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MAY 26 '48

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THE FAITH OF MAN SPEAKS



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A decorative border with a repeating floral pattern of small flowers and leaves, framing the entire page.

THE FAITH  
OF MAN SPEAKS

*An Anthology of Consolation*

EDITED BY

HELEN WOODBURY



NEW YORK  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1945

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*First Printing.*



3.11.2.  
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FOR ALL WHO COURAGEOUSLY MOURN THEIR DEAD  
AND ESPECIALLY FOR  
E. P. S. AND A. H. S.

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

Because this anthology has been compiled with the sole purpose of being a record of man's faith in a beneficent God and in the indestructibility of his own soul, only this message has been taken out of the selections included in this book. In every case the selections have been kept as brief as possible, in the hope that even those whose hearts and minds are stunned by the first shock of their bereavement, or collapse of their courage and faith from other causes, may still be able to receive consolation and new hope from the reading of this book.



## CONTENTS

### *The Faith of Man Speaks:*

BOOK	PAGE
I. FROM THE FAR PAST	I
II. FROM THE NEAR PAST	25
III. FROM YESTERDAY	53
IV. FROM TODAY	79
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	123
INDEX OF AUTHORS AND SOURCES	127



*Book One*

FROM THE FAR PAST





## BOOK ONE

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

*St. Matthew*



Never say, "I have lost this," but say "I have given it back." Thy son is dead? Thou hast given him back.

*Epictetus*



And as a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another, newer and more beautiful shape, so does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another, newer and more beautiful shape.

*Upanishad*



None but those shadowed by death's approach are suffered to know that death is a blessing; the gods conceal this from those who have life before them, in order that they may go on living.

*Lucan*



Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;

Never was time when it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!  
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever,

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.

*Bhagavad Gita*



Do not suppose, my dearest sons, that when I have left you I shall be nowhere and no one. Even when I was with you, you did

not see my soul, but knew that it was in this body of mine from what I did. Believe then that it is still the same, even though you see it not. . . . For myself, I never could be persuaded that souls while in mortal bodies were alive, and died directly they left them; nor, in fact, that the soul only lost all intelligence when it left the unintelligent body. I believe rather that when, by being liberated from all corporeal admixture, it has begun to be pure and undefiled, it is then that it becomes wise.

*Cicero, quoting the elder Cyrus*



The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

*Deuteronomy*



Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

*Revelation*



All mankinde is of one Author, and is one volume; when one Man dies, one chapter is not torne out of the booke, but translated into a better language; and every Chapter must be so translated; God employes several translators; some peeces are translated by age, some by sicknesse, some by warre, some by justice; but God's hand is in every translateion; and his hand shall binde up all our scattered leaves againe, for that Librairie where every booke shall lie open to one another.

*John Donne*



Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me: for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

*Psalms*



As the mother's womb holds us for ten months, making us ready, not for the womb itself, but for life, just so, through our lives we are making ourselves ready for another birth. . . . Therefore, look forward without fear to that appointed hour,—the last hour of the body, but not of the soul. . . . That day, which you fear as being the end of all things, is the birthday of your eternity.

*Seneca*



I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
 From whence cometh my help.  
 My help cometh from the Lord, Who made heaven and earth.  
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;  
 He that keepeth thee will not slumber.  
 Behold, he that keepeth Israel  
 Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper;  
 The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.  
 The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
 Nor the moon by night.  
 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;  
 He shall preserve thy soul.  
 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in  
 From this time forth, and even for evermore.

*Psalms*

Beyond the darkness I know Him the Supreme Spirit, shining as the Sun: knowing Him is Immortality. It is the only way by which men escape the terror of death.

Knowing that the Supreme Spirit pervadeth all the universe and dwelleth within all things man conquers sorrow. He is the undying Light that woos our heart and illuminates it; and by the heart and mind is He conceived as Lord of Thought. To know this is Immortality.

He is the Creator of all: in Him there is no darkness, nor day or night; no being nor not-being—but only the gracious One Imperishable. They who know and love the indwelling Spirit, these come to Immortality.

*Upanishad*



For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

*St. Paul*



The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and no torment shall touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died; and their departure was accounted to be their hurt, and their journeying away from us to be their ruin; but they are in peace.

*Apocrypha*



Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.

*Proverbs*



The Maker alone knows whither the soul shall turn hereafter, and all the spirits who go before God after death's day; they abide

in the Father's care. This creation is dark and deep; the Lord alone knows it, the Protecting Father. No one comes back here under the sky who will ever say in truth to men what is the Maker's dwelling, the home of victorious folk where He dwells Himself.

*8th Century. Author unknown*



Almighty God, we entrust all who are dear to us to thy never-failing care and love, for this life and the life to come; knowing that thou art doing for them better things than we can desire or pray for; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*Book of Common Prayer*



God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

*Revelation*



O, hide me in the shade of Thy wings and bestow Thy compassion and truth upon my body and soul.

*Book of Life*



In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.

*Isaiah*



We walk by faith, not by sight.

*St. Paul*



For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

*St. Paul*

For the happy

There is song of angels, bliss of saints,  
 There is the previous face of God  
 Brighter than sunlight to all the blessed.  
 There is love of friends, life without end,  
 A glad company, youth without age,  
 A heavenly host; health with no pain  
 For all the righteous; rest without struggle  
 For those happy ones; days unshadowed,  
 Bright, full of glory; bliss without sorrow,  
 Peace between friends unceasing henceforth  
 For happy sky-dwellers; truce with no struggle  
 In the holy gathering, no hunger nor thirst,  
 Sleep nor sore pain; nor sun's burning,  
 Nor cold nor care, but there the King's grace  
 Holds forever in joy the happy band,  
 Fair-shining armies with the Lord of glory.

*Cynewulf*



There once was a good man of religion who prayed to God in his orisons, often and again, craving God to grant him sight of some portion of that fair Sweetness and of that Beauty and that Joy which He keepeth for those who love Him.

And God our Lord hearkened herein, for, on a day when the good man sat quiet at the hour of Matins, all alone in the Abbey cloister, then did the Lord God send thither an Angel in the guise of a tiny Bird, who sat him down before the Monk. And as he gazed upon the Angel, in no wise knowing that such was his estate, but rather believing him a little Fowl; so deeply did he look upon its beauty that he forgot all things that ever he had known. Wherefore he got him to his feet to seize this birdling whereof he had grown right covetous; but ever as he drew anigh, then flew the Bird a little further along.

Why should I spin you a lengthy tale? The Bird drew the Monk along till such time as the good man kenned that he was in the Wood, beyond the Abbey walls. And as he perceived this thing, how he stood before the Bird within the forest, he drew once more toward the Bird to grasp it. Whereon the Bird took wing and flew into a tree. Thereafter it began to sing so sweetly that naught hath ever been heard so merry.

So stood the good man before the little Bird, and regarded his beauty and hearkened the sweetness of his song, in such fashion, and with such care that he forgot all things on earth. And when the Bird had sung so long as was pleasing to Almighty God, then he beat his wings and flew away.

Now the good man set forth upon his way in the direction of his dwelling place that very day at the hour of noon. And when he had repaired thither, "God!" thought he, "I said not my Hours this day; how shall I ever make good the loss?" And as he looked upon his Abbey, he knew it not at all. For lo, several things seemed to him to be utterly changed.

"Ah, Lord," said he, "where am I then? And is it not that very Abbey wherefrom I took my way this morning?"

So he came to the door and called the Porter by his name.

"Open!" quoth he.

The Porter came to the door. But as he came to the gate, and as he saw the good man, then he knew not at all who he might be.

"I be," quoth the good man, "a Monk of this place, and I desire to enter herein."

"You," said the Porter, "you be no Monk of ours; never have I seen you before. And if you are a Monk of this Abbey, when went you outside the walls?"

"This morning," said the Monk. "Moreover I wish to enter here again."

"Hereabout," said the Porter, "no Monk went forth today. I do not know you at all for a Monk who dwelleth here."

The good man was all confused; and so he spake once more and said:

"Let me speak to the Porter," said he, and named another Porter by his name.

And the Porter replieth: "Hereabouts is no Porter save me alone. As for you, you seem a man not quite right in his wits, who call yourself a Monk of this Abbey; for never have I seen you before!"

"Yet so I am," said the good man. "Is this not the Abbey of Saint So-and-So?" and he named the very Saint.

"Yea," quoth the Porter.

"And I," said the good man firmly, "am a Monk of this brotherhood. Let the Abbot and the Prior come hither, that I may speak with them."

Then wended the Porter thence, to seek the Abbot and the Prior as well; and they straightway came to the gate. And when the poor Monk saw them, alas, he knew them not at all, nor they him.

"Whom do ye seek?" said they to him.

"I seek the Abbot and the Prior, to whom I desire to speak."

"We are they," they declared.

"That ye are not," said the good man, "for I have never seen you before!"

Then was the good man all wildered and bemused for they kenned not each other.

"What Abbot, then, do ye seek, and what Prior?" said the Lord Abbot. "And whom do ye seek herein?"

"I seek an Abbot and a Prior who are called by such-and-such names; and I ken so-and-so and such-an-one."

Now when they heard what he had to say, they knew the names full well.

"Fair gentle God!" cried they. "These folk be dead three hundred years! Consider then where *you* have been, and whence you come and what you ask!"

Then at last did the good man perceive that marvel which God had wrought, and how by an Angel had He led him outside



the Abbey walls; and how by the beauty of the Angel, and by the Sweetness of the Bird's chaunt, so had He shewed, so far as it pleased Him, the Sweetness and the Joy which God's friends may have in Heaven.

And so, greatly did he marvel that three hundred years could have run beneath his feet, while he gazed upon the little Bird and hearkened the sweetness of his song, and for all the delight he had therein, he seemed it but the time between Morning and Noon. And for three hundred years neither was he grown a day older, nor was his habit draggled, nor his shoes worn through.

*Gentles, see and consider how great is that  
Pleasance and Delight which God will give  
to His friends in Heaven.*

*An Extract from a Manuscript Attributed to Maurice de  
Sully, Bishop of Paris 1160-1196.*



O God! to overcome thought of despair, and to learn resignation, I must pour out my heart to Thee. What Thou doest is well done; Thou didst give, Thou hast taken away—blessed be Thy name. Yet, O Lord! it is for my own heart that I mourn, it still bleeds at its bitter loss. I strive to submit with resignation; yet my strength will sometimes fail to bear the burden of my grief. Aid me, O God, for Thou knowest the strength of my faith and trust in Thee.

*The Book of Life*



And he knelt down and prayed. And there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him.

*St. Luke*



Whensoever a man shall turn to the Lord, the veil is taken away.

*St. Paul*

And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; in paths that they know not will I lead them; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight.

*Isaiah*



Then the eleven disciples went away unto Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

*St. Matthew*



When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endued; its amazing celerity; its wonderful power in recollecting past events and sagacity in discerning future; together with its numberless discoveries in art and sciences—I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own innate powers without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue for ever. . . . I consider this world as a place which Nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

*Cicero*



O Lord, by all thy dealings with us, whether of joy or pain, of light or darkness, let us be brought to thee. Let us value no treatment of thy grace simply because it makes us happy or because it makes us sad, because it gives us or denies us what we want, but may all that thou sendest us bring us to thee, that knowing

thy perfectness, we may be sure in every disappointment that thou art still loving us, and in every darkness that thou art giving us life, as in his death thou didst give life to thy Son, our Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

*A Book of Offices and Prayers*



'Tis true, 'tis certain; man though dead retains  
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains.

*Homer*



Shine on me, Lord; new life impart;  
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;  
One ray of The All-quick'ning Light,  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night!

*Thomas Ken*



When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

*Isaiah*



In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

*St. John*



There is nothing sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more jocund, nothing fuller,

nothing better in heaven nor in earth; for love is born of God, nor it may not rest but in God above all creature.

*Thomas à Kempis*



Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

*St. Matthew*



Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

*St. Matthew*



Oh God, Who hast drawn over weary day the restful veil of night, enfold us in Thy heavenly peace. Lift from our hands our tasks, and all through the night carry in Thy care the full weight of our burdens and sorrows; that in untroubled slumber we may press our weariness close to Thy strength, and win new power for the morrow's duties from Thee, Who givest to Thy beloved sleep, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*Acts of Devotion*



Watch Thou, dear Lord, with those who wake, or watch, or weep tonight, and give Thine angels charge over those who sleep. Tend Thy sick ones, O Lord Christ. Rest Thy weary ones. Bless Thy dying ones. Soothe Thy suffering ones. Pity Thine afflicted ones. Shield thy joyous ones. And all, for Thy Love's sake. Amen.

*St. Augustine*



O how may I ever express that secret word?

O how can I say, He is unlike this, He is like that?

If I should say, He is within me, the universe were shamed.

If I say, He is without me, it is false.

He maketh the inner and outer worlds to be indivisibly one.

The conscious and the unconscious, both are his footstools.  
 He is neither manifest nor hidden;  
 He is neither revealed nor unrevealed;  
 There are no words to tell what He is.

*Kabir*



Oh God, help me to think of Thee in this bitter trial. Thou knowest how my heart is rent with grief. In my weakness, tested so severely in soul by this visitation, I cry unto Thee, Father of all life; give me fortitude to say with Thy Servant Job: "The Lord hath given; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Forgive the thoughts of my rebellious soul. Pardon me in these first hours of my grief, if I question Thy Wisdom and exercise myself in things too high for me. Grant me strength to rise above myself in things too high for me. Grant me strength to rise above this trial, to bear with humility life's sorrows and disappointments. Be nigh unto me, O God. Bring consolation and peace to my soul.

Praised art Thou, O God, who comfortest the mourners.

*The Union Prayer-Book for Jewish Worship*



Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,  
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
 Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me. . . .  
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
 And Death shall be no more; Death, *thou* shalt die.

*John Donne*



One thing have I desired of the Lord,  
 That will I seek after;  
 That I may dwell in the house of the Lord  
 All the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord,  
 And to inquire in his temple,  
 For in the day of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion,  
 In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;  
 He shall set me up upon a rock.

*Psalms*



Christian faith has appeared to many an easy thing; nay, not a few even reckon it among the social virtues, as it were; and this they do because they have not made proof of it experimentally, and have never tasted of what efficacy it is. For it is not possible for any man to write well about it, or to understand well what is rightly written, who has not at some time tasted of its spirit under the pressure of tribulation; while he who has tasted of it, even to a very small extent can never write, speak, think, or hear about it sufficiently. For it is a living fountain, springing up into eternal life, as Christ calls it in John IV.

*Martin Luther*



They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

*Revelation*



Thanks be to Thee, O God, that Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, conquered death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. We praise Thee for His assurance of The house of many mansions, where He has prepared a place for us, that where He is, there we may be also. . . . Wherefore we rejoice in this

hour for those whom we have lost on earth, but who are now with Thee. . . . By Thy grace comfort our hearts with the thought of their safety and joy, and help us so to walk before Thee in faith and love, that in Thy good time, we may be joined to them in Thy heavenly presence evermore; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*The Book of Common Worship, Revised*



Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

*St. John*



Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; and the greatest of these is charity.

*St. Paul*



The earth is a point not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of Flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind; that surface that tells the Heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any; I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the

number of the Ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind; whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm, or little World, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun.

*Sir Thomas Browne*



I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.

*Jeremiah*



Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

*Ecclesiastes*



After this, it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a Summons, by the same Post as the other, and had this for a Token that the Summons was true, that his Pitcher was broken at the fountain. When he understood it, he called for his Friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Fathers, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been to arrive where I am. My Sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and Scars I carry with me, to be a Witness for me, that I have fought his Battles who now will be my Rewarder. When the Day that he must go hence, was come, many accompanied him to the River side, into which, as he went, he said, Death, where is thy



Sting? And as he went down deeper, he said, Grave, where is thy Victory? So he passed over, and the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

*John Bunyan*



Who knows but that this life is really death,  
And whether death is not what men call life?

*Euripides*



The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul;  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;  
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;  
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

*Psalms*



How shall the dead arise, is no question of my Faith; to believe only possibilities, is not Faith, but mere Philosophy. Many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense; and many things in Philosophy confirmable by sense, yet not inducible by reason. Thus it is impossible by any

solid or demonstrative reasons to persuade a man to believe the conversion of the Needle to the North; though this be possible and true, and easily credible, upon a single experiment unto the sense.

*Sir Thomas Browne*



Almighty God, we entrust all who are dear to us to thy never failing care and love, for this life and the life to come; knowing that thou are doing for them better things than we can desire or pray for; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

*Book of Common Prayer*



We walk by faith, not by sight.

*St. Paul*



The Eternal reigneth, the Eternal had reigned, the  
Eternal shall reign for ever and ever.

Blessed be the name of His glorious kingdom for ever and ever.  
The Eternal is the only God. He is my Rock, in whom there  
is no iniquity. The Eternal hath given, and the Eternal hath  
taken away.

Blessed art Thou, O Eternal, the reviver of the dead.

*The Book of Life*



So, side by side,  
Swift through the intervening dark they strode,  
And, drawing near the portal arch, made pause.  
Aeneas, taking station at the door,  
Pure, lustral waters o'er his body threw,  
And hung for garland there the Golden Bough.

At last within a land delectable  
Their journey lay, through pleasurable bowers  
Of groves where all is joy,—a blest abode!  
An ampler sky its roseate light bestows  
On that bright land, which sees the cloudless beam  
Of suns and planets to our earth unknown.  
On smooth green lawns, contending limb with limb,  
Immortal athletes play, and wrestle long  
'Gainst mate or rival on the tawny sand;  
With sounding footsteps and ecstatic song  
Some thread the dance divine; among them moves  
The bard of Thrace, in flowing vesture clad,  
Discoursing seven-noted melody,  
Who sweeps the numbered strings with changeful hand,  
Or smites with ivory point his golden lyre.  
Here Trojans be of eldest, noblest race,  
Great-hearted heroes, born in happier times,  
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardamus,  
Illustrious builders of the Troyan town.  
Their arms and shadowy chariots he views,  
And lances fixed in earth, while through the fields  
Their steeds without a bridle graze at will.  
For if in life their darling passion ran  
To chariots, arms, or glossy-coated steeds,  
The self-same joy, though in their graves, they feel.  
Lo! on the left and right at feast reclined  
Are other blessed souls, whose chorus sings  
Victorious paeans on the fragrant air  
Of laurel groves; and hence to earth outpours  
Eridanus, through forest rolling free.  
Here dwell the brace who for their native land  
Fell wounded on the field; here holy priests  
Who kept them undefiled their mortal day;  
And poets, of whom the true-inspired song

Deserved Apollo's name; and all who found  
New arts, to make man's life more blest or fair;  
Yea! here dwell all those dead whose deeds bequeath  
Deserved and grateful memory to their kind;  
And each bright brow a snow-white fillet wears.

*Virgil*



Enter the inner chamber of thy mind; shut out all thoughts save that of God, and such as can aid thee in seeking him; close thy door and seek him.

*St. Anselm*



It is not necessary for being with God to be always at church. We may make an oratory of our heart wherein to return from time to time to converse with Him in meekness, humility, and Love. Every one is capable of such familiar conversation with God, some more, some less. He knows what we can do. Let us begin, then. Perhaps He expects but one generous resolution on our part. Have courage.

*Brother Lawrence*



Thou hast not lost thy son, but bestowed him henceforward in Eternity. Say not then, 'I am no longer called "father"; for why art thou no longer called so, when thy son abideth? For surely thou didst not part with thy child, nor lose thy son. Rather thou hast gotten him, and hast him in greater safety. Wherefor, no longer shalt thou be called father now of a mortal child, but of an immortal. . . . Think not, because he is not present, that therefore he is lost; for had he been absent in a foreign land, the title of thy relationship had not gone from thee with his body. Do not then gaze on the countenance of what lieth there, for so thou dost

but kindle afresh thy grief; but away with thy thought from that which lieth there, up to Heaven. That is not thy child that is lying there; he has flown away and sprung aloft into boundless height. When, then, thou seest the eyes closed, the lips locked together, the body motionless, O be not these thy thoughts! 'These lips no longer speak, these eyes no longer see, these feet no longer walk, but are all on their way to corruption.' O say not so; but say the reverse: 'These lips shall speak better, these eyes shall see greater things, these feet shall mount upon the clouds, and this body . . . shall put on immortality, and I shall receive my son back more glorious.'

*St. John Chrysostom*



And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh away from you.

*St. John*



Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

*St. John*



*Book Two*

FROM THE NEAR PAST





## BOOK TWO

It is required  
You do awake your faith.  
*William Shakespeare*



There is a boundary to the understanding, and when it is reached,  
faith is the continuation of reason.

*William Adams*



The same old baffling questions! O my friend,  
I cannot answer them. In vain I send  
My soul into the dark, where never burn  
The lamps of science, nor the natural light  
Of Reason's sun and stars! I cannot learn  
Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern  
The awful secrets of the eyes which turn  
Evermore on us through the day and night  
With silent challenge and a dumb demand,  
Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown,  
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone,  
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand!  
I have no answer for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee;  
"All is of God that is, and is 'to be;  
And God is good." Let this suffice us still.  
Resting in childlike trust upon his will  
Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the ill.

*John Greenleaf Whittier*



After we have satisfied ourselves of the vanity of all the ambitious attempts of reason to fly beyond the bounds of experience,

enough remains of practical value to content us. It is true that no one may boast that he *knows* that God and a future life exist; for if he possesses such knowledge he is just the man for whom I have long been seeking. All knowledge (touching an object of mere reason) can be communicated, and therefore I might hope to see my own knowledge increased to this prodigious extent by his instruction. No, our conviction in these matters is not *logical*, but *moral* certainty; and, inasmuch as it rests upon subjective grounds (of moral disposition), I must not even say it *is* morally certain that there is a God, and so on, but I *am* morally certain, and so on. That is to say, the belief in a God and in another world is so interwoven with my moral nature that the former can no more vanish than the latter can ever be torn from me.

*Immanuel Kant*



I have threatened Theology a thousand times over,  
 The more I muse on it the mistier I think it;  
 And the deeper I dive the darker I find it.  
 It is no science for subtleties, so much I am certain.  
 I should hold it idleness if love were not in it.  
 But because it holds love best I love it the better.  
 Where love is the leader, grace is never lacking.

*William Langland*



I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
     Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears  
 I hid from Him, and under the running laughter.  
     Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
     And shot, precipitated,

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,  
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
 But with unhurrying chase,  
 And unperturbed pace,  
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
 They beat,—and a Voice beat  
 More instant than the Feet,—  
 ‘All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.’

*Francis Thompson*



For He will not be false to you, I say  
 If all your heart on Him you wholly lay.

*Geoffrey Chaucer*



Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress.

*Charles Darwin*



Our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*



No good man allows himself to be robbed of his belief in immortality. The continuance of personal life does not conflict at all with the observations I have been making for so many years past on the nature of Man and of all living creatures. On the contrary, it derives from them fresh confirmation.

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Here is my Creed. I believe in one God, Creator of the Universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this.

*Benjamin Franklin*



Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,  
 Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,  
 Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,  
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one;  
 Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,  
 Nor yet that thou art mortal,—nay, my son,  
 Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,  
 Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
 For nothing worthy proving can be proven  
 Nor yet disproven; wherefore thou be wise,  
 Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
 And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith.  
 She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
 She brightens at the clash of “yes” and “no,”  
 She sees the Best that glimmers thro’ the Worst,  
 She feels the Sun is hid but for a nith,  
 She spies the summer thro the winter bud,  
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
 She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
 She finds the fountain where they wail’d “Mirage”!

*Alfred Tennyson*



We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities

which house today in this mortal frame shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the universe; before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out, or shut them in, but they penetrate the ocean and land, space and time, form an essence and hold the key to universal nature. I draw from this faith, courage, and hope. All things are known to the soul. It is not to be surprised by any communication. Nothing can be greater than it. Let those fear and those fawn who will. The soul is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn; they are not for her who puts on her coronation robes and goes out through universal love to universal power.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*



The immortality of the soul is a thing which concerns us so mightily, which touches us so deeply, that it is necessary to have lost all feeling in order to be indifferent about it. All our actions and thoughts must take different paths according as there will be or will not be eternal goods to be hoped for, so that it is impossible to do anything with intelligence and judgment, if it is not regulated by the view of that point which ought to be our final object.

*Blaise Pascal*



Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way? ·

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast——  
The desert and illimitable air——  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will lead my steps aright.

*William Cullen Bryant*

Let us no longer regard a man as having ceased to live, although nature suggests it; but as beginning to live, as truth assures.

*Blaise Pascal*



Faith ever says, "If Thou wilt," not, "If Thou canst."

*Martin Luther*



They that love beyond the world cannot be separated. Death can not kill what never dies. Nor can Spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine Principle; the Root and Record of their Friendship. Death is but crossing the world, as Friends do the Seas; they live in one another still.

*William Penn*



Man is so created that as to his internal he can not die; for he is capable of believing in God and thus of being conjoined to God by faith and love, and to be conjoined to God is to live to eternity.

*Emanuel Swedenborg*



O never star  
 Was lost; here  
 We all aspire to heaven and there is heaven  
 Above us.  
 If I stoop  
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,  
 It is but for a time; I press God's lamp  
 Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late  
 Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge some day.

*Robert Browning*

Let mystery have its place in you; do not be always turning up your whole soul with the plowshare of self-examination, but leave a little fallow corner in your heart ready for any seed the winds may bring and reserve a nook of shadow for the passing bird; keep a place in your heart for the unexpected guests, an altar for the unknown God. Then, if a bird sing among your branches, do not be too eager to take it. If you are conscious of something new,—thought or feeling, wakening in the depths of your being,—do not be in a hurry to let in light upon it, to look at it; let the springing germ have the protection of being forgotten, hedge it round with quiet, and do not break in upon its darkness; let it take shape and grow, and not a word of your happiness to any one! Sacred work of nature as it is, all conception should be enwrapped by the triple veil of modesty, silence, and night.

*Henri Frederic Amiel*



When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

*Charles Dickens*



Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me. . . .  
 Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs



Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

*Sarah Flower Adams*



Let us not be uneasy then about the different roads we may pursue, as believing them the shortest, to that our last abode, but following the guidance of a good conscience, let us be happy in the hope that by these different paths we shall all meet in the end.

*Thomas Jefferson*



And in life, in death, in dark and light,  
 All are in God's care;  
 Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,  
 And he is there!

*John Greenleaf Whittier*



My doctrine is; Live that thou mayst desire to live again,—that is thy duty,—for in any case thou wilt live again.

*Friedrich Nietzsche*



All are not taken, there are left behind  
 Living Belovèds tender looks to bring,  
 And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
 And tender voices, to make soft the wind.  
 But if it were not so—if I could find  
 No love in all the world for comforting,  
 Nor any path but hollowly did ring,  
 Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined,  
 And if, before these sepulchres unmoving,

I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb  
 Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)  
 Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"  
 I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.  
 Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for earth?"

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*



Man is a being beyond time and beyond space who is conscious of himself in the conditions of space and time. One should conquer the fear of death; and when you cease to fear it, you cease to serve yourself, a mortal, and you will serve an immortal God, from whom you came and to whom you are going.

Not long ago I experienced a feeling, not exactly a reasoning, but a feeling, that everything that is material and I myself, with my own body, is only my own imagination, is the creation of my spirit, and that only my soul exists. It was a very joyous feeling.

I say this in regard to this dogma of the soul: What we call the soul is the divine spiritual, limited in us in our bodies. And it is this limiting which gives it a form, just as a vessel gives form to a liquid or gas that is enclosed in it. But we only know this form. Break the vessel and that which is enclosed in it will cease to have that form which it had, and will spread out, be carried off. Whether it combines with other matter, whether it receives a new form—we know nothing about this.

*Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy*



It must be so . . .

Else—whence this pleasing hope, that fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on itself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter  
 And intimates Eternity to Man.

*Joseph Addison*



I will arise and to my Father go;  
 This very hour the journey is begun.  
 I start to reach the blissful goal, and, lo,  
 My spirit at one bound her race has run.  
 For seeking God and finding Him are one.  
 He feeds the rilllets that toward Him flow.  
 It is the Father Who first seeks the son,  
 And moves all heavenward movement, swift or slow.  
 I dare not pride myself on finding Him.  
 I dare not dream a single step was mine.  
 His was the vigour in the palsied limb—  
 His the electric fire along the line—  
 When drowning, His the untaught power to swim  
 Float o'er the surge, and grasp the rock divine.

*John Charles Earle*



I can only tell you what I have felt to be the only thing which makes life endurable at a time of real sorrow—God Himself. He comes unutterably near in trouble. In fact, one scarcely knows He exists until one loves or sorrows. There is no “getting into” sorrow, and not finding right in the heart of it the dearest of all human beings—the Man of Sorrows, a God. This may sound a commonplace, but it is awfully real to me. I cling to God. I believe He exists. If He does not, I can explain nothing. If he does, all whom we love are safer with Him than with us. If we can only get nearer ourselves to God, we shall get nearer to those whom we love, for they too are in God.

*Forbes Robinson*

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
 He hath awaken'd from the dream of life—  
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

\* \* \* \*

He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night;  
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can teach him not and torture not again;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. . . .

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
 His voice in all her music, from the moan  
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;  
 He is a presence to be felt and known  
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*



You see I have some reason to wish that, in a future state, I may not only be as well as I was, but a little better. And I hope it; for I . . . trust in God. And when I observe that there is great frugality, as well as wisdom in His works, since He has been evidently sparing both of labor and materials; for by the various wonderful inventions of propagation He has provided for the continual peopling His world with plants and animals, without being at the

trouble of repeated new creations; and by the natural reduction of compound substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new compositions, He has prevented the necessity of creating new matter; so that the earth, water, air and perhaps fire, which being compounded from wood, do, when the wood is dissolved return and again become air, earth, fire and water; I say that when I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that He will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist and put Himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall in some shape or other, always exist; and, with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine; hoping, however, that the errata of the last may be corrected.

*Benjamin Franklin*



There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian  
Whose portal we call death.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*



I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstratable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. Such a belief, relating to regions quite inaccessible to experience, cannot of course be clothed in terms of definite and tangible meaning . . . I feel the omnipresence of mystery in such wise as to make it far easier for me to adopt the view of Euripides, that what we call death may be but the dawning of true knowledge and of true life.

*John Fiske*

The Door of Death is made of Gold,  
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;  
But, when the Mortal Eyes are clos'd,  
And cold and pale the Limbs repos'd,  
The Soul awakes; and, wond'ring, sees  
In her mild Hand the golden Keys.

*William Blake*



Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in thy presence will avail to make—  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parchéd grounds refresh as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;  
We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others—that we are not always strong;  
That we are overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?

*Richard Trench*



We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud,—  
and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voice-  
less lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. But in the  
night of Death Hope sees a star and listening Love can hear the  
rustling of a wing.

*Robert Green Ingersoll*

. . . persuasion and belief  
Had ripened into faith and faith became  
A passionate intuition.

*William Wordsworth*



Love fits the soul with wings, and bids her win  
Her flight aloft nor e'er to earth decline;  
'Tis the first step that leads her to the shrine  
Of Him who slakes the thirst that burns within.

*Michael Angelo*



. . . Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,  
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . . .  
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But there,  
The silver answer rang . . . "Not Death, but Love."

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*



O Lord, our heavenly Father, almighty and most merciful God,  
in whose hands are life and death, who givest and takest away,  
castest down and raisest up, look with mercy on the affliction of  
Thy unworthy servant, and speak peace to my troubled soul. . . .  
Release me from my sorrow, fill me with just hopes, true faith,  
and holy consolations, and enable me to do my duty in that state  
of life to which Thou hast been pleased to call me, without dis-  
turbance from fruitless grief, or tumultuous imaginations; that in  
all my thoughts, words, and actions, I may glorify Thy Holy  
Name, and finally obtain, what I hope Thou hast granted to Thy  
departed servant, everlasting joy and felicity.

*Samuel Johnson*

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

*Edward Bulwer-Lytton*



No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life—that in me hast rest,  
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding fast by Thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
The spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,



And Thou wert left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void;  
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

*Emily Brontë*



How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections and of receiving new improvements to all eternity shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created?

*Joseph Addison*



Doth this soul within me, this spirit of thought, and love, and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body? Has nature, who quenches our bodily thirst, who rests our weariness, and perpetually encourages us to endeavor onwards, prepared no food for this appetite of immortality?

*Leigh Hunt*



If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man made in the image of his Creator?

*William Jennings Bryan*



I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing even to positive conviction, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it in any form

and manner he pleases either with, or without this body; and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have had existence, as I now have it, before that existence began.

*Thomas Paine*



He is not dead, this friend; not dead,  
 But, in the path we mortals tread,  
 Got some few, trifling steps ahead,  
     And nearer to the end;  
 So that you, too, once past the bend  
 Shall meet again, as face to face this friend  
 You fancy dead.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*



I ask no risen dust to teach me immortality. I am *conscious* of eternal life.

*Theodore Parker*



Oh, write of me not "Died in bitter pains"  
 But "Emigrated to another star!"

*Helen Hunt Jackson*



Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
     The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
     I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
     The post of the foe;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
     \* Yet the strong man must go:

For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

*Robert Browning*



I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and Nature, that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living.

A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why then should we grieve, that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or 'in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God.

*Benjamin Franklin*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove;  
 O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
     If this be error and upon me proved,  
     I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*William Shakespeare*



I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me seemed insufficient for the day.

*Abraham Lincoln*



Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,  
 Doubts and fears and dread forebodings,

In the darkness undefined;

Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,  
 And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand  
     is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high  
 Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings down-  
     ward fly;

But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,  
 And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the  
     night!

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

By prayer I do not mean any bodily exercise of the outward man; but the going forth of the Spirit of Life towards the Fountain of Life. . . . The natural tendency of the poor, rent, derived Spirit toward the Fountain of Spirits.

To retire inwardly and wait to feel somewhat of the Lord,—somewhat of His Holy Spirit and power,—discovering and drawing from that which is contrary to Him, and into His holy nature and heavenly image.

True prayer is the breathing of the child to the Father which begat it, from the sense of its wants, for the supply of these wants.

*Isaac Pennington*



Salute the sacred dead,  
 Who went and who return not.—Say not so! . . .  
 We rather seem the dead, that stayed behind.  
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!  
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack. . . .

They come transfigured back,  
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
 Of morn on their white shields of Expectation.

*James Russell Lowell*



Sunset and evening star,  
 And one clear call for me!  
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
 Too full for sound and foam,  
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
 And after that the dark!  
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
 The flood may bear me far,  
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
 When I have crossed the bar.

*Alfred Tennyson*



Death is the peak of a life-wave, and so is birth. Death and birth are one.

*Abba Hillel Silver*



Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting;  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home.

*William Wordsworth*



Our faith comes in moments. . . . The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose source is hidden.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

There are two men in each one of us: the scientist, he who starts with a clear field and desires to rise to the knowledge of Nature through observation, experimentation and reasoning; and the man of sentiment, the man of faith, the man who mourns his dead children and who cannot, alas, prove at all that he will see them again, but who believes that he will, and lives in that hope, . . . the man who feels that force that is within him cannot die.

*Louis Pasteur*



I'd a dream to-night  
As I fell asleep,  
O! the touching sight  
Makes me still to weep;  
Of my little lad,  
Gone to leave me sad,  
Ay, the child I had  
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,  
I my child did seek,  
There in train came by  
Children fair and meek,  
Each in lily white,  
With a lamp alight;  
Each was clear to sight,  
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,  
Came my child in turn  
But the lamp he had,  
O, it did not burn!  
He, to clear my doubt,  
Said, half turn'd about,



"Your tears put it out;  
Mother, never mourn."

*William Barnes*



God knows how much you can bear, and He will not, if you will only persevere, allow you to be utterly confounded.

*Forbes Robinson*



Ye be comforted;  
For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love,  
Then, after his brief range of blameless days  
The toll of funeral in an Angel ear  
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage bell.

The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,  
His shadow darkens earth; his truer name  
Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll  
And march of that Eternal Harmony  
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard  
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope.

*Alfred Tennyson*



It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other.

*Francis Bacon*



Those who have not suffered are still wanting in depth.

*Amiel*



For the first sharp pangs there is no comfort; whatever goodness may surround us, darkness and silence still hang about our pain.



But slowly, the clinging companionship with the dead is linked with our living affections and duties, and we begin to feel our sorrow as a solemn initiation, preparing us for that sense of loving, pitying fellowship with the fullest human lot, which I must think, no one who has tasted it will deny to be the chief blessedness of our life.

*George Eliot*



Just as in learning to swim or in learning a language, often toiling on with no apparent result, there comes a day when suddenly we realize we can do it,—how we know not; so it is in spiritual matters.

*Forbes Robinson*



Thine was the seed-time; God alone  
Beholds the end of what is sown;  
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,  
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

*John Greenleaf Whittier*



*Book Three*

FROM YESTERDAY



## BOOK THREE

Yet is not Death the great adventure still,  
And is it all loss to set ship clean anew  
When heart is young and life an eagle poised?

*James Elroy Flecker*



When you grow accustomed to the fellows dying, after a little you just know that somehow there must be a God that will make it up to them.

*From a Letter Written during the First World War*



Surely the Keeper of the House of Death  
Had long grown weary of letting in the old—  
Of welcoming the aged, the short of breath,  
Sad spirits, duller than their tales oft-told.  
He must have longed to gather in the gold  
Of shining youth to deck his dreary spaces—  
To hear no more old wail and sorrowing.  
And now he has his wish, and the young faces  
Are crowding in; and laughter fills Death's places;  
And all his courts are gay with flowers of Spring.

*A. T. Nankiwell*



Vast possibilities suggest themselves to us of an order of existence wholly different from all that we have ever known; what may be the nature of that other life it is impossible to know and it is useless to speculate. Such terms as consciousness, individuality, even personality, are but finite screens which give no adequate clue to the infinite for which they stand. Only this I feel warranted in holding fast to—that the root of my selfhood, the best that is in me, my true and only being, cannot perish. In regard to that the

notion of death seems to me to be irrelevant. . . . I let go my hold on the empirical, transient self. I see it perish with the same indifference which the materialist asserts, for whom man is but a compound of physical matter and physical force. It is the real self, the eternal self, upon which I tighten my hold. I affirm the real, the irreducible existence of the essential self, though I know not the how or where of its survival. I affirm that there verily is an eternal divine life, a best beyond the best I can think or imagine. What I retain is the conviction that the spiritual self is an eternal self, and cannot perish.

*Felix Adler*



The few little years we spend on earth are only the first scene in a Divine Drama that extends on into Eternity.

*Edwin Markham*



Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness  
hurled—  
Further than ever comet flared, or vagrant star-dust swirled—  
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made  
our world.

They are purged of pride because they died, they know the worth  
of their bays,  
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and Gods of the Elder  
Days—  
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.  
'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's  
outposts are,  
Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes out  
to war,  
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—they dare not grieve  
for her pain.

They know the toil and end of toil, they know God's law is plain;  
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that  
Sin is vain.

And oftimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,  
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;  
And they rise to their feet as He Passes by, gentlemen unafraid.

To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and  
Shame—

Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to  
Fame—

Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of  
Earth—

E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high  
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men ranged  
thereby,

Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness  
hurled,

Further than rebel comet dared, or living star-swarm swirled,  
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they *served* His  
World.

*Rudyard Kipling*

Death is far more than a natural process. It is but the outward sign of a much greater reality. The last great sacrament of which we can only partake once; for which all life should be a preparation; and therefore when it comes we do not need to be brave, as in the presence of a foe, but we stretch out our hands in welcome as to a friend we have "long abideth and looked after." And in death we meet the Conqueror of death; we meet Love.

*F. M. M. Comper*



Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.

*J. G. Holland*



Faith is built like all powers here, by exercise. One must be driven by pain from within, even to realize the possibility of the use of Faith.

*Will Levington Comfort*



When I consider Life, and its few years—  
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
 A call to battle, and the battle done  
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears;  
 A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
 The gusts that past a darkened shore do beat;  
 The burst of music down an unlistening street—  
 I wonder at the idleness of tears.  
 Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,  
 Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,  
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
 Loose me from tears and make me see aright



How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;  
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

*Lizette Woodworth Reese*



The departed cease to act towards us and before us through our senses. They live as they lived before; but that outward frame, through which they were able to hold communion with other men, is in some way, we know not how, separated from them. They remain, but without usual means of approach towards us, and correspondence with us. As when a man loses his voice or hand, he still exists as before, but cannot any longer talk or write, or hold intercourse with us (by these means), so when he loses not voice or hand only, but his whole frame, or is said to die, there is nothing to show that he is gone; but we have lost our means of apprehending him.

*John Henry Newman*



I beg you, if God sends you grief, to take it largely by letting it first of all show you how short life is, and then prophesy eternity. Such is the grief of which the poet sings so nobly:

Grief should be

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;

Strong to consume small troubles, to command

Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

But grief, to be all that, must see the end; must bring and forever keep with its pain such a sense of the shortness of life that the pain shall seem but a temporary accident, and all that is to stay for ever after the pain has ceased, the exaltation, the unselfishness, the mystery, the nearness of God, shall seem to be the substance of the sorrow.

*Phillips Brooks*

Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colours we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multiform State.

*Sir Edwin Arnold*



You must faint sometimes. But let your sadder times, your deepest struggles be known only to God. Gain there the strength and quietness which you need for life. But do not let men see the agony; let them see the peace that comes from God.

*Anonymous*



Patience! Thou camest into the desert a vendor of salt; thou mayst go forth an alchemist, distilling from life's tasks and sorrows such precious attar in thy soul, that its sweetness shall win for thee a welcome wherever thou goest. . . .

*Annie Fellows Johnston*



Upon the white sea sand there sat a pilgrim band,  
Telling the losses that their lives had known;  
While evening waned away from breezy cliff and bay  
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spoke with quivering lip of a fair-freighted ship,  
With all his household to the deep gone down;  
But one had wider woe for a fair face, long ago  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth with a most tender ruth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;

And one upon the West turned an eye that would not rest  
For far off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold, some of proud honors told.  
Some spake of friends who were their trust no more;  
And one, of a green grave beside a foreign wave,  
That made me sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done, there spake among them one,  
A stranger seeming from all sorrow free;  
"Sad losses ye have met, but mine is heavier yet  
For a believing heart is gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said, "for the living and the dead,  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea! but, however it came to thee,  
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss!  
For the believing heart has gone from thee."

*Frances Brown*



I tell you, it pains them to be thought dead. They have passed through the physiological process we call death; they have shuffled off the mortal body; but they themselves have more life than ever. If the bereaved and sorrowful could only realize that, the pain of parting would be greatly alleviated. I believe one of the outcomes of the war will be to make people realize the fact, much more vividly than before, that death is not severance, it is a change of condition but not of personality. Bullets and shells injure the body, but they are not amongst those things which assault and hurt the soul. The soul continues after death, and, by our love and affection, we can give some joy to those on the other side who have their lives before them, a different life from ours, but as helpful and as useful and more happy.

*Sir Oliver Lodge*

I cannot say and I will not say  
 That he is dead—he is just away.  
 With a tender smile and a wave of the hand  
 He has wandered into an unknown land,  
 And left us dreaming how very fair  
 It needs must be, since he lingers there.  
 Think of him just the same I say:  
 He is not dead, he is just away.

*Sir Edwin Arnold*



The understood is but a small domain of our knowing, and the apprehended is greater than the comprehended. Is it said that we do not know God? True, we do not know all about Him, but we know something about Him;—And we do not know all about one another, but we know something about one another.

The understanding is the vestibule of the mind! Uncover thy head, and enter the temple of the soul! Behold the power, the beauty and the love! If we had nothing but understanding how little should we know, or think, or feel.

*Horatio Stebbins*



Snowflakes, of pureness unalloyed,  
 That in dark space  
 Are built, and split from out the teeming void  
 With prodigal grace,  
 Air-quarried temples though you fall scarce-felt  
 And all your delicate architecture melt  
 To tears upon my face,—

I too am such encrystalled breath  
 In the void planned  
 And bodied forth to surge of life and death;  
 And as I stand

Beneath this sacramental spilth of snow,  
Crumbling, you whisper: "Fear thou not to go  
Back to the viewless hand;

"Thence to be moulded forth again  
Through time and space  
Till thy imperishable self attain  
Such strength and grace  
Through endless infinite refinement passed  
By the eternal Alchemist that at the last  
Thou see Him face to face."

*Walter Leslie Wilmshurst*



MY DEAR —————

I am not quite sure whether I have acknowledged your kind letter about Mary's death. I have been slow about it because I have not been up to letter-writing. Not that I have been broken with grief, but I have not known exactly how to express my feelings.

Mrs. White and I have none but joyous memories of Mary. She gave out humor and sunshine as beaten steel gives out sparks, and all our recollections of her are merry ones. It is hard to think of her without smiling, and the very shadow of her face across our hearts brings laughter. We are not deceiving ourselves about the blow. It was a terrible stroke and we are infinitely lonely. But we are not shaking the bars of this finite cage and asking unanswerable questions of fate. We know that we do not know and that it is all mysterious. Yet, because our most uncommon lot of happiness for twenty-seven years has by this cruel circumstance been made the common lot, we are not dubious of God and the decency of man.

Mary is a net gain. To have had her seventeen years, joyous, and rollicking, and wise, and so tremendously human in her weaknesses

and in her strength is blessing enough for any parents, and we have no right to ask for more.

I am setting these things down because you were kind enough to write us and because I thought you would like to know how we are going along the hard and lonely trail. Accept our sincere and affectionate gratitude for your kind words. They helped. To know that our friends are with us in spirit is about the only answer to prayer that will be vouchsafed us in this material world. As for the other, we can only hope and trust and be cheerful about it.

Sincerely yours,

*William A. White. (Hitherto unpublished  
letter on the death of his daughter)*



It seemeth such a little way to me

Across to that strange country,—the Beyond;

And yet not strange, for it has grown to be

The home of those of whom I am most fond;

They make it seem familiar and most dear,

As journeying friends bring distant regions near. . . .

And so for me there is no sting to death,

And so the grave has lost its victory,

It is but crossing,—with abated breath,

And white, set face,—a little strip of sea,

To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,

More beautiful, more precious than before.

*E. W. Wilcox*



The question whether our conscious personality survives after death has been answered by almost all races of men in the affirmative. On this point sceptical or agnostic peoples are nearly, if not

wholly, unknown. Accordingly, if abstract truth could be determined, like the gravest issues of national policy, by a show of hands or a counting of heads, the doctrine of human immortality, or at least of a life after death, would deserve to rank among the most firmly established of truths; for were the question put to the vote of the whole mankind there can be no doubt that the "ayes" would have it by an overwhelming majority. The few dissenters would be overborne; their voices would be drowned in the general roar.

*Sir James Frazer*



We doubted our God in secret,  
We scoffed in the market-place,  
We held our hearts from His keeping,  
We held our eyes from His Face;  
We looked to the ways of our fathers,  
Denying where they denied,  
And we said as He passed, "He is stilled at last,  
And a man is crucified."

*But now I give you certain news  
To bid a world rejoice;  
Ye may crush Truth to silence,  
Ye may cry above His voice,  
Ye may close your eyes before Him,  
Lest ye tremble at the word,  
But late or soon, by night or noon,  
The living Truth is heard.*

We buried our God in darkness,  
In secret and all affright;  
We crept on a path of silence,  
Fearful things in the night;

We buried our God in terror,  
 After the fashion of men;  
 As we said each one, "The deed is done,  
 And the grave is closed again."

*But now I give you certain news  
 To spread by land and sea;  
 Ye may scourge Truth naked,  
 Ye may nail Him to the tree,  
 Ye may roll the stone above Him,  
 And seal it priestly-wise,  
 But against the morn, unmaimed, new-born,  
 The living Truth shall rise!*

*Theodosia Garrison*



Faith will turn any course, light any path, relieve any distress, bring joy out of sorrow, peace out of strife, friendship out of enmity, heaven out of hell. Faith is God at work.

*F. L. Holmes*



Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine word which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and feelings.

*S. T. Coleridge*



I took a day to search for God,  
 And found Him not. But as I trod  
 By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,  
 Just where one scarlet lily flamed,  
 I saw His footprint in the sod.



Then suddenly, all unaware,  
Far off in the deep shadows, where  
    A solitary thrush  
    Sang through the holy twilight hush—  
I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how  
God gives us Heaven here and now,  
    In stir of wind that hardly shook  
    The poplar leaves beside the brook—  
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned  
Homeward, and thought what I had learned  
    And all that there was still to probe—  
    I caught the glory of His robe  
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start  
I looked and longed for any part  
    In making saving Beauty be . . .  
    And from that kindling ecstasy  
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

*Bliss Carman*



A man's faith acts on the powers above him as a claim, and  
creates its own verification.

*William James*



I missed him when the sun began to bend;  
I found him not when I had lost his rim;  
With many tears I went in search of him,  
Climbing high mountains which did still ascend,

And gave me echoes when I called my friend;  
 Through cities vast and charnel-houses grim,  
 And high cathedrals where the light was dim,  
 Through books and arts and works without an end,  
 But found him not,—the friend whom I had lost.  
 And yet I found him,—as I found the lark,  
 A sound in fields I heard, but could not mark;  
 I found him nearest when I missed him most;  
 I found him in my heart, a life in frost,  
 A light I knew not till my soul was dark.

*George MacDonald*



Bereavement is the deepest initiation into the mysteries of human life, an initiation more searching and profound than even happy love. Love remembered and consecrated by grief belongs, more clearly than the happy intercourse of friends, to the eternal world; it has proved itself stronger than death.

Bereavement is the sharpest challenge to our trust in God; if faith can overcome this, there is no mountain which it cannot remove. And faith can overcome it. It brings the eternal world nearer to us, and makes it seem more real.

*Dean Inge*



I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,  
 None has ever yet adored or worshipped half enough,  
 None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these States must be their religion,

Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur;

Nor character nor life worthy the name without religion,  
Nor land nor man or woman without religion.

*Walt Whitman*



“Ah, my little Barney, you have gone to follow a new stream,—clear as crystal,—flowing through fields of wonderful flowers that never fade. It is a strange river to Teddy and me; strange and very far away. Some day we shall see it with you; and you will teach us the names of those blossoms that do not wither. But till then, little Barney, the other lad and I will follow the old stream that flows by the woodland fireplace,—your altar.

“Rue grows here. Yes, there is plenty of rue. But there is also rosemary, that’s for remembrance! And close beside it I see a little heart’s ease.”

*Henry van Dyke. (Writing of the death of his son)*



The dead are with us everywhere,  
By night and day;  
No street we tread but they have wandered there  
Who now lie still beneath the grass  
Of some shell-scarred and distant plain,  
Beyond the fear of death, beyond all pain.  
And in the silence you can hear their noiseless footsteps pass—  
The dead are with us always, night and day.

Where once the sound of mirth would rouse  
The sleeping town,  
The laughter has died out from house to house;  
And where through open windows late  
At night would float delightful song,  
And glad-souled music from the light-heart revel-throng,  
In quadrangle and street the windows darkly wait  
For those who cannot wake the sleeping town.

This city once a bride to all  
    Who entered here,  
A lover magical who had in thrall  
The souls of those who once might know  
Her kiss upon their lips and brow—  
A golden-hearted lover then, but now  
A mother grey, who sees Death darken as they go,  
Son after son of those who entered there.

Yet sometimes at the dead of night  
    I see them come—  
The darkness is suffused with a great light  
From that radiant, countless host;  
No face but is triumphant there,  
A flaming crown of youth imperishable they wear.  
A thousand years that passed have gained what we to-day have lost,  
The splendour of their sacrifice for years to come.

*A. E. Murray*



DEAR MADAM:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that the Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. Bixby, Nov. 21, 1864*

I cannot think of them as dead  
Who walk with me no more.  
Along the path of life I tread  
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair  
Beyond my vision dim;  
All souls are His and here or there  
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry  
Within my heart hath place,  
As when on earth they walked with me  
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine,  
What they to me have been  
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign  
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership  
Nor time nor death can free,  
For God gives me to love and keep  
Mine own eternally.

*H. L. Hosmer*



All the crosses of these awful days are splinters from the true cross. All the anguish that the mother in these days feels at the thought of what must come is the touch of that same sword that pierced the soul of the Virgin Mother. And the answer that the mother must make to the angel of her annunciation is that which Mary made: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

For the Marys of the world are highly favored and the Lord is with them. Blessed, indeed, are they among women. But the favor of the Lord is expressed in the call to suffering, and the blessing is bestowed at the foot of the cross.

Look up, then, mothers of today! The call to give your son is the call to the greatest honor that God can bestow upon you. Your mother love is sanctified in the suffering that is yours. You are living for eternity. The anguish out of which a son was given to you can never be fruitless, for it is a part of the great sacrificial offering that is accepted by the Father for the redemption of the world. Your son is a factor in that redemption. Jesus Christ has looked down from the cross and called him to mount the cross with him and to share in his work before he shall cry, "It is finished."

Stand with Mary at the foot of the cross. See, she makes place for you, for yours is a place that neither she, nor any other mortal on God's earth can take from you.

And look beyond the shadow of the cross. There shines afar off a day in which men shall have outgrown the conditions of war; when they shall realize the universal brotherhood of man, and no nation will ever dishonor itself by seeking the downfall of another; when the crown shall be torn from self-seeking emperors and the universal rule of the people shall establish liberty and justice throughout the earth. Your suffering is needed before that day can come.

*Anonymous Editorial, 1917*



These then are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The "scientific proof" that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgement (or some stage of being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will

represent them, may then turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arques, and you were not there."

*William James*



"Good-night, sleep well!" we say to those we love,  
 And watch dear faces glimmer on the stair,  
 And hear faint footfalls in the rooms above  
     Sound on the quiet air,  
 Yet feel no fear, though lonely they must go  
 The road of slumber's strange oblivion:  
     Dark always wears to dawn,  
 Sleep is so gentle, and so well we know,  
     Wherever they have gone,  
 They will be safe until the morning light,  
     Good-night, good-night!

Good-night, sleep well, beloveds, when the last  
 Slow dusk has fallen, and your steps no more  
 Make music on the empty upper floor,  
     And day is fully past.  
 We who so lightly let you go alone,  
 Evening by evening, from our trustful sight  
 Into the mystery of sleep's unknown—  
     We need not fear, tonight,  
 Death is so gentle—dark will break to dawn . . .  
 Love will be safe until the morning light,  
     Sleep well, good-night!

*Nancy Byrd Turner*



Now am I too come even unto Bethlehem  
 There to be born again in the shadow of my Lord.

Now am I too come even unto Calvary,  
There to taste the mighty wine for me outpoured.

Now am I risen again out of hours dark as death,  
Risen to wear a living faith as Christ His person wore.

It is enough, O Jesus, never a miracle  
Could move me more than this Thy beauty to adore.

*Marguerite Wilkinson*



The Lord Christ is a Spiritual Being, Whose ineffable destiny is connected with our own as the destiny of the captain of an ocean liner is connected with that of his passenger-list. As we come up into the consciousness of the Self, we begin to realize His responsibility over us for the rest of the planetary voyage; we begin to realize His position above us and the diffusion of the superb light of His compassion through every human heart.

*Will Levington Comfort*



That he was dear to you so many a year  
But darkens your distress.  
Would you he were less worthy and less dear  
That you might grieve the less?

He was a golden font that freely poured  
What goldenly endures,  
And though that font be gone, its bounty, stored  
And treasured, still is yours.

The Past is deathless. Souls are wells too deep  
To spend their purest gains.  
All that he gave to you is yours to keep  
While memory remains.



Who never had and lost, forlorn are they  
Far more than you and I  
Who had and have. Grudge not the price we pay  
For love that cannot die.

*Arthur Guiterman*



We have nothing to do but to receive, resting absolutely upon  
the merit, power, and love of our Redeemer.

*William James*



What is it now, the anguish that undid me  
When you were laid beneath the soil of France?  
Anguish endured as your own word had bid me,—  
The word you sent before the last advance.  
What is it now—that grief,—a grave joy lending  
Courage and sweetest hopes for what must come.  
Where you have gone, I follow at life's ending.  
You have my heart, it is but coming home.

*Anonymous*



Fading light  
Dims the sight  
And a star gems the sky.

Gleaming bright,  
From afar  
Drawing high  
Falls the night.

Dear one, rest!  
In the west  
Sable night  
Lulls the day on her breast.

Sweet, good night!  
 Now away  
 To thy rest.

*Anonymous*



Defeat may serve as well as victory  
 To shake the soul and let the glory out.  
 When the great oak is straining in the wind,  
 The boughs drink in new beauty and the trunk  
 Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.  
 Only the soul that knows the mighty grief  
 Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come  
 To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

*Edwin Markham*



There are wounds of the spirit which never close, and are intended in God's mercy to bring us nearer to Him, and to prevent us leaving Him, by their very perpetuity. Such wounds, then, may almost be taken as a pledge, or at least as a ground for the humble trust, that God will give us the great gift of perseverance to the end . . . This is how I comfort myself in my own great bereavements.

*John Henry Newman*



Death stands above me, whispering low  
 I know not what into my ear;  
 Of his strange language all I know  
 Is, there is not a word of fear.

*Walter Savage Landor*



O Lord, I give myself to thee, I trust thee wholly. Thou art wiser than I,—more loving to me than I myself. Deign to fulfill

thy high purposes in me whatever they be,—work in and through me. I am born to serve thee, to be thine, to be thy instrument. I ask not to see,—I ask not to know,—I ask simply to be used. Amen.

*John Henry Newman*



I came from God and I'm going back to God, and I won't have any gaps of death in the middle of my life.

*George MacDonald*



God be thy guide from camp to camp;  
 God be thy shade from well to well;  
 God grant beneath the desert stars thou  
 hear the Prophet's camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and  
 give thee knowledge to endure  
 This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain,  
 and bring thee out to Life again.

*James Elroy Flecker*



I confess that I do not see why the very existence of an invisible world may not in part depend on the personal response which any one of us may make to the religious appeal. God himself, in short, may draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a real fight,—as if there were something really

wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem; and first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears.

*William James*



There is a purity which only suffering can impart; the stream of life becomes snow-white when it dashes against the rocks.

*Jean Paul*

*Book Four*

FROM TODAY



## BOOK FOUR

There are no atheists in our foxholes out here.

*General Douglas MacArthur*



Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds,—and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air. . . .

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew—  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

*Lieutenant John Magee, R.A.F.*



Almighty God, we are about to be committed to a task from which some of us will not return. We go willingly to this hazardous adventure because we believe that those concepts of human dignity, rights and justice that Your Son expounded to the world, and which are respected in the government of our beloved country, are in peril of extinction from the earth. We are ready to sacrifice ourselves for our country and our God. We do not ask individually, for our safe return. But we earnestly pray that You will help each of us to do his full duty. Permit none of us to fail a comrade in the fight. Above all, sustain us in our conviction

in the justice and righteousness of our cause so that we may rise above all terror of the enemy and come to You, if called, in the humble pride of the good soldier and in the certainty of Your infinite mercy. Amen.

*General Dwight D. Eisenhower*



We are ashamed that we have only lives  
To give and dreams to cast aside. This land  
Deserves a greater sacrifice.

*Lieutenant Harold C. Algyer*



Grieve not that life was closed for him before  
His ears could hear the ultimate applause  
The future held in store. Grieve not because  
In eager youth time closed an ebon door  
Between him and his dream. There is no act  
So great as his. No lines he might have conned  
From Shakespeare's noblest dreams could reach beyond  
This one achievement in the world of fact.

In that last scene with Death no swift acclaim  
Surged toward him from the dark. No mortal stirred  
To stay the curtain or to shout his name,  
But deep within his heart, I know he heard  
Above the thundering shells, the heaving sod,  
The silent plaudits from the lips of God.

*Anderson M. Scruggs*



Oh God, we pray Thee that the memory of our comrades fallen in battle may be ever sacred in our hearts; that the sacrifice which they have offered for our country's cause may be acceptable in



Thy sight, and that an entrance into Thine eternal peace may, by Thy pardoning grace, be open unto them through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

*Admiral Ernest J. King*



In the bottom of an old pond lived some grubs who could not understand why none of their group ever came back after crawling up the lily stems to the top of the water. They promised each other that the next one who was called to make the upward climb would return and tell what had happened to him. Soon one of them felt an urgent impulse to seek the surface; he rested himself on the top of a lily pad and went through a glorious transformation which made him a dragon fly with beautiful wings. In vain he tried to keep his promise. Flying back and forth over the pond, he peered down at his friends below. Then he realized that even if they could see him they would not recognize such a radiant creature as one of their number.

The fact that we cannot see our friends or communicate with them after the transformation which we call death is no proof that they cease to exist.

*Walter Dudley Cavert*



How Columbus, dreaming of Cathay,  
In the night's shadow, lost upon the sea,  
Doubting the stars, and fearful of the day,  
Wept in the cabin of the Sainte Marie.  
All was uncertain then, and only he  
Leaned on his sails and fed them to the spray,  
Spreading the waves before him at his knee,  
Drawing the winds behind him on his way.  
And shall we then who steer a sturdier bark  
Across obedient seas from pole to pole,

Or climb the sky on errands like the lark,  
Turn in despair from yet a worthier goal,  
And crying, All ahead is death and dark,  
Miss the remoter heavens of the soul?

*Robert Nathan*



Not long did we lie on the torn, red field of pain.  
We fell, we lay, we slumbered, we took rest,  
With the wild nerves quiet at last, and the vexed brain  
Cleared of the winged nightmares, and the breast  
Freed of the heavy dreams of hearts afar.  
We rose at last under the morning star.  
We rose, and greeted our brothers, and welcomed our foes.  
We rose; like the wheat when the wind is over, we rose.  
With shouts we rose, with gasps and incredulous cries,  
With burst of singing, and silence, and awestruck eyes,  
With broken laughter, half tears, we rose from the sod,  
With welling tears and with glad lips, whispering, "God."  
Like babes, refreshed from sleep, like children, we rose,  
Brimming with deep content, from our dreamless repose.  
And, "What do you call it?" asked one. "I thought I was dead."  
"You are," cried another. "We're all of us dead and flat."  
"I'm alive as a cricket. There's something wrong with your head."  
They stretched their limbs and argued it out where they sat.  
And over the wide field friend and foe  
Spoke of small things, remembering not old woe  
Of war and hunger, hatred and fierce words.  
They sat and listened to the brooks and birds,  
And watched the starlight perish in pale flame,  
Wondering what God would look like when He came.

*Hermann Hagedorn*

You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation. . . . I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our mettle because He knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has been discarded for moral principles.

I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret, and one only,—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will live in peace and freedom, and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

*From a British Aviator's Last Letter  
to His Mother*



Now they begin to go;  
the lonely-walking or the crowded-round,  
the fortunate, the hapless, friend or foe;  
the loosed or bound;  
into the dark they flutter, settling slow  
like snow upon the ground. . . .

Into the dark, either to depth or height,—  
wrenched from convivial tumult, or despair,

in sudden rigor, in that strange despite  
of terror, or its foil, delight,—  
or inward drawn somewhere  
divested of ascension or declension,  
moving still near us in some fourth dimension. . . .

No fluttering snow are they, but blades made bare,  
plucked from the sheath! For these I knew were swords  
and those were flames—and many were aware,  
in age, of that which is not said with words.

O, anywhere,

God fend, and send them into brighter air!

*William Rose Benét*



If a soldier dies merely through the hazards of war, that is one thing. But if he dies for a cause to which his country has linked its destiny, such as human freedom or the maintenance of justice, he has linked himself to a cause which is great and glorious. If that cause is eternal, an eternal significance is given to his dying. But if not, his attachment to it gives him the distinction of a patriot and a hero, but not necessarily that of a saint. To die for justice, for freedom, links a man to something different from mere devotion to a flag. Justice is not temporal, it is eternal. In dying for it, one gives significance to his final act. If a man will link himself to the will of God and the reign of God over all human affairs; if he lives for it, dies for it, his life and death are merged in the life and purpose of God and therefore he is indestructible.

*John Gardner*



We have learned the language of war,  
We know the syntax of liberty,  
The new psalm over the ashes

Of Pearl Harbor, Crete, Shanghai.  
 Our love flames in the furnace  
 Of the oppressed; here and now  
 We take the eternal vow—  
 You in your heart and I in mine,—our Credo;  
 They shall rise again, cleansed and free;  
 The bitter shall not, for we, the young,  
 Have grown, have learned, have dared to die.

*Private Louis Schlusel*



To die in spring, to join one's fleeting breath  
 With the uprushing breath of earth's release;  
 To go out into the sweet airs and the sun;  
 Distill, like scent, like sound, the essential self  
 Into April winds; so to become  
 One with the rising sap, the unfolding frond;  
 To leave the husk of cold mortality,  
 Thrust forth one's spirit, birth-like, with the spring;  
 That were a time to dedicate to death.  
 To pass in that green season into silence  
 Is but a stopped chord, harmony resolved,  
 Music inviolate; or like a vision  
 Seen and with passion recollected;  
 Prospect perpetual of lovely life  
 Immutable in the mind, never bereft  
 Of beauty's flame in that survival brief.  
 No withering by insidious years, for those  
 That die betimes, of youth's ingenuous bloom;  
 No death, but a relinquishing of life  
 While ardent still it pulses, to inspire  
 A spring eternal, young as the robin's phrases.

*Elizabeth Harrison*

Life is not complex; I have a God to serve, a soul to save, a family and a country to love, to live and die for. I don't mind dying, but I do want to make my life and, if necessary, my death count for *something good*.

*Last Message of an American Air-man  
to Archbishop Spellman*



You cannot hear me now, my voice is lost  
In thunder. The song of me is drowned  
In the earth's grim symphony like the sound  
Of violins all beaten flat and tossed  
Against a cliff of brass. You cannot hear me,  
But I am singing still beneath the clash,  
Below the metal chorus and the lash  
Of trumpets at the sky. I will be  
But a tiny voice, saying there is yet a dawn,  
Stars to dream at and the world beyond.  
I will hold my keening note until the wand  
Waves back the brasses and the drums are gone,  
And brave against the stillness sing my part—  
The deathlessness of beauty in the heart.

*Corporal Harold Applebaum, U.S.A.*



You shall have your revenge who flew and died,  
Spending your daylight before day began.  
You shall have good hours back; and go in pride  
Against the dark. Protagonist of man,  
Account shall be for lives in measured days,  
You shall inherit hours which are replaced,  
The earth won back, the trustier human ways  
From history recovered, on them based  
An amplitude of noble life. Prelude

Shall there be none; nor count of other cost  
Of dying, living, loving. Oh, intrude  
Your lively innocent ghosts upon the frost  
Of present winter, quickening in its dearth.  
Your vengeance shall be spring upon the earth.

*John Pudney, Squadron Leader, R.A.F.*



Oh God, in whom the many generations of mankind live and move and have their being; we remember with gratitude all those who have laid down their lives in the service of their country. May no forgetfulness of ours make them to have perished as though they had never been. To the end that these dead shall not have died in vain may we receive with fit humility the fruits of their sacrifice, and carry on to further fulfillment their dearest hopes for this their land and ours. Amen.

*Dean Willard L. Sperry*



Our ship plows through the rolling sea,  
And cuts a furrow of frothing white,  
As clothed in blackout secrecy  
We sail the waters of the night.

The skies look down between the clouds,  
To wink with myriad eyes,  
For moonlight tears away the shrouds  
That make our thin disguise.

Ah, more than fish lurk in the deep,  
Where alien monsters roam;  
But more than men the night-watch keep  
To bring us safely home.

*Private Mark Reinsberg*

And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year;  
Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown!  
And he replied; Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into  
the hand of God.  
That shall be to thee better than light, and safer than a known way.

*M. Louise Haskins*



And then they moved. Sunlight covered them like a song.  
They turned their clipped, indifferent heads once more,  
They smiled, and seemed to wait: their long  
Brown arms shone like water and the shore

Muttered, like a gigantic animal in pain.  
The women and children were no more than birds  
Or leaves, or drops of rain.  
They were incapable of thoughts or words.

And these tall smiling figures, legendary,  
Though a week before they had been only men,  
Stood on the brink of the past; all the fury  
And hallucination of the past rose up again,

Rose up and covered them like fever, or a song.  
They were statues. They scarcely seemed to move  
As they moved away. They had grown tall and strong,  
Their eyes glowed with a new and hidden love.

The women did not understand at all. They stood  
And waited till the ship was gone. Their grief  
Was like the warm rain falling, or a leaf  
Falling into the hollow of a wood.

*Frederic Prokosch*



If we but live until the Victory day  
 With blood-red sun to mark the fateful morn,  
 Then down with swift grace as the falcon dives  
 We'll come and cheer whatever world is born.  
 But as our foe goes down in smoke and flame  
 And scorches out a pathway through the sky,  
 We'll raise our hands, saluting to the West—  
 Perhaps tomorrow comes our turn to die.  
 Of hatred have I none for those I fight,  
 For those believing that their cause is true;  
 And yet if they must die that peace may come,  
 Them to their hurtling death I will pursue.

And when the trembling earth is still again,  
 When martial shadows break and free the sun  
 To light a world at peace,—though I'm not there,  
 Mourn not,—the God of Freedom's will be done.

*Horace L. Borden, Jr., Army Air Corps*



There is no more mystery, or miracle, or supernaturalness in the wholly unproved fact of immortality than there is in the wholly unexplainable fact of life, or in the unimaginable fact of the universe.

*Howard Lee McBain*



*Come, from the four winds, come, O quickening breath,  
 And breathe on all these slain that they may rise!*  
 And they stood up, in that dim Valley of Death,  
 Armies past number, with great burning eyes.

And they cried out, like one long breaking wave—  
*Not to man's memory, or the wind-whipt foam,*

*Not to earth's honour, or the engulfing grave,  
Did we entrust our souls, when we went home.*

*Beyond the last abyss, and the last height,  
In our first youth we saw your world's last end,  
Looked up into the face of utter Night,  
And found, in those deep eyes, our secret Friend,*

*By whose remembrance, the vast frame of things  
Is bound in law, the music of His mind.  
We have drunk peace at those deep inner springs,  
And drowned the little hatreds of mankind.*

*Remember or forget us as ye will,  
His Memory bides, whereby all truth stands true.  
If ye remember, God is with you still;  
If ye forget, He still remembers you.*

*Alfred Noyes*



We do not know all. For instance, I have studiously avoided ever mentioning the word *immortality*, since I believe that Science cannot yet profitably discuss that question. But the discovery of unity in all that has so far been studied gives me reasonable faith that its wings will reach out to cover all that we shall still be enabled to learn, while the unbroken continuity of evolutionary direction gives us the same sort of right to believe that it will continue to-morrow and on into time as we have to believe that apples will continue to fall to the earth.

*Julian Huxley*



*He is that fallen lance that lies as hurled,  
That lies unlifted now, come dew, come rust,*

But still lies pointed as it plowed the dust.  
 If we who sight along it round the world,  
 See nothing worthy to have been its mark,  
 It is because like men we look too near  
 Forgetting that as fitted to the Sphere,  
 Our missiles always make too short an arc.  
 They fall, they rip the grass, they intersect  
 The curve of earth, and striking, break their own;  
 They make us cringe for metal-point on stone.  
 But this we know, the obstacle that checked  
 And tripped the body, shot the spirit on  
 Further than target ever showed or shone.

*Robert Frost*



I saw a star flame in the sky,  
 I heard a wild bird sing,  
 And down where all the forest stirred  
 Another answering.

All suddenly I felt the gleam  
 That made my faith revive:  
 Ah God, it takes such simple things  
 To keep the soul alive.

*Harold Vinal*



O world, thou chooseth not the better part!  
 It is not wisdom to be only wise,  
 And on the inward vision close the eyes;  
 But it is wisdom to believe the heart.  
 Columbus found a world, and had no chart  
 Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;  
 To trust the soul's invincible surmise

Was all his science and his only art.  
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine  
That lights the pathway but one step ahead  
Across a void of mystery and dread.  
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine  
By which alone the mortal heart is led  
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

*George Santayana*



Much of our horror of death comes from the feeling (even though it may never be expressed) that it is the enemy of life. We love life; therefore it is natural to dread death. But death is no more the enemy of life than sleep is the enemy of work and play. Sleep makes it possible for us to work and play the next day. Death makes it possible for us to live on. It has therefore a real contribution to make to life in the large, being the gateway through which we slip from the lower life into the higher, from the briefer into that which is eternal.

*Anonymous Editorial*



Tread softly, sorrow, for the summer passes,  
Her leaves are falling in continual rain;  
Let me be silent as the withered grasses,  
Let me be quiet as the gathered grain.  
This season that inevitably closes,  
The swift returning year again will bring;  
The summer passes with a rain of roses,  
And winter follows, fading into spring.  
So let me, like a tree, with natural reason  
Put all my buds to bed at winter's start.  
Then in the April of another season,

Beauty will break and blossom in my heart,  
And birds renew their youth along the bough,  
When all is green,—my heart remembers how.

*Robert Nathan*



O God, My Father, the Great Referee of earth and sea and sky, be with me in combat and adversity. Strengthen my love for the land that has given me birth and make me worthy of the sacrifices of my fathers in hewing America from the wilderness they found. Endow me with the courage to face danger in spite of fear. Make me resolve that the blood of my fathers was not shed in vain and that regardless of cost—our way of life shall endure. Keep me physically strong that I may better defend my home and my native land. Keep me mentally awake that my enemies may never again strike with surprise and deal with me in treachery. Uplift my morals that I may better maintain the honor of my country and the reverence of my forefathers. Let duty to God and Country be my most sublime aspirations, and kindle my heart and soul with the determination to die rather than yield the ideals of my world. O God, My Father, whatever duty befalls me when my country calls, may I acquit myself as worthy of Thy Guidance.

And when my combat's over and my flying days are done  
I will store my ship forever in the airdrome of the sun.  
Then I'll meet the Referee, Great God, my Flying Boss,  
Whose wingspread fills the heavens from Polaris to the Cross. Amen.

*Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr.*



I am the risen soldier, I have come  
From out a thousand towns, the city blocks,  
The factories, the fields of this fair land  
Whose name I whisper with a strange delight  
Beneath these alien skies. Many am I,

Yet truly one, the son of many streams  
That poured their wealth into a common cup—  
The wide and golden cup of Liberty,  
Which elsewhere men had sought, yet found instead  
But Circe's poisoned wine, toil without sleep.  
I am a soldier lifted up by War's  
Stern hands and this my Nation's need, above  
The petty round of pleasure; freed from wealth's  
Sure chains, from labor's yoke, the snare of self,  
And flung, an eagle, into atmosphere  
That folds about me with immensity  
Made intimate. I breast a world of clouds,  
I climb, that freedom's law may find in me  
A symbol of man's fondest hope, which now,  
Like winter wheat, must bide beneath the chill  
Of slavery, and trodden down by foes,  
Dying give life to myriad golden shafts,  
Each in its own true right and image clear  
Of life and peace, of man with head erect,  
Unbowed and fearless, under friendly skies.

I am the risen soldier; once I knew  
The thralldom of a thousand little needs,  
And now, I have but one—the need to give  
All that I have and am, that men may know  
How fair a dream America has dreamed  
Of Liberty, that now, as far as one  
Lone fighter can achieve, that dream shall still  
Come true for all mankind. I know that some  
Will scoff and call my dream a wishful thing,  
Saying wars have their origin in trade,  
The ebb and flow of credit; that men are  
But helpless flies within the web of commerce.  
Let them drawl this if cynics they would be.

I know my soul, my heartbeats I have tallied;  
Here lies my course; here gleams my compass needle.  
Eastward I drive to straighten crooked crosses,  
Till yet again they be the deathless sign  
Of love that dies to break the bonds of man.  
Westward I cleave into the setting sun,  
Which still must farther set that there may be  
A sunrise of Democracy and Hope  
For all the lands and peoples that still lie  
Within the shadows where we brought no light,  
Or, when we did, too often dimmed its glow  
With a fool's pride, a merchant's avarice  
Or creeds that have no room for Charity.  
We could not free them, who ourselves were slaves;  
We could not teach, who had not paused to learn,  
Nor lead the blind, who had not eyes to see.

I am the risen soldier; though I die  
I shall live on and, living, still achieve  
My country's mission—Liberty in truth  
And truth in Charity. I am aware  
God made me for this nobler flight and fight,  
A higher course than any I had deemed  
Could ever be; and having found my course,  
Whether I ground my plane on the home field  
Or plunge a flaming banner from the skies,  
I shall not turn again to petty things,  
Nor change my plan of life till God has sealed  
My papers with His seal. And if it be  
My blood should mingle reverently with Christ's,  
His Son's, in this my final missioning,  
Shall I not whisper with my dying breath:  
“Lord, it is sweet to die—as it were good  
To live, to strive—for these United States,

Which in Your wisdom, You have willed should be  
 A beacon to the world, a living shrine  
 Of Liberty and Charity and Peace."

*Archbishop Francis J. Spellman*



I have seen death too often to believe in death.  
 It is not an ending, but a withdrawal,  
 As one who finishes a long journey,  
     Stills the motor,  
     Turns off the lights,  
     Steps from his car  
 And walks up the path  
 To the home that awaits him.

*Don Blanding*



You shall not find Him on His way.  
     A bird shall sing in an apple tree  
 His answer to the prayer you pray  
     And you shall know that it is He.

I dreamed a kindly thought was lost  
     Because it was not breathed aloud.  
 On the next day it sang to me  
     From a summer cloud.

I thought the wrong that I had done  
     Was buried by the lapse of years.  
 Today, it misted the high sun  
     And looked at me, through tears.

You shall not find Him on His way.  
     A child at play, a fall of snow,  
 Answer your grief of yesterday,  
     And tell you all you need to know.



Not in the flash of rending skies  
 Falls the unseen avenging sword.  
 Quietly, quietly as dew,  
 Descends the mighty Lord.

His heavens on silent axles roll,  
 And very subtle is His caress,  
 Lest He should weaken your strong soul  
 Against the day of storm and stress.

Yet, in that hour, of furious death  
 When the strong seamen shrink dismayed,  
 Comes that most still, most instant breath—  
*It is I, be not afraid.*

*Alfred Noyes*



Death is a great adventure, but none need go unconvinced that there is an issue to it. The man of faith may face it as Columbus faced his first voyage from the shores of Spain. What lies across the sea, he cannot tell; his special expectations all may be mistaken; but his insight into the clear meanings of present facts may persuade him beyond doubt that the sea has another shore. Such confident faith, so founded upon reasonable grounds, shall be turned to sight, when for all the dismay of the unbelieving, the hope of the seers is rewarded by the vision of a new continent.

*Harry Emerson Fosdick*



“Somewhere in France”—we know not where—he lies,  
 Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies!  
 We may not visit him, but this we say;  
 Though our steps err, his shall not miss their way.  
 From the exhaustion of War’s fierce embrace  
 He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.

To him has come, if not the crown and palm,  
The kiss of Peace,—a vast, sufficing calm!  
So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—  
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been;  
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be;  
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.  
'T is unbelievable he fades away,—  
An exhalation at the dawn of day!

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned  
Into the Oversoul, to be discerned  
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,  
In petal of the lily, or in those  
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,  
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.  
Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind  
What we in his fair life were wont to find,  
He shall escape absorption, and shall still  
Preserve a faculty to know and will.  
Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith;  
(We know not Life, how should we then know Death?)  
From our small limits and withholdings free,  
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company;  
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss  
As to forget he knew a world like this.

*John Hogben*



O heavenly Father, help us to trust our loved ones to Thy care. When sorrow darkens our lives, help us to look up to Thee, remembering the cloud of witnesses by which we are compassed about. And grant that we on earth, rejoicing ever in Thy presence, may share with them the rest and peace which Thy presence gives, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*Canadian Prayer Book*

I have an understanding with the hills  
At evening when the slanted radiance fills  
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be,  
And they are quiet and look down at me.  
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes  
Out of the centuries that made them wise.  
They lend me hoarded memory and I learn  
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,  
And why a dream of forests must endure  
Though every tree be slain; and how the pure  
Invisible beauty has a word so brief,  
A flower can say it or a shaken leaf,  
But few may ever snare it in a song,  
Though for the quest a life is not too long.  
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull  
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,  
And shadows are their garments, and the air  
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,  
Their arms are strong around me; and I know  
That somehow I shall follow when you go  
To the still land beyond the evening star,  
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,  
And silence may not hurt us any more,  
And terror shall be past, and grief, and war.

*Grace Hazard Conkling*



Because the snow clears in the valleys;  
Leaving white lanes by the hedges  
And moist clumps of primrose under the deep banks;

Because the fields lie green after the thaw,  
And the young corn shows,  
Pushing in trust to the promised sun;

Because the lambs  
Race and dance on the buoyant grass,  
Without thought, without cause;

Because I love and am loved,  
Confirmed in belief  
Against the world and reason's tyranny—

Because of these, I know—I know  
The moment's faith outlogics fact and time,  
And the heart's truth is truth.

*Clive Sansom*



He (the lost one) is alive in the paradise of God. What that means passes all imagining, but surely it means that his love for us is illuminated by a great light.

Do you think that delighted and full of wonder as he is, he would want us to sit and mourn with folded hands in his old empty room? To grieve and harden and grow bitter? To turn the room where once he was so gay into a museum and a morgue? No! He wants us to lift up our hearts and catch a glimpse of the vision so clear around him.

Wouldn't he say?—"If you could know what I do now, you would have no grief. You would put on festive clothes and sing to God in church and out. I've been promoted. I am busy in a great service. The old frustrations are all gone. We do great things here. Let someone into my old room. Give my things to someone who needs them. And when you get going in your new happiness, go to other houses where men like me will not return and get the truth across to the people there. Where we are, we can see better how God is working His purpose out. It costs a great price and we have paid a little of it, and you are paying some of it, but it is all marvelously worth while."

*Anonymous Editorial*

Courage is fear that has prayed.  
*Chaplain Henry Darlington*



Now all the apple-buds unclench  
Like children's hands along the branch,  
The pear-tree's limbs in flower boast  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost.  
Gentle and wild the jonquils blow  
Brighter than star-lit Christmas snow,  
And all the dead their substance give  
That springs may rise again and live.

Sharp over Eden hangs the sword  
And in the whirlwind lives the Word.  
Revere this sweet, awakening earth,  
As surely as it brought to birth  
You, and your spirit clothing gave,  
So surely shall it be your grave.

Spring from the hidden seed knows grief,  
For so are you; blossom and leaf  
Grow from the dust you are. And still  
I swear you shall not come to ill.  
Hurtless among the singing arrows  
And through what seas your fierce helm furrows  
The love I bear to you shall hover,  
And love himself shall be your lover,  
Shall fold you safe, his tenderest care,  
Safe as a strong bird in the air.

*Martha Bacon*



When these the steely flocks of Death returning  
Dropped from the air, he did not follow them;

A farther journey than to Samarkand  
Or Sourabaya or Jerusalem

Drew his restless soul: with head held high  
He took the uncharted track that far outruns  
The blazing speedway of the crazy comets  
And the stare of the incandescent suns.

Out where his course is set arise no cities  
Of man's devising, luminously pale  
Under the ash-rose evening and the dark:  
Here cleaves no keel and here is bent no sail:

Only the airy strata, cloud on cloud  
Piled high in shadowy bank and shining shore  
Mimic cupola and towered bastion  
Built of the bright translucency of pearl;

And farther yet, beyond the bounds of morning,  
Far past the circling dark, lies like a sea  
The unrippled deep on deep of clear gold light,  
The windless ocean of eternity.

Why should we mourn for him, who wears his strength  
Like a gay cloak he need not loose or shed?  
Sorrow is our inheritance; he forever  
Is quit of inheritance, being dead.

Silent are the purple hills of twilight  
But for one far faint bugle hoarsely sweet;  
Vainly it cries to the unanswering dead,  
Calling the pulseless heart, the quiet feet.

Age shall not dim the glory of his youth;  
Time shall not frost his brow nor chill his breath.

He is free of hope and fear, he is free of living—  
And death itself has made him free of death.

*Audrey Alexandra Brown*



Heavenly Father, hear our voice out of the deep sorrow which Thou in Thy mysterious wisdom hast brought upon us. Thou gavest and Thou hast taken away, blessed be Thy Name. Our children are safe and happy in Thy keeping. We are content and glad to think of them as they follow their Shepherd in the green fields of Paradise. Keep our souls from all the temptations of unworthy and unfaithful mourning, that we may neither sorrow as those without hope, nor lose our trust in Thee. And grant that the remnant of this our family, O Lord, still being upon earth, may be steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in love, and that finally we may come to the land of everlasting life, there to meet again all that we have loved and there to reign with Thee, world without end; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*Robert Speer*



Here, at the end of seeking, heart has found  
Beloved heart; here confidant has turned  
As flower to sun, and here at last has learned  
All lovely things were possible. No wound  
Can dissipate such certain comfort. None  
Can overthrow the heart made strong by faith;  
Such is secure always, and not by death.  
Nor fear, nor loneliness can be undone.

Whatever of desolate and divided time  
The years may hold, or what vain tenderness  
Trouble the night, it steadfast shall possess

Strength to endure, and fortitude to climb  
 From self. Heart that is once so strongly blest  
 Is rich forever, nor shall be dispossessed.

*Dorothy Margaret Poulin*



The optic nerve is a little thing, but it gives us sun, stars, and all the wonder of the earth. Prayer is the optic nerve of the soul; we must not cut the nerve.

*George A. Buttrick*



*But how can I live without you?*—she cried.

I left all world to you when I died:

Beauty of earth and air and sea;

Leap of a swallow or a tree;

Kiss of rain and wind's embrace;

Passion of storm and winter's face;

Touch of feather, flower and stone;

Chiselled line of branch or bone;

Flight of stars, night's caravan;

Song of crickets—and of man—

All these I put in my testament,

All these I bequeathed you when I went.

*But how can I see them without your eyes*

*Or touch them without your hand?*

*How can I hear them without your ear,*

*Without your heart, understand?*

These too, these too

I leave to you!

*Anne Morrow Lindbergh*



Tell my mother I know she is the real hero.  
*Last Message of an American Air-man*



God's word will be fulfilled, his promise kept.  
 O burdened Heart, so often we have wept  
 And doubted in the dark—distraught, afraid—  
 And all the while the promises he made  
 Will be fulfilled in season; every prayer,  
 According to his word, loosed on the air  
 Will bring its perfect answer. O, ye Heart,  
 How can we fail to do our own small part;  
 To pray our earnest prayer, then trust and wait  
 The answer that will come though soon or late.

“Fulfilled in season.” Hour by passing hour  
 The wonder of his mighty working power  
 Is moving for us. Every hurt and grief  
 Will someday find a blessed sure relief,  
 So, Heart, may all your clamoring cries be stilled.  
 God promised, and his word will be fulfilled.

*Grace Noll Crowell*



Power is primarily a matter not of self-generation but of appropriation. Not strenuous activity but hospitable receptivity is the ultimate source of energy. The Psalmist was right about the blessed man being “like a tree planted by the rivers of water.”

*Harry Emerson Fosdick*



Out of the grace of gardens, make me wise  
 To learn as larkspur mirrors mist-blue skies,  
 Here in my place, Thy holy ground, I, too,

May lift a life that as a mirror true  
 Reflects the beauty of that Blessed One,  
 Who in a garden prayed, "Thy will be done!"

Teach me in dewy silences to know  
 On the pruned bush the loveliest roses grow,  
 That when the shears of sorrow shall be laid  
 Against my life, serene and unafraid,  
 A sturdier faith shall flower there, and be  
 A richer crimson in my love to Thee.

*Molly Anderson Haley*



*I: One Speaks from Earth*

How dare you be so far, whose arms surrounded,  
 Whose face pressed mine, whose body held mine fast?  
 Can I come home to you when all is vanished—  
 Will you be in the Timeless at the last?

I can hear distance from your unknown dwelling  
 And walk alone these dry and hopeless ways  
 If after all the miles of dark and sorrow  
 You lift the latch for me at end of days:

Be still the soul that keeps my soul; the arrow  
 That strikes the mark of me:  
 Be gift of death, be heart of darkness—only  
 Somewhere exist! Somewhere await and be!

*II: One Speaks from Heaven*

Take this; the promise of the long-forgotten,  
 Long waited for;  
 You are alone; yet where your lone door closes  
 I close the door.

I come to you who do not know me coming—  
 What is your peace but this, your calm but this?  
 Your laughter I who laugh across the spaces,  
 Your passion my far touch, your joy my kiss?

I am your quietness; I am your pleasure;  
 I shall go always burning in your side;  
 Where I lean waiting you in Everlasting  
 My arms stand wide.

*Margaret Widdemer*



Before Thee, O Heavenly Father, we remember those who have passed from us into the fuller light of Thy eternal Presence, into the Life Everlasting. We thank Thee for their loyalty to duty, and their power of self-surrender, by Thy grace, and for the discipline by which Thou hast made them fit in a short time for the higher service in Thy Kingdom. May we have the assurance of their continued fellowship in Thee, and realize that there is no separation between those that love.

*John Hunter*



As winging birds cleave in their aerial flight  
 The clouds which seem their passage to impede,  
 And with unlabored motion skim the height,  
 Their goal to compass with untrammelled speed,  
 So does the Word of God on wings of thought  
 Fly to its goal within the waiting heart;  
 Bird-swift, precipitant, its passage fraught  
 With eagerness His message to impart.  
 Pinioned with might it still pursues its way,  
 Cleaving with strength the clouds of fear and doubt.  
 Nought can oppose its course, nor bid it stay;

Strongholds it fells and evil puts to rout.  
Heart of the world, widely your portals fling  
And let this Word to you its healing bring.

*Marion J. Cobb*



Is it a comfort to the mind to know  
That other minds have been enclosed in night,  
And that all nights, however dark they grow,  
End in eventual and increasing light?

Each man is individual and alone,  
Tramping the desert at his spirit's core  
Where all advice is dead, all friends unknown,  
And faith and reason wage unceasing war:

But others walked that desert and that night,  
Crossed the uncharted land where you must go,  
And found the green oases and the light. . . .  
Is it a comfort to the heart to know?

*Clive Sansom*



Then one day I found somewhere, on a page I have since forgotten, three words which had greater power than even the doctor's words. When I began to feel the horror coming on, I said to myself, "God within me. . . . God within me." While I was saying those three words I felt and I knew that I was no longer alone. All of a sudden, because of those three words, I could walk along the street without fear. Saying, "God within me" brought me an inrush of quietness and sweetness, a feeling inside me of dignity and wholeness which was not me at all, but something greater than I was, against which the horrors were powerless.

*Katharine Butler Hathaway*

Measure me, sky,  
 Tell me I reach by a song  
 Nearer the stars;  
 I have been little so long.

Weigh me, high wind.  
 What will your wild scales record?  
 Profit of pain,  
 Joy by the weight of a word.

Horizon, reach out,  
 Catch at my hands, stretch me taut,  
 Rim of the world;  
 Widen my eyes by a thought.

Sky, be my depth,  
 Wind, be my jubilant height,  
 World, my heart's span;  
 Loneliness, wings for my flight.

*Leonora Speyer*



Success as Shakespeare and Sophocles understood it is the persistence of man's potential nobility in the teeth of circumstance, and up to tragedy and beyond it.

*Henry Seidel Canby*



If we never sought, we seek thee now;  
 Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;  
 We must have sight of thorn-pricks on thy brow,  
 We must have thee, O Jesus of the Scars.

The heavens frighten us; they are too calm;  
 In all the universe we have no place.

Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?  
 Lord Jesus, by thy Scars we claim thy grace.

If when the doors are shut, Thou drawest near,  
 Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine;  
 We know today what wounds are, have no fear,  
 Show us Thy Scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong; but Thou wast weak;  
 They rode, but Thou didst stumble to a throne;  
 But to our wounds God's wounds alone can speak,  
 And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone.

*Edward Shillito*



Courage is grace under pressure.

*Ernest Hemingway*



As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer.

*Alexis Carrel*



You who have wept beside a river  
 Or knelt all night by a bed of death,  
 You, bled white by the slow bright torture  
 Of daily living and drawing breath:—  
 Still you have kept the ancient witchery,  
 Gone your way with the same old grace,  
 Suffering carved your brow's compassion,  
 Gallantry shaped your face.

*Mary Atwater Taylor*

Nobody enjoys by preference going through tunnels, or what the beloved Psalmist called "valleys of shadow." And yet all the greatest guides of the soul have known that there are no detours which go around these "valleys of weeping." They must be travelled through. The great achievement is to so pass through them that one makes them "places of springs of water" for others who come there afterwards.

*Rufus Jones*



My garden bears testimony to divinity;  
I sow the seed, itself a mystery;  
Invoke the graces of the sun;  
Implore the ministry  
Of the rain; and yet, when this is done,  
It is God  
Who thrusts up  
Through the imprisoning clod  
Miracles of emerald leaf and radiant bloom,  
Fashioned of fabrics from a heavenly loom.  
Surely none but God can,  
Within a seed's pin-point of space,  
Pack a blue-print of the cosmos' swaying grace,  
Or, from a dry brown root release  
The phlox in all its still white peace.  
He hangs the rose upon the thorn,  
And lifts the lily's samite cup  
Brimmed with the dewy nectar of the morn.  
It is God alone, knowing infinity,  
May be so prodigal of beauty  
That he gives to the errant winds the poppy  
And the rose, or yields to winter's devastating hold  
Autumn's arabesques of flame and gold.

*Eva Moad Turner*

O, sad people, buy not your past too dearly,  
 Live not in dreams of the past, for understand,  
 If you remember too much, too long, too clearly,  
 If you grasp memory with too heavy a hand,  
 You will destroy memory in all its glory  
 For the sake of the dreams of your head upon your bed.  
 You will be left with only the worn dead story  
 You told yourself of the dead.

*Alice Duer Miller*



Remember them singing, when they do not sing;  
 Remember them laughing, when they laugh no more;  
 Remember them running through the fields in spring,  
 Or skating the frozen lake, far out from shore.

*Sergeant Charles E. Butler*



Have they died in vain? The other Soldier returns to tell me that Love never sacrifices in vain. He bids me look with shining eyes towards the day when men "shall turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into sickles. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised any more to war."

*Archbishop Francis J. Spellman*



Spring is God's season; may you see His Spring  
 Somewhere, the larch and ash buds burgeoning,  
 Round catkin tassels and the blossomed spine  
 Of blackthorn, and the golden celandine  
 And little rainwashed violet leaves unfurled  
 To deck young April in another world.



We cannot know how much a dead man hears,  
 What awful music of the distant spheres,  
 But you may linger still, you may not be  
 Too far from us to share the ecstasy  
 Of all the larks that nest upon our hills,  
 Or miss the flowering of the daffodils.

*Moray Dalton*



God broadcasts His messages and only those whose instruments are rightly tuned can receive them. He seeks to reveal Himself all the time, and the difference of reception lies not with Him but with us.

*Maude Royden*



Earth is a field of battle never won  
 After dark winter thins the crowded hills  
 April returns and fields are overrun  
 Once more with Spring's undaunted daffodils.  
 The violets that filter down the valleys  
 No sooner pause to rest, than summer brings  
 The long hot siege that holds till Autumn rallies  
 And claims again the slopes that once were Spring's.  
 Only such strife as this the heart holds dear  
 This endless Armageddon of no pain,  
 Where beauty conquers beauty year by year  
 Where silver sudden rifles of the rain  
 Seek out the soil and winds in boughs release  
 Soft bombs of blooms down silent hills of peace.

*Anderson M. Scruggs*



The Sea of Galilee is fresh and blue and gives life to living creatures within its sunlit waters,—not because it receives waters,

but because it gives them freely. The Dead Sea is dead, not because there is no supply of fresh water, but because it permits no outlet. It is a law of nature,—a law of life—that only by giving shall we receive.

*J. Arthur Hadfield*



Alone amid the battle-din untouched  
 Stands out one figure beautiful, serene;  
 No grim smoke nor reeking blood hath smutched  
 The virgin brow of this unconquered queen.  
 She is the Joy of Courage vanquishing  
 The unstilled tremors of the fearful heart;  
 And it is she that bids the poets sing,  
 And gives to each the strength to bear his part.

Her eye shall not be dimmed, but as a flame  
 Shall light the distant ages with its fire,  
 That men may know the glory of her name,  
 That purified our souls of fear's desire.  
 And she doth calm our sorrow, soothe our pain,  
 And she shall lead us back to peace again.

*Dynelely Hussey*



Our tears are often strengthening; they often fit us for higher aims and nobler aspirations; they often send us out more intent upon the work in hand; and the dead, it may be, know that, in the tears that are shed for them, there is something of that same great refining power which will make the mourner stronger, in the future, for his mourning. Perhaps they do not grieve as much as we are warned they do for the sorrow they leave behind them, provided they see that that sorrow is being used as a stimulant and not a narcotic.

*H. Adye Prichard*

Let them in, Peter, they are very tired;  
Give them the couches where the angels sleep.  
Let them wake whole again to new dawns fired  
With sun, not war. And may their peace be deep.  
Remember where the broken bodies lie  
And give them things they like. Let them make noise.  
God knows how young they were to have to die!  
Give them swing bands, not gold harps, to these boys.  
Let them love, Peter—they have had not time—  
Girls sweet as meadows wind, with flowering hair.  
They should have trees and bird song, hills to climb—  
The taste of summer in a ripened pear.  
Tell them how they are missed. Say not to fear;  
It's going to be all right with us down here.

*Elma Dean*



He who fears death fears life and walks in fear,  
Wailing and reckoning down his portioned days  
Like one condemned to die. Beloved dear,  
It is not so with me who know death's ways  
(Who quickly learned), I say it is not so;  
Love which was strong in life, in death as strong,  
Would have me sing the slow, long road I go—  
For short or long, I say the road is long.  
And yet I journey light, for it is sweet  
To mourn you singing, make of every mile  
(Of every anguish), one the less—O feet  
That falter not, lips that still dare the smile,  
Hands, crowning every common thing they do  
With love of you, with very love of you.

*Leonora Speyer*

If this Absolute Presence, which meets us face to face in the most momentous of our life's experiences, which pours into our fainting wills the elixir of new life and strength, and into our wounded hearts the balm of a quite infinite sympathy, cannot fitly be called a personal presence, it is only because this word personal is too poor and carries with it associations too human and too limited adequately to express this profound God-consciousness.

*T. Upton*



I have come through the darkness over the swollen waters,  
I have moored my raft at last on a sunlit shore,  
But I hear you weeping . . . Oh my sisters, my brothers,  
Weep no more!

For how can I go on while your hearts are breaking?  
There is a golden light on the land ahead;  
The winds are cool and sweet, I am strong for climbing,  
I am not dead!

I shall leave my raft on the old sea's sandy reaches,  
I shall make my way along a glittering track;  
I shall be wild with joy . . . unless your crying  
Should call me back.

Even here it hurts, oh my brothers, my sisters,  
To know that you still are bound while I am free,  
But let me explore, unhindered, the sparkling meadows  
Of Eternity.

*Grace Noll Crowell*



Just as science postulates a gas to explain the phenomena of the laboratory, or a new planet to explain the movement of the stars,

or a body of water to explain the existence of fish, why is it not the part of wisdom to believe that there must be a land which "eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard" in order to explain the presence in man of the persistent and universal inclination towards it? For "this longing after immortality" is a normal appetite of the human soul, felt by the best minds in their healthiest moments. It is universal, being found among all races. It is persistent, haunting the twentieth-century sage as well as the primitive savage. Can it be that the universe which keeps faith with the instincts of the bird by providing air in which to fly, and with the instincts of the fish by furnishing water in which to swim, has played most cruelly false to man by endowing him with this craving for eternity only to deny its gratification? A heavenless universe would seem to be as deceptive and dishonest as a foodless one. And if this is a non-moral world order, how can we explain the rise of moral aspiration in man? It needs a moral universe and immortal life to explain man.

*Ralph W. Sockman*



O generations looking back  
 Upon the glory of my day—  
 O fools, don't edge my page with black  
 Or shed your foolish tears away.  
 For I have lived with strength and zeal  
 And conquered life and laughed at death—  
 My heart has beat to surges real  
 Beyond the smug, contented breath.

*Staff Sergeant Edward Vallanti*



Love stands opposed to death. It is love, not reason, that is stronger than death. Only love, not reason, gives sweet thoughts. And from love and sweetness alone can form come; form and

civilization, friendly, enlightened, beautiful human intercourse,—always in silent recognition of the blood-sacrifice. . . . I will keep faith with death in my heart, yet well remember that faith with death and the dead is evil, is hostile to humankind, so soon as we give it power over thought and action. *For the sake of goodness and love, man shall let death have no sovereignty over his thoughts.*

*Thomas Mann*



Keep me from bitterness. It is so easy  
 To nurse sharp bitter thoughts each dull dark hour.  
 Against self-pity, Man of sorrows, defend me,  
 With Thy deep sweetness and Thy gentle power.  
 And out of all this hurt of pain and heartbreak  
 Help me to harvest a new sympathy  
 For suffering human kind, a wiser pity  
 For those who lift a heavier cross with Thee.

*Anonymous*



I have closed the door on Doubt,  
 I will go by what light I can find,  
 And hold up my hands and reach them out  
 To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call—  
 I am Thine, though I grope and stumble and fall,  
 I serve, and Thy service is kind.

I have closed the door on Fear.  
 He has lived with me far too long.  
 If he were to break forth and reappear,  
 I should lift up my eyes and look at the sky,  
 And sing aloud, and run lightly by;  
 He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.  
His house has too narrow a view;  
I must seek for my soul a wider room  
With windows to open and let in the sun,  
And radiant lamps when the day is done,  
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

*Irene P. McKeehan*





## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor makes particularly grateful acknowledgment to Marianne Bonnell Davenport for assistance in gathering the material for this book. Others, who gave of their time and of their enthusiasm, are Louise Herrick Wall, Barbara Yocum Downs, and Trelle Yocum. Gratitude also is due to the following publishers, agents, and authors who have courteously granted permission to reprint the copyrighted selections listed below:

The American Ethical Union for a quotation from *Life and Destiny* by Felix Adler.

The American Mercury, Inc., for "Letter to Saint Peter" by Elma Dean.

The Pilgrim Press and Abingdon-Cokesbury Press for a parable from *The Christian Epic* by Albert W. Palmer, D.D., and adapted by Walter Dudley Cavert in *Remember Now*.

The American Unitarian Association for "My Dead" by F. L. Hosmer.

Ernest Benn for a quotation from *My Philosophy* by Sir Oliver Lodge.

A. S. Barnes & Co. for "A Sailor's Faith" by Mark Reinsberg; "Flier's Reward" by Horace L. Borden; "Solo" by Corporal Harold Applebaum; a selection from "Credo of a Flier" by Private Louis Schlüssel; a selection from "Sonnet Remembering Rupert Brooke" by Lieutenant Harold C. Alger; a selection from "Remember Them Singing" by Sergeant Charles E. Butler, and a selection from "A Soldier's Cry to the Years" by Staff Sergeant Edward Vallanti.

W. B. Conkey Co. for "Beyond" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Christian Science Journal for "The Word of God" by Marion Cobb.

Coward-McCann, Inc. for "Lament for the Chieftains" by Martha Bacon; a selection from *The White Cliffs* by Alice Duer Miller, copyright 1940; a selection from *The Little Locksmith* by Katharine Butler Hathaway, copyright 1943.

Dodd, Mead & Co. for "Vestigia" from *Selected Poems* by Bliss Carman; a selection from "The Hound of Heaven" by Francis Thompson, copyright 1922; selection from *A Pilot Bails Out* by Don Blanding.

Doubleday, Doran & Co. for a selection from *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman, copyright 1902.

E. P. Dutton for a selection from *The Light of the World* by Phillips Brooks; an extract from *An Airman's Letter to His Mother*; a selection from *Devotional Services* by John Hunter; "For All Who Mourn" from *Death and General Putnam* by Arthur Guiterman.

The Forward Movement of the Episcopal Church for two selections.

Houghton Mifflin Co. for extracts from poems by Longfellow and Whittier; "After Sunset" by Grace Hazard Conkling; a selection from "The House of Death" by A. T. Nankiwell.

Harper & Bros. for "The Dead" from *Flight above Cloud* by John Pudney; "To Those Left Behind" and "Fulfilled in Season" by Grace Noll Crowell.

Henry Holt & Co. for "A Soldier" by Robert Frost.

Christy & Moore, Inc. for a selection from "The Gate of the Year" by Louise Haskins.

The Living Church for an editorial, 1917.

J. B. Lippincott Co. for "Indirections" and "Day of Remembrance" from *Shadows on the Downs* by Alfred Noyes, copyright 1941.

Longmans, Green and Co. for selections from *Collected Poems* by James Russell Lowell; from *The Will to Believe* by William James; from *Ars Moriendi* by F. M. M. Comper; from *Survival and Immortality* by Dean Inge.

The Atlantic Monthly and Anne Lindbergh for "Testament."

Alfred A. Knopf for Sonnets II and XIX from *Selected Poems* by Robert Nathan; "Taps" from *The Stag's Hornbook*; Prayers by General Eisenhower, Admiral King, Dean Sperry, Colonel Robert Scott, reprinted from *Soldiers' and Sailors' Prayer Book*.

Oxford University Press for a quotation from *The Prince of Peace* by William Jennings Bryan.

Katharine and Peter Oliver for this first public circulation of "The Monk, the Little Bird, and the Lord God," a manuscript attributed to Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1160-1196, and translated by Pierson Underwood; also for this first public circulation of Thomas Ken's "Hymn."

The New Republic for "Heroes" by Frederic Prokosch.

David McKay Co. for selections from the works of Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Macmillan Co. for a selection from *If They Don't Come Back* by Henry Adye Prichard; for a selection from *Assurance of Immor-*

*talit*y by Harry Emerson Fosdick; for a selection from *Live for Tomorrow* by Ralph W. Sockman; for the poem, "The Risen Soldier" by Archbishop Frances J. Spellman, from the book of the same name.

William Rudge's Sons for the poem, "Resurgam" by Theodosia Garrison.

Fleming H. Revell Co. for a selection from *Letters to Bill on Faith and Prayer* by John Gardner.

Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Light of Faith" by George Santayana; a selection from *Fisherman's Luck* by Henry van Dyke.

The Poetry Review for "Discovery" by Dorothy Margaret Poulin.

Hodder & Stoughton for "In a British Cemetery" by Lieutenant Colonel Richard Elwes.

Favil Press for "Because the Snow" from *The Unfailing Spring* by Clive Sansom.

Martin Secker & Warburg, Ltd. for selections from "The Burial in England" and "Gates of Damascus" by John Elroy Flecker.

Mrs. Bambridge and Doubleday Doran & Co. for "To Wolcott Balestier" by Rudyard Kipling from *Barrack Room Ballads*.

A. P. Watt & Son for "Lost and Found" by George MacDonald from the *Collected Works of George MacDonald*.

Anderson Scruggs for "Battlefield of Beauty" and "Requiem for a Young Actor"; Harold Vinal for "Glimpses"; Mary Taylor for "Hall-Mark"; Mrs. William Allen White for the hitherto unpublished letter of William Allen White; Eva Moad Turner for "Testimony"; Margaret Widdemer for "Dialogue" from *Hill Garden*; Edward Shillito for "Jesus of the Scars"; Irene McKeehan for "Closing the Doors"; William Rose Benét for "Obituary Page"; Elizabeth Harrison for "Taking Off"; Hermann Hagedorn for "Resurrection"; Rev. John G. Magee for "Sunward I've Climbed" by Lieutenant John Magee; Virgil Markham for "Victory in Defeat" by Edwin Markham; Ogden Bigelow for "Miracles" by Marguerite Wilkinson; Leonora Speyer for "Measure Me, Sky!" from *Fiddler's Farewell* and Sonnet IV from *Slow Wall*; Clive Sansom for "To One in Darkness."



# INDEX OF AUTHORS AND SOURCES

	PAGE
A British Aviator's Last Letter to His Mother (Extract) . . . . .	85
Acts of Devotion (a selection) . . . . .	14
Adams, Sarah Flower, from "Nearer My God to Thee" . . . . .	34
Adams, William . . . . .	27
Addison, Joseph, from "Cato" . . . . .	36
———, from "Selected Writings" . . . . .	43
Adler, Felix, from "Life and Destiny" . . . . .	55
Algyer, Lt. Harold C., from "Sonnet Remembering Rupert Brooke" . . . . .	82
Amiel, Henri Frédéric, from "Journal" . . . . .	34, 50
Angelo, Michael . . . . .	41
Anonymous . . . . .	60
———, "At the End" . . . . .	75
———, "Taps" . . . . .	75
———, Prayer . . . . .	120
Anonymous Editorial, from "The Living Church" . . . . .	71
Anonymous Editorial, from "The Forward Movement" . . . . .	94
Anonymous Editorial, "Valiant Hearts," The Forward Movement . . . . .	102
Apocrypha, Wisdom of Solomon, III, 1-7 . . . . .	6
Arnold, Sir Edwin . . . . .	60, 62
Applebaum, Cpl. Harold, "Solo" . . . . .	88
Author Unknown, 8th Century . . . . .	6
Bacon, Francis . . . . .	50
Bacon, Martha, from "Lament for the Chieftains" . . . . .	103
Barnes, William, "Mater Dolorosa" . . . . .	49
Benét, William Rose, "Obituary Page" . . . . .	85
Bhagavad Gita (a selection) . . . . .	3
Blake, William . . . . .	40
Blanding, Don, "A Journey's End" from "A Poet Bails Out" . . . . .	98
Book of Common Prayer (a selection) . . . . .	7, 20
Book of Common Worship, Revised (a selection) . . . . .	16
Book of Life (selections from a mourner's prayer) . . . . .	7, 11
Book of Offices and Prayers (a selection) . . . . .	12
Borden, Horace L., Jr., from "Flier's Reward" . . . . .	91
Brontë, Emily, "Last Lines" . . . . .	42
Brooks, Phillips, from "Collected Sermons" . . . . .	59
Brother Lawrence, from "The Practice of the Presence of God" . . . . .	22

	PAGE
Brown, Audrey Alexandra, "Reported Missing" .....	103
Brown, Frances, "The Heaviest Loss" .....	61
Browne, Sir Thomas, from "Religio Medici" .....	17, 19
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, from "Consolation" .....	35
——, from "Sonnets from the Portuguese" .....	41
Browning, Robert, from "Faith" .....	33
——, from "Prospice" .....	44
Bryan, William Jennings, from "The Prince of Peace" .....	43
Bryant, William Cullen, "To a Water Fowl" .....	31
Bulwer-Lytton, Edward .....	42
Bunyan, John, from "Pilgrim's Progress" .....	18
Butler, Sergeant Charles E., from "Remember Them Singing" ..	114
Buttrick, George A., from "Technique of Private Prayer" .....	106
Canadian Prayer Book (a selection) .....	100
Canby, Henry Seidel .....	111
Carman, Bliss, "Vestigia" .....	66
Carrel, Alexis, from "Man The Unknown" .....	112
Cavert, Walter Dudley, "Parable of the Future Life" .....	83
Chaucer, Geoffrey, from "Troilus and Criseyde" .....	29
Cicero, from "Essay on Old Age" .....	4, 12
Cobb, Marion J., "The Word of God" .....	109
Coleridge, S. T. ....	66
Comfort, Will Levington, from "The Mystic Road" .....	58, 74
Comper, F. M. M., from "Ars Moriendi" .....	58
Conkling, Grace Hazard, "After Sunset" .....	101
Crowell, Grace Noll, "Fulfilled in Season" .....	107
——, "To Those Left Behind" .....	118
Cyneulf, from the poem, "Christ" .....	8
Dalton, Moray, "To Some Who Have Fallen" .....	114
Darlington, Chaplain Henry, from "Soldiers' and Sailors' Prayer Book" .....	103
Darwin, Charles, from "Life and Letters, 1809-1882" .....	29
Dean, Elma, "Letter to Saint Peter" .....	117
Deuteronomy XXXIII, 27 .....	4
Dickens, Charles, from "The Old Curiosity Shop" .....	34
Donne, John, from "The Tolling Bell" .....	4
——, from "Holy Sonnet VII" .....	15

	PAGE
Earle, John Charles, from "Found of them that sought Him not"	37
Ecclesiastes XII, 6-7 .....	18
Eisenhower, General Dwight D., Favorite Prayer of .....	81
Eliot, George, from "Collected Letters" .....	50
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, from "The Over-Soul" .....	29, 48
———, from "The Method of Nature" .....	30
Epicetetus .....	3
Euripides .....	19
Fiske, John, from "Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowl- edge" .....	39
Flecker, James Elroy, from "The Burial in England" .....	55
———, from "Gates of Damascus" .....	77
Fosdick, Harry Emerson, from "Assurance of Immortality" .....	99
———, from "How to Be a Real Person" .....	107
Franklin, Benjamin, from "Letter to Ezra Stiles, March 9, 1790"	30
———, from a letter to George Whatley .....	38
———, from a letter to Miss E. Hubbard .....	45
Frazer, Sir James .....	64
Frost, Robert, "A Soldier" .....	92
Gardner, John, from "Letters to Bill on Faith and Prayer" .....	86
Garrison, Theodosia, "Resurgam" .....	65
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, from "Conversations with Eckermann" .....	29
Guiterman, Arthur, "For All Who Mourn" .....	74
Hadfield, J. Arthur .....	115
Hagedorn, Hermann, "Resurrection" .....	84
Haley, Molly Anderson, "Out of the Grace of Gardens" .....	107
Harrison, Elizabeth, "Taking Off" .....	87
Haskins, M. Louise, from "The Gate of the Year" .....	90
Hathaway, Katharine Butler, from "The Little Locksmith" .....	110
Hemingway, Ernest .....	112
Hogben, John, "Somewhere in France" .....	99
Holland, J. G. .....	58
Holmes, F. L. .....	66
Homer, from the Iliad, Book XXIII .....	13
Hosmer, F. L., "My Dead" .....	71

	PAGE
Hunt, Leigh .....	43
Hunter, John, Prayer from "Devotional Services" .....	109
Hussey, Dynelely, "Courage" .....	116
Huxley, Julian, from "Religion and Science" .....	92
Inge, Dean, from "Collected Sermons" .....	68
Ingersoll, Robert Green (spoken at his brother's grave) .....	40
Isaiah XXX, 15 .....	7
Isaiah XLII, 16 .....	12
Isaiah XLIII, 2 .....	13
Jackson, Helen Hunt, from "Emigravit" .....	44
James, William .....	67, 73, 75
———, from "Is Life Worth Living?" .....	77
Jefferson, Thomas, from "Collected Writings," Vol. XIV .....	35
Jeremiah XXXI, 3 .....	18
Johnson, Samuel, "Prayer" .....	41
Johnston, Annie Fellows, from "In the Desert of Waiting" .....	60
Jones, Rufus, from the preface to "Splendor in the Night" .....	113
Kabir, from Book I .....	15
Kant, Immanuel, from "Prolegomena to any Future Metaphysics" .....	28
Kempis, Thomas à, from "The Imitation of Christ" .....	14
Ken, Thomas, Hymn .....	13
King, Admiral Ernest J., Favorite Prayer of .....	83
Kipling, Rudyard, "To Wolcott Balestier" .....	57
Landor, Walter Savage, from "Death's Language" .....	76
Langland, William, from "The Vision of Piers Plowman" .....	28
Last Message of an American Air-man .....	88
Lincoln, Abraham, Letter to Mrs. Bixby .....	70
Lindbergh, Anne Morrow, "Testament" .....	106
Lodge, Sir Oliver, from "My Philosophy" .....	61
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, from "Resignation" .....	39
Lowell, James Russell, from his ode recited at the Harvard Com- memoration, 1865 .....	47
Lucan, from "De Bello Civili," Book IV .....	3
Luther, Martin, from "Concerning Christian Liberty" .....	16
.....	33



	PAGE
MacArthur, General Douglas .....	81
MacDonald, George, "Lost and Found" .....	68
———, from "Mary Marston" .....	77
Magee, Lieutenant John, R.A.F., "Sunward I've Climbed" .....	81
Mann, Thomas, from "The Magic Mountain" .....	120
Markham, Edwin, "Victory in Defeat" .....	76
McBain, Howard Lee, from "Address at Columbia University," 1934 .....	91
McKeehan, Irene P., "Closing the Doors" .....	12
Miller, Alice Duer, from "The White Cliffs" .....	114
Murray, A. E., "The Dead" .....	70
Nankiwell, A. T., from "The House of Death" .....	55
Nathan, Robert, Sonnets II and XIX .....	84, 94
Newman, John Henry, from "Collected Writings" .....	59, 76, 77
Nietzsche, Friedrich, from "Eternal Recurrence" .....	35
Noyes, Alfred, "The Day of Remembrance" .....	92
———, "Indirections" .....	99
Paine, Thomas, from "The Age of Reason" .....	44
Parker, Theodore .....	44
Pascal, Blaise, from a letter to a relative .....	31
———, from a letter to M. Perier on death of his father .....	33
Pasteur, Louis, from "Life of Pasteur" .....	49
Paul, Jean .....	78
Penn, William, from "Fruits of Solitude" .....	33
Pennington, Isaac .....	47
Poulin, Dorothy Margaret, "Discovery" .....	106
Prichard, H. Adye, from "If They Don't Come Back" .....	116
Prokosch, Frederic, "The Heroes" .....	90
Proverbs III, 5 .....	6
Psalms XXIII .....	19
Psalms XXV, 15-17 .....	4
Psalms CXXI .....	5
Psalms, from Psalm XXVII .....	16
Pudney, John, Squadron Leader, R.A.F., "The Dead" .....	89
Reese, Lizette Woodworth, "When I Consider" .....	59
Reinsberg, Pvt. Mark, "Sailor's Faith" .....	89
Revelation III, 20 .....	4

	PAGE
Revelation VII, 16-17 .....	16
Revelation XXI, 3, 4 .....	7
Robinson, Forbes, from "Collected Sermons and Letters" ...	37, 50, 51
Royden, Maude .....	115
St. Anselm, from "The Search for God" .....	22
St. Augustine, from "The City of God" .....	14
St. John Chrysostom .....	23
St. John XI, 25-26 .....	17
St. John XIV, 2-3 .....	13
St. John XIV, 27 .....	23
St. John XVI, 22 .....	23
St. Luke XXII, 41, 43 .....	11
St. Matthew V, 4 .....	3
St. Matthew XI, 28 .....	14
St. Matthew XXVIII, 16-18 .....	12
St. Matthew XXVIII, 20 .....	14
St. Paul, First Epistle to the Thessalonians IV, 14 .....	7
St. Paul, First Epistle to the Corinthians XIII, 8-13 .....	17
St. Paul, Second Epistle to the Corinthians III, 6 .....	11
St. Paul, Second Epistle to the Corinthians V, 1 .....	6
St. Paul, Second Epistle to the Corinthians V, 7 .....	7, 20
Sansom, Clive, "Because the Snow" .....	102
———, "To One in Darkness" .....	110
Santayana, George, "The Light of Faith" .....	94
Schlüssel, Pvt. Louis, from "Credo of a Flier" .....	87
Scott, Colonel Robert L., Jr., Prayer .....	95
Scruggs, Anderson M., "Battlefield of Beauty" .....	115
Seneca, from "Epistulae ad Lucilium" .....	5
Shakespeare, William, from "A Winter's Tale" .....	27
———, from Sonnet 116 .....	46
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, from "Adonais" .....	38
Shillito, Edward, "Jesus of the Scars" .....	111
Silver, Abba Hillel .....	48
Sockman, Ralph W., from "Live for Tomorrow" .....	119
Spellman, Archbishop Francis J., "The Risen Soldier" .....	96
———, .....	114
Sperry, Dean Willard L., Favorite prayer of .....	89
Speyer, Leonora, "Measure Me, Sky!" .....	111

	PAGE
———, Sonnet .....	117
Stebbins, Horatio .....	82
Stevenson, Robert Louis, from "Verses Written in 1872" .....	44
Sully, Maurice de, "The Monk, the Little Bird and the Lord God" .....	8
Swedenborg, Emanuel .....	33
Taylor, Mary Atwater, "Hall-Mark" .....	112
Tennyson, Alfred, from "The Ancient Sage" .....	30, 50
———, "Crossing the Bar" .....	47
The Book of Life (a selection from the Jewish Ritual for the Dead) .....	20
Thompson, Francis, from "The Hound of Heaven" .....	28
Tolstoy, Leo Nikolayevich, from "War and Peace" .....	36
Trench, Richard, "Prayer" .....	40
Turner, Eva Moad, "Testimony" .....	113
Turner, Nancy Byrd, "Good-Night" .....	73
Union Prayer Book for Jewish Worship, Prayer in Bereavement ..	15
Upanishad, Brihad-Aranyaka IV, 4 .....	3
Upanishad, from the Svetasvatara .....	6
Upton, T. ....	118
Vallanti, Staff Sergeant Edward, "A Soldier's Cry to the Years" ..	119
van Dyke, Henry, from "Fisherman's Luck" .....	69
Vinal, Harold, "Glimpses" .....	93
Virgil, "The Aeneid," from Book VI .....	20
White, William A., (letter on the death of his daughter) .....	63
Whitman, Walt, "Starting from Paumanok" from "Leaves of Grass" .....	68
Whittier, John Greenleaf, "Trust" .....	27
———, from "My Soul and I" .....	35
———, from "The Garrison of Cape Ann" .....	46
———, from "The Cross" .....	51
Widdemer, Margaret, "Dialogue" from "Hill Garden" .....	108
Wilcox, E. W., "Beyond" .....	64
Wilkinson, Marguerite, "Miracles" .....	73
Wilmshurst, Walter Leslie, from "Nox Nivosa" .....	62
Wordsworth, William, from "The Excursions," Book IV .....	41
———, from "Intimations of Immortality" .....	48







## *Words of Comfort For All the Ages*

THE FAITH OF MAN SPEAKS, an Anthology of Consolation, edited by Helen Woodbury (133 pages, indexed; the Macmillan company, New York).

**T**HIS slim volume, the royalties from which will go to the American Red Cross, may bring comfort to anyone who has loved and lost, especially in the war. It should also be appropriate as a gift to anyone in affliction. Divided into four parts, it is made up of poems and brief excerpts from the far past, the near past, yesterday, and today. It is perhaps not intended to be read straight through, but to be dipped into for a few moments as one feels the need.

The author calls the book "a record of man's faith in a beneficent God and in the indestructibility of his own soul," and explains that "only this message has been taken out of the selections included in this book." But surprisingly, almost every sage one ever heard of has said something comforting about death—poets, sacred writers, scientists, philosophers, divines, Generals MacArthur and Eisenhower, Admiral King. Many soldiers of the present war have made fine statements. A hitherto unpublished letter of William Allen White after the death of Mary is included.

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