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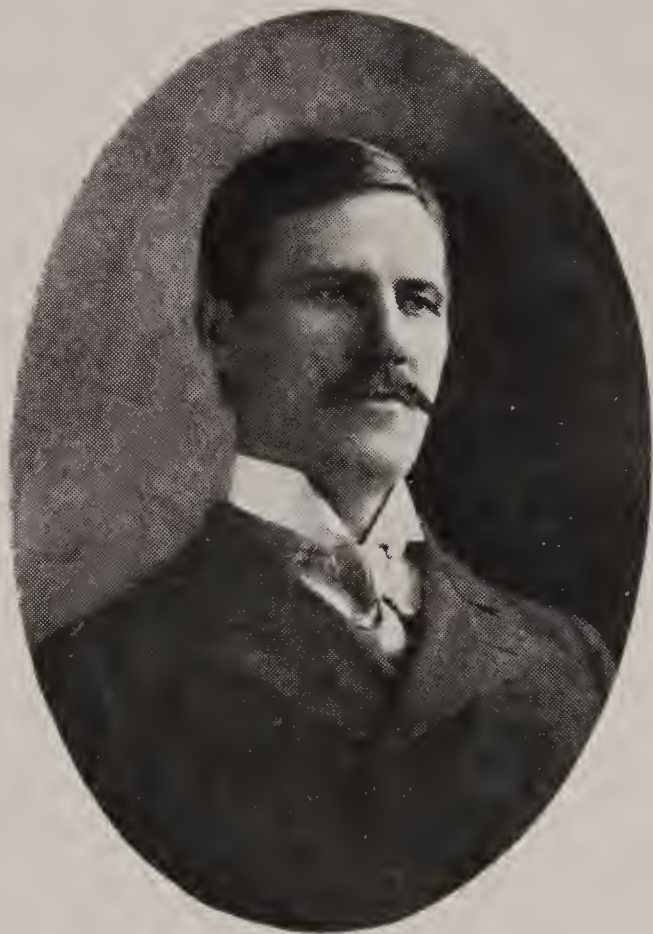
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A COLLOQUY
— AND —
OTHER POEMS

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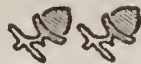
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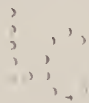
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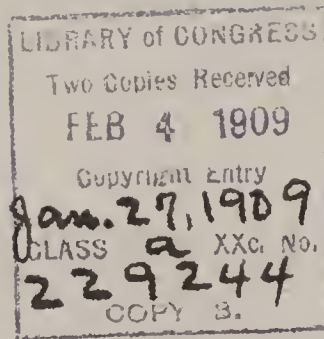
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UTOPIA CHAPTER NO. 605, ORDER EASTERN STAR

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GUESTS OF HONOR

MRS. EFFIE McKINDLEY, Worthy Grand Matron

MR. MILTON E. ROBINSON, Worthy Grand Patron

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for the Officers of Utopia Chapter
No. 605, Order Eastern Star,
for the year 1908, and for the
Officers of the Grand
Chapter, whose loving
ministration and kindly
counsel has enabled this
new Star to find a fixed
place in the fraternal
galaxy, to
whom it is
fraternally
dedicated,
with the
sincere
wish that
they may derive
as much pleasure from
its perusal as the author
has from its preparation.

PREFACE.

While these poems have no direct reference to the Order of the Eastern Star, or its teachings, a parallel may readily be drawn between the sentiment expressed in each of the first five, and the symbolic meaning of the degrees in the order of their conferring, and were arranged for such purpose; the other two being added to form the mystical number seven.

As they were composed amid the rush and whirl of an active business life, naturally they show a lack of polish and of careful selection of words relative to their nicely shaded meanings, which time and crystalization of thought alone could remedy. They could not partake of a light or humorous character and co-ordinate with the serious teachings of the degrees.

That the author is not devoid of the element of humor, he hopes sometime to demonstrate in a more ambitious volumn that would be made more representative of his writing than the aim of this little booklet would permit.

Associates in office, and Grand Officers of kindly associations therewith, this little token is tendered you in the spirit of cordial regard and fraternal good-will.

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THE TRAMP'S STORY.

“Well, yes, lady, yes, I will tell you the tale,
Though it must be some thirty full years
Since my breaking heart has been eased of its
load,

Or my eyes have been washed by their tears.
As I sit by yer fire this bleak winter night,
An' I look at yer little un there ;
So purty an' nice, an' so inercent an' sweet,
Why it breaks me all up, I declare ;
Fer she's just the picter of my little un
As she looked on that terribul night,
Twenty-nine years now as comes Christmas
time,
When I found out her ma wasn't right.

Yes, we had been married nigh on to ten years,
No more lovin' an' kind could one be,
I trusted her so, and b'lieved her so pure
That I laughed at the gossip so free.
I'd planned to s'prise her an' our little Nell,
With some elegant Christmas things ;
I was late gettin' home from the shop on that
day,

An' lady, O my God, how it stings !
Jist the mem'ry of it, though so long ago,
Fer jist as I was reachin' my door,
Two shadders were cast on the curtain quite
plain.

One — but lady, I'd best say no more;
It's affectin' ye so — yes, I will git out.
'Stay where you are, and go on, I pray.'
One, the image of him they talked about so,
As callin' s' of'n when I was away.

Part openin' the door without makin' a noise,
I saw both of 'em there in the room ;
With his arms around her, she kissed him and
said:

'Go Harry dear, for Charley may come.'
Then he kiss'd our Nell and slipp'd out the
back way.

Lady ! you'll faint, I'll go, don't you mind,
I'm a miserable scamp to tell such tale,
An' worry you when you've been so kind.
'Sit down Sir and tell me just where you then
lived.'

Bosson mum, Milk street, close to the Fife.

'Thank God! it is he, now at last he may know
That awful mistake near killed his wife.'
Killed my wife? O no, mum, I did not do that ;
Killed? Why for her I'd given my life.
Killed? Why I loved every hair of her head,

Nor sought for revenge on that villenus scamp;
I jist shut the door softly and fled.
Forgive her, do you ask? Ah yes, for Nell's
 sake,
I'd fold her in my withered embrace;
The pain an' the anguish of all the long years,
How they'd flee at a sight of her face.
'Twas her only brother returned from the war,
Whom your wife fondly kissed in your view,
Who quietly left to return the next day
For a Christmas surprise upon you.'

O lady, don't jest with my poor breaking heart,
If only an old tramp, I can feel.
My wife is still living, an' so is my Nell,
Where, where lady? I pray you to reveal."
She stepped to the wall and a button she
 pressed,
Very soon in response to the bell,
A kindly old lady had entered the room—
'My mother, Sir, your wife,—and your Nell.'

DEAL KINDLY, MOTHER EARTH!

Oh, Mother Earth, deal kindly, pray,
With this poor bit of hallowed clay.
Those love-lit eyes have closed for aye,
Those speaking lips have naught to say,
Nor flush of joy o'erspreads her cheek
As ever I her presence seek ;
Nor longer doth her bosom move
Responsive to my words of love,
Nor even notes my presence near,
Though on her cheek there drops a tear.
As marble she — so still and cold,
Yet beating heart her form doth hold.

Receive her kindly, Mother Earth ;
Though reckoned not of royal birth,
Yet in my heart she reigned a queen,
As full and free as e'er has been
A woman's lot to ever be,
Within the courts of royalty.
Well this I know can none disprove,
More madly could a king ne'er love.

Repose, oh queen, in royal state,
Thy majesty we vindicate ;
And yet within that bosom fair,
My breaking heart is beating there.

Oh, Mother Earth, in love receive
This form, we can but to thee give.
Thou gavest her, my life to bless,
She now returns to thy caress.
But oh, how can I from thee part?
Life of my life, heart of my heart.
How dark it grows,— can this be death?
My love, my life, my parting breath
Then must I yield to be with thee?
'Tis well, 'tis well, so let it be.
To pay this price, I'm nothing loth,
Good Mother Earth, receive us both.

O blessed light I see, I see
Beyond the veil mortality.
Ah, there amid a rad'ant host
Is she whom I had deemed lost.
Consigned to Earth, O form then be
My love's no longer need of thee.

A COLLOQUY.

These lines we fain would dedicate
To all who can appreciate
Philosophy inculcate :

Muse: Love, Love, O Love, where hast thou flown !
Why hast thou quit our sphere?
Thy soothing influence once was known,
To mortal hearts, thy cheer;
Thy tender office sweetly filled,
Did'st marital ties command,
Nor man nor maid but being thrilled
At waving of thy wand.
But now thy kindly, gentle face,
Scarce longer we behold —
Since hid'ous Lust usurped thy place,
With offspring manifold.
Thy web that once did true hearts knit,
Scarce longer now doth bind ;
But Lust, thy deadly counterfeit,
For thy dear self we find,
We seek, and seek, alas ! in vain,
Thy image to discern,
Thy charming presence to regain —
O spirit Love, return !

Love: O Muse, O Muse, I long to come,
To seek again my own dear home,
And ever there to reign ;
Though man himself did'st bid me flee
In choosing Lust instead of me,
With his unholy train.
If mortal will his heart prepare,
And once more bid me welcome there
Then I again will make
With him my permanent abode,
And gladly smooth his thorny road,
Nor e'er again forsake.
O friendly Muse, then say to man,
That I, (celestial dove) ne'er can,
With Lust one moment dwell.

Usurper hurl then from the throne,
Restore again to Love her own,
And tyrant claims repel.
The Muse then sought a fitting place
For Love t' unveil her angel face,
To manifest her charming grace,
Again in human breast.

And first turned he to priestly train,
Saying, surely here will Love obtain
A welcome, such as doth pertain
Unto supernal guest ;
Alas ! found he the priestly heart
So evil grown by crafty art,
He bade the gentle spirit depart,
Nor knew from whence she came.

Philanthropist, then turning to,
His inner thoughts when brought to view,
A mercenary motive drew,
From gifts bestowed for fame.

The muse then sought the city o'er,
Mid high and low, the rich and poor,
But blear-eyed Lust did bar each door
Against the gentle plea.

Then hied he to the rural scene,
Where hill and dale were waving green,
In springtime's multi-floral sheen,
But serpent there reigned he ;

At length within a lowly hut,
Escaping from the well-worn rut,
Young hermit, found he, closely shut
Who'd lived to undergo
In solitude both long and deep —
The proud old world quite fast asleep —
Such conflict that made angels weep,
In death strife with the foe,
Emerging thence so grand and sweet,
With psychic powers made complete —
Dear Love rejoiced in him to greet
Such welcome as alone was meet
And due celestial guest.

Once more on renovated throne,
Love wields the sceptor o'er her own,
Her blissful presence to make known,
Her charms to manifest.

So, speedily Love incarnate

United with his true soul-mate,
A worthy maid, whose better self
Had weary grown of pride and pelf
And who, like he, in solitude,
Mid conflict fierce had bravely stood,
While dearest friends did mock and scorn ;
From bleeding heart had plucked the thorn
With which passion had pierced it through,
Ere ent'ring higher life into,
From place to place doth freely go,
That others may of true love know —
All o'er the wide, wide world to rove,
That nations may be taught to love.

Lust: And who art thou? O saintly Muse,
Who darest raise 'gainst me thy pen,
I, the acknowledged lord of men ;
Darest thou my righteousness abuse,
Who reigns supreme throughout the land.
True sov'reign of the world I stand,
Nor man nor maid who could refuse
To rally at my faintest call,
To pledge his wealth, his life, his all
In honor of my sov'reignty,
Presumptuous bard ! and dost thou think
My loyal ones will disobey,
Will yield my thrilling sceptre's sway ;
Or ever, at my bidding, shrink
From raising high, by day or night.
The crimson banner of our might ;
My nectar ever cease to drink,

Will e'er withdraw their hearts from me,
Who, all their lives, has set them free
In passion's unchecked liberty?

Besides, ye craven upstart bold,
Now, just wherein would I be told,
Doth differ this that love ye call
From manly passion fierce and strong,
Mankind by me doth sweep along,
Yea, naught my hearties do appall ;
Doth not your mewling seek a maid ?
Your virgin take a renegade ?
With connubial bliss and all
That doth belong to mated ones,
Of queenly maids and stalwart sons
With my warm breath inspired ?

Muse: Avaunt ! ye slimy, oozing thing !
Nor dare your hideous face to raise,
The praises of your power sing,
The sweetness of your nectar praise,
In presence of celestial dove,
In hearing of the psychic pure,
Whose soul responds to heavenly love,
And dwells in realms of bliss secure ;
Who from immortal glen hath heard
The music of angelic chime ;
Whose soul upsoaring as the bird,
On waves of bliss and joy sublime,
Beholding, sees, and knows, and feels
Entrancing ecstasy of bliss,
As spirit lightly upward steals,

Receives ecstatic seraph kiss ;
As Phœbus risen in the east,
The darkest shades of night expels,
So touch of love though but the least,
Thy greatest joy e'er thus excels.
But useless quite these pearls to cast
Before such imp, the very swine
Thy being scorn, yea, stand agast
In presence of such work as thine ;

But further yet will answer make,
Since ye do not charge that love and thee,
Course just the same doth wanton take
In conjugal affinity.

When ye go forth a maid to find,
E'en though you aim to call her wife,
Nor heart nor soul nor strength of mind,
Or subtle charm of spirit life,
Care ye such mate e'er to possess ;
Nor think such traits one charm to give,
But look ye only for excess
Of sensual joys in perspective ;
Except, perchance her mind may be
Endowed with charm of brilliancy—
Such element may ye admire,
If lust in others it inspire ;
Nor canst thy beastly thoughts attain
To aught above the sewer plane.

When true love finds her only mate,
Nor thought of sensuous joy hath she,

Nor dream of gain doth animate
Her tranquil heart of purity ;
But revels she in psychic power
That doth her spirit permeate,
And calmly 'bides the destined hour,
Yea, deems but presence adequate
As recompense for life of toil,
Through sickness, sorrow, grief, and pain ;
Nor would one moment she recoil
Though sensuous bliss she never gain.

So wrapped in sweet affinity
Of spirit blending with its own,
In seas of heav'nly ecstasy—
'Tis this she wishes, this alone.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

Many stones in God's temple for service,
And some to great beauty have grown
On Apostle-prophetic foundation,
Christ Jesus, the chief corner stone.
By what means can we gain a position,
How in this great temple be plac'd?
Ev'ry live stone approved of the Master,
Is by divine love neatly fac'd.
When receiving the blows of the workman,
Strive not their effect to withstand,
That all carnal, unholy attachments
Be quickly removed by his hand.

Murmur not, though the Master doth call thee
To suffer reproach, grief and shame;
They are blessed, thrice blessed who freely
Do suffer reproach for his name.
For the spirit of glory rests on them,—
The spirit of glory and God,
Who is meekly and lovingly heeding
His call to "pass under the rod."

Having ceased, and forever from sinning,
And free from all doubt and all fear,
Of the nature divine a partaker,
May then in the temple appear.

And when all the live stones have been
gathered

From every nation and tongue,
Each its place in the temple assuming,
While joy bells of glory are rung ;
At the feast of the great dedication,
Herself made quite ready — the bride, —
The one hundred and forty-four thousand
With Christ having been crucified.
Well arrayed in her pure and white linen,
Within the sublime upper room,
In delightful, sweet anticipation,
Awaits the approach of the groom.

Lo, a sweet, blissful, holy sensation,
Though gentle, at first, yet so sweet ;
Far beyond most entrancing emotion
E'er thrilled her as with him she'd meet ;
Graces bride-elect as thus awaiting,
With bliss divine heart interwove,
Mellow strains of celestial music
He innermost being doth move.
Coming nearer, and nearer approaching,
Increasing in volume and sound,
O how thrilling, how thrilling, yet soothing,
O'erwhelming in joy most profound.

O list ye to the tones of the singers,
As thousands, ten thousands descend ;
Like the voices of many great waters,
Divine Alleluiahs they blend.
“ We rejoice, and are glad, and give honor,
The Lamb’s marriage hour is at hand,
His espoused having made herself ready,
Arrayed in white linen doth stand.”
Blest and holy all they who are called,
The great marriage supper unto ;
And arrayed in their bright wedding garments,
As cometh the bridegroom to view.

Lo, approaching with mighty ten thousands
Of purely celestial mold,
And thus forming such bridal procession
As only immortals behold.
On the arm of Beloved reclining,
She enters the temple apace ;
Upon reaching the holy of holies,
Beholds the omnipotent face
Of the glorious Father appearing,
In splendor exceeding the sun ;
At a glance from ineffable sire,
The twain are forever made one.

To immortal the mortal united,
Immortality doth obtain,
Of all his blessed gifts the supremest,
To share in his glorious reign.

While the heavenly harpers are sounding,
Divine benedictions are said,
As they enter the Court of the Gentiles,
Where great marriage supper is spread.
'Mid the wedding guests all there assembled,
The millions redeemed of the Lord,
Through their faith in atonement and merit,
Of Christ as the true living Word.

With the Angel and Archangel serving,
She, Cherub and Seraph above,
The marriage festivities opening,
The holy mill'nial of love.
On his throne seated with her beloved,
Before her e'er long she has reigned,
To the world measures judgement in mercy,
According as she has obtained.
All the millions unsaved then invited,
By Spirit and Bride, both, do come,
And through her ministration receiving,
A share in her glorious home.

SAY NOT GOOD-BYE.

O say not "Good-bye," love, the words imply
parting
When thy soul and mine, love, can ne'er
parted be,
Tho' half 'round the earth, love, be thy form
from mine, love,
Nor matter it aught love, together are we.

O say not "Good-bye," love, the words imply
parting
When thy soul and mine, love, can ne'er
parted be,
Tho' claimed by the hand of the angel of death,
love,
While I still remained, love, this side the
dark sea.

My love so eternal as throne of Jehovah,
Would bridge the dark river and bear me
safe o'er;
Else, mists of the valley my love would
illumine,
To beckon thee hence and communion
restore.

“Good-bye ’till to-morrow,” you laughingly say,
love,
There is no to-morrow for such love as
mine,
No past, and no future, but e’er throbbing
present
So constant my soul in its love watch
divine.

Then say not “Good-bye,” love, the words im-
ply parting
When thy soul and mine, love can ne’er
parted be,
Nor Heaven, nor Hades, nor aught intervening
Can sever my soul’s sweet communion with
thee.

THE TEASER CAUGHT.

Sure, one Barney McGree, a fine Irish man,
Paid court to the fair and young Cathy Mc-
Cann ;

So well did young Barney apply lover's art,
Nor long was he winning fair Cathy's true
heart.

Now Barney was witty, and Barney was wild,
As full of old Nick as the "divil's own
child,"

Such a merciless tease he proved to his Cath,
In her bosom he 'roused the wild Irish wrath.

Me Cathy darlint she says, an' says she to
me,

"I think yez a flirrut Mister Barney McGree,
Tis me harrut ye have broken, bad luck to
ye,

So be off, now be off, Mister Barney McGree."

Then Barney so quickly would alter his tone,
And call her his "darlint, his little gossoon,"

To be afther doubtin' the love of his heart.
With fond Irish kisses, the lovers would part
But calling again, would torment as before,
And, thus be kept grieving her heart moré and
 more,
Till Cathy resolved she'd no longer stand it,
And thought up a scheme forever to end it.

Next time Barney called on his Cathy McCann,
He found her at home to another young man;
She (somewhat embarrassed) said, "Mister
 McGree,
Oi presint ye my cousint from o'er the sea;"
Unhappy was Barney, and never a jest,
Fell from his mute lips while her own cousin
 guest,
Just kept Cathy laughing with quaint Irish
 wit,
While ev'ry few moments poor Barney was hit.

On reaching the door as the guest took his
 leave,
In some occult manner the cousin's coat sleeve
Slipped 'round Cathy's waist, nor did she re-
 sist,
Regardless of Barney, fair Cathy he kissed.
"Divil take the cousint and dhround in the
 sea,"
Was the half uttered wish of Barney McGree;
To Cathy he said, "I'll niver more tase ye,
If ye'll not allow that cousint to squaze ye.

An' Cathy my woife, she says, and says she
to me,
"O oi thricked ye so foine Mister Barney Mc-
Gree,
Divil a bit of a cousint was that,
Sure an' it was sir, me owld brother Pat."

HOW BUILD YE.

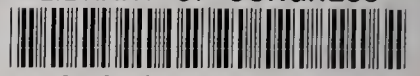
And when proceeding to build, brother,
 Brother of the Mystic Tie,
Are plans submitted at once, brother,
 To the Architect on high?
And are corrections all made, brother,
 Made in good faith to comply
With His good pleasure and will, brother,
 E'er foundation walls ye lie?

Dost lay thy walls to the plumb, brother,
 With integrity and care,
Dost circumscribe in due bounds, brother,
 Work ye ever on the square?
And do ye follow designs, brother,
 Which the Master's hand doth draw
On trestleboard of thy heart, brother,
 In accord with Infinite law?

Dost use "Love" brand of cement, brother,
 And with Truth keep trowel bright,
Dost work by sun, moon and stars, brother,
 Or work ye in borrowed light?
In short, dost build and complete, brother,
 So the Master'll say, "'Tis well."
An edifice for all time, brother,
 Or build ye but to sell?

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