



# LINCOLN'S LAND

# LINCOLN'S LAND

AND OTHER RECENT VERSES BY  
MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER

Printed for the Author  
Rome Oneida County New York  
November 1921

Copyrighted, 1921,  
By M. W. Stryker.

*All rights reserved.*

**To my dear, dear friends  
Who are here no more.**

## LINCOLN'S LAND.

February 12, 1869 — April 15, 1865.

**T**HE Broad West strove toward its meridian,  
Into the fabric of a people's life  
Unnumbered threads had woven destiny.  
Many and mighty souls had come and gone,  
Who wrought a pattern they could never guess  
And left their weaving on the looms of God.  
From many breeds the intricate result  
Had widened far across the hills and plains,  
In one predestinate integrity.  
Far shone the pencils of a human dawn.  
While sombre warnings rolled across the sky,  
For good or evil, Time was at the birth!  
Full little did men know the strife to come,  
Tho clamoring protest with fierce answer met.  
Like a dull giant tossing in his sleep,  
The land was fevered in its restless dreams.  
Our feet trod closer the volcano's edge,  
While in the surge and strife of diverse wills  
One signal issue crowded to the front.  
The line of cleavage burned with sullen fire  
And ugly quarrel grew portentously,  
Men taking sides in wrath, against the day  
Whose powder waited for the deadly spark.

In the mid land was born a real man,  
 Who out of penury and plainest toil  
 Grew on to his great manhood. Child and boy,  
 He knew the lessons of adversity,  
 The frugal fare, the pioneer's stern task,  
 The lonely longing, those few ragged books  
 That yet his kindling meditation fed  
 And launched his mind upon uncharted seas.  
 His inner life a brooding solitude,  
 With melancholy wondering, he saw  
 No path to what his yearning spirit sought  
 And least of all could guess where he would find  
 An answer to the query of his soul.

The skies grew darker. Seethed and shot the storm  
 Of angrier protest, angrier reply.  
 Across the prairies rolled a fire of wrath  
 That kindled fierce debate. Upstood the man  
 Who voiced the people's conscience. Hard and clear  
 He met the issues. Rang his vital word  
 Like trump of destiny, — '*Against itself*  
*A house divided surely cannot stand*'!  
 The great appeal was made. The die was cast.  
 A mighty host gave answer. In the hand  
 Of honesty was placed the bannered cause.  
 Up to the polls a serried multitude  
 Brought new conviction. All the floods roared wide.

Amid the vast diversities of strife,  
 November brought the inevitable reply.  
 And now Disunion reared its scaly head!  
 Secession ordinances dared the land.  
 Slowly four agitated months spun out.  
 Timidity of counsel wrought its worst:  
 But finally the helm of the great ship  
 Was in a fearless helmsman's muscled hand.  
 Then April, when the guns of Sumter woke  
 The Nation's soul in throbbing purpose, while  
 From North and West determination spake.

Four direful, stark, convulsive years went by,  
 With varied gain and loss: but in the while  
 Emancipation dawned. Four million slaves  
 Were free. Their cry had gone into His ears  
 Who is the God of Sabaoth. Nevermore  
 America would hold in chattel bonds  
 The souls of men! Freedom had found her voice  
 In abolition of a hideous wrong,—  
 The ship of state a slave-ship nevermore!  
 At last the struggle ceased. The firm-fixed stars  
 Shone out resplendent. *Peace, with victory!*

One lofty and unhesitating soul  
 Rode the great storm, until it lashed no more,  
 And then, and then, when all was done, he fell!  
 Indomitable, uncomplaining man!  
 Oh, bitter day! Oh, stricken, piteous land!



Never a nobler son, of all the host  
 Who loved their country, never tenderer heart,  
 Bled for a people's sacrifice! The West  
 Folded his dust, who was her very own,  
 Where all the summers of the time to be  
 Shall bloom with memories that cannot die.  
 He lived and loved and wrought and grieved and sleeps.  
 Never forget, America, what price  
 Obtained the emancipation of thy soul!  
 Murmur with reverence that lofty name;  
 This was and is and shall be *Lincoln's Land*.

1919.

### THE CHIMES

**Y**E bells, aloft in order swung,  
 Whose throbbing tones to Heaven aspire,  
 Peal out our joy and high desire,  
 Give rolling melody your tongue.

All olden faith and hope proclaim;  
 Let golden love, emboldening  
 Each rhythmic note, outsound and sing  
 In fervid music God's great name.

Ye unseen spirits of the air,  
 Bear on the jubilant accord;  
 Hail ye the everlasting Lord,  
 Tune forth His glories everywhere.

Thro widening years, your loyal chime  
 Anticipate that breaking light,  
 Whose songs of dawn dismiss the night  
 With carillons unguessed of Time.

1919.

## ORGAN-TONE.

**H**ERE we devote, O God, to Thy just praise  
 This fount of music. May its every tone  
 Lift heavenly harmony, long, happy days,  
 Upbearing faith and love to Thy pure throne.

Hallowing bridal chant, low requiem,  
 Anthem and carol, solemn song, unfold  
 To Thee, O Christ,—one serene diadem;—  
 These let this diapasoned breath uphold.

Let the dear melodies that sob and swell,  
 Deep prayers of hope, all holy trust that sings,  
 In beauteous cadences great joy outtell,  
 Blent with the mystic rush of angels' wings.

So shall the precincts of this house respond,  
 In glowing foretaste sounding one desire,  
 Enthralling overtures of bliss beyond  
 Already joining Thy celestial choir.

Faithful Creator, Crown-right Prince of Peace,  
 Giver of Life,—one God! the tidal voice  
 Of worship flood to Thee, never to cease,  
 Till in eternal light our souls rejoice.

1919.

## FIRE.

1 Peter 1:7.

**W**ONDER of *Fire!* To serve Man thou hast wrought  
 Furnace and forge,—all multiples of power.  
 His third hand, hast mysteriously brought  
 Un-measured gains to build his larger hour.  
 Shall then the chemistry of *Pain* do naught?

1919.

## IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

*“ Well roars the storm to them that hear  
A deeper voice across the storm.”*

**A**BOVE the breakers, dashing  
On haggard reefs,  
One only lamp is flashing  
To stay our griefs.  
Distressed, fordone, befrightened,  
All-desperate:  
Yet midnight shall be brightened  
From morning's gate.

Across the sullen water,  
Tread, Lord, in might.  
Efface the dreads that cauter  
Our souls and bite  
Our being. All our qualming  
Of heart dispel;  
Thy 'Peace'! the tempest calming,  
All will be well.

Conquer this blast and forward  
Our strength o'erspent.  
O Pilot! steer us shoreward,  
While storms relent.  
Deserted if without Thee,  
Our last resort,  
It liketh not to doubt Thee,—  
Lighthouse and Port.

To Thee, by perils haunted,  
At all events,  
Our spirits cleave undaunted.  
Wild discontents

Beset, dismay and taunt us :  
 Security  
 Thou art.- No more shall vaunt us  
 This tortured sea!

1919

## HOPE.

**N**OT by might nor power, but only  
 By Thy Spirit, shall this Earth  
 Find the way of peace,—this lonely  
 Waiting know the end of dearth.  
 Oh, that hearts of men might answer  
 Thine appeal and learn the way!  
 Break, Thou only Light-advancer,  
 Thro the clouds Thy radiant day.

Close the hideous distresses  
 Of a world aghast, undone,  
 While mankind at last confesses  
 Whence these sorrows overrun.  
 Variance and strife be ended,  
 While her rubrics love unrolls.  
 Let the broken times be mended,  
 Liberator of our souls!

Leading dominants are sounding,  
 Minor discords all resolve;  
 So the clear chords, firmly rounding,  
 Perfect harmonies evolve.  
 Last the plagal cadence, pouring  
 Its finality, shall then  
 Introduce the full, enduring,  
 Absolute, august Amen!

1919.

## THE DEBTOR.

**M**ARVELLOUS mercy Thou hast shown to me,  
 Clasped by Thy two, wide-spread, absolving arms,  
 Love hath delivered from the tyranny  
 Of what I was, with all those deep alarms.

Welcome hath ended longing and distress,  
 Everywhere, always, everyway be mine;  
 My trust is in Thy patient steadfastness;  
 Recover and forbear and seal me Thine!

I would forget the things that are behind,  
 Glad in the hope of Thine approval won.  
 The big load crowds and crushes; oh, unbind  
 Its burden! Lord, forgive and lead me on.

1919.

## TAKE, AND LIVE.

**G**IVE now to Eat, O God, of that Life-tree  
 Whereon for us One died, Who ransom brought  
 And made effulgent immortality  
 Of hope for Man, in sin's disaster caught.  
 Grant Thou our penitence and need to know  
 What pangs did there our perils overthrow.

The mystery and enigma of that Cross  
 Contain that holy, all-transcending love  
 Which intervened for human woe and loss  
 And bore us back, a wondrous treasure-trove.  
 To end our bitter wilfulness and strife,  
 He found us, Whom to know aright is life!

By that incarnate triumph bind us fast  
 In dearest bonds, to Him forever sworn,  
 The Royal One, the Conquering Priest, Who passed  
 Thro death and darkness. In that endless morn  
 Before the Great Assize may we be claimed  
 His very own, Who was for us defamed.

Thou Hope of Israel and all mankind,  
 Oh, make our souls at last to understand  
 And undertake Thy purpose. Let Thy mind  
 Convert, conform, control; that every hand  
 May lift the lamp of God, bear on that sign  
 Of sacrifice victorious, grace divine.

1919.

## PATHOS.

**O** EARTH, this aileth thee,  
 Thou hast thy God forgot!  
 Denying His authority,—  
 Thy will in one hard knot.

Thy centre thou hast lost,  
 The inmost and the first,  
 Hast sold the good at awful cost  
 And bought thyself the worst.

To mind but earthly things,  
 Nor turn with heavenward eyes,  
 Is to tear off the soul's bright wings  
 And abdicate the skies.

Confusion and dismay,  
 Malice and hellish strife,  
 Attend a world that sinks away  
 From God, her one true life.

1920.

## COMMITMENT.

PERFECT and last High Priest,  
 In seamless glory clad,  
 By Thy one sacrifice released  
 To Thee, our hearts are glad.

By the great love that wore  
 Our nature, Thou didst win  
 The crown of crowns, forevermore  
 To vanquish pain and sin.

The mystery of Thy way  
 Is God's own secret, hid  
 In light: but that transcendent day  
 Doth all our woes outbid.

By Thee our praises climb  
 To God. In Thee complete,  
 Thro all the holy hymns of Time  
 Thy Church Thy name doth greet.

There is none other life  
 Than that which lives in Thee;  
 Save us amid this mortal strife  
 And cleanse us utterly.

All that we ever were  
 And what we are we bring;  
 Remake our souls, Thou Almoner  
 Of God, Thou perfect King!

Withholding not Thy grace,  
 Uplift us into light,  
 Transfigure, heal, our fears efface,  
 Thou Son of God's own might!

## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

**W**HO died that we might live,  
 Lived that we should not die.  
 Life shall to him ascription give,  
 Thro Time and there on high.

The torment and the shame  
 One Light serene and sure  
 Reverses. One transforming Name  
 Doth agelong hope secure.

By that vast victory,  
 That passioned love and pain,  
 We sing, O Christ, triumphantly,  
 Of everlasting gain,

When from this mortal storm  
 Caught to Thy very heart,  
 Beholding in another form,  
 We'll know Thee as Thou art.

Thy parable of change  
 Shall end our present strife;  
 Thy lien doth all being range,  
 To show how death is life.

1920.

## THE VICTOR.

**G**LADLY, O Christ, Thy one true Church  
 United hails Thy loving power  
 Nearer than thought, beyond all search,  
 Thou art her Bridegroom and her Dower.



O'er all who love Thee Thou dost reign  
 In unison of perfect peace;  
 Thy regal amity maintain,  
 Our inmost confidence increase.

Suffer us not to name Thy name  
 Yet disobey Thy call to test  
 Thy might and promise; for Thy claim  
 Demands our faith be manifest.

Let not a pallid unconcern  
 Ignore Thy holy primacy,  
 Nor sloth and negligence unlearn  
 Those vows that pledged us unto Thee.

Our stubborn, stupid, anxious time  
 Forgets the old solicitude  
 For God! The swelter and the grime  
 Of worldliness betray our good.

Arrest the tumult, stay the strife,  
 Who standest at the very door;  
 Let sunrise break and wakened life  
 Own Thee alive forevermore.

1920.

### THE GOAL.

**P**ERPLEXED amid these changing forms,  
 Wonder of death and grief of life,  
 The placid sky, the rocking storms,  
 My yearning soul, my body's strife,  
 O heart of all! unfold to me  
 The meaning of my strange estate;  
 That purged my deeper sight may be,  
 Thy being mine emancipate.

Wide as the sea, deep as the stars,  
 Beyond imagination's ken,  
 Source, Centre, End,—no bound debars  
 Thine answer to the quests of men.  
 Let all the longing hope and fear,  
 Amid these shadows of Thy light,  
 Find quittance and fulfilment near.  
 With open vision Time requite.

Absorbed in God, may I go on  
 To know what love must life befit,  
 To cleave to holy help and con  
 The peace so near, so infinite.  
 Upon me are those shining eyes  
 That move the tides that flood my shore;  
 Serenity and trust arise  
 In benediction more and more.

1920.

#### GOOD WILL FOR ILL WILL.

**H**E hath not sought thee to forgive,  
 Who did thee wrong? But gladly run,  
 If he doth come. What he hath done  
 Meanwhile forget. Wait undisturbed,  
 Thy pride and passion tightly curbed.

Wise Plutarch wrote of this. Indeed  
 Envy and hate, a bitter brood,  
 But nurse thy grudge, on mischiefs feed,  
 To make thy heart a solitude.  
 If thou dost harbor enmity,  
 Thou art thine own worst enemy.

1920.

## DAWN.

THIS Earth is Thine and all therein  
 And every man Thy son ;  
 Oh, then instruct us how to win  
 That war Thy Cross begun.

To lift the lowly, ease the poor  
 And stay the sordid strife  
 Of brothers, shall the havoc cure  
 And find the holy life.

That spirits so embittered now  
 Thy human love may know,  
 Teach us to guide the gospel plow,  
 Thy vast good will to show.

Break down the bars of class and clan,  
 Expel the envious feud,  
 The rights of God and rights of man  
 In all true hearts renewed.

So shall this be a better world,  
 In kindness complete,  
 And Thy red-cross afar unfurled  
 Abundant life shall greet.

Advance Thy last victory, won  
 Thine overthrow of sin.  
 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done  
 And Heaven on Earth begin.

## ULTIMATE.

**T**HY power and Godhead, Holy One,  
 Are our defence and rest;  
 Were everywhere Thy whole will done,  
 How would this Earth be blest!

Its sterile way confusion hath,  
 Affronting Heaven's right,  
 Revolt still misses that one path  
 Can guide this human plight.

While here we face the battle's edge  
 And breast the war-wild sea,  
 We grasp Thine unretracted pledge  
 That Thou our strength wilt be.

Let not the gifts hide Him Who gave!  
 Let Thy redeemed declare  
 How grace drew near from woe to save  
 And contradict despair.

Lamp and no oil finds shut the door!  
 Unite my heart to be  
 Prepared to meet Thee evermore,—  
 To go unerringly.

Without a clue this labyrinth,  
 Unless Thou take my hand.  
 Thy power the pillar is and plinth  
 Whereon my hope must stand.

1920.

## THE COSMIC TRAGEDY.

Romans 8:22.

**A**LL worlds, or near or far,  
 In wonderment and awe,  
 Bend to behold this tragic star  
 Where lust contends with law.

Its scenes a spectacle  
 To universal sight,  
 One overruling purpose tell  
 And vindicate His right.

Amazing is the stage  
 Of this complexity,  
 Where most Thy patience, age on age,  
 Draws brave-bent minds to Thee.

Each soul plays out his art.  
 The centuries wheel their rounds.  
 The mystic curtains sway and part,  
 While strangest music sounds.

Encompassing this stress,  
 Lo! what a witness-cloud,  
 Where death on life doth sorely press,  
 The coliseum crowd.

What vistas, black and bright,  
 Unfold, while runs the tale  
 Of *Man*! What terror or delight  
 Of angels,—win or fail!

At last the drama ends,  
 Consummate and supreme,  
 When all that now to sorrow tends  
 Shall close its evil dream.

## THE PETITION.

**L**ORD, hear me while I call to Thee!  
 That from myself I may go free,  
 Finding good refuge in Thy care;—  
 This is my prayer.

Mercy unmeasured! look on one  
 Who hath such duties left undone,  
 Yet still would in contrition dare;—  
 This is my prayer.

Bestow Thy grace on those astray,  
 Who grope along the peaceless way.  
 Back to Thy fold Thy lost sheep bear;—  
 This in my prayer.

Unto pure hearts increase Thy light.  
 Arm all the brave to win their fight.  
 Reign utterly and everywhere;—  
 This is my prayer.

All Thine intent in me fulfil,  
 To sturdy toil incline my will,  
 Control me here and guide me there;—  
 This is my prayer.

Quick to abandon envious strife,  
 Make mine a strong, uncrampèd life,  
 That I no task of love may spare;—  
 This is my prayer.

Then when this transient scene is past,  
 Let me go home to Thee at last,  
 For Thy blest realm my soul prepare;—  
 This is my prayer.

*BONA FIDES.*

**O** ENGLAND, fail us not! Those pledges keep  
 To them who trusted thee. Let all men know  
 That devious greed shall never overthrow  
 Thy promise unto Egypt, Let the deep,  
 Stern, voice of conscience baulk the lethal sleep,  
 Where pale excuses dream of covert guile  
 Would plot to swerve the onflow of the Nile  
 From liberty. Resent the pleas that creep  
 To lure thine honor. No brave counsel shrinks  
 From truthful justice. While thy plighted word  
 All compromise and breach of right outbids,  
 Ponder the solemn riddle of the Sphinx.  
 God's high protectorate thy purpose gird.  
 Four-square, thy good faith match the pyramids.

1920.

## OUR MISSION.

**Q**UIT us of narrow-mindedness!  
 Ring out across the world one chime  
 Of joy to cheer bewildered Time.  
 The direful wrongs of old redress.

Who loveth God hath love for Man,  
 For all who in His image stand,  
 Who reckons for the outmost land  
 And takes the round world in His span.

Naught have we we did not receive,  
 We Gentiles of this human race;  
 So must we care for every place,  
 If we God's fatherdom believe.

To limit His exhaustive claim  
 Denies the covenant of that Cross  
 Which countervails the world-wide loss  
 And heals the nations, name by name.

## FIRELIGHT.

**T**HOU blazing Star, about whose course onwheels  
 This family of planets! What those fires  
 Whose blasts of flame our reckoning aspires  
 In vain to measure! Eye or spirit reels  
 And withers, looking where His power unseals  
 Its inconceivability, Who holds  
 That conflagration in those awful folds  
 And outskirts of His universe reveals.  
 That furious furnace and immeasured death  
 Make this life possible! The whole Earth wakes  
 Beneath the glorious morning that it brings.  
 All that is here, God, Who is *there*, gives breath.  
 Thermometer or caliper mistakes  
 Its worlds. Yon Sun shows deeper things.

1920.

## LOOKING-GLASS.

**W**HO am I, what am I, to think to be  
 Immune from pain, to force mine insolent way,  
 To plan to bend all things that none shall fray  
 My set opinion of what seems to me  
 The one path suits my pride, my cold decree  
 Finality, no less?—"My will be done!"  
 Shall that conformably bend everyone  
 And, I my own God, gaze at vacancy!  
 A stranger to my harsh defects, I doat  
 On what I want. An astigmatic stare  
 Misjudges, makes my soul a solitude.  
 My mental avarice can only note  
 Where others fail. My dull wit does but glare  
 Upon Sahara's sandy-hearted mood!

1920.



## CONFUSION.

WAYWARD, the storm and stress of life,  
 Refusing sane and safe control,  
 Invokes an endless, inner strife,  
 Outwrenching an unanchored soul.

The gravitation of a mind  
 Unloosed from God still deeper sinks,  
 Naught but disaster can it find,—  
 Of Marah's bitter water drinks.

Perversity but wastes by stealth  
 Self-lavished wealth. It but distorts,  
 Unharmonied, a life's true health.  
 Disaster such rebellion courts.

Arrest this mortal disarray,  
 Thou Light that lightest every man!  
 Footing-course other none can lay  
 Than that which by Thy plummet ran.

Extirpating capacity  
 To answer Thine inmost appeal,  
 Our ugly wills have torn from Thee:  
 But, God, our sore distemper heal!

Undo this clanking, evil chain.  
 Dissolve this dissonance. Prevail  
 Against these guiles. Thy word restrain  
 These devils that our souls assail.

1920.

## HUNGER.

RELENTLESS, obstinate,  
 How can I know Thy peace?  
 My God, let constancy await  
 Thy love's immense release.

Mine arrogant self-will  
 But stumbles in the dark ;  
 Change my wild wandering and thrill  
 With hope my storm-tossed barque.

Were I to do no wrong,  
 Nor falter on my way,  
 Still walking with Thee all day long,  
 Life were one burgeoned May :

But when aside I turn,  
 Cold autumn shadows lie  
 About my path. Then I but yearn  
 For what was once my sky.

As knows the lark her nest,  
 As seeks the ewe her yearn,  
 So to regain its longed-for rest  
 My heart to Thine doth lean.

1920.

### BEWARE.

**L**ET me detest the things that make me mean,  
 The churlish answer, the impatient threat,  
 The spite that thinks to work its way unseen,  
 The cold disdains that angry hates beget.

Let me escape uncanny, subtle wiles,  
 Coarse envy's snarl, ill gossip, all the crude  
 And sullen speech that decency beguiles,  
 The froward greed, the black ingratitude.

Clean thought and kindly deed, be these my ward:  
 No dismal egotism for my bale,  
 No swart suspicion, trivial and hard,  
 No whimpering whenso I try and fail.

Slothfully shirking duty's daily tasks,  
 Chore to neglect, fidelity unpin;  
 These straggling stealths a downright man unmasks,  
 Bending his back a noble soul to win.

1920.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

**I** HAVE been proud and cold and base.  
 I do confess my stubborn will  
 Which thought to do without Thy grace.  
 I see it all. But help me still.

Small comfort have I been to them  
 Whom I was bound to cherish, love  
 And honor. I have tried to stem  
 The floods alone, nor look above.

Thou wert so near and I so far!  
 And I denied till I believed  
 My lie. Let not that madness bar  
 Thy pity for a soul deceived.

Rescue me from myself, my God!  
 That I am not my own I know.  
 I bare my back to meet Thy rod;  
 My vain self-confidence lies low.

Cast not away a life that calls  
 Out of these depths; I yield, I bend.  
 Prove Thy dear strength to one who falls  
 On Thee, full length, his only Friend.

Show to me now, in direst need,  
 What long my chosen blindness hid;  
 That humbled heart and gentle deed  
 May undertake all Thou dost bid.

When all is dark but duty, Lord,  
Walk with me till I feel the light;  
I fling my mind on Thee. Afford  
Thy help to go my way aright.

1920.

### CONFESSION.

**M**INDING how I have treated Thee,  
How promises have crumbled,  
Then how Thy grace hath borne with me,  
My towers of pride are tumbled.

My trivial faith, my zeal how numb,  
Thy patience how incessant!  
My spirit cold, my lips so dumb,  
Thy love so incandescent!

A million-fold Thy mercies shine  
Against my slack endeavor;  
Change such a life, Thou power divine,  
Bond it to Thine forever.

I dare not mutilate Thy word,  
Still far aside to wander,  
Yet think that formal prayer is heard  
While thought strays here and yonder.

For they see God whose hearts are pure  
From fatal indecision.  
Oh, cast me not away! Secure  
My soul its open vision.

1920.

## THE INDWELLING GOD.

**Q**UELLING wild questioning and quitting doubt  
 Of pang and ache, the dawning of that day  
 Of cloudless light shineth within, without,  
 My spirit answering His, for aye and aye.

Because I feel Him here I see Him there ;  
 He is the gleam by which I scan His work.  
 Submission to His will my deepest prayer ;—  
 Thus do I know thro all my reason's murk.

As in the water face doth answer face,  
 So answereth heart to heart, from His to mine.  
 Such presence nothing sensal can displace ;  
 Come pain or peace, my bosom is His shrine.

I need not climb nor dig to find His proof ;  
 Life interlaced with life such truth assures  
 That all souls know their innermost behoof  
 In that reality this guest secures.

My very longing is Thy witness ; Thou  
 Ineffable, bide ever in my breast !  
 There fix those holy thoughts which so endow  
 My being with her God, there manifest.

1920.

## GOOD FAITH.

**F**AITH once for all delivered to the saints  
 We hold thee fast. No grey and bitter doubt  
 Shall swerve us from our God. When courage faints,  
 His everlasting arms are round about.

Within the deepest heart His witness hides,  
 His constant Spirit doth our souls enclasp ;  
 The thoughts of vain men sway like ocean tides :  
 But cannot loose us from that holy grasp.

He holds the world's wild strivings in His hand  
 And brings its bubbling, babbling feuds to naught.  
 Safely He guides our menaced lives to land,  
 By Whom the silence of the seas is wrought.

Boldly would we those constant gifts declare,  
 Which bind us in strong confidence to Him ;  
 Our resolute allegiance would upbear  
 A testimony nothing false can dim.

1920.

### INTIMACY.

**L**ORD, not Thy gifts but Thee we seek ;  
 Indwelling Life, be Thou our good !  
 Impulse is fierce and flesh is weak ;  
 Gird us to do the thing we should.

Thee may we serve for what Thou art,  
 So near, so dear, so far above ;  
 That we have grieved Thee is our smart,  
 And failed to feel Thine awful love.

Thy will our sore neglect hath failed,  
 Heedlessly wandering to our shame.  
 Our self-preferring hath prevailed :  
 In Thy great grace our hearts reclaim !

Let Thy tides rise in holy flood  
 Within our souls, nor deaf, nor dumb,  
 When the loud Earth with angry thud  
 Would Thy clear Spirit overcome,

Bestow that peace which knows no fear,  
 Which Time, nor pain, nor death can shake.  
 In our last slumber stand Thou near  
 And in Thy likeness us awake.

1920.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

LONG are the solemn, listening years: but bear  
 We dear remembrance to each honored grave.  
 Our tribute to their fortitude, we wear  
 The flags half-masted for the Blue and brave,  
 Who made Columbia their mortal care.

The time grows ancient. Poor and pale these thanks  
 For what they did, who loved unto the last  
 And wrought their utmost. Flowers crown these banks,  
 With whispers for the dead whose files held fast.  
 Those gallant regiments break not their ranks!

This slumbering dust devotion's measure filled,—  
 Union triumphant! So we stand their heirs,  
 To lift the deodand their rigor willed,  
 To hail the spirit with our spirit shares  
 And still true freedom's shining shrine upbuild.

The last survivors fall in, one by one,  
 The columns close up closer and the tale  
 The grandsires tell seems stranger: but son's son  
 Tightens his purpose; never will he fail,—  
 By no rash hand what they did be undone.

1920.

## MOTHER OF MINE.

OH, that thine arms were round me thrown,  
 Oh, that thy tender, patient eyes,  
 Searching this heart, against thine own,  
 Longing to go where thou hast flown,  
 Would lead me up the skies!

Mother of mine, if only thou,  
 Holding me in that old embrace,  
 Could to thy breast thy tired child bow!  
 If but one kiss my lips might now  
 Print on thy quiet face!

1920.



## TRANSITION.

**T**HOU foe or friend, O Death, swift shall I know  
 Thy secret. Call me then and I will go  
 From all the varied beauty that so holds  
 This life-love in such evanescent folds.  
 These sublunary tides, or full or slack,  
 Float me toward seas whence I shall not come back.  
 All that is mine can soon be mine no more ;  
 I'm outward bound, to seek an unknown shore.  
 These 'perishing ingredients' must part,  
 Silenced the palpitations of my heart.  
 Stilled, all these ardors and desires must pass ;  
 The sands run fast. No hand can turn the glass !

\* \* \* \* \*

How are they also gone, I held so dear !  
 Fewer they are with every passing year,  
 The 'old familiar faces' once I knew ;  
 I long for them, whose smiles so dearly drew  
 My life to theirs ! Somewhere, I trust, with Thee  
 They climb the heights of immortality.  
 This urge of life, my God, my hope assures  
 That love, past all transition, aye endures.  
 May I at last lie down to fearless sleep,  
 Confiding Thou my needy soul wilt keep.  
 So, when these scenes grow dim, may others brighten  
 And Thou mine everlasting life enlighten,  
 Delivered from all evil and sad strife,—  
 Death vanquished by Thine all-prevailing life !

1920.



## LOVE SONGS.

**D**O you remember those dear yesterdays,  
 When all that flush of joy and hope was ours?  
 When hand in hand we went those lovely ways,  
 Where apple blossoms scattered fragrant showers.  
*Ah, merry days, long gone! Now all alone,  
 I ponder where those far, fond hours are flown.*

Nothing was fairer than your kindling eyes,  
 Nor truer than your lips. No bird-song rare  
 Matched your dear voice. Oh, had I been but wise,  
 My heart had felt the fate that brooded there!  
*Ah, merry days, long-gone,—*

---

**I**N the twilight, lonely dreaming  
 Of that time with sunshine gleaming,  
 When thy face to mine was beaming,—  
 Happy days!  
*Bitter tears outfall the rain.  
 Night draws closer. Only pain  
 Clasps what ne'er can be again,—  
 In the twilight.*

Ah, those words so softly spoken!  
 Memory gathers each fond token  
 Of our love. Alas, those broken,  
 Happy days!  
*Bitter tears outfall—*

---

**S**LOWLY the mist is falling,  
 The saddened night is dumb,  
 My broken fancies calling  
 For one who will not come.

Oh, could my hands but find him,  
 His face could I but see,  
 How would these arms enwind him,  
 Who once was all to me!

Thro dreary ways I wander  
 And cannot meet my love.  
 Those crystal hours, far yonder,  
 Are like an empty glove.  
 Oh, could he hear its beating,  
 As in that 'auld lang syne',  
 My heart would have his greeting  
 And he once more be mine.

---

**W**HERE the tinkling, twinkling water  
 Rushes to the hushes of the wood,  
 All the sky one blue and golden hood,  
 Here I wend, where oft of old I sought her.  
 Here we lingered on, her dimpled smiling,  
 Her soft hand in mine, the ways beguiling,  
 Love those blessèd hours in wonder whiling,—  
 Hours so sweet and she so fair!

Vainly wandering thro the meadows,—  
 Of thee no glimpse, blithe and debonair,  
 Not one echo of thy voice is there,  
 Only silence broods the empty shadows.  
 To those dear, untroubled days returning,  
 For that fair companionship a-yearning,  
 Fervid memories in my heart are burning.  
 Where is gone that fair one? — where?

---

**Q**UEEN of my days, come back to me!  
 Show me thy precious heed once more.  
 Parted in pain such while from thee,  
 Star of my night! I long to see  
 Those smiles thy sweet eyes wore.

Wonderful days! Dear heart, forget  
 Never those pledges, thine and mine.  
 Fling thy white arms about me yet,  
 Bring back those craving hours and let  
 These clouds with rainbows shine.

---

**S**ING me again that dear old song,  
 Once in those days so fair  
 Thrilling me, thralling me so long;  
 I hear it everywhere.  
 Quivering like a golden bell,  
 Melody, while your eyelids fell,  
 Quavered that tale we knew so well;—  
 Sing as you sang it there.

Prison of peace! No more alarms  
 Pulsing our souls apart,  
 Fold me again those tingling arms;—  
 Loving is no lost art!  
 Beautiful, burning stars arise!  
 Sweet are your overwelling eyes,  
 Sweeter your word all fear denies;—  
 Joy of my deepest heart!

---

**D**EAR girl, be mine! I love you so!  
 Open your eyes and let me know  
 You love me back. Then in that glow  
 We shall be glad and free.  
 Long have I sought your full consent;  
 Oh, that you would at last relent,  
 Ending my doubt and banishment,  
 Giving your heart to me!

Take you my hand and hold it fast,  
 Let not our skies be overcast;  
 For I will love you to the last;  
 All that I am is yours.  
 Say the dear word shall bind us two  
 In that good faith we ne'er shall rue;  
 For I will love you, love you true,  
 So long as life endures.

---

**O**UT of the past there slides to me  
 A low sweet song that fills  
 My longing heart with memory  
 And all its pulses thrills.  
 It has the notes of hours gone by,  
 Of happy time, long flown,  
 When joy and light were all my sky  
 And you were mine alone.

Come back, come back those blessèd days!  
 Come back those loving smiles;  
 Long is my path and sad decays  
 Mark all the weary miles.  
 Oh, for the love that locked us then!  
 Dear one, return and sing  
 That fond, soft song of youth again,  
 Those words that sob and cling.

## HYMNODY.

**H**ARK! the organ leads our praises  
 In one concord, full and clear.  
 All our hearts this voice upraises  
 Unto Him Who standeth near.

Music, bring your noblest rapture,  
 Till the echoes of our song  
 That celestial anthem capture,  
 Where the holy angels throng.

Let the vision of that glory,  
 Where the blessèd near Thy throne,  
 Tell the dear redemption story,  
 Seal our souls for Thee alone.

Move us with glad hymns to greet Thee,  
 One united melody  
 Be our joy, until we meet Thee,  
 Singing by that crystal sea.

Then shall be the culmination  
 Of these chords, beyond the skies,  
 Where in wondrous consummation  
 Age-long harmonies shall rise!

1920.

## THE HOLY SUPPER.

**Y**ET, Lord, again our thankful souls draw nigh,  
 To take Thy grace, which in vicarious death  
 Declared the unbounded love of God Most High,  
 Whose Spirit with these symbols witnesseth.

Thyself art here. We thus commune with Thee,—  
 With all who testify their trust. We show  
 In blessèd foretaste, that eternity  
 Whose feasts with Thy full presence overflow.

In joyful confidence we face Thy throne,  
 Singing of raptured life in Him that died.  
 Soon wilt Thou come, reclaiming all Thine own;  
 Then Thy time-travail shall be satisfied.

Oh, that the whole wide world might know Thee, Lord,  
 And find in Thee abundant life unpriced;  
 Cast out inhuman strifes, with one accord,  
 To kneel in brother love,—Thy wards, O Christ!

For there is room for every hungry heart;  
 At Thy broad table with such blessings spread.  
 Sacred is every soul that would have part  
 With them to whom a Saviour breaketh bread.

1920.

### GOOD FAITH.

**L**ET me be true to her that trusted me,  
 In every thought; that naught may intervene  
 Nor any witless wandering come between  
 Her faith and mine unwaning loyalty.  
 She gave her woman's heart all mine to be,  
 When, but a girl, she took my vowing hand  
 For our 'long trail' in wedlock's unknown land;  
 And can I disappoint that constancy!  
 Never cold silence, or estranging tone,  
 Loosen the bond that then our spirits swore  
 Before the surrogate of God! Rely  
 She must on mine implicit honor, shown  
 In simple tenderness. So more and more  
 Our deep affiance hold me till I die.

1920.

## COMMITMENT.

**T**HOU art One hast bound me to Thee,  
 Plucked me from my harms;  
 My security is due Thee,  
 In Thine arms.

Had Thy light not long pursued me,  
 Only could I grope;  
 All were gone if Thou elude me,—  
 Life and Hope!

All Thy paths are true and kindly,  
 In Thy covenant trod;  
 Pardon where I went so blindly,  
 O my God!

Orphaned not, Thy grace must guide me,  
 Lest my courage fail.  
 Thou hast found me; go beside me,  
 Mine avail.

Not in gain and not in pleasure,  
 Not in human praise:  
 In Thy love alone the measure  
 Of my days.

Nothing from Thyself shall sever,  
 Who didst bear my blame;—  
 Yesterday, today, forever,  
 Still the same.

Let me nevermore forsake Thee,  
 Falsely free to roam;  
 For mine all in all I take Thee;  
 Fetch me home!

## THE ENIGMA.

**W**AITING patiently and mute,  
 Till the world Thine answer find,  
 Thou, Redeemer absolute,  
 Art the mystery of mankind.

From Thy mandate far aloof,  
 Earth hath tested not Thine aid,  
 Never yet put all to proof,  
 Never yet in full obeyed.

While Thy precept they disguise,  
 Nation, church and man and school  
 Contradict, or patronize,  
 Or deny, Thy holy rule.

All the sanctities of life,  
 All sincere and utter worth,  
 Are in Thee. Thy solemn strife  
 Fills what once Thou gavest birth.

Absent-minded souls ignore  
 Thy stupendous, urgent plan :  
 But Thy Spirit, yet the more,  
 Swings the tides, O Son of Man !

Faileth not the enterprise  
 Of that purpose wrought in Thee ;  
 Sacred are the opened skies  
 To unswerved reality.

Lo, there stands among us One  
 Whom we know not ! But His will  
 Shall at last in Earth be done,—  
 All His sovereignty fulfill.



## POETRY.

**I**N curious array that elect word,  
 So shrewdly wise, so keen to rouse the mind,  
 Opens wide windows. Rustling wings unbind,  
 Glancing like opalescent humming bird.  
 Fancy and feeling blend. Beauty is stirred  
 By thy pure lute, imagination-moved,  
 And by no syllogistic frost reprov'd.  
 Rare verse from upper air surveys this yerd.  
 So long as flooding tides affirm the Moon,  
 Filling the curves and hollows of the shore,  
 Lifting the keels that harbored in the sand,  
 Thy wedded wonder of the thought and tune  
 Shall thrid the inmost soul and evermore  
 The mystery of longing life unband.

1920.

## AUGUST.

**C**LIMAX of Summer! bounded by two Moons,—  
 Harvest and Hunters'. Bold, chromatic gem,  
 Peerless amid the season's diadem,  
 Opal of green and ruby fires! Day swoons  
 In Virgo's night ever with fertile boons.  
 The hollyhock and corn thy forehead crown,  
 Thou anaglyph of plenty. Sumach brown  
 And goldenrod answer the glowing noons.  
 The languid air is quilted in the heat  
 That forgets Autumn. Orchards bend and blush.  
 It is the topmost vigor of the year.  
 The quiet fireflies light the yellowing wheat,  
 While crickets tune faint orchestras. A hush  
 As of expectancy. High tide is here.

1920.

## KAISERCREED.

**T**HEY did not love him. They but glorified  
 Themselves, to hail that rank anachronism  
 Of William Hohenzollern's egotism ;  
 Thus for a phantasm their millions died.  
 His rancid folly flourished undenied.  
 His warlock wardrobe furnished gaudy clothes,  
 He patronised his Gott with specious oaths,  
 While every art of saucy craft he tried.  
 Then when the nightmare broke and all was lost,  
 He cringed and cowered to that Netherland,  
 On which his envious eyes had lusted long,  
 To find asylum. So the holocaust,  
 Yon man invoked, memorial shall stand  
 Of pride in ruin. God alone is strong!

1920.

## ELIA.

**Y**OU dear Charles Lamb! Of all good Englishmen  
 We love you best. So droll, so delicate,  
 So manly ever, how your *Letters* mate  
 Shrewdness and sympathy. Your candid pen  
 Found pleasantries had not their like again.  
 Whimsical, tender, human-kindly, keen,  
 With wrinkling smiles your dark eyes saw between  
 The sad and quizzical. Outlaughing, then  
 Their quaint mirth veiled their deep affections glint.  
 Devoted brother, clasp thy Mary's hand  
 Across the fields of pain, brave to the last!  
 We follow reverently and take the hint  
 Of silence. Thy 'Dream Children' understand  
 And loving generations hold thee fast.

1920.

## SUPPLICATION.

*“Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee.”*

**F**AR from my God! undone, alone,  
 All of my vain desires o'erthrown,  
 All that I longed for smitten prone;  
 My Saviour, pity me!

Save, Lord; I perish! Lest I sink,  
 Help Thou mine unbelief! The brink  
 Of death is nigh. On me bethink;  
 My Saviour, pity me.

Look on mine undeserving lot,  
 Who have so much Thy grace forgot:  
 Yet help me still, forsake me not;  
 My Saviour, pity me.

Until these storms are overpast,  
 Be my one shelter in the blast.  
 Fold me again and hold me fast;  
 My Saviour, pity me.

From Thee estranged, sin overcame;  
 I was Thy truant, to my shame:  
 But now my self-fond soul reclaim;  
 My Saviour, pity me.

If but Thy succor draweth nigh,  
 The armies of the aliens fly;  
 Oh, answer now this heart-torn cry;  
 My Saviour, pity me!

## HESPERIDES.

COLUMBIA! Hope's ever-flooding fountain,  
 Thy bright domain we greet.  
 Plain, lake and woodland, river, mine and mountain,—  
 Two oceans kiss thy feet.

Thy liberties, in majesty and wonder,  
 Front all the winds that blow;  
 While strike the century bells, hand shall not sunder  
 Thy life in overthrow.

Thy mastheads sweep the skies. With brilliant starlight  
 And dawn's broad belts, thy flag  
 Bids valiant spirits muster in that far light.  
 Thine anchors shall not drag.

To peoples in the dark thine heart outreaching,  
 High faith emboldening  
 Their staggering souls, God's help for them beseeching,  
 This sobbing world shall sing.

Columbia! His perpetual ward learn straightway,  
 Make end of evil strife;  
 Love, only love, can guard that solemn gateway  
 Where life takes hold on Life.

Amid great waterfloods, the lasting timbers  
 That build thine Ark float sure.  
 Artillery of blackest Hell unlimbers  
 In vain. God's lines endure.

The strong high hills are Thine, O God; Thy meaning  
 Unfold while ages run!  
 Our Commonwealth save Thou! Thine intervening  
 Divine will all be done.

## MICROCOSM AND MACROCOSM.

**E**ACH man's a little world, whose signs we see  
 And by that analog infer a self  
 Like to our own, thus signified. No elf  
 Could be what so affirms a unity  
 Of being, shown in fellow sympathy.  
 Imagination's insight makes the leap  
 Which certifies that others also keep  
 The kinsmanship of personality.  
 God, what a universe of being swims  
 In Thy great ken! Another swarm of stars  
 Fills Time, as those fill space, as fathomless,  
 (Or far or proximate.) Our reason dims  
 As we attempt to climb the orbit bars  
 Which separate omniscience from our guess.

Yet, by inevitable impulse, we  
 Approach each unconsuming bush that burns,  
 To seek what beckons mind and ever turns  
 Our inner steps to test reality.  
 Answer is given curiosity;  
 It is the silent voice of very God,  
 "This ground is holy; thou must be unshod,  
 If thou the boundless boundaries would'st see."  
 Such is our life's supreme environment.  
 So do we float on shoreless seas of thought.  
 So do we seek the undiscovered poles  
 And are flung back on being's vast content,  
 To trust that for enough which He hath wrought  
 Who stands nigh, Soul of individual souls.

1920.

## GENEALOGY.

**W**HAT streams of life have poured into this soul!  
 What endless generations it doth trace.  
 At last all is ancestral and the race  
 Blends in each human child. He has the whole  
 Past in himself! He is the living bowl  
 Where all upbubbles. All the tribes of man,  
 (Gaze we behind us), like a spreading fan  
 Find one supreme pristinity their goal.  
 Thus, backward. From the waist of this hour-glass,  
 If on we look, he is the patriarch tree  
 Of all the progeny of future days.  
 So separate individuals as they pass,  
 Hark either way. This solidarity  
 Of total man must reckoning amaze.

I was in hardy Alexander's loins.  
 Plato begat me. Moses was my sire.  
 David, Lycurgus, Attila, require  
 My filial duty. Boadicea joins  
 Cesar. Semiramis, Horace, are the quoins  
 That build my house. I'm of Cornelia's line  
 And Jezebel's. All, good or bad, are mine.  
 The whole gross past bemothers in its foins.  
 None can deny this mixed relationship  
 With every man. Each one is cousinly.  
*Nihil humanum alienum est!*  
 This atavistic bond I may not slip.  
 Not loosened from that wide heredity,  
 This embryo must prolong the manifest.

1920.

## SORROW.

**T**ONIGHT some heart is breaking  
 And with a choking prayer  
 In solitude is aching  
 And yearning, everywhere,  
 To find relief and pity  
 And hope and fortitude;  
 In forest, village, city,  
 The abject moan and brood.

My heart would hear, responding,  
 This human undertone,  
 My sympathy so bonding  
 For them who crouch alone.  
 For all who mourn and wonder,  
 Bowed down with bitter care,  
 Who in the darkness blunder,  
 Hear, God, my tearful prayer.

1920.

## THE DARK HOURS.

**C**APTAIN of the night! The way is weary  
 Lonely voices call aside from Thee.  
 Stars are dim, the shifting shadows eerie,  
 Alien fingers seem to clutch at me.

Stealthy shapes creep toward me with insistence,  
 Wanton whisperings mine ears assail,  
 Horrible laughters taunt me in the distance,  
 Leering that Thy succoring will fail.



Have Thou mercy on my desolation,  
 Banish this consuming discontent,  
 By my side some blessed angel station,  
 Who shall these malign assaults prevent.

In the dismal hours, speak words of brightening,  
 This despondency Thy presence cheer,  
 All the burden of my spirit lightening,  
 With the great relief that Thou art near.

When the dawn, with beautiful renewal  
 Of my hopes, at last doth end distress,  
 Let me not forget how, in the cruel  
 Night, Thy ministry stood near to bless.

1920.

#### EDGAR ALLEN POE.

**F**ANNED by a seraph's wing, yet fettered fast,  
 This morbid, clairvoyant, fastidious mind,  
 Sought in wild fancies solacement to find,  
 Whereat imagination stands aghast.  
 Wayward, meticulous, untimely cast  
 Into a web of sordid circumstance,  
 He sadly welcomed all that could enhance  
 Beauty and pain. His genius surpassed  
 Its limits. Weirdest things he heard  
 And strangely said. Like Coleridge most,  
 He vexed wild dreams their subtleties to tell.  
 Absolute chastity of thought and word  
 Were his. His verse went like a lonely ghost,  
 'Helen' and 'Annie' answering 'Israfel'.

1920.



## GROPING.

**W**OULD that my poor, pedestrian wit  
 Could find the word and thought that fit,  
 A measure free and unconstrained,  
 The very note of longing gained.  
 Oh, that some star of heavenly white  
 Might flash upon my purblind sight!  
 To tell my meaning full and strong  
 And let my heart sing out its song.  
 For that, in futile discontent,  
 I feel about. Naught I invent  
 Seems worth the while. No one can care  
 Mine ineffective words to share,  
 So dull and commonplace my pen,  
 How can it touch the life of men?  
 Yet I have longed to write *one* thing  
 That folk would care to say or sing.  
 Like Pisa's tower, that always slants  
 And not quite falls, my misbechance,  
 Not perpendicular nor prone,  
 Is always half-way overthrown.  
 It stripes my mind with purple welts,  
 That I cannot be somewhat else  
 And find a truer minstrelsy  
 Than graceful mediocrity.

1920.

## BEYOND.

**T**HAT 'Time shall be no longer' cannot mean  
 Our beings cease. For things that now are seen,  
 In temporal measurement of thought, shall be  
 Discovered in a vaster symphony,  
 Which doth not yet appear. Ultimate rest  
 From present conflict shall be wholly blest  
 In action, with fresh powers and in vast fields  
 For richer energy. That new adventure yields  
 New problems. Wisdom, beauty, will not change :  
 But summon spirit to a loftier range.  
 Virtue cannot be passive, nor relinquish  
 Its ardent hopes, nor strife of life extinguish.  
 Felicity were weary and inane  
 Were growth annulled,—perfection a dull pain.  
 There Art shall crave more values to achieve.  
 There Wonder further search and still receive.  
 There widening disclosures of God's Truth  
 Shall make eternal thought perpetual youth.  
 The fit shall find, the willing serve and do  
 And open vision shall see all things new.  
 Scope shall there be for each immortal power,  
 Enduring life no longer note the hour,  
 Nor weariness nor weak satiety  
 Shall cloud the abundant being had with Thee !

1920.

## HUMAN KINDNESS.

WHAT is 'welfare'? Tell me true;  
 It must judge 'tween me and you.  
 'Tis that all men have their due.

Spurious that prosperity  
 Which does not the last man free  
 From false disability.

Life alone can find the best,  
 When the human interest  
 By no fiction is opprest.

Social justice must be done.  
 Every good is plural. None  
 Prospers by himself alone.

Mutual service is the goal.  
 This ignores no living soul,—  
 Makes a torn world sane and whole.

Thou to fail and I to flaunt,  
 Thou to veer and I to vaunt,  
 I to have and thou to want!

This were but to show me shrewd,  
 With my neighbor cold and nude,—  
 Working fierce ingratitude.

God, redeem my selfishness!  
 Let me share mankind's distress;  
 In *Thy* love my being bless.

*QUOUSQUE, DOMINE?*

**A** WORLD of pain! Wrong's huge, dark sum we tell  
 On every hand. This skein of suffering  
 Makes fear to writhe. Can God these horrors bring  
 And yet be good and strong? Does He know well  
 And yet permit this influx of red Hell?  
 The old, old problem! But He made man free  
 To will the issues of perversity,  
 Nor doth His grace one truant mind compel.  
 Self-dispossessed, the wayward soul withdraws  
 In measureless secession. So the blame  
 Follows abused probation. Holy gain  
 Answers the love that welcomes His just laws.  
 Obedience outstrips what sin did maim,  
 Nor strives to escape the discipline of pain.

1920.

## THE BOBOLINK.

**I**N the bright afternoon, in the cooling of day,  
 Merrily, ardently, tumult of gladness,  
 As he sang, as I heard, by the midsummer way,  
 O'erfilled and thrilled by the jubilant madness,  
 To the eloquent roulade my mood overflowed,  
 Tearfully, cheerfully, peace to recapture,  
 And the bobolink's joy in my heart I bestowed,—  
 Plunge of wild melody's beautiful rapture.

1920.

## SYMMETRY.

**B**EAUTY is harmony of part and part.  
 It fosters gladness with its large appeal,  
 In color, form and motion. It doth seal  
 Objective pleasure, while strange tremors dart  
 Delight and wonder to the answering heart.  
 Such the aperçu of this various scene:  
 But what the vision of that thought between  
 These strokes which manifest divinest art!  
 Rejoicing splendors! Ye but spread the couch  
 Of royal goodness. Love with ecstasy  
 Unites to show His nature. The abyss  
 Of truth in which He dwells these graces vouch.  
 Exquisite His approach. Felicity  
 Of creature joys Him. Beauty is God's kiss!

1920.

## UNTO YOU IS BORN A SAVIOUR.

**T**HE feast of Christ's Nativity  
 Is very dear to them  
 By faith who would that wonder see  
 Which was at Bethlehem.

The angels singing thro the night,  
 That manger so forlorn,  
 That mother in her lowly plight,  
 The cry of that Firstborn!

That radiant morn was long, long since,  
 When from the eternal sky,  
 The peaceful advent of the Prince  
 Our God did glorify.

Oh, happy, happy, happy day!  
 Let all the joy bells ring,  
 To hail that Child, Who came to stay  
 Our strifes and be our King.

Sing on, ye hosts of heavenly light,  
 Shine out, ye Christmas stars;  
 That holy beacon ends our night.  
 Christ breaks the prison bars.

The war-gods on their faces fall,  
 The shadows flee away;  
 The Son of Man is all in all  
 And Earth shall own His sway.

1920.

### THE VICARIOUS ONE.

**N**OT to condemn, but save, He came,  
 Thro Whom this bleak world's foe  
 Shall conquered be. He braved the shame  
 And Man's dire load did undergo.

He never shunned the poor, the bad,  
 Nor overlooked the wanderer,  
 Was clement to the bruised and sad,  
 His hand stretched out to all that were.

He was the Living Bread, His word  
 The well-head of the streams of God,  
 His holy strength did life begird  
 And all the ways of pain He trod.

To lift, to keep, to satisfy  
 The hungriest soul, good Lord, draw near;  
 That none may doubt and none deny:  
 But love find love and tear find tear.

By Thy great pity and constraint,  
 Hide us forever in Thy heart!  
 When, helpless, we but fall a-faint,  
 Thou Lamb of God, take Thou our part.

1920.

## THE SUREST WAY.

**N**OT thy severity can furthest go  
 To capture men for God : but tenderness  
 Shall best rebuke neglect and have success  
 With lives impoverished and spirits slow  
 To heed. Human compassion shall bestow  
 Hope to bruised hearts. If stern the rod must bite  
 Transgression, let warm love requite  
 The sharp pain. Symbathy can heal the woe.  
 “ *How can I give thee up!* ” saith God. Tho wrath  
 Of the great Lamb is certainty for them  
 Who reject mercy and the Christ give o’er:  
 See that thou take the Saviour’s patient path,  
 Who set that lost child in His diadem ;—  
 “ Neither do I condemn thee, sin no more ” !

1920.

## ALL THAT SHE HAD.

**T**O give, not get ; this is desired of such  
 As follow *Him*. Thy sole self to secure  
 Shall bankrupt thee indeed and leave thee poor.  
 It is their bane who love themselves too much.  
 If thou forget thy friend, with private clutch  
 At thine own affluence and indulgent ease ;  
 “ Ye did it not unto the least of these ”  
 Shall find thy withered heart without a crutch.  
 The Boundless Giver hateth hoarding souls,  
 Who never joyed in generosity,  
 But hugged their sordid havings all alone,  
 Reckoning others’ needs with niggard doles,  
 Unheeding their dire want. Share thou God’s fee,  
 Mastering that word — “ Love seeketh not its own.”

1920.



## AMBULANDO.

**D**O; and then see. To learn it as we go,  
 This is the art which solves the intricate,  
 Unquiet puzzle. Practice is the gate  
 Thro which alone we come at last to know.  
 Experience finds wit; for overthrow  
 That testimony nothing really can;  
 Obedience is the eyesight of a man;  
 Doubt not, but *try* it; Wisdom cometh so.  
 Good faith that seeks, finds light is at the end  
 Of all the rugged miles. Moving, it gains  
 Full certainty. Climbing the mountain side,  
 Thou'llt see the landscape widen. Every bend  
 Of life's long lane a surer tread attains.  
 Presently the great door will open wide.

1920.

## POINT OF VIEW.

**H**E 'obstinate', *I* 'constant'; either lack,  
 As this one or as that one seems to be.  
 So one says 'valor', one 'audacity',  
*Thou* a true martyr, *thou* a maniac.  
 Or 'art', or 'artifice',—'genius', or 'knack',  
 'Hierophant' or 'heretic'; each name  
 Utters the view-point. So has the self-same  
 'Maudlin', or 'masterful', coronet or rack!  
 Thus do men set themselves in opposites,—  
 Sympathy curdled, mutual contempt  
 And rude conceit the death of amity:  
 But such division no true heart befits,  
 While sour injustice thinks itself exempt  
 From spite that hardens into tyranny.

1920.



## GONE!

WOULD *ye come back to me Douglass!*" The low wail  
 For a lost love pierced with its broken tone;  
 Bitter the yearning of a heart alone,  
 Which poured this prison-cry of no avail!

"*Never a thoughtless word should pain you!*" Pang  
 For that unsaid and missaid filled the song,  
 The unmeant slight, the careless jest, whose prong  
 Wounded and smarted. All this moan she sang.

"*Stretch out your hand to me, Douglass!*" Fell  
 The aching absence and the dreary wait,  
 Begging forgiveness, but, alas, so late!  
 Gathering bittersweet and asphodel.

1920.

## SHOT.

THERE by his gun, amid the glare,  
 A vivid youth, grim, debonnaire,  
 From crash of battle lifts his eyes  
 An instant to the smoking skies.  
 His smeared lips move to say "Ma mère!  
 Ma France!"—a gunner's desperate prayer.  
 The smoke-film curls about his hair,  
 The fierce barrage for victory cries,  
 There by his gun.  
 The batteries belching everywhere  
 Pour out their hideous fanfare,  
 While screaming shell to shell replies.  
 Prone in the dust the gunner lies;  
 For him the war is over, there,  
 There by his gun!

1920.

UMBER DAYS.

**S**LOWLY the brown leaves falter to the ground,  
 October twilight short and shorter grows.  
 The Summer's wealth is wrinkled and discrowned,  
 The waning year sad, lengthening shadow throws.  
 The droning monotone of winter flows,  
 Yesterday's shredded music all is drowned.

1920.

NOT FAR.

**T**HEY walked with God. His call hath taken them,  
 To be by His eternal presence blest,  
 In His pure Paradise of holy rest.  
 We would not to this Earth reawaken them.

But we with Him Who speaks with them can speak,  
 Sending our message by the Saviour's lip;  
 So there is yet a close companionship  
 With those whose life our longing spirits seek.

No night is there, nor sin, nor pain, nor grief:  
 Our well-beloved are quieted from these;  
 Unwearied is the hope which from our knees  
 Rises with tender praise for strong relief.

Oh, bright hereafter, when this age goes by!  
 All darkness swallowed up of endless light,  
 When, by the ineffable Redeemer's might,  
 This mortal puts on immortality.

1920.

IT MAY BE.

**Q**UIET and solitude and darkness, shot  
 With light I never knew, the strain all past  
 Of mortal living; here at last is what  
 I could not reckon. Fevered toil is cast  
 Aside forever. Memory holds fast  
 My day-dreams in this sleep. Awake me not.

1920.

## A CHILD'S CONFESSION.

**I**N Thy cherished lamb-flock  
 Was my birthright told,  
 When my covenant portion  
 Was with Thee enrolled.  
 Glad, believing parents  
 Did Thy blessing claim,  
 When those holy waters  
 Registered my name.

That I might not wander  
 From the Shepherd's care,  
 So in faith they gave me  
 With their tender prayer.  
 While Thy timelong promise  
 Stands forever sure,  
 Of Thy flock a member  
 May I rest secure.

Born within the precincts  
 Of Thy well-loved fold,  
 Cherished in Thy nurture,  
 Make me strong and bold  
 To confess, my Maker,  
 All Thy rights in me,  
 Sharing every blessing  
 Of Christ's company.

1920.

## APPEAL,

**O** DIVINE Redeemer, by that pain  
 Thou didst undergo, lost souls to gain,  
 Contrite at Thy feet I fall and pray;  
 From Thy presence cast me not away!

Plain to Thee my sin and bitter shame;  
 To Thy favor I can bring no claim;  
 Let sheer mercy lift me. Prove in me  
 Thine immeasurable clemency.

Saviour, pity Thou my black distress,  
 Help me meet Thy burning holiness.  
 Pardon my misdoings and my prides;  
 Only in Thy love this sinner hides.

Make me one more trophy of Thy grace,  
 Show me now Thy reconcilèd face.  
 Stained, but sorry, oh, give me not o'er!  
 Hold me fast to Thee forevermore.

1920.

### TOWARD PORT.

**A**LL our sails sheeted home,  
 We cleave the tossing seas,  
 Behind, a seething wake of foam,  
 Before, the Hesperides.

The crescent peers thro clouds,  
 The steep deck well is manned,  
 Keen winds go whistling thro the shrouds.  
 We catch the scent of land.

The voyage nigh is done.  
 Lights lift along the shore.  
 Soon will the anchor cables run  
 To find the harbor floor.

It is the good ship *Life*,  
 Outweathering every gale,  
 Makes here an end of ocean strife,  
 Now "*All ashore!*" the hail.

¶ In port where we would be,  
 One long, last look is cast  
 Across the moonlit billowing sea  
 And on each tapering mast.

1920.

## ROME ACADEMY SONG.

Air: *Lauriger*. Key of G.

**W**HERE *Fort Stauwix* faced the brunt,  
 In that patriot manner,  
 To the ugly battle front  
 Flung our first, bright banner;  
 So do we, for home and land  
 Each a true defender,  
 Pledge the cause, with heart and hand,  
 Never shall surrender.

Here's a school where every lad,  
 Every earnest maiden,  
 Of the daily task is glad,  
 With its future laden.  
 So now, in this same good place,  
 Purpose strong and steady,  
 Like that early band, we face  
 Duty, ranked and ready.

Old Academy! for those  
 Who have loved thy teaching,  
 For the throng that hither flows,  
 Hands of hope outreaching,  
 For thine honor will we work,  
 All thy fame upholding,  
 Learn no honest toil to shirk,  
 Happy years unfolding.

1920.

## SCRIP AND STAFF.

**T**HE Sun is high and hot. The way is long.  
 I rest where these cool waters overflow,  
 Lifting my grateful and adoring song.  
 Then forward on my pilgrim way I go,  
 With happy heart. Whither I'm bound I know.  
 The path is clear. I cannot wonder wrong.

1920.

## ALLELUIAS.

**G**LORIOUS forever be Thy holy name!  
 Majesty and mercy all Thy worlds proclaim.  
 Everywhere Thy splendors speak of boundless love,  
 While Thy Church uprenders praise with those above.  
*Ageless Alleluias rise from every shore,  
 Hymns of men and angels blending evermore.*

Where that high *Trisagion* sounds about Thy throne,  
 Join us with the faithful Thou hast made Thine own,  
 Granting full communion with that raptured choir,  
 Where celestial music answers all desire!  
*Ageless Alleluias rise from every shore,  
 Hymns of men and angels blending evermore.*

1920.

## ENTREATY.

**U**NTO Christ's simplicity  
 Steadfast ever I would be,  
 Every upstart passion curbed,  
 By no bad device disturbed.

With a godly jealousy,  
 Unbeguiled I cleave to Thee;  
 Let no luring, subtle art  
 Interfere to wean my heart.

Constant love, unfeigned and whole,  
 Be the rubric of my soul.  
 Sincere Spirit, more and more  
 Widen Life's effectual door.

Free from fear, into Thy peace,  
 Grant my wistful faith release.  
 Strive for me thro every day,  
 Lest I be a castaway!

1920.

## THE INCARNATION.

FROM depths of light came forth the Word,  
 By Whom all things that are were made.  
 The dawn of Time His edict heard  
 When nothing was without His aid.

The First and Last and Ever Blest  
 The mystery of ransom signed.  
 In that pure form was manifest  
 God's ultimatum to mankind.

For us the Cross He underwent,  
 Immortal Love in mortal pain,  
 And by that dreadful instrument  
 Bade us the way of life regain.

Redemption, Just for the unjust,  
 There once for all this Saviour wrought.  
 Before that sign supreme, august,  
 We yield our souls, by Him besought.

Hope is no dream. None other name  
 Is given whereby we must be saved.  
 Marvel of sacrifice! Thy claim  
 Holds fast all spirits disenslaved.

Let tremulous and holy song  
 That everlasting grace declare;  
 And with all saints His praise prolong,  
 Till we shall meet Him in the air!



## MILITANCY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, your armor bind.  
 Fight the great fight and all endure.  
 He will reward your steadfast mind,  
 Victory ye at last shall find ;  
 Hold fast His overture  
 And prove His promise sure.

Demons and warlocks shall not doom  
 Unto despair the souls that trust.  
 Sins of the heart shall give Him room,  
 Whose is the power on His high loom  
 To weave what pity must  
 And glorify our dust.

Martyrs of God, who wrought His will  
 Unto the death, we hail your fame !  
 Bravely ye won the crown and still  
 Courage and hope your lives fulfill,  
 Who bore your Captain's name  
 And dared to share His shame.

All saints, who trod the heavenward way,  
 Living and dying, ye are known,  
 Now and forever, sons of day.  
 Fearing and pain no more dismay ;  
 Ye are your Lord's alone  
 And see His splendorous throne.

One in their God, Thy children stand ;  
 Light in Thy light such grace prepares.  
 There with blest angels, hand in hand,  
 Treading the shores of that good land,  
 They breathe celestial airs  
 And love for aye is theirs.



## THE SON OF ELISABETH.

**I** NVETERATE man! thy world a wilderness,  
 Brooding in solitude thy mighty thought,  
 Preparing to prepare the hearts of men  
 For One Who stood among them still unknown.  
 A living voice,—Elijah's word once more,—  
 Up from the desert fastnesses he strode.  
 A strange excitement and expectancy  
 Thrilled thro the land; as busy rumor ran  
 Of one who heralded Messiah's way.  
 "Repent! Repent! The kingdom is at hand!  
 Make straight the highway of the Holy Lord!  
 Repent! Repent!" 'Then to the Jordan flocked  
 From near and far, of every tribe and rank,  
 The populace, with wonder and with fear,  
 A mighty awe that summons answering.  
 Their sins they knew and owned them, bowing down,  
 To feel the laving waters of their God.  
 There wrought the prophet, one of that great line  
 Whose witness had of old so oft recalled  
 Rebellious hearts to sternest reckoning.  
 The answer quivered in the hungry souls  
 Who thronged to hear, acknowledge and repent.  
 But One drew near the Annunciator's side,  
 On Whom John looked with tremor and surprise.  
 He recognized and testified — "Dost Thou;  
*Thou!* come to *me*, who rather should upgird  
 Himself to seek Thee?" "All God's righteousness  
 Beseems Me to fulfil"—*He* said and bent  
 To the clear water. Then a heavenly Dove  
 Down fluttered and there fell a holy voice—  
 "My Son belovèd, Who well pleaseth Me."

Time went. Soon he the Saviour warranted  
 Was dungeoned at the brutal Herod's will.  
 From those lone walls a chill fell on his heart  
 And from him messengers his anxious word  
 Brought to the Lord of mighty word and deed,—  
 "Art Thou the Very One, or do we look  
 For still another"? Strong was the reply—  
 "I am that One and these are my true proofs."  
 The great seer waited on. Too soon there came  
 That night when bidden by a dancing girl  
 The foul and coward king bestowed the boon,—  
 His head, who died because he said the truth.  
 The revel of the palace wore away:  
 But he, who had fulfilled stern Malachi,  
 Sealing that elder testament of God,  
 Was where there is no sorrow and no night,  
 Singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1920.

### THE RIGHTS OF GOD.

**T**O love thy God with heart and strength and mind,  
 This is the first and great command. And next,  
 To love thy fellow as thyself, doth bind  
 In life's one sheaf. This be Thy holy text.

It is His right that all His children share,  
 Each for each other, in that largest love,  
 Which seeks to serve its neighbor everywhere  
 And thus the law above all law to prove.

Strange that it can seem strange to urge this claim  
 Of Him Who made us to be all His own!  
 For His we are; His supreme loving name  
 Must the one root of all true love be shown.

1921.

## HIBERNIA.

**T**HE ire of Ireland smokes and flashes far  
 Across the seas that pound her coasts. It stuns  
 A world that wonders when her better sons  
 Will find the way. For surely ways there are  
 That can abate the blights so long that mar  
 Her story. Long, black hate her heart doth blind  
 In feudal fury. May her children find  
 One balm for every ancient wound and scar!  
 O God, these malcontents restore! Appease  
 The strife that spends in blood the bittered soul.  
 Let the great Cross determine this harsh feud.  
 Let her and England find, upon their knees,  
 A pathway unto justice. Make them whole,—  
 A happy brotherhood of hope renewed!

1921.

## ON MY KNEES.

**A**N open heart I bring  
 To One who knows my need.  
 To His sure help alone I cling,  
 His holy guiding plead.

Do Thy great deed in me,  
 Thou very Life of Life.  
 Fill all my consciousness with Thee  
 And end my restless strife.

Dwell in mine inmost soul.  
 Whate'er would interfere  
 To baulk Thy love do Thou control;  
 My supplication hear!

1921.

## OUR LORD.

FOR Thee, our life and love, we strive  
 Thro every task and toil;  
 Thy great light maketh all alive  
 With trust naught can despoil.

Within Thy pillared temple he  
 Shall stand who overcame,  
 He shall Thy very signet be,  
 His brow bear Thy new name.

Capture, O Lord, each vagrant thought  
 And fix us fast and fill  
 Us utterly, till we are brought  
 To seek Thine utmost will.

For wisdom's deepest Well Thou art,  
 Who spake as man ne'er spake;  
 Still from Thy holy, tender heart  
 Doth flashing truth outbreak.

Thou Light that knowest no eclipse,  
 Be mine entreaty heard;  
 O crystal Well! from whose dear lips  
 Ne'er fell one random word.

1921.

## THE CALL.

HOW hungrily the sad and weary time  
 Listens to hear a heavenly reply!  
 Prisoners of hope, from all the daily grime,  
 Appeal for Him Who did no heart deny.

Church of the Lowly One, oh, heed and bring  
 Thy word to bear on wrong and shame and pain;  
 Thane of thy God, proclaim His welcoming  
 To needy spirits. Lift thy cross again!

Let widen every house of Christ its door,  
 Let His great commonwealth the portion be  
 Of all plain people. So the very poor  
 Would crowd as once they thronged in Galilee.

Speak out in simple terms Christ's searching word,  
 Not vague nor droning, but with love inwrought.  
 Let sin and sorrow find their prayers are heard  
 And wanderers back to Christ's true arms be brought.

Then would the rolling hymn of gratitude  
 Awake the echoes of the waiting shrine,  
 Old days of wonder-working be renewed,  
 With power and human good and peace divine.

Then would men *know*. Then dearth God's fire and fan  
 Would banish, all the laden find true rest,  
 Again would cleanse His house the Son of Man  
 And the great world would throb with joy unguessed.

1921.

### THEN AND TOMORROW.

**I** NEVER can forget those days  
 When first I touched your hand  
 And knew the light of your deep gaze.  
 I did not understand  
 The strange, clear call that stirred me so  
 With longing and with dread:  
 But now, dear heart, full well I know  
 That there our souls were wed.

I will not disappoint that trust  
 Which all at once was ours,  
 Nor let those blossoms fall in dust,  
 Which pledged such radiant flowers.

Again I hold your hands in mine,  
 Again I search your face  
 And nevermore will I resign  
 The sunshine of your grace.

1921.

### OUR COLORS.

**H**AIL to the colors of delite! Aloft they flutter,  
 Depth of interstellar blue, white and crimson band.  
 History is written there. Whatso evils mutter,  
 Skyward let them shimmer, ever fanned  
 By the bréath of Him Who made the deathless story,  
 By the prayers of them that live in freedom's light;  
 Ours be the salvation, unto Him alone the glory!  
 So shall trust His mighty hand requite.

Beacon of the morning! To the sunlight far outthrow it  
 Lustrous symbol of the brave and true it swings.  
 Stainless be its honor, pure the ruddy life we owe it;  
 Man the halliards, while the bugle rings!  
 All the radiant tintage of the dawn is interwoven  
 In its splendor, for one human cause unrolled;  
 Rally, freemen! Come what may, its ample meaning proven,  
 Aye and aye that banner shall its gleam unfold.

Gallant souls shall bear it on, no evil e'er betiding,  
 Guiding forth triumphantly the hope of Man.  
 Liberty and love shall dare, all danger overriding,  
 Push that streaming standard to the van.  
 There on all the winds that blow that flaming prayer, outfloating  
 On and on, shall down the ages curl,  
 Truth and justice answering and every heart devoting;  
 Never will America those colors furl.

1921.



## AUSCULTATION.

**D**EAR is it to think oft of those who were  
 And are not and yet are; so very near  
 They seem. They do so constant reappear  
 In our fond thought. Their silent voices stir  
 Our foretime love to answer. Years may blur  
 Their memory to others: but we know  
 A treasury that nothing can forego;  
 Thus smile or touch recover him or her.  
 The world of light is theirs: but lingers yet  
 An affluent sense of presences at hand,  
 Feeling them close, within the twilit hall,  
 Or on our ways. Our hearts do not forget  
 And theirs remember. Let us understand  
 That *life* is what no mortal change can thrall.

1921.

## LIGHT.

**O** THOU with Whom there was no dawn,  
 With Whom can be no night,  
 Whose radiance never is withdrawn,  
 Thou Uncreated Light!  
 Integral effluence of Thy will,  
 Thy very self, imparts  
 Its wonder to the souls that fill  
 Thy worlds. Thy radiance darts  
 Thy presence to the furthest star  
 In spaces fathomless,  
 Thine all-revealing splendors are  
 Thy garment, Thy caress.  
 Of Thine unbounded universe  
 The fire is fed by Thee;  
 So do Thy beams our minds immerse  
 In Thine infinity.

1921.

## HE ABIDETH FAITHFUL.

“These things saith the Amen.”

**A**MID all change of place and age,  
Thro all transition, loss and pain,  
“The things unshaken shall remain”  
Still gleams upon God’s holy page.

These shreds of what we liked so well  
Slip from our hands: but, blessèd cure  
Of fear, “His promise standeth sure”  
Who wardeth His true Israel.

At peace within that covenant,  
Perplexing years shall not dismay.  
As yesternight the same for aye,  
He calms our sore bewilderment.

Cancel, Immediate One, our dreads.  
Let Thy perpetual presence lease  
Our hearts. Our confidence increase.  
Place Thy dear hand upon our heads.

1921.

## ALLEGIANCE.

**T**AKE my frail hand, O God, and hold it fast;  
I have no other strength whereon to rest.  
On Thee alone must I rely at last;  
Then shall no angry force my soul molest.

Not worthy of the least of all, I greet  
Thy tender mercies with a thankful heart.  
Low bows my spirit at Thy patient feet,  
Begging forgiveness that no ill can thwart.

With peace that passeth understanding, here  
I hide in Thee. Confirm my confidence.  
From every menace safe my spirit steer,  
Deigning to be its final recompense.

1921.



## HELIOCENTRIC.

**A**MONG the planets small, a speck of sand  
 Amid the myriad million stars, we speed  
 With complex motion: yet we look and read  
 The inconceivable. Our minds are fanned  
 By majesty. Our spirits understand.  
 There in Orion's nebula the stir  
 Is a world making. Cloud-wrapped Jupiter  
 Is but half done. Our Moon is a dead brand.  
 Yonder, great monarchs of immeasured space,  
 Far vaster than our Sun, burn with a light  
 That by uncounted æons finds our sphere!  
 Yet human eyes this awful map do trace.  
 Who made those depths made us His power to cite:  
 One Presence shineth there and whispers here.

Chaldean shepherds coned that mighty frame  
 And wondered at the blazing midnight sky.  
 Isaiah bade man lift his eyes on high  
 To see Creative Might, Who called by name  
 Forth that vast host which at His will became.  
 "I think Thy thoughts, O God"—great Kepler taught.  
 Those orbits make terrestrial pride but naught.  
 Our little parallax puts conceit to shame.  
 Great theocentric cosmos! Who can span  
 The amazing choir, whose shining ever sings?  
 Those circling ages; all those worlds that spin  
 In distant glory, question—"What is *Man*,  
 That God is mindful of him?" Answer wings  
 Its way to Him, whose witness is within!

## DREAMING.

**W**HEN all the gates of sense are locked in sleep  
 And thought has passed the threshold of the night,  
 There comes a deepening of inner sight,  
 Strange things draw near from out the mental deep.  
 Fantastic scenes and images upheap :  
 Yet all seems normal in that mystery.  
 When will is dormant, fancy maketh free  
 And trance and phantom drowsy reason steep.  
 Or be it clarity or cloud, O Lord,  
 Vagary, or direct and heavenly vision,  
 With which all waking is incongruous,—  
 Day's uninvestigable depths explored,—  
 In whatsoever lies such strange transition,  
 Still must we wonder why life moveth thus.

1921.

## AT SEA.

**W**HERE those crests gigantic  
 Ride the wild Atlantic,  
 In their corybantic,  
 Deep-toned ecstasy,  
 While the sea-scud lashes,  
 All the storm-voice crashes  
 With infinity!  
 Sloping decks a-streaming,  
 Lofty shrouds a-screaming :  
 Yet is hope outbeaming,  
 While the wrath insists.  
 Tense and space are reeling :  
 But our souls, appealing,  
 Trust Thy mighty dealing ;—  
 Winds are in Thy fists !

1921.

VERTEX, OR VORTEX.

**M**OUNTING, or whirling down! There is no deep  
 To which we may not gravitate, or soar.  
 With whirring wings, or leaden-shod! Ignore  
 The vast alternative, then we but leap  
 To the abyss. The hills of light are steep.  
 If we the parting ways would understand,  
 We must consider how, on every hand,  
 That which he soweth one must surely reap.  
 Be not my being mercilessly caught  
 In sucking waters! Let me rise and fly  
 Toward the bright realms where life and growth are one,  
 Where love with peace and blessing is inwrought  
 And death and darkness banished. There on high  
 Shall a Redeemer's saving will be done.

1921.

AFTER COLERIDGE.

**I**N *Understanding*, all the things of sense  
 Write their reality in effect and cause.  
 It reckons but with means. The 'Natural laws'  
 Are but kaleidoscopic. No man thence  
 Finds *ends* within their vast circumference.  
 But *Reason* surmounts visibility,  
 Deals with the intuitional, is free,  
 All in another realm of evidence.  
*Will* rises to the supernatural life,  
 Where all analogies of matter fail,  
 Unto the Soul of all souls takes its flight.  
 So telescopic spirit wins the strife.  
 To him the eternal vista shall unveil,  
 Who seeks the furthest limit of the light.

1921.

“THE FAITHFUL TOWN.”

LET this wide world that Just One know,  
 Whose equity can end the woes  
 Of an embittered time and show  
 Why all its sorrow overflows.

The seething peoples need His rule  
 Whose word alone can make them free ;  
 Christ can their burning fevers cool,  
 Established in true liberty.

The bounds of nations Thou dost mark ;  
 Let them prepare to meet their God,  
 Nor turn aside the meek : but hark,  
 In sombre days, Thy law and rod.

A mighty turning unto Thee  
 Shall retranslate Thy holiness ;  
 So only shall a new Earth be  
 Set fast in Thy supreme caress.

1921.

“WHEN THEY HAD SUNG, THEY WENT.”

THE piercing sadness of the Irish croon,  
 The wail of bagpipes and the Scot's full tune  
 Of balladry and love, the vibrancy  
 Of Wagner, melted in weird harmony,  
 The mellow, rythmic phrases Schumann knew,  
 The counterpoint where Bach his treasures drew  
 In vast chorales, there, spinning in the Sun.  
 The tender melodies of Mendelssohn,  
 The mighty march and solemn, pleading chords  
 Of Beethoven, the passionate gleam of swords  
 In the wild Marseillaise, Chopin and dreams,  
 Mozart and Handel and the broad, deep streams  
 Of Rubenstein! All these and many more,  
 In rhapsody and anthem, coast the shore  
 Where full hearts tremblingly in Him rejoice,  
 Who blest mankind with Music's wondrous voice.  
 Oh, if such tones hard-stricken mortals bring.  
 What passionate rapture must immortals sing!

1921.

## RUDYARD KIPLING.

**R**IGIDLY smiting life's far-sounding keys,  
 The voice of many men, by many a sea,  
 Chitanya, or crusader spirit, he  
 Sought out a blistered world's pretended ease  
 And firmly fitted the cantharides.  
 His righteous scorn snatched hard at them would peel  
 And eat the Earth. Words with a glint like steel  
 Hewed down the simpering trivialities,  
 Shrinking before the brawn that ripped them wide.  
 Peering his human kind from West to East,  
 With soul annealed to front the biting wars,  
 He swung the fearless bell from side to side—  
 The great Recessional of England's feast,—  
 And caught "the winds that blow between the stars."

The ponderous shadow near and nearer drew,  
 Which gulfed the prime of Albion's glowing youth;  
 Then his Sir Galahad, with brow of truth,  
 Stripling of dawn, slept somewhere neath the dew.  
 Yet Kipling, still intrepid, lashed the crew  
 Whose lust would tear the eyelids from old Time.  
 With twitching heart, his hand still signed the rhyme  
 Of faith and struck his blow with every thew,  
 Good militant of the Cause! ongoing, free,  
 Afraid of none, with fingers that could grip  
 All various men, iron-shod and aureate,  
 Thou mordant individuality,  
 Tender, sardonic as the cannon's lip,  
 Art verily the century's Laureate!

## SOLIDARITY.

I CAN communicate with thee ;  
 Then are we of one entity  
 And thou and I are simply we,—  
 Part of a great plurality.

One Over-soul contains us all.  
 Each is of one whole continent  
 Of being. *Person* is no wall  
 To part what shares so wide a tent.

This severalty in unity  
 Binds in one bundle every life.  
 Our common membership must be  
 A mutual ken of all soul strife.

We stand in one vast mirrored hall,  
 Mind facing mind on every hand.  
 One wide reflection gathers all  
 And by one Breath is being fanned.

*Man* is of spirit, kind with kind,  
 In interaction none can slip.  
 Him share with share must underbind  
 And love fulfil such partnership.

Not solitary and alone,  
 All knowledge, feeling and desire,  
 (Since none of us is all his own,)  
 Join in one interhuman choir.

1921.

## HOLD THY STRIDE.

UNDER the scrutiny of God I move  
 And songs I have, where once was weary sighing.  
 I know His banner over me is love ;  
 So would I, with His perfect will complying,  
 Yield all myself in peace and live tho dying.  
 The lesions of this goading Earth go dumb.  
 Sunrise shall find Him in the world to come!

1921.



## BY THE YELLOW SEA.

**H**OT indignation every true man knows  
 For all black intrigue and bald plundering,  
 Beneath which China, wronged and wondering,  
 Such insult and injustice undergoes.  
 Unarmed, alone, coerced, she can oppose  
 Only vast patience, while thieves rob her shores,  
 With lying compacts forcing her great doors  
 And glozing pretexts which raw greed disclose.  
 Shame to that 'League of Nations'! It has stung  
 Her very sovereignty, to give away  
 What was hers only. She is tricked and sliced  
 By aliens. Protests hushed, they rape Shantung.  
 She fronts the specious, insolent array,  
 Heeding Confucius better than we Christ!

1921.

## PARTNERSHIP WITH THE HEALER.

**T**IS easier to 'trust Christ' than follow Him,  
 To find His peace than share His holy pain,  
 The 'fellowship of suffering' grows dim,  
 Nor are we sacrificed, the lost to gain.

For noble penalties of love attach  
 To the vicarious life. The sins and snares  
 Of human kin our sharing souls must match  
 With that which their affliction feels and bears.

Such enter into His joy, Who upbore  
 A wounded world upon His sinless heart;  
 Who widened thus for hope the prison door,  
 Nor from Time's shame, nor sorrow, stood apart.

And He bids take on us the conquering cross  
 Of love, that lives or dies to find the soul  
 Most needing love, that meets estrangement's loss.  
 And reconciles, and makes the palsied whole.

1921.



## RETROSPECT.

OUR Nation's song outbursts to Thee,  
 Who gave and guards our liberty.  
 From side to side, a mighty land,  
 United, praises God's right hand.

Glory to God, Who showed His power  
 From those beginnings to this hour!  
 Who wove the web of destiny  
 For what we are and still shall be.

Aloft our shining flag we fling,  
 His gracious covenant answering.  
 Those golden stars shine in the blue.  
 Where Heaven's light shall hold them true.

Our wide domain, from Sea to Sea,  
 Saith Aye to His fidelity,  
 While every true man's heart and home  
 Supremely prays His Kingdom come.

God, make us strong for those who feel  
 Their way thro shadows. Let us seal  
 The bond of justice, seek the pearl  
 Of peace and Thy great Cross unfurl.

Not for ourselves alone were wrought  
 The mercies that our place have brought;  
 The commonwealth of Man must be  
 Our goal, by every shore and sea.

So crowd we, in one ardent throng  
 To lift one happy, holy song.  
 We praise Thee for Thy staff and rod,  
 Our fathers' and our children's God!

## ASTIGMATISM.

SOME there are, still perverse, who will to see  
 No presence of a God! Mortality  
 Is their last word! They will to reckon not  
 What law and love are,—their sky one blind blot.  
 The Cross is but to them two transverse sticks,  
 Nor will they hear that Spirit Who doth fix  
 The eyes of faith upon what there was done.  
 Oh, hapless souls, who pluck away their Sun!

1921.

## CONTRAST.

AGAINST the glory of a great, round Moon,  
 Silently climbing the horizon's verge,  
 I saw a gaunt, dead tree stand out in black,  
 Incongruous and desolate. The orb  
 Rose slowly, and then presently the dark  
 And withered trunk and boughs had disappeared,  
 While the bright vision firmly held its way.  
 So many an earthly thing and thought and word,  
 Taking importance but from the serene  
 Background that makes its squalor visible,  
 Passes away and sinks to its own place,  
 While the light pauses not its radiance.

1921.

## FREE VERSE.

BECAUSE I cannot write it, is no reason  
 That I should gird at those who do and like it.  
 But prosody of measure, cadence, accent,  
 Is so bred in me that I cannot leave it,  
 Nor do true rhyme and rule seem to me fetters.  
 Were I then all these rubrics to abandon,  
 I would be far asea without a compass.

1921.

## THE REDEEMER.

O H, Love that all things underwent  
 To win a sinful world, to smite  
 In vast contrition, evident  
 To reconcile to God's great right!

'Twas God's own heart that Sufferer showed,  
 Grieving for man's apostacy;  
 Divinest tears for us o'erflowed,  
 Our evil was His agony.

His God-Incarnate ministry  
 Did Mercy's righteousness fulfil;  
 He wrought and died that we might be  
 Recovered to that Holy Will.

His Son, God's Fatherhood to prove;  
 Folded the lost and wandering sheep;  
 We yield to that stupendous love  
 And give our souls to Him to keep.

His angust work our only dower,  
 His open grace our domicile,  
 He is the mystery of power  
 To cleanse and cover every ill.

Behooved it not the Christ to die,  
 Who wrought all that could Love befit?  
 For us His lacerated cry,  
 And therein is the gain of it!

He is the overcoming Lord  
 And blesses them His love who know;  
 What sin did jeopard, he restored,  
 His heart bared to the shafts of woe.

## THE HOME.

**G**OD means this centre of ideal life  
 To be the symbol of a world in Him,  
 Where purity and honor naught can dim  
 Appease the wild unrest and burly strife  
 That threaten peace. There the true man and wife  
 And sensitive childhood are, in love, to find,  
 In mutual content, the exalted mind  
 Of deep, unselfish service. Death's rude knife  
 Cannot divide this holy, household bond,  
 Nor rife its fond treasures. Such a home  
 In the whole family of God hath part.  
 It reaches up to blessèd life beyond,  
 Where all who love in God shall surely come  
 And know Thee, Father, truly as Thou art.

1921.

## ASPIRATION.

**U**P, to the light! His light that shall not fail,  
 Up, to the power that shall at last prevail,  
 Up, from these seas that shake the shredded sail,  
 Up, from the snarl of beasts and feuds that wail,  
 Up, from the frost and fever, life to hail,  
 Up from the sod, to God!

1921.

## THE WAY.

**N**OT power, nor pleasure, place, nor wealth  
 Nor knowledge, makes the soul's true health.  
 The fashion of this world goes by;  
 That only dures which lives on high.

The lowly, kindly, cheerful heart  
 Rude self forgets, finds that true art  
 Which in a Saviour's presence hid  
 And made redemptive all He did.

Oh, that we might all else unlearn,  
 To find His way and ever burn  
 With love that seeketh not her own,  
 But humbly walks with Him alone!

1921.

## FIRST LINES.

---

	PAGE
Above the breakers dashing	6
Against the glory of a great, round Moon	76
All our sails sheeted home	55
All worlds, or near or far	16
Amid all change of place or age	67
Among the planets, small,— a speck of sand	68
An open heart I bring	62
A world of pain! Wrong's huge, dark sum	47
Because I cannot write it, is no reason	76
Beauty is harmony of part and part	48
Captain of the night! The way is dreary	42
Climax of Summer! bounded by two Moons	36
Columbia! Hope's ever-flooding fountain	39
Dear girl, be mine! I love you so	31
Dear is it to think oft of those who were	66
Do; and then see. To learn it as we go	51
Do you remember those dear yesterdays	28
Each man's a little world, whose signs we see	40
Faith once for all delivered to the saints	24
Fanned by a seraph's wing, yet fettered fast	43
Far from my God! Undone, alone	38
For Thee, our life and love, we strive	63
From depths of light came forth the Word	58
Give now to eat, O God, of that Life-tree	8
Gladly, O Christ, Thy one true Church	11
Glorious forever be Thy holy name	57
God means this centre of ideal life	78

Hail to the colors of delite! Aloft they flutter	65
Hark! the organ leads our praises	32
He hath not sought thee to forgive	13
He 'obstinate', I 'constant'; either laek	51
Here we devote, O God, to Thy just praise	5
Hot indignation every true man knows	74
How hungrily the sad and weary time	63
I can communicate with thee	73
I have been proud and cold and base	22
In curious array, that elect word	36
I never can forget those days	64
In the bright afternoon, in the cooling of day	47
In the twilight, lonely dreaming	28
In Thy cherished lamb-flock	54
In Understanding, all the things of sense	70
Inveterate man! thy world a wilderness	60
Let me be true to her that trusted me	33
Let me detest the things that make me mean	21
Let this wide world the Just One know	71
Long are the solemn, listening years	26
Lord, hear me while I call to Thee	17
Lord, not Thy gifts but Thee we seek	25
Marvellous mercy Thou hast shown to me	8
Minding how I have treated Thee	23
Mounting, or whirling down! There is no deep	70
Not by might, nor power, but only	7
Not power, nor pleasure, place, nor wealth	78
Not thy severity can furthest go	50
Not to condemn, but save, He came	40
O Divine Redeemer, by that pain	54
O Earth, this aileth thee	9
O England, fail us not	18



O Love! that all things underwent	77
Oh, that thine arms were round me thrown	26
O Thou, with Whom there was no dawn	66
Our Nation's song outbursts to Thee	75
Out of the past there slides to me	31
Perfect and last High Priest	10
Perplexed amid these changing forms	12
Queen of my days, come back to me	30
Quelling wild questioning and quitting doubt	24
Quiet and solitude and darkness, shot	53
Quit us of narrow-mindedness	18
Relentless, obstinate,	20
Rigidly smiting life's far-sounding keys	72
Sing me again that dear old song	30
Slowly the brown leaves falter to the ground	53
Slowly the mist is falling	28
Soldiers of Christ, your armor bind	59
Some there are, still perverse, who will to see	76
Take my frail hand, O God, and hold it fast	67
That 'Time shall be no longer' cannot mean	45
The Broad West strove toward its meridian	1
The feast of Christ's Nativity	48
The ire of Ireland smokes and flashes far	62
The piercing sadness of the Irish croon	71
There by his gun, amid the glare	52
The Sun is high and hot. The way is long	56
They did not love him. They but glorified	37
They walked with God. His call hath taken them	53
This Earth is Thine and all therein	14
Thou art One hast bound me to Thee	34
Thou blazing Star, about whose course on wheels	19
Thou foe or friend, O Death, swift shall I know	27



Thy power and Godhead, Holy One	15
'Tis easier to 'trust Christ' then follow Him	74
'To give, not get, this is desired of such	50
To love thy God, with heart and soul and mind	61
Tonight some heart is breaking	42
Under the scrutiny of God I move	73
Unto Christ's simplicity	57
Up, to the light! His light that shall not fail	78
Waiting patiently and mute	35
Wayward, the storm and stress of life	20
What is welfare? Tell me true	46
What streams of life have poured into this soul	41
When all the gates of sense are locked in sleep	69
Where Fort Stanwix faced the brunt	56
Where the tinkling, twinkling water	29
Where those crests gigantic	69
Who am I, what am I, to think to be	19
Who died that we might live	11
Wonder of <i>Fire!</i> To serve man thou hast wrought	5
Would that my poor, pedestrian wit	44
" <i>Would ye come back to me, Douglass!</i> "	52
Ye bells, aloft in order swung	4
Yet, Lord, again our thankful souls draw nigh	32
You dear Charles Lamb! Of all good Englishmen	37

THIS BOOK WAS PRINTED AT THE  
COURIER PRESS, CLINTON, NEW YORK,  
IN THE LATTER PART OF 1921, FROM  
TYPE THEN DISTRIBUTED AND WAS  
ISSUED IN DECEMBER OF THAT YEAR.  
EIGHTY COPIES, NUMBERED, MADE  
THE EDITION.

THE PAPER IS *FABRIANO* HANDMADE.  
THIS COPY IS NUMBER 78 .



