeps.  
Ah, my poor World, however wrong thy part,  
Still is there pity in my mother-heart.

## REWARD



FATE used me meanly; but I looked at  
her and laughed;  
That none might know, how bitter was  
the cup I quaffed.

Along came Joy, and paused beside me where I  
sat;

Saying, "I came to see what you were laughing  
at."

## THE HEIGHTS



I CRIED, "Dear Angel, lead me to the heights,  
 And spur me to the top."  
 The Angel answered, "Stop  
 And set thy house in order; make it fair  
 For absent ones who may be speeding there.  
 Then we will talk of heights."

I put my house in order. "Now lead on!"  
 The Angel said, "Not yet;  
 Thy garden is beset  
 By thorns and tares; go weed it, so all those  
 Who come to gaze may find the unvexed rose;  
 Then we will journey on."

I weeded well my garden. "All is done."  
 The Angel shook his head.  
 "A beggar stands," he said,  
 "Outside thy gates; till thou hast given heed  
 And soothed his sorrow, and supplied his need,  
 Say not that all is done."

The beggar left me singing. "Now at last—  
At last the path is clear."

"Nay, there is one draws near  
Who seeks, like thee, the difficult highway.  
He lacks thy courage; cheer him through the day.  
Then we will cry, At last!"

I helped my weaker brother. "Now the heights;  
Oh, guide me, Angel, guide!"  
The Presence at my side,  
With radiant face, said, "Look, where are we  
now?"

And lo! we stood upon the mountain's brow—  
The heights, the shining heights!

## ATTRACTION



THE meadow and the mountain with  
desire

Gazed on each other, till a fierce  
unrest

Surged 'neath the meadow's seemingly calm  
breast,

And all the mountain's fissures ran with fire.

A mighty river rolled between them there.

What could the mountain do but gaze and burn?

What could the meadow do but look and yearn,  
And gem its bosom to conceal despair?

Their seething passion agitated space,

Till lo! the lands a sudden earthquake shook,

The river fled, the meadow leaped, and took  
The leaning mountain in a close embrace.

## SUNSET



SAW the Day lean o'er the world's  
sharp edge  
And peer into Night's chasm, dark  
and damp.

High in his hand he held a blazing lamp,  
Then dropped it, and plunged headlong down the  
ledge.

With lurid splendour that swift paled to grey  
I saw the dim skies suddenly flash bright.  
'Twas but the expiring glory of the light  
Flung from the hand of the adventurous Day.

## THE CREED



WHOEVER was begotten by pure love,  
And came desired and welcomed into  
life,  
Is of immaculate conception. He  
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,  
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,  
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,  
May be another Christ. We all may be  
The Saviours of the world, if we believe  
In the Divinity which dwells in us  
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,  
Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims,  
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,  
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,  
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,  
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,  
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.



## SONNET



ETHINKS ofttimes my heart is like some  
bee

That goes forth through the summer  
day and sings,

And gathers honey from all growing things  
In garden plot, or on the clover lea.

When the long afternoon grows late, and she  
Would seek her hive, she cannot lift her wings,  
So heavily the too sweet burden clings,

From which she would not, and yet would, fly free.  
So with my full fond heart; for when it tries  
To lift itself to peace-crowned heights, above

The common way where countless feet have trod,  
Lo! then, this burden of dear human ties,  
This growing weight of precious earthly love,  
Binds down the spirit that would soar to God.

## PROGRESS



LET there be many windows to your soul,  
 That all the glory of the universe  
 May beautify it. Not the narrow pane  
 Of one poor creed can catch the radiant  
 rays

That shine from countless sources. Tear away  
 The blinds of superstition; let the light  
 Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself  
 And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer  
 Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope  
 Along dim corridors of doubt, when all  
 The splendour from unfathomed seas of space  
 Might bathe it with the golden waves of Love?  
 Sweep up the débris of decaying faiths;  
 Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,  
 And throw your soul wide open to the light  
 Of Reason and Knowledge. Tune your ear  
 To all the wordless music of the stars  
 And to the voice of Nature, and your heart  
 Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant

Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands  
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned  
heights,  
And all the forces of the firmament  
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid  
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

## A PRAYER



MASTER of sweet and loving lore,  
 Give us the open mind  
 To know religion means no more,  
 No less, than being kind.

Give us the comprehensive sight  
 That sees another's need;  
 And let our aim to set things right  
 Prove God inspired our creed.

Give us the soul to know our kin  
 That dwell in flock and herd;  
 The voice to fight man's shameful sin  
 Against the beast and bird.

Give us a heart with love so fraught  
 For all created things,  
 That even our unspoken thought  
 Bears healing on its wings.

Give us religion that will cope  
 With life's colossal woes,  
 And turn a radiant face of hope  
 On troops of pigmy foes.

Give us the mastery of our fate  
In thoughts so warm and white,  
They stamp upon the brows of hate  
Love's glorious seal of light.

Give us the strong, courageous faith  
That makes of pain a friend,  
And calls the secret word of death  
"Beginning," and not "end."

## LAST LOVE



THE first flower of the spring is not so fair

Or bright as one the ripe midsummer brings.

The first faint note the forest warbler sings  
 Is not as rich with feeling, or so rare  
 As when, full master of his art, the air  
 Drowns in the liquid sea of song he flings  
 Like silver spray from beak, and breast, and wings.  
 The artist's earliest effort, wrought with care,  
 The bard's first ballad, written in his tears,  
 Set by his later toil, seems poor and tame,  
 And into nothing dwindles at the test.  
 So with the passions of maturer years.  
 Let those who will demand the first fond flame,  
 Give me the heart's *last love*, for that is best.

## TIME'S GAZE



TIME looked me in the eyes while passing  
by

The milestones of the year. That  
piercing gaze

Was both an accusation and reproach.

No speech was needed. In a sorrowing look  
More meaning lies than in complaining words,  
And silence hurts as keenly as reproof.

Oh, opulent, kind giver of rich hours,  
How have I used thy benefits! As babes  
Unstring a necklace, laughing at the sound  
Of priceless jewels dropping one by one,  
So I have laughed while precious moments rolled  
Into the hidden corners of the past.

And I have let large opportunities  
For high endeavour move unheeded by,  
While little joys and cares absorbed my strength.  
And yet, dear Time, set to my credit this:  
*Not one white hour have I made black with hate,  
Nor wished one living creature aught but good.*

Be patient with me. Though the sun slants west,  
The day has not yet finished, and I feel  
Necessity for action and resolve  
Bear in upon my consciousness. I know  
The earth's eternal need of earnest souls,  
And the great hunger of the world for Love.  
I know the goal to high achievement lies  
Through the dull pathway of self-conquest first;  
And on the stairs of little duties done  
We climb to joys that stand thy test. O Time,  
Be patient with me, and another day,  
Perchance, in passing by, thine eyes may smile.



## THE SPUR



ASKED a rock beside the road  
What joy existence lent.

It answered, "For a million years  
My heart has been content."

I asked the truffle-seeking swine, as rooting by  
he went,

"What is the keynote of your life?" He grunted  
out, "Content."

I asked a slave, who toiled and sung, just what his  
singing meant.

He plodded on his changeless way, and said, "I am  
content."

I asked a plutocrat of greed, on what his thoughts  
were bent.

He chinked the silver in his purse, and said, "I  
am content."

I asked the mighty forest tree from whence its  
force was sent.

Its thousand branches spoke as one, and said,  
"From discontent."

I asked the message speeding on, by what great  
law was rent  
God's secret from the waves of space. It said,  
"From discontent."

I asked the marble, where the works of God and  
man were blent,  
What brought the statue from the block. It  
answered, "Discontent."

I asked an Angel, looking down on earth with  
gaze intent,  
How man should rise to larger growth. Quoth he,  
"Through discontent."

## DECEMBER



UPON December's windy portico  
 The Old Year stood, and looked out  
 where the sun  
 Went wading down the West, through  
 drifting clouds.

“I, too, shall sink full soon to rest,” he sighed,  
 “And follow where my children's feet have trod;  
 Brave January, beauteous May and June,  
 My lovely daughters, and my valiant sons,  
 All, all save one, have left me for that bourne  
 Men call the Past. It seems but yesterday  
 I saw fair August, laughing with the Sea,  
 Snaring the Earth with her seductive wiles,  
 And making conquest, even of the Sun.  
 Yet has she gone, and left me here to mourn.”  
 Then spake December from an open door:  
 “Father, the night grows cold; come in and rest.  
 Sit with me here beside this glowing grate;  
 I have not left thee; thou art not alone;  
 My house is thine; all warm with love and light,  
 And bright with holly and with cedar sweet.  
 My stalwart arm is thine to lean upon;

The feast is spread, I only wait for thee;  
God smiles upon thy dead, smile thou on me.”  
Then through the open door the Old Year passed  
And darkness settled on the outer world.

## THE LEADER TO BE



WHAT shall the leader be in that great day  
 When we who sleep and dream that  
 we are slaves  
 Shall wake and know that Liberty is  
 ours?

Mark well that word—not yours, not mine, but  
 ours.

For through the mingling of the separate streams  
 Of individual protest and desire,  
 In one united sea of purpose, lies  
 The course to Freedom.

When Progression takes  
 Her undisputed right of way; and sinks  
 The old traditions and conventions where  
 They may not rise, what shall the leader be?

No mighty warrior skilled in crafts of war,  
 Sowing earth's fertile furrows with dead men  
 And staining crimson God's cerulean sea,  
 To prove his prowess to a shuddering world.

Nor yet a monarch with a silly crown  
Perched on an empty head,—an inbred heir  
To senseless titles and anemic blood.

No ruler, purchased by the perjured votes  
Of striving demagogues whose god is gold.  
Not one of these shall lead to Liberty.  
The weakness of the world cries out for strength.  
The sorrow of the world cries out for hope.  
Its suffering cries for kindness.

He who leads

Must then be strong and hopeful as the dawn  
That rises unafraid and full of joy  
Above the blackness of the darkest night.  
He must be kind to every living thing;  
Kind as the Krishna, Buddha and the Christ,  
And full of love for all created life.  
Oh, not in war shall his great prowess lie,  
Nor shall he find his pleasure in the chase.  
Too great for slaughter, friend of man and beast,  
Touching the borders of the Unseen Realms  
And bringing down to earth their mystic fires  
To light our troubled pathways, wise and kind  
And human to the core, so shall he be,  
The coming leader of the coming time.

## IN AN OLD ART GALLERY



BEFORE the statue of a giant Hun,  
There stood a dwarf, misshapen and  
uncouth.

His lifted eyes seemed asking: "Why,  
in sooth,

Was I not fashioned like this mighty one?

Would God show favour to an older son

Like earthly kings, and beggar without ruth

Another, who sinned only by his youth?

Why should two lives in such divergence run?"

Strange, as he gazed, that from a vanished past

No memories revived of war and strife,

Of misused prowess, and of broken law.

That old Hun's spirit, in the dwarf re-cast,

Lived out the sequence of an earthly life.

*It was the statue of himself he saw!*

## INTERMEDIARY



WHEN from the prison of its body free,  
 My soul shall soar, before it goes to  
 Thee,  
 Thou great Creator, give it power to  
 know

The language of all sad, dumb things below.  
 And let me dwell a season still on earth  
 Before I rise to some diviner birth:  
 Invisible to men, yet seen and heard,  
 And understood by sorrowing beast and bird—  
 Invisible to men, yet always near,  
 To whisper counsel in the human ear:  
 And with a spell to stay the hunter's hand  
 And stir his heart to know and understand;  
 To plant within the dull or thoughtless mind  
 The great religious impulse to be kind.

Before I prune my spirit wings and rise  
 To seek my loved ones in their paradise,  
 Yea! even before I hasten on to see  
 That lost child's face, so like a dream to me,  
 I would be given this intermediate role,  
 And carry comfort to each poor, dumb soul:



And bridge man's gulf of cruelty and sin  
By understanding of his lower kin.  
'Twixt weary driver and the straining steed  
On wings of mercy would my spirit speed.  
And each should know, before his journey's end,  
That in the other dwelt a loving friend.  
From zoo and jungle, and from cage and stall,  
I would translate each inarticulate call,  
Each pleading look, each frenzied act and cry,  
And tell the story to each passer-by;  
And of a spirit's privilege possessed,  
Pursue indifference to its couch of rest,  
And whisper in its ear until in awe  
It woke and knew God's all embracing law  
Of Universal Life—the One in All.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lord, let this mission to my lot befall.

## THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL



THE sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,  
And followed her low and high,  
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her  
head,  
She was so shy—so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion;  
Ah, he was a lover bold!  
And his heart was afire with mad desire  
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him,  
Her hair was a shining sheen,  
And oh, that Fate would annihilate  
The space that lay between!

Just as the day lay panting  
In the arms of the twilight dim,  
The Sunbeam caught the one he sought  
And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms, startled  
And stirred by Love's first shock,  
She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,  
And hid in the niche of a rock.

And the Sunbeam followed and found her  
And led her to Love's own feast;  
And they were wed on that rocky bed,  
And the dying day was their priest.

And lo! the beautiful Opal,  
That rare and wondrous gem,  
Where the Moon and Sun blend into one,  
Is the child that was born to them.

## THE GULF STREAM



KILLED mariner, and counted sane and  
 wise,  
 That was a curious thing which  
 chanced to me,

So good a sailor on so fair a sea.  
 With favouring winds and blue unshadowed skies,  
 Led by the faithful beacon of Love's eyes,  
 Past reef and shoal, my life-boat bounded free  
 And fearless of all dangers that might be  
 Under calm waves, where many a sunk rock lies.

A golden dawn; yet suddenly my barque  
 Strained at the sails, as in a cyclone's blast;  
 And battled with an unseen current's force.  
 For we had entered when the night was dark  
 That old tempestuous Gulf Stream of the Past.  
 But for Love's eyes, I had not kept the course.

## DISCONTENT



HE splendid discontent of God  
With chaos made the world,  
Set suns in place, and filled all space  
With stars that shone and whirled.

If apes had been content with tails,  
No thing of higher shape  
Had come to birth: the king of earth  
To-day would be an ape.

And from the discontent of man  
The world's best progress springs.  
Then feed the flame—(from God it came)—  
Until you mount on wings.

## ONE OF US TWO



THE day will dawn when one of us shall  
hearken  
In vain to hear a voice that has grown  
dumb.

And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows  
darken,  
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must sometime face existence  
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain.  
And these sweet days shall shine back in the  
distance  
Like dreams of summer dawns, in nights of rain.

One of us two with tortured heart half broken,  
Shall read long treasured letters through salt  
tears,  
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished  
token,  
That speaks of these love-crowned, delicious  
years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,  
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;  
Shall know thenceforth that life means only duty.  
O God! O God! have pity on that one.

## LOVE'S MIRAGE



MIDWAY upon the route, he paused  
athirst;  
And suddenly across the wastes of  
heat,

He saw cool waters gleaming, and a sweet  
Green oasis upon his vision burst.  
A tender dream, long in his bosom nursed,  
Spread love's illusive verdure for his feet;  
The barren sands changed into golden wheat;  
The way grew glad that late had seemed accursed.

She shone, the woman wonder, on his soul;  
The garden spot, for which men toil and wait;  
The house of rest, that is each heart's demand;  
But when, at last, he reached the gleaming goal,  
He found, oh, cruel irony of fate,  
But desert sun upon the desert sand.



## FAITH



WILL not doubt, though all my ships  
at sea

Come drifting home with broken masts  
and sails;

I shall believe the Hand which never fails,  
From seeming evil worketh good for me;  
And though I weep because those sails are  
battered,  
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,  
"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return  
Unanswered from the still, white Realm above;  
I shall believe it is an all-wise Love  
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;  
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,  
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed believing  
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,  
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;  
I shall believe the heights for which I strive  
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;  
And though I groan and tremble with my  
crosses,  
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,  
The greater gain.

I will not doubt; well anchored in the faith,  
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every  
gale;  
So strong its courage that it will not fail  
To breast the mighty unknown sea of Death.  
Oh, may I cry when body parts with spirit,  
“I do not doubt,” so listening worlds may hear it,  
With my last breath.

## RECRIMINATION

## I



AID Life to Death, "Methinks if I were  
you,  
I would not carry such an awesome  
face

To terrify the helpless human race.  
And, if, indeed, those wondrous tales be true  
Of happiness beyond, and if I knew  
About the boasted blessings of that place,  
I would not hide so miserly all trace  
Of my vast knowledge, Death, if I were you.  
But like a glorious angel I would lean  
Above the pathway of each sorrowing soul,  
Hope in my eyes, and comfort in my breath,  
And strong conviction in my radiant mien,  
The while I whispered of that beauteous goal.  
This would do, if I were you, O Death!"

## II

Said Death to Life, "If I were you, my friend,  
I would not lure confiding souls each day  
With fair false smiles, to enter on a way  
So filled with pain and trouble to the end.

I would not tempt those whom I should defend,  
 Nor stand unmoved and see them go astray.  
 Nor would I force unwilling souls to stay  
 Who longed for freedom, were I you, my friend.  
 But like a tender mother I would take  
 The weary world upon my sheltering breast  
 And wipe away its tears, and soothe its strife.  
 I would fulfill my promises, and make  
 My children bless me as they sank to rest  
 Where now they curse—if I were you, O Life!"

### III

Life made no answer; and Death spoke again:  
 "I would not woo from God's sweet nothingness  
 A soul to being, if I could not bless  
 And crown it with all joy. If unto men  
 My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then  
 Do they pursue me, mad for my caress,  
 Believing in my silence lies redress  
 For your loud falsehoods? (So Death spoke again.)

"Oh, it is well for you I am not fair,  
 Well that I hide behind a voiceless tomb  
 The mighty secrets of that other place.  
 Else would you stand in impotent despair  
 While unfledged souls straight from the mother's  
 womb  
 Rushed to my arms, and spat upon your face."

## TRUE CHARITY



GAVE a beggar from my little store  
Of well earned gold. He spent the  
shining ore  
And came again, and yet again, still  
cold

And hungry as before.

I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine  
He found himself, the man, supreme, divine!

Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings mani-  
fold

And now he begs no more.

## FREEDOM



CARE not who were vicious back of me,  
No shadow of their sins on me is shed.  
My will is greater than heredity.  
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice,  
May be reflections from a race that was.  
But this I know, and knowing it, rejoice,  
I am Myself, a part of the Great Cause.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice,  
If rightly used, to set a chained world free.  
Am I not stronger than a mortal vice  
That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?

## THE DISAPPOINTED



HERE are songs enough for the hero  
Who dwells on the heights of fame;  
I sing for the disappointed—  
For those who have missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence  
For one who stands in the dark,  
And knows that his last, best arrow  
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,  
The eager, anxious soul,  
Who falls with his strength exhausted,  
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence,  
With a sorrow all unknown,  
For those who need companions,  
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers  
Who share love's tender pain,  
I sing for the one whose passion  
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades  
Have missed them on their way,  
I sing, with a heart o'erflowing,  
This minor strain today.

And I know the Solar system  
Must somewhere keep in space  
A prize for that spent runner  
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect  
Unless it held some sphere  
That paid for the toil and talent  
And love that are wasted here.



## THE BED



HARSH and homely monosyllable,  
 Abrupt and musicless, and at its best  
 An inartistic object to the eye.  
 Yet in this brief and troubled life of  
 man

How full of majesty the part it plays!  
 It is the cradle which receives the soul,  
 Naked and wailing, from the Maker's hand.  
 It is the throne of Love's enlightenment;  
 And when death offers back to God again  
 The borrowed spirit, this the holy shrine  
 From which the hills delectable are seen.  
 Through all the anxious journey to that goal  
 It is man's friend, physician, comforter.  
 When labour wearies, and when pleasure palls,  
 And the tired heart lets faith slip from its grasp,  
 'Tis here new courage and new strength are found,  
 While doubt and darkness change to hope and  
 light.  
 It is the common ground between two spheres,  
 Where men and angels meet and converse hold.  
 It is the confidant of hidden woe

Masked from the world beneath a smiling brow  
Into its silent breast young wakeful joy  
Whispers its secret through the starlit hours.  
And, like a white-robed priestess, oft it hears  
The wild confession of a crime-stained soul  
That looks unflinching in the eyes of men.  
A common word, a thing unbeautiful,  
Yet in this brief, eventful life of man  
How large and varied is the part it plays!

## WAR SONNETS

## I



WAR is destructive, wasteful, brutal, yet  
 The energies of man are brought to  
 play,  
 And hidden valour by occasion met  
 Leaps to the light, as precious jewels may  
 When earthquakes rend the rock. The stress and  
 strain

Of war stirs men to do their worst and best.  
 Heroes are forged on anvils hot with pain,  
 And splendid courage comes but with the test.  
 Some natures ripen and some virtues bloom  
 Only in blood-red soil; some souls prove great  
 Only in moments dark with death or doom.  
 This is the sad historic jest which fate  
 Flings to the world, recurring time on time—  
 Many must fall that one may seem sublime.

## II

Above the chaos of impending ills,  
 Through all the clamour of insistent strife,  
 Now while the noise of arming nations fills  
 Each throbbing hour with menaces to life,

I hear the voice of Progress! Strange indeed  
The shadowed pathways that lead up to light.  
But as a runner sometimes will recede  
That he may so accumulate his might,  
Then with a will that needs must be obeyed  
Rushes resistless to the goal with ease,  
So the whole world seems now to retrograde;  
Slips back to war, that it may speed to peace;  
And in that backward step it gathers force  
For the triumphant finish of its course.

## THE COST



OD finished woman in the twilight hour  
And said, "To-morrow thou shalt find  
thy place:

Man's complement, the mother of the  
race

With love the motive power—  
The one compelling power."

All night she dreamed and wondered. With the  
light

Her lover came, and then she understood  
The purpose of her being. Life was good  
And all the world seemed right—  
And nothing was, but right.

She had no wish for any wider sway:  
By all the questions of the world unvexed,  
Supremely loving and superbly sexed,  
She passed upon her way—  
Her feminine fair way.

But God neglected, when he fashioned man,  
To fuse the molten splendour of his mind  
With that sixth sense He gave to womankind.  
And so He marred His plan—  
Ay, marred His own great plan.

She asked so little, and so much she gave,  
That man grew selfish: and she soon became,  
To God's great sorrow and the whole world's shame,  
Man's sweet and patient slave—  
His uncomplaining slave.

Yet in the nights (oh! nights so dark and long)  
She clasped her little children to her breast  
And wept. And in her anguish of unrest  
She thought upon her wrong—  
She knew how great her wrong.

And one sad hour, she said unto her heart,  
"Since thou art cause of all my bitter pain,  
I bid thee abdicate the throne: let brain  
Rule now, and do his part—  
His masterful, strong part."

She wept no more. By new ambition stirred  
Her ways led out, to regions strange and vast.  
Men stood aside and watched, dismayed, aghast,  
And all the world demurred—  
Misjudged her, and demurred.

Still on and up, from sphere to widening sphere,  
Till thorny paths bloomed with the rose of fame.  
Who once demurred, now followed with acclaim:  
The hiss died in the cheer—  
The loud applauding cheer.

She stood triumphant in that radiant hour,  
Man's mental equal, and competitor.  
But ah! the cost! from out the heart of her  
Had gone love's motive power—  
Love's all compelling power.

## FRIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE



**A**FTER the fierce midsummer all ablaze  
 Has burned itself to ashes and ex-  
 pires  
 In the intensity of its own fires,  
 There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days  
 Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.  
 So after Love has led us, till he tires  
 Of his own throes, and torments, and desires,  
 Comes large-eyed friendship; with a restful gaze,  
 He beckons us to follow, and across  
 Cool verdant vales we wander free from care.  
 Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?  
 Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?  
 We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;  
 And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.



## SIRIUS

“Since Sirius crossed the Milky Way, sixty thousand years have gone.”—*Garrett P. Serviss.*



INCE Sirius crossed the Milky Way  
 Full sixty thousand years have gone,  
 Yet hour by hour, and day by day,  
 This tireless star speeds on and on.

Methinks he must be moved to mirth  
 By that droll tale of Genesis,  
 Which says creation had its birth  
 For such a puny world as this.

To hear how One who fashioned all  
 Those Solar Systems, tier on tiers,  
 Expressed in little Adam's fall  
 The purpose of a million spheres.

And, witness of the endless plan,  
 To splendid wrath he must be wrought  
 By pigmy creeds presumptuous man  
 Sends forth as God's primeval thought.

Perchance from half a hundred stars  
He hears as many curious things;  
From Venus, Jupiter and Mars,  
And Saturn with the beauteous rings,

There may be students of the Cause  
Who send their revelations out,  
And formulate their codes of Laws,  
With heavens for faith and hells for doubt.

On planets old ere form or place  
Was lent to earth, may dwell—who knows—  
A God-like and perfected race  
That hails great Sirius as he goes.

In zones that circle moon and sun,  
'Twixt world and world, he may see souls  
Whose span of earthly life is done,  
Still journeying up to higher goals.

And on dead planets grey and cold  
Grim spectral souls, that harboured hate  
Life after life, he may behold  
Descending to a darker fate.

And on his grand majestic course  
He may have caught one glorious sight  
Of that vast shining central Source  
From which proceeds all Life, all Light.

Since Sirius crossed the Milky Way  
Full sixty thousand years have gone.  
No mortal man may bid him stay,  
No mortal man may speed him on.

No mortal mind may comprehend  
What is beyond, what was before;  
To God be glory without end,  
Let man be humble and adore.

## REMEMBERED



HIS art was loving; Eres set his sign  
 Upon that youthful forehead, and he  
 drew  
 The hearts of women, as the sun draws  
 dew.

Love feeds love's thirst as wine feeds love of wine;  
 Nor is there any potion from the vine  
 Which makes men drunken like the subtle brew  
 Of kisses crushed by kisses; and he grew  
 Inebriated with that draught divine.

Yet in his sober moments, when the sun  
 Of radiant summer paled to lonely fall,  
 And passion's sea had grown an ebbing tide,  
 From out the many, Memory singled one  
 Full cup that seemed the sweetest of them all—  
*The warm red mouth that mocked him and  
 denied.*

## ARISTARCHUS

(The Name of the Mountain in the Moon)



It was long and long ago our love began;  
 It is something all unmeasured by  
 time's span:

In an era and a spot, by the Modern  
 World forgot,

We were lovers, ere God named us, Maid and  
 Man.

Like the memory of music made by streams,  
 All the beauty of that other lifetime seems;  
 But I always thought it so, and at last I know,  
 I know,  
 We were lovers in the Land of Silver Dreams.

When the moon was at the full, I found the  
 place;  
 Out and out, across the seas of shining space,  
 On a quest that could not fail, I unfurled my  
 Memory—sail  
 And cast anchor in the Bay of Love's First  
 Grace.

At the foot of Aristarchus lies this bay,  
(Oh! the wonder of that mountain far away!)  
And the Land of Silver Dreams all about it shines  
and gleams,  
Where we loved before God fashioned night or  
day.

We were souls, in eerie bodies made of light;  
We were winged, and we could speed from height  
to height.  
And we built a nest called Hope, on the sheer  
Moon Mountain Slope,  
Where we sat and watched new worlds wheel  
into sight.

And we saw this little planet known as Earth,  
When the mighty Mother Chaos gave it birth;  
But in Love's conceit we thought all those worlds  
from space were brought,  
For no greater aim or purpose than our mirth.

And we laughed in love's abandon, and we sang,  
Till the echoing peals of Aristarchus rang,  
As hot hissing comets came, and white suns burst  
into flame,  
And a myriad worlds from out the darkness  
sprang.

I can show you, when the Moon is at its best,  
Aristarchus, and the spot we made our nest.  
Oh! I always wondered why, when the Moon was  
in the sky  
I was stirred with such strange longing and  
unrest.

And I knew the subtle beauty and the force  
Of our love was never bounded by Earth's  
course.  
So with Memory's sail unfurled, I went cruising  
past this world,  
And I followed till I traced it to its source.

## SEPTEMBER



Y life's long radiant Summer halts at  
last,

And lo! beside my pathway I behold  
Pursuing Autumn glide; nor frost nor  
cold

Has heralded her presence; but a vast  
Sweet calm that comes not till the year has passed  
Its fevered solstice, and a tinge of gold  
Subdues the vivid colouring of bold  
And passion-hued emotions. I will cast

My August days behind me with my May,  
Nor strive to drag them into Autumn's place,  
Nor swear I hope when I do but remember.  
Now violet and rose have had their day,  
I'll pluck the soberer asters with good grace  
And call September nothing but September.



## OUR SOULS



OUR souls should be vessels receiving  
The waters of love for relieving  
The sorrows of men.

For here lies the pleasure of living:  
In taking God's bounties, and giving  
The gifts back again.

## REINCARNATION



HE slept as weary toilers do,  
 She gazed up at the moon.  
 He stirred and said, "Wife, come to  
 bed;"

She answered, "Soon, full soon."

(Oh! that strange mystery of the dead moon's  
 face.)

Her cheek was wan, her wistful mouth  
 Was lifted like a cup,

The moonful night dripped liquid light:  
 She seemed to quaff it up.

(Oh! that unburied corpse that lies in space.)

Her life had held but drudgery:

She spelled her Bible thro';  
 Of books and lore she knew no more  
 Than little children do.

(Oh! the weird wonder of that pallid sphere.)

Her youth had been a loveless waste,  
Starred by no holiday.  
And she had wed for roof, and bread;  
She gave her work in pay.  
(Oh! the moon-memories, vague and strange and  
dear.)

She drank the night's insidious wine,  
And saw another scene:  
A stately room—rare flowers in bloom,  
Herself in silken sheen.  
(Oh! vast the chambers of the moon, and wide.)

A step drew near, a curtain stirred;  
She shook with sweet alarms.  
Oh! splendid face; oh! manly grace;  
Oh! strong impassioned arms.  
(Oh! silent moon, what secrets do you hide!)

The warm red lips of thirsting love  
On cheek and brows were pressed;  
As the bees know where honeys grow,  
They sought her mouth, her breast.  
(Oh! the dead moon holds many a dead delight.)

The speaker stirred and gruffly spake,  
“Come, wife, where have you been?”  
She whispered low, “Dear God, I go—  
But 'tis the seventh sin.”  
(Oh! the sad secrets of that orb of white.)

## AN EPISODE



LONG a narrow Moorish street  
 A blue-eyed soldier strode.  
 (Ah, well-a-day)

Veiled from her lashes to her feet  
 She stepped from her abode,  
 (Ah, lack-a-day).

Now love may guard a favoured wife  
 Who leaves the harem door;  
 (Ah, well-a-day)

But hungry hearted is her life  
 When she is one of four.  
 (Ah, lack-a-day).

If black eyes glow with sudden fire  
 And meet warm eyes of blue—  
 (Ah, well-a-day).

The old, old story of desire  
 Repeats itself anew.  
 (Ah, lack-a-day.)

When bugles blow the soldier flies—

Though bitter tears may fall

(Ah, lack-a-day).

*A Moorish child with blue, blue eyes*

*Plays in the harem hall.*

(Ah, well-a-day.)

## TO MEN



SIR, when you pity us, I say  
 You waste your pity. Let it stay,  
 Well corked and stored upon your  
 shelves,  
 Until you need it for yourselves.

We do appreciate God's thought  
 In forming you, before He brought  
 Us into life. His art was crude,  
 But oh, so virile in its rude

Large elemental strength; and then  
 He learned His trade in making men;  
 Learned how to mix and mould the clay  
 And fashion in a finer way.

How fine that skillful way can be  
 You need but lift your eyes to see;  
 And we are glad God placed you there  
 To lift your eyes and find us fair.

Apprentice labour though you were,  
He made you great enough to stir  
The best and deepest depths of us,  
And we are glad He made you thus.

Aye! We are glad of many things.  
God strung our hearts with such fine strings  
The least breath moves them, and we hear  
Music where silence greets your ear.

We suffer so? but women's souls,  
Like violet powder dropped on coals,  
Give forth their best in anguish. Oh,  
The subtle secrets that we know,

Of joy in sorrow, strange delights  
Of ecstasy in pain-filled nights,  
And mysteries of gain and loss  
Known but to Christ upon the Cross!

Our tears are pitiful to you?  
Look how the heaven-reflecting dew  
Dissolves its life in tears. The sand  
Meanwhile lies hard upon the strand.

How could your pity find a place  
For us, the mothers of the race?  
Men may be fathers unaware,  
So poor the title is you wear,

But mothers—? who that crown adorns  
Knows all its mingled blooms and thorns;  
And she whose feet that path have trod  
Has walked upon the heights with God.

No, offer us not pity's cup.  
There is no looking down or up  
Between us; eye looks straight in eye  
Born equals, so we live and die.



## THE MESSENGER



HE rose up in the early dawn,  
And white and silently she moved  
About the house. Four men had gone  
To battle for the land they loved,  
And she, the mother and the wife,  
Waited for tidings from the strife.  
How still the house seemed! and her tread  
Was like the footsteps of the dead.

The long day passed, the dark night came;  
She had not seen a human face.  
Some voice spoke suddenly her name.

How loud it echoed in that place  
Where, day by day, no sound was heard  
But her own footsteps! "Bring you word,"  
She cried to whom she could not see,  
"Word from the battle-plain to me?"

A soldier entered at the door,  
And stood within the dim firelight:  
“I bring you tidings of the four,”  
He said, “who left you for the fight.”  
“God bless you, friend,” she cried; “speak on!  
For I can bear it. One is gone?”  
“Aye, one is gone!” he said. “Which one?”  
“Dear lady, he, your eldest son.”

A deathly pallor shot across  
Her withered face; she did not weep.  
She said: “It is a grievous loss,  
But God gives his beloved sleep.  
What of the living—of the three?  
And when can they come back to me?”  
The soldier turned away his head:  
“Lady, your husband, too, is dead.”

She put her hand upon her brow;  
A wild, sharp pain was in her eyes.  
“My husband! Oh, God help me now!”  
The soldier heard her shuddering sighs.  
The task was harder than he thought.  
“Your youngest son, dear madam, fought  
Close at his father’s side; both fell  
Dead, by the bursting of a shell.”

She moved her lips and seemed to moan.

Her face had paled to ashen grey;

“Then one is left me—one alone,”

She said, “of four who marched away.

Oh, overruling, All-wise God,

How can I pass beneath Thy rod!”

The soldier walked across the floor,

Paused at the window, at the door,

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek

And sought the mourner’s side again.

“Once more, dear lady, I must speak:

Your last remaining son was slain

Just at the closing of the fight;

’Twas he who sent me here to-night.”

“God knows,” the man said afterward,

“The fight itself was not as hard.”

ON SEEING "THE HOUSE OF JULIA AT  
HERCULANEUM"



NOT great Vesuvius, in all his ire,  
Nor all the centuries, could hide your  
shame.

There is the little window where you  
came,

With eyes that woke the demon of desire,  
And lips like rose leaves, fashioned out of fire;  
And from the lava leaps the molten flame  
Of your old sins. The walls cry out your name—  
Your face seems rising from the funeral pyre.

There must have dwelt within your fated town,  
Full many a virtuous dame, and noble wife  
Who made your beauty seem as star to sun;  
How strange the centuries have handed down  
Your name, fair Julia, of immoral life,  
And left the others to oblivion.

## THE WATCHER



THINK I hear the sound of horses' feet  
Beating upon the graveled avenue.  
Go to the window that looks on the  
street,

He would not let me die alone, I knew."  
Back to the couch the patient watcher passed,  
And said: "It is the wailing of the blast."

She turned upon her couch and, seeming, slept,  
The long, dark lashes shadowing her cheek;  
And on and on the weary moments crept,  
When suddenly the watcher heard her speak:  
"I think I hear the sound of horses' hoofs—"  
And answered, "'Tis the rain upon the roofs."

Unbroken silence, quiet, deep, profound.

The restless sleeper turns: "How dark, how late!  
What is it that I hear—a trampling sound?

I think there is a horseman at the gate."  
The watcher turns away her eyes tear-blind:  
"It is the shutter beating in the wind."

The dread hours passed ; the patient clock ticked on ;  
The weary watcher moved not from her place.  
The grey dim shadows of the early dawn  
Caught sudden glory from the sleeper's face.  
"He comes ! my love ! I knew he would !" she cried ;  
And, smiling sweetly, in her slumbers, died.

## SO MANY WAYS

## I



ARTH has so many ways of being fair;  
 Its sweet young Spring, its Summer  
 clothed in light,

Its regal Autumn trailing into sight

As summer wafts her last kiss on the air;

Bold, virile Winter with the wind-blown hair,

And the broad beauty of a world in white.

Mysterious dawn, high noon, and pensive night,

And over all God's great worlds watching there.

The voices of the birds at break of day;

The smell of young buds bursting on the tree;

The soft, suggestive promises of bliss,

Uttered by every subtile voice of May;

And the strange wonder of a mighty sea,

Lifting its cheek to take the full moon's kiss.

## II

Love has so many ways of being sweet;

The timorous, rose-hued dawning of its reign

Before the senses waken; that dear pain

Of mingled doubt and certainty; the fleet,

First frightened moment when the clasped hands  
meet

In wordless eloquence; the loss and gain  
When the strong billows from the deeper main  
Submerge the valleys of the incomplete.  
The restless passion rising into peace;  
The growing beauty of two paths that blend  
Into one perfect way. The glorious faith  
That feels no fear of life's expiring lease:  
And that majestic victory at the end  
When love unconquered triumphs over death.



## THE EDICT OF THE SEX



TWO thousand years had passed since  
Christ was born

When suddenly there rose a mighty  
host

Of women, sweeping to a central goal  
As many rivers sweep on to the sea.

They came from mountains, valleys, and from  
coasts,

And from all lands, all nations, and all ranks,  
Speaking all languages, but thinking one.

And that one language—Peace.

“Listen,” they said,  
And straightway was there silence on the earth,  
For men were dumb with wonder and surprise.

“Listen, O mighty masters of the world,

And hear the edict of all womankind:

Since Christ His new commandment gave to men,  
*Love one another*, full two thousand years

Have passed away, yet earth is red with blood.

The strong male rulers of the world proclaim

Their weakness, when we ask that war shall cease.

Now will the poor weak women of the world  
Proclaim their strength, and say that war shall end  
Hear, then, our edict: Never from this day  
Will any woman on the crust of earth  
Mother a warrior. We have sworn the oath  
And will go barren to the waiting tomb  
Rather than breed strong sons at war's behest  
Or bring fair daughters into life, to bear  
The pains of travail, for no end but war.  
Aye! Let the race die out for lack of babes:  
Better a dying race than endless wars!  
Better a silent world than noise of guns  
And clash of armies.

Long we asked for peace  
And oft you promised—but to fight again.  
And last you told us, war must ever be  
While men existed, laughing at our plea  
For the disarmament of all mankind.  
Then in our hearts flamed such a mad desire  
For peace on earth, as lights the world at times  
With some great conflagration; and it spread  
From distant land to land, from sea to sea,  
Until all women thought as with one mind  
And spoke as with one voice; and now behold!  
The great Crusading Syndicate of Peace,  
Filling all space with one supreme resolve.  
Give us, O men, your word that war shall end

Disarm the world, and we will give you sons—  
Sons to construct, and daughters to adorn  
A beautiful new earth,  
Where there shall be  
Fewer and finer people, opulence  
And opportunity and peace for all.  
Until you promise peace no shrill birth-cry  
Shall sound again upon the aging earth.  
We wait your answer.”

And the world was still  
While men considered.

## THE EMPTY BOWL



HELD the golden vessel of my soul  
 And prayed that God would fill it  
 from on high.

Day after day the importuning cry  
 Grew stronger—grew, a heaven-accusing dole  
 Because no sacred waters laved my bowl.  
 “So full the fountain, Lord, wouldst Thou deny  
 The little needed for a soul’s supply?  
 I ask but this small portion of Thy whole.”  
 Then from the vast invisible Somewhere,  
 A voice, as one love-authorized by Him,  
 Spake, and the tumult of my heart was stilled.  
 “Who wants the waters must the bowl prepare;  
 Pour out the self, that chokes it to the brim,  
 But emptied vessels, from the Source are filled.”

## WILL



HERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate,  
Can circumvent or hinder or control  
The firm resolve of one determined  
soul.

Gifts count for little—will alone is great;  
All things give way before it, soon or late.

What obstacle can stay the mighty force  
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,  
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.  
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate  
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,  
Whose slightest action or inaction serves  
The one great aim.

Why, even death stands still,  
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.

## TIME'S DEFEAT



TIME has made conquest of so many things  
That once were mine. Swift-footed,  
eager youth

That ran to meet the years; bold  
brigand health,

That broke all laws of reason unafraid,  
And laughed at talk of punishment. Close ties

Of blood and friendship, and that joy of life,  
Which reads its music in the major key  
And will not listen to a minor strain—  
These things and many more are spoils of time.

Yet as a conqueror who only storms  
The outposts of a town, and finds the fort  
Too strong to be assailed, so time retreats  
And knows his impotence. He cannot take  
My three great jewels from the crown of life;  
Love, sympathy, and faith; and year on year  
He sees them grow in lustre and in worth,  
And glowers by me, plucking at his beard,  
And dragging as he goes, a useless scythe.

Once in the dark he plotted with his friend  
Grim death, to steal my treasures. Death replied:  
“They are immortal, and beyond thy reach:  
I could but set them in another sphere,  
To shine with greater lustre.”

Time and Death  
Passed on together, knowing their defeat;  
And I am singing by the road of life.

“HE THAT LOOKETH”



YEA, she and I have broken God's com-  
mand,  
And in His sight are branded with our  
shame.

And yet I do not even know her name,  
Nor ever in my life have touched her hand  
Or brushed her garments. But I chanced to stand  
Beside her in the throng! A sweet, swift flame  
Shot from her flesh to mine—and hers the blame  
Of willing looks that fed it; aye, that fanned  
The glow within me to a hungry fire.

There was an invitation in her eyes.

Had she met mine with coldness or surprise,  
I had not plunged down headlong in the mire  
Of amorous thought. The flame leaped high and  
higher;

Her breath and mine pulsated into sighs.

And soft glance melted into glance kiss-wise,  
And in God's sight both yielded to desire.



## MY SHIPS



If all the ships I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
From sunny lands, and lands of cold,  
Ah, well! the harbour could not hold  
So many sails as there would be  
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,  
And brought their precious freight to me,  
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great  
As any king who sits in state,  
So rich the treasures that would be  
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Ah, well! the storm clouds then might frown,  
For if the others all went down,  
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,  
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,  
And all the others came to me,  
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,  
With glory, honour, riches, gold,  
The poorest soul on earth I'd be  
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm! O winds blow free—  
Blow all my ships safe home to me.  
But if thou sendest some awrack  
To never more come sailing back,  
Send any—all that skim the sea—  
But bring my love ship home to me.

## GOD'S MEASURE



OD measures souls by their capacity  
For entertaining his best Angel, Love.  
Who loveth most, is nearest kin to God,  
Who is all Love, or Nothing.

He who sits  
And looks out on the palpitating world,  
And feels his heart swell within him large enough  
To hold all men within it, he is near  
His great Creator's standard, though he dwells  
Outside the pale of churches, and knows not  
A feast-day from a fast-day, or a line  
Of Scripture even. What God wants of us  
Is that outreaching bigness that ignores  
All littleness of aims, or creeds,  
And clasps all Earth and Heaven in its Embrace.

## SLEEP AND DEATH



WHEN Sleep drops down beside my Love  
and me,  
Although she wears the countenance of  
a friend,

A jealous foe we prove her in the end.  
In separate barques far out on dreamland's sea,  
She lures our wedded souls. Wild winds blow free,  
And drift us wide apart by tides that tend  
Tow'rd unknown worlds. Not once our strange  
ways blend  
Through the long night, while Sleep looks on in  
glee.

O Death! be kinder than thy sister seems,  
When at thy call we journey forth some day,  
Through that mysterious and unatlas'd strait,  
To lands more distant than the land of dreams;  
Close, close together let our spirits stay,  
Or else, with one swift stroke annihilate!

## THE PAST



FLING my past behind me, like a robe  
Worn threadbare in the seams, and out  
of date.

I have outgrown it. Wherefore should  
I weep

And dwell upon its beauty, and its dyes  
Of Oriental splendour, or complain  
That I must needs discard it? I can weave  
Upon the shuttles of the future years  
A fabric far more durable. Subdued,  
It may be, in the blending of its hues,  
Where sombre shades commingle, yet the gleam  
Of golden warp shall shoot it through and through,  
While over all a fadeless lustre lies;  
And starred with gems made out of crystallised  
tears,  
My new robe shall be richer than the old.

## CREDULITY



**I**F fallacies come knocking at my door,  
I'd rather feed, and shelter full a score,  
Than hide behind the black portcullis,  
doubt,  
And run the risk of barring one Truth out.

And if pretension for a time deceive,  
And prove me one too ready to believe,  
Far less my shame, than if by stubborn act,  
I brand as lie, some great colossal Fact.

On my soul's door, the latch-string hangs outside;  
Within, the lighted candle. Let me guide  
Some errant follies, on their wandering way,  
Rather, than Wisdom give no welcoming ray.

## SONGS OF LOVE AND THE SEA

## I



WHEN first we met (the Sea and I),  
 Like one before a King,  
 I stood in awe; nor felt nor saw  
 The sun, the winds, the earth, the sky.

Or any other thing:

God's Universe, to me,  
 Was just the Sea.

When next we met, the lordly Main  
 Played but a courtier's part;  
 Crowned Queen was I; and earth and sky,  
 And sun and sea were my domain;  
 Since love was in my heart;  
 Before, beyond, above,  
 Was only Love.

## II

Love built me, on a little rock,  
 A little house of pine,  
 At first, the Sea  
 Beat angrily  
 About that house of mine;  
 (That dear, dear home of mine).

But when it turned to go away  
    Beyond the sandy track,  
    Down o'er its wall  
    The house would call,  
Until the Sea came back;  
(It always hurried back).

And now the two have grown so fond,  
    (Oh, breathe no word of this),  
    When clouds hang low,  
    And east winds blow,  
They meet and kiss and kiss:  
(At night, I hear them kiss).

### III

No man can understand the Sea, until  
He knows all passions of the senses; all  
The great emotions of the heart; and each  
    Exalted aspiration of the soul.  
Then may he sit beside the sea and say:  
'I, too, have flung myself against the rocks,  
And kissed their flinty brows with no return;  
    And fallen spent, upon unfeeling sands.  
I, too, have gone forth yearning, to far shores,  
Seeking that something which would bring content;  
    And finding only what I took away;  
And I have looked up, through the veil of skies,  
When all the world was still, and understood  
That I am one with Nature and with God.'



## IV

The Dawn was flying from the Night;  
Swift as the wind she sped;  
Her hair was like a fleece of light;  
Her cheeks were warm and red.

All passion pale, the Night pursued;  
She fled away, away;  
And in her garments, rainbow hued,  
She gained the peak of day.

And then, all shaken with alarms,  
She leaped down from its crest;  
Into the Sea's uplifted arms,  
And swooned upon his breast.

## JUST YOU



ALL the selfish joys of earth,  
 I am getting through—  
 That which used to lure and lead  
 Now I pass and give no heed;  
 Only one thing seems of worth—  
 Just you.

Not for me the lonely height,  
 And the larger view;  
 Lowlier ways seem fair and wide,  
 While we wander side by side.  
 One thing makes the whole world bright—  
 Just you.

Not for distant goals I run,  
 No great aim pursue;  
 Most of earth's ambitions seem  
 Like the shadow of a dream.  
 All the world to me means one—  
 Just you.

## THE SUITORS



HERE is a little Bungalow,  
Perched on a granite ledge;  
And at its feet two suitors meet;  
(I watch them, and I know.)

One waits outside the casement edge;  
One paces to and fro.

The Patient Rock speaks not a word;  
The Sea goes up, and down,  
And sings full oft, in cadence soft.  
(I listen, and have heard)  
Again he wears an angry frown  
By jealous passion stirred.

This dawn, the Rock was all aglow;  
Far out the mad Sea went;  
Beyond the raft, like one gone daft;  
(I saw them, and I know)  
While radiant and well content  
Smiled down the Bungalow.

That was at Dawn; ere day had set,  
The Sea with pleading voice  
Came back to woo his love anew;  
(I saw them when they met)  
And now I know not which her choice—  
(The Rock's gray face was wet).

## IN ENGLAND



IN England, there are wrongs no doubt,  
Which should be righted; so men say,  
Who seek to weed earth's garden out,  
And give the roses right of way;

Yes, right of way, to fruit and rose,  
Where now but poison ivy grows.

In England, there is wide unrest,  
They tell me who should know; and yet  
I saw but hedges, gayly dressed,  
And eyes where love and kindness met;  
Yes, love and kindness, met and made  
Soft sunshine even in the shade.

In England, there are haunting things  
Which follow one to other lands;  
Like some pervading scent that clings  
To laces touched by vanished hands;  
Yes, touched by vanished hands, which made  
A fragrance that defies the grave.

In England, centuries of art  
Give common things a mellow tone;  
And wake old memories in the heart  
Of other lives the soul has known;  
Yes, other lives in some past age  
Start forth from canvas, and from page.

In England, there are simple joys,  
The modern world has left all sweet;  
In London's heart, are nooks where noise  
Has entered but with slippered feet;  
Yes, entered softly. Friend, believe,  
To part from England is to grieve.

## WARNED



THEY stood at the garden gate.  
By the lifting of a lid  
She might have read her fate  
In a little thing he did.

He plucked a beautiful flower  
Tore it away from its place  
On the side of the blooming bower,  
And held it against his face.

Drank in its beauty and bloom,  
In the midst of his idle talk;  
Then cast it down to the gloom  
And dust of the garden walk.

Ay, trod it under his foot,  
As it lay in his pathway there;  
Then spurned it away with his boot,  
Because it had ceased to be fair.

Ah! the maiden might have read  
The doom of her young life then;  
But she looked in his eyes instead,  
And thought him the king of men.

She looked in his eyes and blushed,  
She hid in his strong arms' fold;  
And the tale of the flower, crushed  
And spurned, was once more told.



## IN INDIA'S DREAMY LAND



IN India's land one listens aghast  
 To the people who scream and bawl;  
 For each caste yells at a lower caste,  
 And the Britisher yells at them all.

## RANGOON



JUST a changing sea of colour  
 Surging up and flowing down;  
 And pagodas shining golden, night and  
 noon;

And a sun-burst-tinted throng  
 Of young priests that move along  
 Under sun-burst-hued umbrellas through the town.  
 That's Rangoon.

## THE CALL



IN the banquet hall of Progress  
God has bidden to a feast  
All the women in the East.

Some have said, 'We are not ready,  
We must wait another day.'  
Some with voices clear and steady,  
'Lord we hear, and we obey.'

Others, timid and uncertain,  
Step forth trembling in the light,  
Many hide behind the curtain  
With their faces hid from sight

In the banquet hall of Progress  
All must gather soon or late,  
And the patient Host will wait.

If to-day, or if to-morrow,  
If in gladness, or in woe,  
If with pleasure, or with sorrow,  
All must answer, all must go.  
They must go with unveiled faces,  
Clothed in virtue and in pride.  
For the Host has set their places,  
And He will not be denied.

## THE SPINSTER

## I



HERE are the orchard trees all large with  
fruit ;

And yonder fields are golden with  
young grain.

In little journeys, branchward from the nest,  
A mother bird, with sweet insistent cries,  
Urges her young to use their untried wings.  
A purring tabby, stretched upon the sward,  
Shuts and expands her velvet paws in joy,  
While sturdy kittens nuzzle at her breast.

O mighty maker of the Universe,  
Am I not part and parcel of Thy World,  
And one with Nature? Wherefore, then, in me  
Must this great reproductive impulse lie  
Hidden, ashamed, unnourished, and denied,  
Until it starves to slow and tortuous death?

I knew the hope of spring-time ; like the tree  
Now ripe with fruit, I budded, and then bloomed ;  
We laughed together, through the young May  
morns ;

We dreamed together, through the summer moons ;  
Till all Thy purposes within the tree,  
Were to fruition brought. Lord, Thou hast heard  
The Woman in me crying for the Man ;  
The Mother in me crying for the Child ;  
And made no answer. Am I less to Thee  
Than lower forms of Nature, or in truth  
Dost Thou hold Somewhere in another Realm  
Full compensation and large recompense  
For lonely virtue forced by fate to live  
A life unnatural, in a natural world ?

## II

Thou who hast made for such sure purposes  
The mightiest and the meanest thing that is—  
Planned out the lives of insects of the air  
With fine precision and consummate care,  
Thou who hast taught the bee the secret power  
Of carrying on love's laws 'twixt flower and flower,  
Why didst Thou shape this mortal frame of mine,  
If Heavenly joys alone were Thy design ?  
Wherefore the wonder of my woman's breast,  
By lips of lover and of babe unpressed,  
If spirit children only shall reply  
Unto my ever urgent mother cry ?  
Why should the rose be guided to its own,  
And my love-craving heart beat on alone ?

## III

Yet do I understand ; for Thou hast made  
Something more subtle than this heart of me ;  
A finer part of me  
To be obeyed.

Albeit I' am a sister to the earth,  
This nature self is not the whole of me ;  
The deathless soul of me  
Has nobler birth.

The primal woman hungers for the man ;  
My better self demands the mate of me ;  
The spirit fate of me,  
Part of Thy plan.

Nature is instinct with the mother-need ;  
So is my heart ; but ah, the child of me  
Should, undefiled of me,  
Spring from love's seed.

And if in barren chastity, I must  
Know but in dreams, that perfect choice of me,  
Still will the voice of me  
Proclaim God just.

## SONGS OF A COUNTRY HOME.

## I



WHO has not felt his heart leap up, and  
 glow  
 What time the tulips first begin to blow,  
 Has one sweet joy, still left for him to  
 know.

It is like early loves' imagining ;  
 That fragile pleasure, which the Tulips bring,  
 When suddenly we see them, in the Spring.

Not all the gardens later royal train,  
 Not great triumphant Roses, when they reign,  
 Can bring that delicate delight again.

## II

One of the sweetest hours is this ;  
 (Of all I think we like it best ;)  
 A little restful oasis,  
 Between the breakfast, and the post.  
 Just south of coffee, and of toast,  
 Just north of daily task and duty ;  
 Just west of dreams, this Island gleams,  
 A fertile spot of peace and beauty.

We wander out across the lawn ;  
We idle by a bush in bloom ;  
The Household pets come following on ;  
Or if the day is one of gloom,  
We loiter in a pleasant room  
Or from a casement, lean and chatter.  
Then comes the mail, like sudden hail,  
And off we scatter.

## III

When roses die, in languid August days,  
We leave the Garden, to its fallen ways ;  
And seek the shelter of wide porticos,  
Where Honeysuckle, in defiance blows  
Undaunted by the Sun's too ardent rays.

The matron Summer, turns a wistful gaze  
Across green valleys, back to tender Mays ;  
And something of her large contentment goes,  
When roses die.

Yet all her subtle fascination stays  
To lure us into idle sweet delays.  
The lowered awning, by the hammock shows  
Inviting nooks for dreaming and repose ;  
Oh, restful are the pleasures of those days  
When roses die.



## IV

The summer folk, fled back to town;  
The green woods changed to red and brown;  
A sound upon the frosty air  
Of windows closing everywhere.

And then the log, lapped by a blaze.  
Oh, what is better than these days;  
With books and friends and love a-near;  
Go on, gay world, but leave me here.

ON AVON'S BREAST I SAW A STATELY  
SWAN



ONE day when England's June was at  
its best,  
I saw a stately and imperious swan  
Floating on Avon's fair untroubled  
breast.

Sudden, it seemed as if all strife had gone  
Out of the world; all discord, all unrest.

The sorrows and the sinnings of the race,  
Faded away like nightmares in the dawn.  
All heaven was one blue background for the grace  
Of Avon's beautiful, slow-moving swan;  
And earth held nothing mean, or commonplace.

Life seemed no longer to be hurrying on  
With unbecoming haste; but softly trod,  
As one who reads in emerald leaf, or lawn,  
Or crimson rose, a message straight from God.  
On Avon's breast I saw a stately swan.

## A BALLAD OF THE UNBORN DEAD



THEY walked the valley of the dead;  
 Lit by a weird half light;  
 No sound they made, no word they said;  
 And they were pale with fright.

Then suddenly from unseen places came,  
 Loud laughter, that was like a whip of flame.

They looked, and saw, beyond, above,  
 A land where wronged souls wait;  
 (Those spirits called to earth by love,  
 And driven back by hate.)  
 And each one stood in anguish dumb and wild,  
 As she beheld the phantom of her child.

Yea, saw the soul her wish had hurled  
 Out into night and death;  
 Before it reached the Mother world,  
 Or drew its natal breath.  
 And terrified, each hid her face and fled,  
 Beyond the presence of her unborn dead.

And God's Great Angel who provides,  
Souls for our mortal land,  
Laughed with the laughter that derides  
At that fast-fleeting band  
Of self-made barren women of the earth.  
(Hell has no curse that withers like such mirth.)

"Oh, Angel, tell us who they were  
That down below us fared;  
Those shapes with faces strained and gray,  
And eyes that stared and stared;  
Something there was about them, gave us fear;  
Yet are we lonely, now they are not here."

Thus spake the spectral children; thus  
The Angel made reply:

"They have no part or share with us;  
They were but passersby."

"But may we pray for them?" the phantoms plead.

"Yea, for they need your prayers," the Angel said.

They went upon their lonely way;

(Far, far from Paradise;)

Their path was lit with one wan ray;

From ghostly children's eyes;

The little children who were never born.

And as they passed, the Angel laughed in scorn.

## CLARA MORRIS

(Written for a Benefit Given Mrs. Morris)



THE Radiant Ruler of Mystic Regions  
 Where souls of artists are fitted for  
 birth,

Gathered together their lovely legions  
 And fashioned a woman to shine on earth.

They bathed her in splendor

They made her tender :

They gave her a nature both sweet and wild.

They gave her emotions

Like storm stirred oceans,

And they gave her the heart of a little child.

These Radiant Rulers (who are not human

Nor yet divine like the gods above)

Poured all their gifts in the soul of a woman

That fragile vessel meant only for love.

Still more they taught her,

Still more they brought her—

Till they gave her the world for a harp one day,

And they bade her string it—

They bade her ring it,

While the stars all wondered to hear her play.

She touched the strings in a master fashion,  
She uttered the cry of a world's despair.  
Its long-hid secret, its pent-up passion,  
She gave to the winds in a vibrant air.  
For ah! the heart of her,  
That was the art of her,  
Great with the feeling that makes men kin.  
Art unapproachable,  
Art all uncoachable,  
Fragrance and flame from the spirit within.

The earth turns ever an ear unheeding  
To the sorrows of art, as it cries for more:  
And she played on the harp till her hands were  
bleeding  
And her brow was bruised by the laurels she  
wore.  
She knew the trend of it,  
She knew the end of it.  
Men heard the music and men felt the thrill.  
Bound to the altar  
Of art, could she falter?  
Then came a silence—the music was still.

And yet in the echoes we seem to hear it  
In waves unbroken it circles the earth:  
And we catch in the light of her dauntless spirit

A gleam from the center that gave her birth.

Still is the fame of her

Felt in the name of her.

But low lies the harp that once thrilled to her  
strain.

No hand has taken it,

No hand can waken it—

For the soul of her art was her secret of pain.

## THREE AND ONE



SOMETIMES she seems so helpless and so  
 mild,  
 So full of sweet unreason and so  
 weak,

So prone to some capricious whim or freak;  
 Now gay, now tearful, and now anger-wild,  
 By her strange moods of waywardness beguiled  
 And entertained, I stroke her pretty cheek,  
 And soothing words of peace and comfort speak;  
 And love her as a father loves a child.

Sometimes when I am troubled and sore pressed  
 On every side by fast-advancing care,  
 She rises up with such majestic air,  
 I deem her some Olympian goddess-guest,  
 Who brings my heart new courage, hope, and rest.  
 In her brave eyes dwells balm for my despair,  
 And then I seem, while fondly gazing there,  
 A loving child upon my mother's breast.



Again, when her warm veins are full of life,  
And youth's volcanic tidal wave of fire  
Sends the swift mercury of her pulses higher,  
Her beauty stirs my heart to maddening strife,  
And all the tiger in my blood is rife;  
I love her with a lover's fierce desire,  
And find in her my dream, complete, entire,  
Child, Mother, Mistress—all in one word—Wife.

## THE ENGLISHMAN



BORN in the flesh, and bred in the bone,  
 Some of us harbour still  
 A New World pride: and we flaunt or  
 hide

The Spirit of Bunker Hill.

We claim our place, as a separate race,  
 Or a self-created clan:  
 Till there comes a day when we like to say,  
 "We are kin of the Englishman."

For under the front that seems so cold,  
 And the voice that is wont to storm,  
 We are certain to find a big, broad mind  
 And a heart that is soft and warm.  
 And he carries his woes in a lordly way,  
 As only the great souls can:  
 And it makes us glad when in truth we say,  
 "We are kin of the Englishman."

He slams his door in the face of the world,  
If he thinks the world too bold.  
He will even curse; but he opens his purse  
To the poor, and the sick, and the old.  
He is slow in giving to woman the vote,  
And slow to pick up her fan;  
But he gives her room in an hour of doom,  
And dies—like an Englishman.

## THE CURE



YOU may talk of reformations, of the  
Economic Plan,  
That shall stem the Social Evil in  
its course;

But the Ancient Sin of nations, must be got at in  
THE MAN.

If you want to cleanse a river, seek the source.

Ever since his first beginning, Man has had his  
way, in lust.

He has never learned the law of Self-Control;  
And the World condones his sinning, and the Doc-  
tors say he must,  
And the Churches shut their eyes, and take his  
toll.

And the lauded 'Lovely Mothers,' send the son  
out into life

With no knowledge-welded armour for the fight;  
'He will make his way like others, through the Oat  
field, to the Wife;'

'He will somehow be led onward, to the light.'

Yes, his leaders, they shall find him. On the high-  
ways at each turn,

(Since you did not choose to counsel or to warn,)

They shall tempt him, then shall bind him; they  
shall blight, and they shall burn,

Down to offspring and descendants yet unborn.

It can never end through preaching; it can never  
end through laws;

This social sore, no punishment can heal.

*It must be the mother's teaching of the purpose,  
and the cause,*

*And God's glory, lying under sex appeal.*

She must feel no fear to name it to the children it  
has brought;

She must speak of it as sacred and sublime;

She must beautify, not shame it, by her speech and  
by her thought;

Till they listen, and respect it, for all time.

From the heart they rested under ere they saw the  
light of day,

Must the daughters and the sons be taught this  
truth;

Till they think of it with wonder, as a holy thing  
always;

While love's wisdom guides them safely through  
their youth.

Oh, the world has made its devil, and the Mothers  
let it grow ;

And the Man has dragged their thoughts down  
to the earth.

There will be no Social Evil, when each waking  
mind shall know

All the grandeur and the beauty hid in birth.

When each Mother sets the fashion to win confi-  
dence, and trust,

And to teach the mighty lesson, Self-Control,  
We can lift the great Sex passion from the dark-  
ness and the dust,

And enshrine it, on the altar of the soul.

ON SEEING THE DIABUTSU—AT  
KAMAKURA, JAPAN



LONG have I searched, Cathedral shrine,  
and hall,  
To find a symbol, from the hand of art,  
That gave the full expression (not a  
part)

Of that ecstatic peace which follows all  
Life's pain and passion. Strange it should befall  
This outer emblem of the inner heart  
Was waiting far beyond the great world's mart—  
Immortal answer, to the mortal call.

Unknown the artist, vaguely known his creed:  
But the bronze wonder of his work sufficed  
To lift me to the heights his faith had trod.  
For one rich moment, opulent indeed,  
I walked with Krishna, Buddha, and the Christ,  
And felt the full serenity of God.

## SLEEP'S TREACHERY



AS the grey twilight tiptoed down the  
 deep  
 And shadowy valley to the day's dark  
 end,

She whom I thought my ever faithful friend,  
 Fair-browed, calm-eyed and mother-bosomed Sleep,  
 Met me with smiles. 'Poor longing heart, I keep  
 Sweet joy for you,' she murmured. I will send  
 One whom you love, with your own soul to blend  
 In visions, as the night hours onward creep.'

I trusted her; and watched by starry beams,  
 I slumbered soundly, free from all alarms.  
 Then not my love, but one long banished came,  
 Led by false Sleep, down secret stairs of dreams  
 And clasped me, unresisting in fond arms.  
 Oh, treacherous sleep—to sell me to such shame!



## SONG OF THE RAIL



O H, an ugly thing is an iron rail,  
Black, with its face to the dust.  
But it carries a message where winged  
things fail;

It crosses the mountains, and catches the trail,  
While the winds and the sea make sport of a sail;  
Oh, a rail is a friend to trust.

The iron rail, with its face to the sod,  
Is only a bar of ore;  
Yet it speeds where never a foot has trod;  
And the narrow path where it leads, grows broad;  
And it speaks to the world in the voice of God;  
That echoes from shore to shore.

Though the iron rail, on the earth down flung,  
Seems kin to the loam and the soil,  
Wherever its high shrill note is sung,  
Out of the jungle fair homes have sprung,  
And the voices of babel find one tongue,  
In the common language of toil.

Of priest, and warrior, and conquering king,  
Of Knights of the Holy Grail,  
Of wonders of winter, and glories of spring,  
Always and ever the poets sing;  
But the great God-Force, in a lowly thing,  
I sing, in my song of the rail.

## BREAKING THE DAY IN TWO



WHEN from dawn till noon seems one long  
 day,  
 And from noon till night another,  
 Oh, then should a little boy come from  
 play,

And creep into the arms of his mother.

Snugly creep and fall asleep,

Oh, come, my baby, do!

Creep into my lap, and with a nap

We'll break the day in two.

When the shadows slant for an afternoon,

When the midday meal is over,

When the winds have swung themselves into a  
 swoon,

And the bees drone in the clover,

Then hie to me, hie, for a lullaby—

Come, my baby, do;

Creep into my lap, and with a nap

We'll break the day in two.

We'll break it in two with a crooning song,  
    With a soft and soothing number;  
For the day has no right to be so long  
    And keep my baby from slumber.  
Then rock-a-by, rock, may white dreams flock  
    Like angels over you;  
Baby's gone, and the deed is done,  
    We've broken the day in two.

## PREPARATION



WE must not force events, but rather make  
The heart soil ready for their coming, as  
The earth spreads carpets for the feet  
of Spring,

Or, with the strengthening tonic of the frost,  
Prepares for Winter. Should a July noon  
Burst suddenly upon a frozen world  
Small joy would follow, even tho' that world  
Were longing for the summer. Should the sting  
Of sharp December pierce the heart of June,  
What death and devastation would ensue!  
All things are planned. The most majestic sphere  
That whirls through space is governed and con-  
trolled

By supreme law, as is the blade of grass  
Which through the bursting bosom of the earth  
Creeps up to kiss the light. Poor puny man  
Alone doth strive and battle with the Force  
Which rules all lives and worlds, and he alone  
Demands effect before producing cause.  
How vain the hope! We cannot harvest joy  
Until we sow the seed, and God alone  
Knows when that seed has ripened. Oft we stand

And watch the ground with anxious brooding eyes  
Complaining of the slow, unfruitful yield,  
Not knowing that the shadow of ourselves  
Keeps off the sunlight and delays result.  
Sometimes our fierce impatience of desire  
Doth, like a sultry May, force tender shoots  
To ripen prematurely, and we reap  
But disappointment; or we rot the germs  
With briny tears ere they have time to grow.  
While stars are born and mighty planets die  
And hissing comets scorch the brow of space  
The Universe keeps its eternal calm.  
Through patient preparation, year on year,  
The earth endures the Travail of the Spring  
And Winter's desolation. So our souls  
In grand submission to a higher law  
Should move serene through all the ills of life,  
Believing them masked joys.

## THOUGHTS ON LEAVING JAPAN



CHANGING medley of insistent sounds,  
 Like broken airs, played on a Samisen,  
 Pursues me, as the waves blot out the  
 shore,

The trot of wooden heels; the warning cry  
 Of patient runners; laughter and strange words  
 Of children, children, children everywhere.  
 The clap of reverent hands, before some shrine;  
 And over all the haunting temple bells,  
 Waking, in silent chambers of the soul,  
 Dim memories of long forgotten lives.

*But oh! the sorrow of the undertone;  
 The wail of hopeless weeping in the dawn  
 From lips that smiled through gilded bars at night.*

Brave little people, of large aims, you bow  
 Too often, and too low before the Past;  
 You sit too long in worship of the dead.  
 Yet have you risen, open eyed, to greet  
 The great material Present. Now salute  
 The greater Future, blazing its bold trail

Through old traditions. Leave your dead to sleep  
In quiet peace with God. Let your concern  
Be with the living, and the yet unborn;  
Bestow on them your thoughts, and waste no time  
In costly honours to insensate dust.  
Unlock the doors of usefulness, and lead  
Your lovely daughters forth to larger fields,  
Away from jungles of the ancient sin.

*For oh! the sorrow of that undertone,  
The wail of hopeless weeping in the dawn  
From lips that smiled through gilded bars at night.*



## LOVE'S SUPREMACY



So yon great sun in his supreme condition

Absorbs small worlds and makes them  
all his own,

So does my love absorb each vain ambition,

Each outside purpose which my life has known.  
Stars cannot shine so near that vast orb'd splendour;

They are content to feed his flames of fire;  
And so my heart is satisfied to render

Its strength, its all, to meet thy strong desire.

As in a forest when dead leaves are falling

From all save some perennial green tree,  
So one by one I find all pleasures palling

That are not linked with or enjoyed by thee.  
And all the homage that the world may proffer,

I take as perfumed oils or incense sweet,  
And think of it as one thing more to offer,  
And sacrifice to Love, at thy dear feet.

I love myself because thou art my lover,  
My name seems dear since uttered by thy voice;  
Yet, argus-eyed, I watch and would discover  
Each blemish in the object of thy choice.  
I coldly sit in judgment on each error;  
To my soul's gaze I hold each fault of me,  
Until my pride is lost in abject terror,  
Lest I become inadequate to thee.

Like some swift-rushing and sea-seeking river,  
Which gathers force the farther on it goes,  
So does the current of my love forever  
Find added strength and beauty as it flows.  
The more I give, the more remains for giving,  
The more receive, the more remains to win.  
Ah! only in eternities of living  
Will life be long enough to love thee in.

## AWAKENING



THEY are waking, they are waking,  
     In the east, and in the west;  
 They are throwing wide their windows  
     to the sun;  
 And they see the dawn is breaking,  
 And they quiver with unrest,  
 For they know their work is waiting to be done.

They are waking in the city,  
     They are waking on the farm;  
 They are waking in the boudoir, and the mill;  
     And their hearts are full of pity  
     As they sound the loud alarm,  
 For the sleepers, who in darkness, slumber, still.

In the guarded harem prison,  
     Where they smother under veils,  
 And all echoes of the world are walled away;  
     Though the sun has not yet risen,  
     Yet the ancient darkness pales,  
 And the sleepers, in their slumber, dream of day.

And their dream shall grow in splendour,  
Till each sleeper wakes, and stirs;  
Till she breaks from old traditions, and is free;  
And the world shall rise, and render  
Unto woman what is hers,  
As it welcomes in the race that is to be.

Unto woman, God the Maker,  
Gave the secret of His plan;  
It is written out in cipher, on her soul;  
From the darkness, you must take her,  
To the light of day, O man!  
Would you know the mighty meaning of the scroll.

## HIGH NOON



TIME'S finger on the dial of my life  
Points to high noon! and yet the half-  
spent day.

Leaves less than half remaining, for  
the dark,

Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candle to the stick,  
The sputtering socket yields but little light.  
Long life is sadder than an early death.

We cannot count on raveled threads of age  
Whereof to weave a fabric. We must use  
The warp and woof the ready present yields  
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink  
How brief the past, the future, still more brief  
Calls on to action, action! Not for me

Is time for retrospection or for dreams,  
Not time for self-laudation or remorse.

Have I done nobly? Then I must not let  
Dead yesterday unborn to-morrow shame.

Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste  
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip  
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,  
And keep me silent when I would condemn.

Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin  
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls  
So pity may shine through them.

Looking back,  
My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones  
That led 'the way to knowledge of the truth  
And made me value virtue; sorrows shine  
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years,  
Where lie forgotten pleasures.

Looking forth,  
Out to the western sky still bright with noon,  
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife  
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men and with myself,  
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,  
Three things I learned, three things of precious  
worth,  
To guide and help me down the western slope.  
I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save;  
To pray for courage to receive what comes,  
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;  
To toil for universal good, since thus  
And only thus can good come unto me;  
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have  
To those who have not—this alone is gain.

## IN ENGLAND



IN England, there are wrongs, no doubt,  
Which should be righted; so men say,  
Who seek to weed earth's garden out,  
And give the roses right of way.

Yes, right of way to fruit and rose,  
Where now but poison ivy grows.

In England there is wide unrest,  
They tell me, who should know. And yet  
I saw but hedges gayly dressed,  
And eyes, where love and kindness met.  
Yes, love and kindness, met and made  
Soft sunshine, even in the shade.

In England, there are haunting things  
Which follow one to other lands;  
Like some pervading scent that clings  
Yes, touched by vanished hands, that gave  
A fragrance which defies the grave.

In England, centuries of art,  
Give common things a mellow tone;

And wake old memories in the heart  
Of other lives the soul has known.  
Yes, other lives in some past age  
Start forth from canvas, or from page.

In England, there are simple joys,  
The modern world has left all sweet;  
In London's heart are nooks, where noise  
Has entered but with slippared feet;  
Yes, entered softly.

Friend, believe,  
To part from England, is to grieve.



## ALL IN A COACH AND FOUR



THE quality folk went riding by,  
All in a coach and four,  
And pretty Annette, in a calico gown  
(Bringing her marketing things from  
town),

Stopped short with her Sunday store,  
And wondered if ever it should betide  
That she in a long plumed hat would ride  
Away in a coach and four.

A lord there was, oh a lonely soul,  
There in the coach and four,  
His years were young but his heart was old,  
And he hated his coaches and hated his gold  
(Those things which we all adore).  
And he thought how sweet it would be to trudge  
Along with the fair little country drudge,  
And away from his coach and four.

So back he rode the very next day  
All in his coach and four,  
And he went each day whether dry or wet,

Until he married the sweet Annette  
(In spite of her lack of lore).  
But they didn't trudge off on foot together,  
For he bought her a hat with a long, long feather,  
And they rode in the coach and four.

Now a thing like this could happen we know,  
All in a coach and four;  
But the fact of it is, 'twixt me and you,  
There isn't a word of the story true  
(Pardon I do implore).  
It is only a foolish and fanciful song  
That came to me as I rode along,  
All in a coach and four.

## MEMORY'S MANSION



IN Memory's Mansion are wonderful  
rooms,  
And I wander about them at will;  
And I pause at the casements, where  
boxes of blooms  
Are sending sweet scents o'er the sill.  
I lean from a window that looks on a lawn;  
From a turret that looks on the wave.  
But I draw down the shade when I see on some  
glade  
A stone standing guard by a grave.

To Memory's attic I clambered one day  
When the roof was resounding with rain,  
And there, among relics long hidden away,  
I rummaged with heart ache and pain.  
A hope long surrendered and covered with dust,  
A pastime, out-grown and forgot,  
And a fragment of love all corroded with rust,  
Were lying heaped up in one spot.

And there on the floor of that garret was tossed  
A friendship too fragile to last,

With pieces of dearly bought pleasures that cost  
Vast fortunes of pain in the past,  
A fabric of passion, once vivid and bright,  
As the breast of a robin in Spring,  
Was spread out before me—a terrible sight—  
A moth-eaten rag of a thing.


Then down the deep stairway I hurriedly went,  
And into fair chambers below;  
But the mansion seemed filled with the old attic  
scent

Wherever my footsteps would go.  
Though in Memory's House I still wander full oft,  
No more to the garret I climb;  
And I leave all the rubbish heaped there in the loft  
To the hands of the Housekeeper, Time.









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