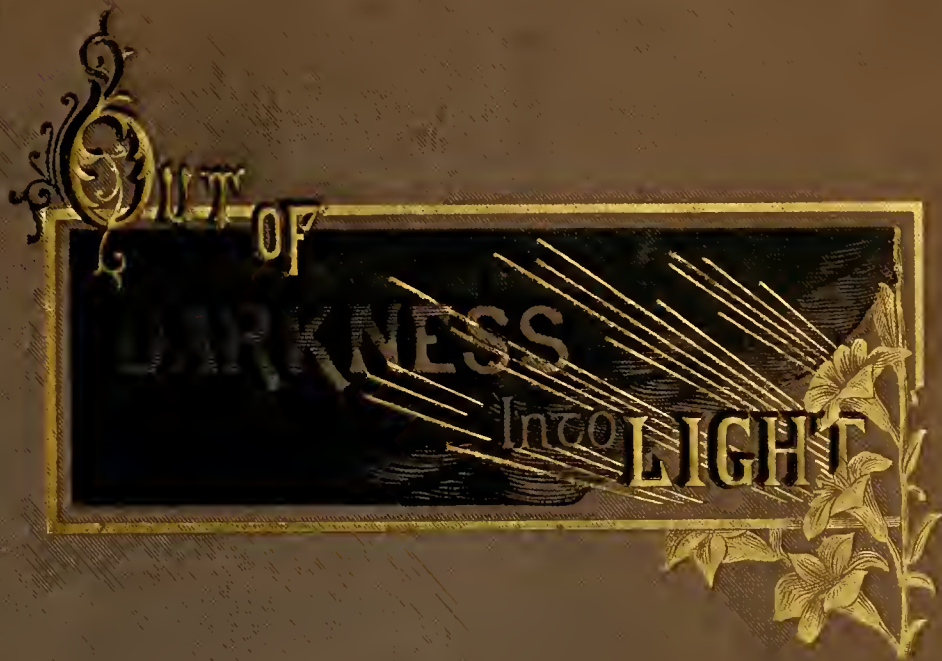


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AS WE HAVE BORNE
THE IMAGE OF THE
EARTHLY DARKNESS
SO SHALL WE
BEAR THE IMAGE OF
THE HEAVENLY
LIGHT INTO

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

POEMS AND DRAWINGS

BY

MARY A. LATHBURY.

"So is everyone that is born of the Spirit."—JOHN 3: 8.



BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY,
FRANKLIN ST., CORNER OF HAWLEY.

1879
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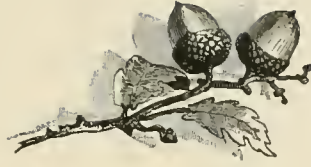
J. G. W.

IN GRATITUDE.

*The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsol'd;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.*

*The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
O heart of mine! with reverence own
The fullness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known.*

J. G. WHITTIER.



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[The engravings are by WM. J. DANA.]

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MY LIFE.

"Behold, God is great, and we know Him not." — JOB. 36: 26.

WHAT is my life? I only trace
My being backward, through its birth,
To the low level of the earth —
The birth and death bed of my race.

I live — fast rooted in the clay;
Yet I, in my allotted hour,
Shall vanish like a storm-swept flower
That lives its own fair, fleeting day.

And yet, if I may feel — not know,
This sentient seed beneath its clod,
That lifts its infant face to God,
Hath other air wherein to grow!

What is my life? I can but wait
The springing of a deathless germ,
Or the fixed fate of flower and worm;
God may be good as he is great!





"If a man die, shall he live again?"—JOB 14: 14.



DAWN.

“The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.” — I. COR. 15: 40.

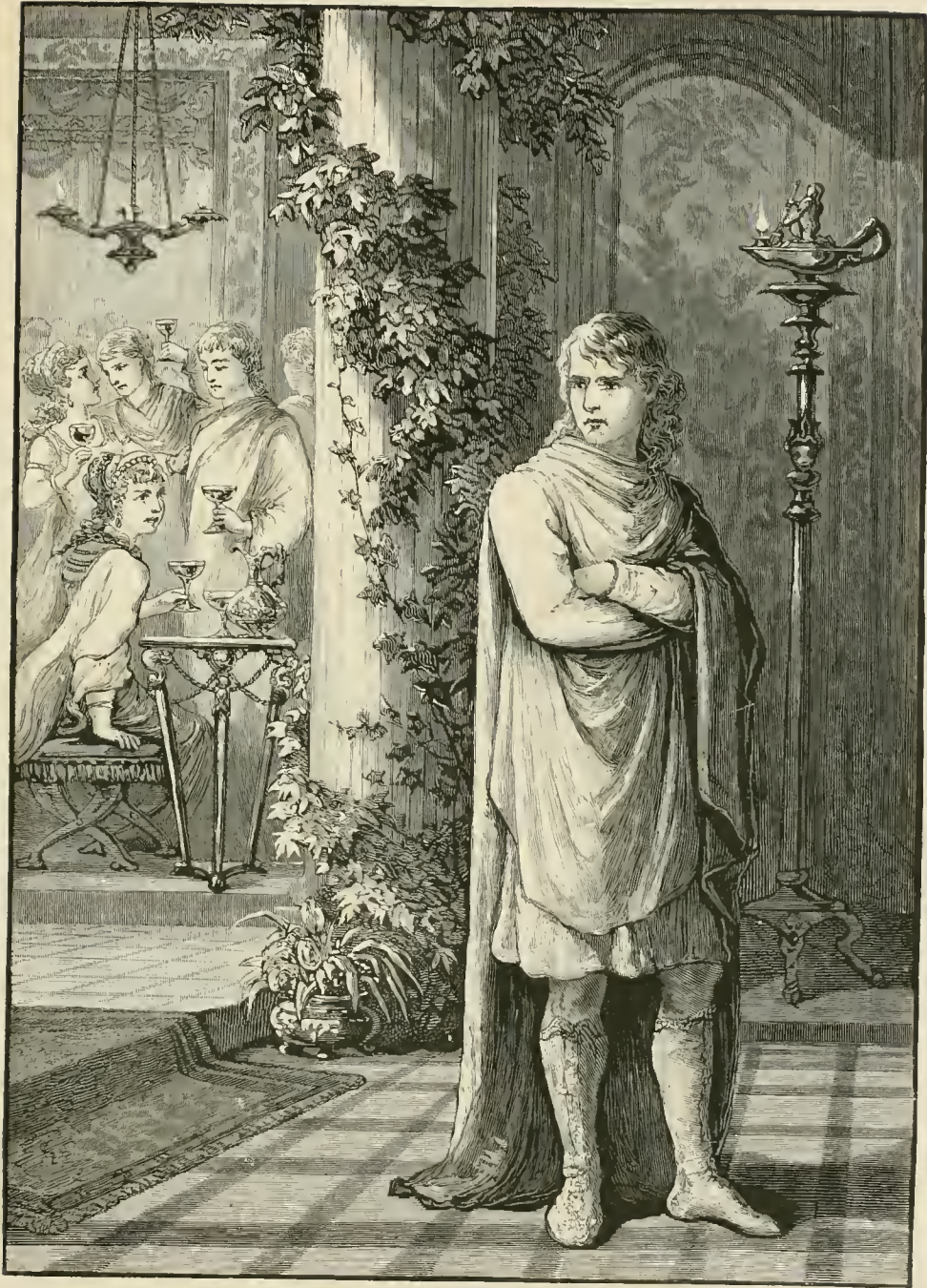
THERE is a dying in my days,
As when the moon grows faint at morn,
And stars die when the day is born ;
So wanes the world o'er all my ways.

Its hours of brightness are not bright ;
Its golden lamps, a-bloom with flame,
Its altars to the unknown Name,
Burn with a false and fitful light.

Though Pleasure sits a syren there,
And lifts the voice that lulled me long
To airy altitudes of song,
It dies upon the heedless air.

Lo — from the heavens, one by one,
The stars are sinking ; and my life —
Mute witness of the unequal strife —
Thrills with the promise of the Sun. ,





"I have no pleasure in them."—Eccl. 12: 1.

WITH BOOKS.

“But where shall wisdom be found?”—JOB 28: 12.



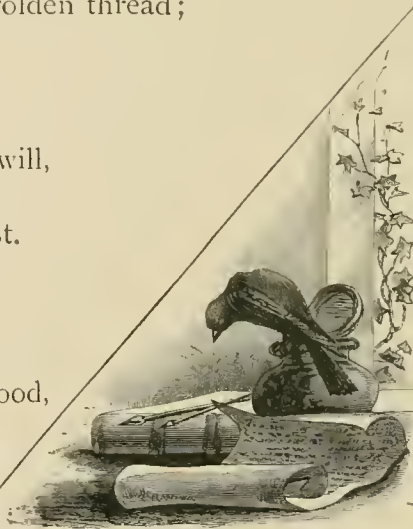
I STRETCH my hands as blind men do,
And grope for paths that lead
to God;
But men less blind these ways
have trod,
And found but “figures of
the true.”

Far down the misty aisles of eld
With all the wise and good I walk,
And in their silent language talk,
And question of the hopes they held;

Of old philosophies, long dead,
Whose shuttles, plying in the shade,
A dark and tangled web have made,
With no upleading golden thread;

Of preacher and apologist,
Who change their cruel creeds at will,
Till infinite good and endless ill
Upbraid each other in the mist.

Like a tired insect, overborne
With honied weights that are not food,
I turn to thee thou unseen Good,
And wait, and wonder
till the morn.





"And though I . . . understand all mysteries and all knowledge . . . I am nothing."—I. COR. 13: 2.

ALTAR-BUILDING.

"For I desired mercy and not sacrifice." — HOSEA 6: 6.

FROM books, I turn me to the Book :
As pilgrims read the legend o'er
Upon a temple's carven door,
To this unveil'd Word I look.

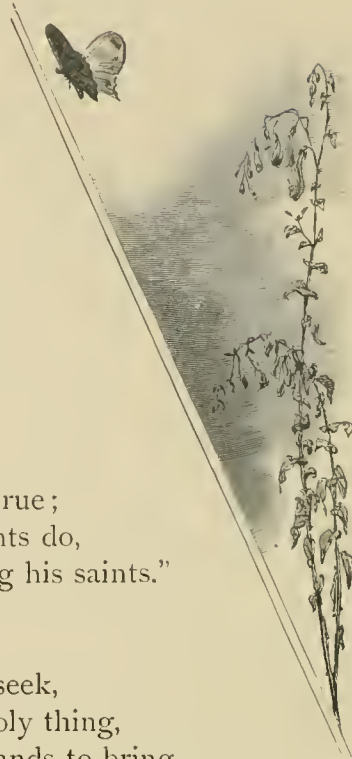
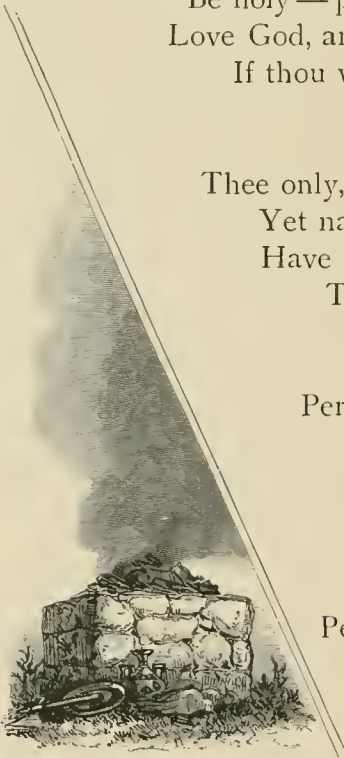
Forever — so the Fathers taught —
Behind its quaintly-lettered gate
Pure presences of spirit wait
To lead the seeker to the Sought.

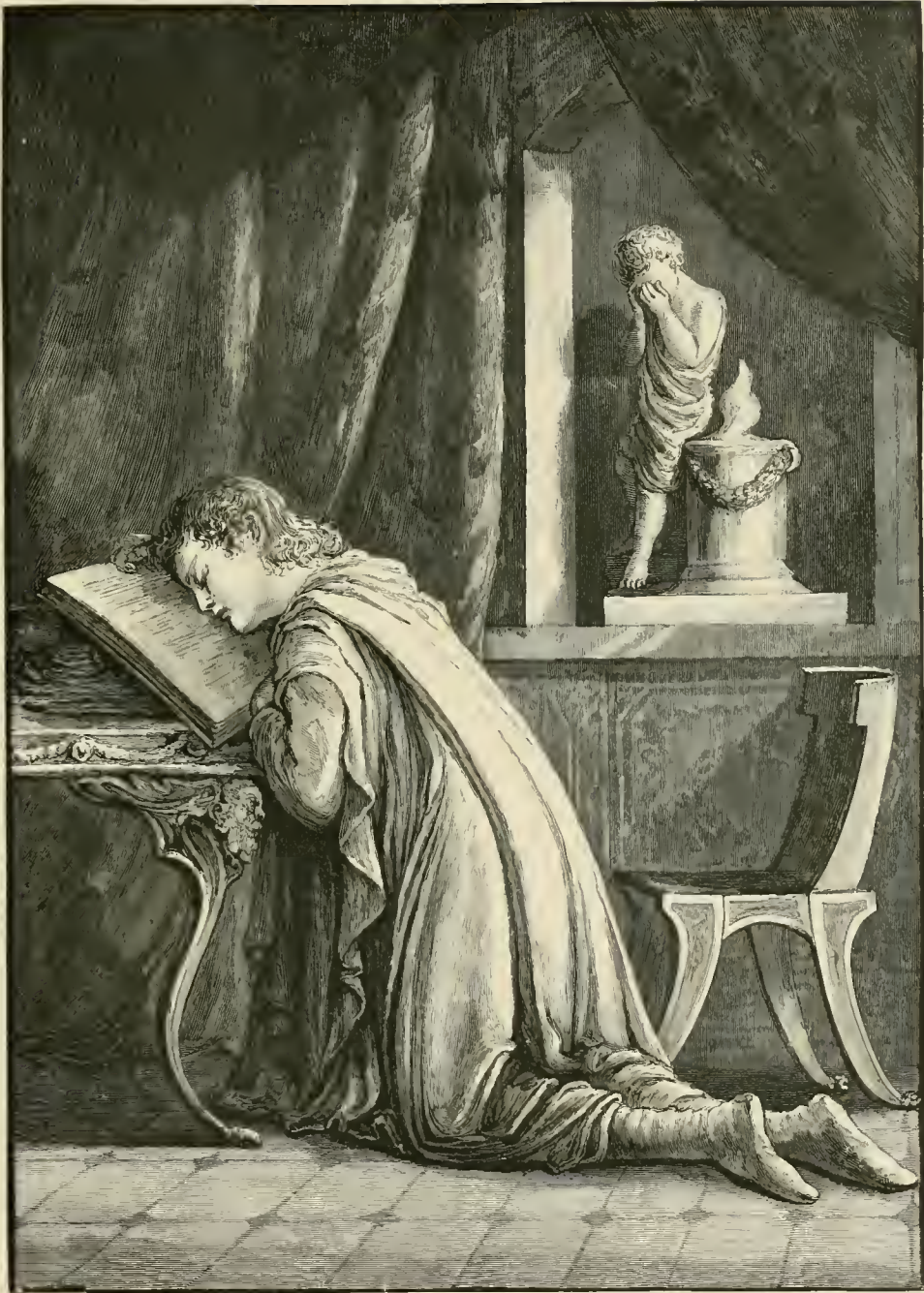
I read — and all my spirit faints !
" Be holy — perfect — pure and true ;
Love God, and his commandments do,
If thou wouldst stand among his saints."

Thee only, Source of good, I seek,
Yet naught of good, no holy thing,
Have these unhallowed hands to bring,
These lips no fitting word to speak.

Perhaps, if years of yearning lift
My life above its earth, to be
A soul that suns itself in thee,
Thou wilt accept the humble gift.

Perhaps — yet, Lord, forgive the thought !
I stifle in an air made dense
With sacrifice that breathes offense
To Love, whose gifts are all unbought.





"I have hoped in thy word."—Ps. 119: 74. "But thy commandment is exceeding broad."—Ps. 119: 96.

IN SHADOW.

“And where is now my hope?” — JOB 17: 15.

THE clouds hang low above my life,
And mingle in a murky gray
That gives faint hope of that blue day
Of sun and calm, the end of strife;

While in the closing gloom I hear
Dread voices from the holy Book;
And from the years my sins do look
With eyes that smite me through with
fear.

Into a land whose shadowing wings
Are doom and death my soul is led,
Bound like a prisoner to the dead—
The heavens are filled with
thunderings!

O strength of God! I faint for thee,
For I my worthless girdle spun
In Egypt, singing in the sun,
And in my need it faileth me!

“Not to the mount that burns with fire,”
(So sings an angel in the dark,
And all my soul springs up to mark
His voice with infinite desire)

“But unto Zion are ye come —
Fair city of the living God,
By holy men and angels trod,
And henceforth your eternal home!”





“Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.”—JAMES 2: 10.



WAITING.

“Until the day dawn.”—II. PETER 1: 19.

I HEARD, far up some heavenly height,
A prophet angel sing, and though
No word in all his song I know,
I know that somewhere all is light.

Doubt, like a shadowy shape of wrong,
Pursues — appalls me; but I hold
A little leading thread of gold;
Therefore, O doubting heart, be strong!

“Through sunless seas, through cloud and chill,
The Lord from Egypt calls his son,
And Love in darkness knows its own;
Therefore, O doubting heart, be still.”

O helpless human heart of mine!
Unweaned from thy mother earth,
Wait thou in quietness the birth —
The glad release of the Divine!





“Call now, if there be any that will answer thee, and to which of the saints wilt thou turn?”—JOB 5: 1.

DAYBREAK.

"We are saved by Hope."—ROM. 8 : 24.

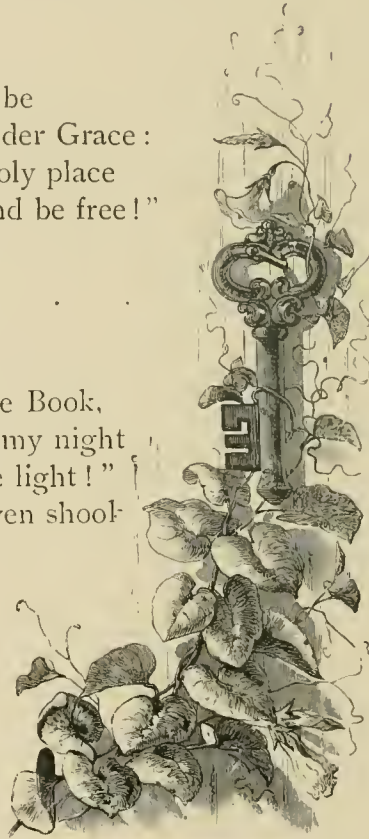
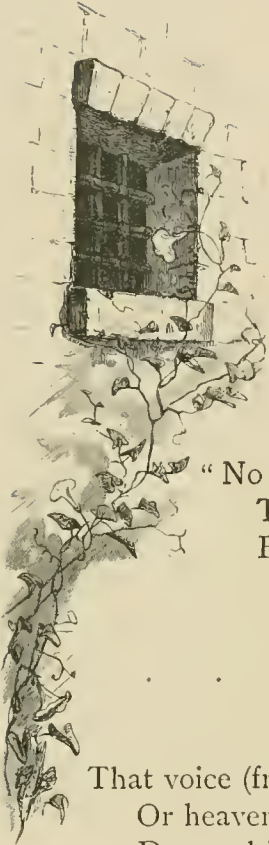
"Look up, thou waking seed of God,
Celled in the prison-house of Hope;
Shall spirit, born of Spirit, grope
In dust when Easter suns the sod?

"The Lord, thy Life, hath entered in
Through the rent veil of human woe,
Making complete atonement. Lo,
What canst thou offer for thy sin?

"No longer, then, a servant be
To Law, for thou art under Grace:
Enter with Christ the holy place
Beyond the altar, and be free!"

That voice (from mine own heart, the Book,
Or heaven, I know not) through my night
Dropped its divine "Let there be light!"
And, listening, earth and heaven shook

As with removal. Cloud and clod
Broke into glory — burst with life;
Peace touched the jarring chords of
strife,
And all the silence thrilled with
God!





"Ye are not under the law, but under grace."—ROM. 6: 14.



SUNWARD.

"He that hath the Son, hath life." — 1. JOHN 5: 12.

STRONG Elder-Brother — Son of God!

I kiss thy glistening garment's fold,
And follow where its hem of gold
Transfigures with its touch the sod.

I marvel at the Love that laid
Upon itself the nameless woe
That broke thy human heart to know,
Yet, knowing, left thee undismayed.

But more I marvel that the Love
Which yielded to the touch of death
Still lives — of all that lives the breath —
The Life of life below — above.

O Life, how limitless thy day!
I float upon the blessed air
A mote — yet conscious of thy care,
While earth and shadows drift away!

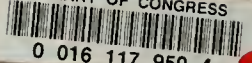




"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."—ROM. 10; 4.



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