

HOME POEMS





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HOME POEMS





From the Antique

Voss & Crampton, Sc

THE INFANT HERCULES

HOME POEMS

BY

WALTER EARLE, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHT SKETCHES"

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1900

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HOME POEMS

WHICH I DEDICATE

TO

MY BOYS

BILTON GRANGE,
Nov. 1900

997070



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HERO-LESSONS IN THE
SCHOOLS OF OLD



HOME POEMS

HERO-LESSONS IN THE SCHOOLS OF OLD

In Childhood must the struggle be begun,—
If Herè lays the serpents in thy bed,
Thou shalt not fear nor be discomforted,—
Trust her, thou must obey Love's stern command
And rend their knotty coils with thine own hand;—

By this the Mother knows

The Infant will disclose

Whether he be the father's true-born Son.

In Boyhood thou shalt train thyself to roam
Down grim Nemea's lonely vale, and slay
The Lion, Typhon's savage cub, and flay

The monster's fell, no weapon shalt thou have
Save what thou findest in the unknown cave ;
 Thus must the deed be done
 To prove thyself a son
Worthy of life and thy own father's Home.

In Youth thou hast to make thy final choice,
Virtue and Vice will meet thee there alone,
Thou'lt have no arm to lean on but thine own ;
One offers thee voluptuous indolence,
The Other toil and fame's pre-eminence ;
 'Tis easy to beguile
 With words and winsome smile,—
Wilt thou be lured and lost by Siren voice ?

In Manhood greater victories must be won,
At every turn some monster in the way,
No rest from Hydra-heads by night or day,

No single contest now,—with sevenfold force
Dragon and serpent stay thy upward course,—
 But Heaven will now supply
 Her perfect panoply,
Provided hero-work is being done.

And think not in Old Age thou wilt be free,—
All work is blest,—thou must toil on the same,
Aye even in a Nessus-shirt of flame,—
Not yet a King,—the sweat-drops on thy brow
Must be thy crown of glory even now ;
 Not till they raise the pyre,
 And light the funeral fire,
Shalt thou have gained thy Immortality.

Thus did the Heroes teach in times of old,
Hard lessons—Let the youngest strive alone,
Invincible the strength that is their own,

Commands are given and they must obey,
Not theirs to reason out some better way,—
 Work and the workman's name
 Will be the truest fame ;—
Let these same simple truths be ever told.

EDUCATION



EDUCATION

HEAP up the priceless scientific store,
All treasure-trove of academic lore,
Pour in the essence of new learning's page
Culled freely from each philosophic age
 With subtle reason and discerning care ;
Shut to the door, sweep clean the garnished home ;
In vain thou biddest the great Spirit come :——
 Thou art alone,—there is no Living there.

.
Draw out the inner Soul to larger life,
Its joy and sorrow, all its peace and strife,
See change and chance from every point of view,
A wide domain, conditions old and new,
 Adjusting self to stranger and to friend ;
Lie open to the fullest sympathy
Of closer contact and of nearer tie ;——
 The desert-loneliness is at an end !

Move on where worlds are lighted by the Sun,
Where Light is Life and thoughts are actions done,
Thy own small spark may grow into a blaze
Imparting god-like its own spirit-rays,
 And in the radiance thou'lt recognise
The man and God as one, in some strange mood
Joint workers, universal brotherhood,
 And self become a living sacrifice.

Thus strengthened in the judgment of thy soul
Curbing a dauntless will with self-control,
Trained by the course of daily righteousness
To meet life's tempest in full storm and stress,
 Thou'lt win the prize of all true learning's lore,—
Scholar or Knight, happy in toil or rest,
Thou'lt gain the object of thy lifelong quest
 And find the Holy Grail at thine own door.

ST. NICHOLAS

“ St. Nicholas is the Patron Saint of all children,
especially of school-boys,
also of all poor maidens,
and those who travel on the sea :

Throughout all Catholic Europe children are taught to revere St. Nicholas. If they are good, docile, and attentive to their studies, &c., he will on the eve of his festival fill their stocking with dainties, while he has rod in pickle for the idle and unruly.

“ Children are represented as kissing the hem of his garment and his hand.”—MRS. JAMESON.

The accompanying Illustration refers to the following romantic legend :—“ During a famine, as St. Nicholas was travelling through his diocese to visit and comfort his people, he lodged in the house of a certain host who was a son of Satan. This man, owing to the scarcity of provisions, was accustomed to steal little children, whom he murdered, and served up their limbs as meat for his guests. On the arrival of the bishop, the man had the audacity to serve up some portion of the limbs of these unhappy children, but the bishop no sooner cast his eyes on the dish than he was aware of the fraud. After reproaching the host with his abominable crime, he went to the tub where the remains were salted down, made over them the sign of the cross, and the boys rose up whole and well.”—Doubtless it is intended as an old baptismal allegory.





From the *Heures d'Anne de Bretagne*, 1503

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.)

ST. NICHOLAS

PROTECTOR of the weak against the strong,
Guardian of boys and girls and orphan poor,
Lover of Youth that hath no spot or stain,
Scorner of selfish life and greed of gain,
I'll set thy statue at Life's entrance door,
And dedicate to thee my altar and my song.

Saint of all Peoples, known in every land,
Dear Santa Claus, beloved by young and old,
Cheering our winter gloom with Christmas
light,
Bringing mysterious treasures in the night,
And filling maiden hearts with dower of gold,
Let me be child and kiss thy garment-hem and hand.

Great Doer of deeds out on Life's angry main,
A beacon light to save all human loss,
Should Satan in his fiendish hate destroy
The happiness of some poor heedless boy,
Thou liftest up the sign of JESU'S Cross,
And all the sweet young life is given back again.

Father and Mother crave thy loving aid,
And when the children leave the haven-home
And plunge into the deep,—Oh be thou there
And waft to Heaven the Parents' earnest prayer,
That as across the unknown seas they roam
The tempest of the Great Destroyer may be laid.

Who knows the working in the wide Unseen,
Uplifted hearts, and lips that silent sigh,
Souls breathing out their secret whisper-word
Can make dumb longings there distinctly heard,
And leaves that rustled in the willows nigh
Tell where the Living Presence has so lately been.

Each young life 's born beneath a kindly star,
Each young love craves the wiser better
part,
Each young eye sees the Fool is not its
guide ;
Come, Guardian Saint, with influence searching
wide,
Fill full the opening mind, the growing
heart,
And let no blighting ill God's best creation mar.

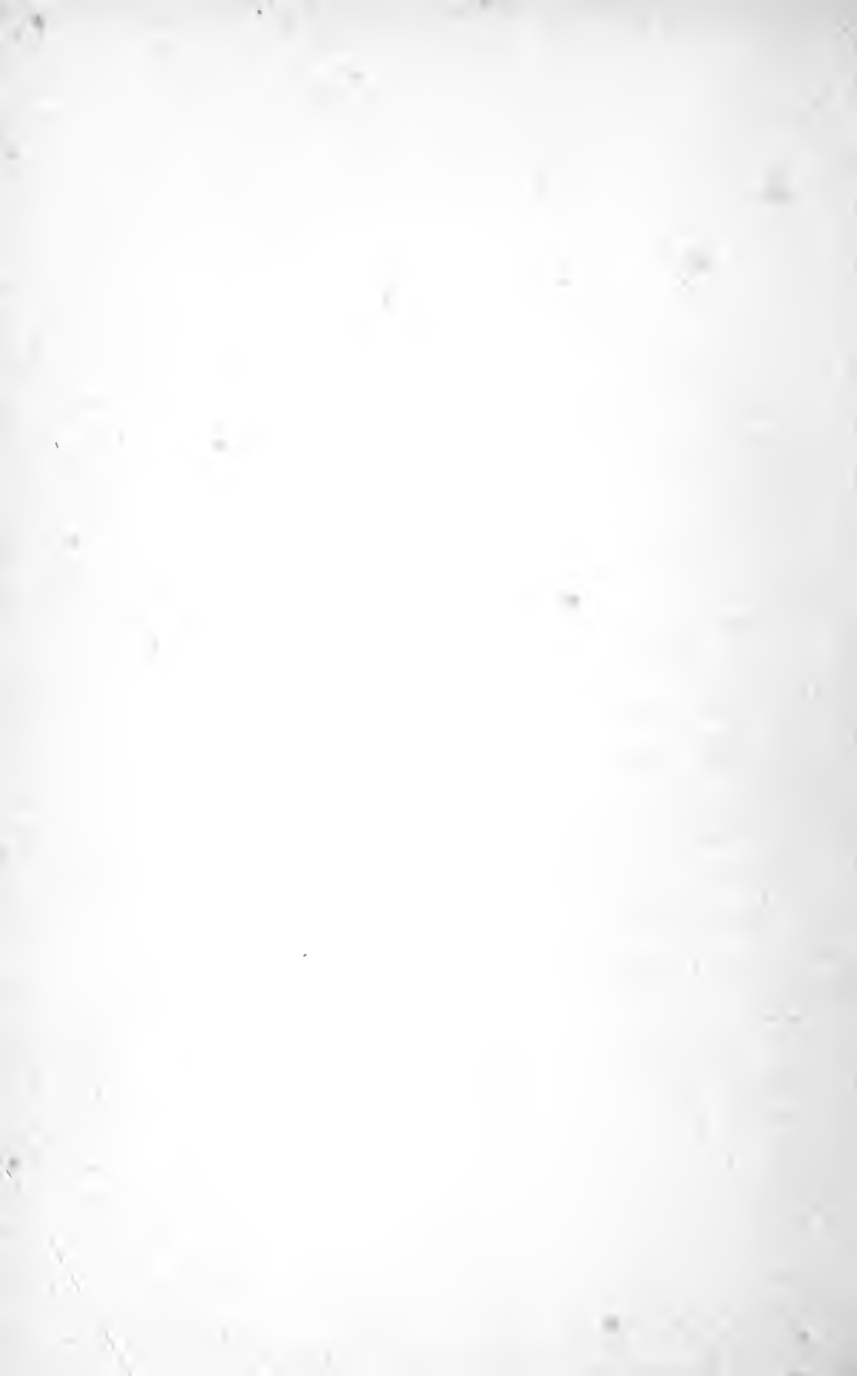
Once let the young lose touch with saints like
thee,
Thinking all power lies in "I" and "mine,"
Once let the young heart waste its boyhood
health
In selfish indolence and carking wealth,
Then disappears the simple Man divine,
Spurning to act a human Life in travesty.

'Tis thine to make our Country's childhood strong,
With thee the Sword of Victory is won,
A boy's first effort is thy Giant-deed,—
And since all fruit lies hidden in the seed
Be thou its Life, its energising Sun,
Then shall in honoured homes the children's days be
long.

THE HOME-BOY

H. C. E. B.

B



THE HOME-BOY

BRIGHT, fearless, gentle, kind, from earliest age

Home was his only thought, his only joy,

Secure beneath a special tutelage

The Patron Village-Saint¹ had kept the boy.

Then opened out a wider way to roam,

Left by himself he loved the stronger air,

And tho' he wandered from the Parent-home,

The "Father's business" was his foremost care.

And so they watched him grow to riper years

Unstained by common use and grosser ill,—

The Home-love was the same, they had no fears

Their son would ever do the Father's will.

¹ St. Nicholas, the Patron Saint of Frolesworth Church, whom the old legends call the Guardian of Schoolboys.

And when the Father claimed the closer tie,
The fuller trust of which the child was heir,
They recognised their dues of loyalty
To Heaven,—and said at once his Home was
There.

The “Here” and “There” were separate of
yore,—
And tho’ prepared to give their darling son,
They had not realised the Evermore
And found that Home and Heaven¹ were one.

But now each morning in that Chancel still,
As floods the Oriel pane² with ruby light,
They see the child doing his Father’s will,
And feel true solace in the daily sight.

¹ Home and Heaven are in old Saxon the same word.

² The East Window is placed in memory of H. C. E. Boucher. The main idea of the Window being to illustrate “Holy Youth,” its *root* in the Home training, its *fruit* in the double life of worship and of work.—The two centre lights portray the Christ-Boy among the Doctors in the Temple, and in the Carpenter’s shop at Nazareth.

Parents and child and Patron-Saint, and He

In whose sure promises their faith is set,

All One,—not in a poet's ecstasy,

But in the state of higher Being met.

.

And there he waits,—(some say “asleep,” “at rest”)

Close to the Church and his own father's door,¹—

But Angels whisper that the home is blest

With richer blessings than it was before.

The Home-Boy still at Home,—and all the while

The “Father's business” growing sure and fast:—

Earth-storms may rend the sky, but Heavens smile,—

Clouds are but rainbows when the rain is past.

¹ His tomb is just outside the Church porch, and close to the Rectory gate.



LIFE ONLY "JUST BEGUN"

"'All Fools!' Aye, the fellow is right!—we *are* all Fools, for Life is only *just begun*."

[The above remark was made by Tennyson on seeing "Old Tennyson is a Fool" scribbled on his front gate.]



LIFE ONLY "JUST BEGUN"

Fools! Aye,—all Fools beneath the Sun!

Just attribute of all mankind!

Where ears are deaf and eyes are blind

Perhaps Life's hardly "just begun."

Fools! Aye,—and watch the course they run!

The best, the fastest, only crawl,

The strongest slip, the safest fall,

The race is only "just begun."

Fools! Aye,—and when the work is done,

We find the little that we know

They knew five thousand years ago!

Life's Wisdom's scarcely "just begun."

Then have we toiled and nothing won?
For nothingness drives wise men mad!—
All Vanity?—It seems so sad
To leave off where we've "just begun."
.
Fools! Aye,—one Truth! a mighty one!—
All is not here just what it seems,
And when we wake up out of Dreams
Life only *then* will be "begun."

PHOSPHORUS;

OR,

THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

[The power of the simple Home]

PHOSPHORUS;

OR,

THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

A SILENT toiler rose before the dawn of day,
And watched the morning break upon his quiet
home,—
The Lord of Light, it seemed, was meeting him half-
way,
Out of the Eternal Sunshine had His Presence
come ;—

A'fire with wonder, by the splendour dazed,
He bowed in silent reverence amazed,—

Then musing how to represent
What such a Revelation meant,
For weeks and months he strove to find
The Image that entranced his mind :—

At length in his rough workshop, all alone,
He smote a block that in the corner lay,
And lo ! awakened from its dream of stone,
Rose Phosphorus, the Spirit of the Day ;—

And all were dumb who came to see
The simple workman, only he
Who earnt with them his daily wage,—
And now he stands their Seer and Sage,
His craft the secret of Eternity.

And so that winter Home was Eden summer-
drest,
The air around his door an Inspiration blest,
The very rain - pools gleamed with Images of
Light,
And all the blind that came were healéd by the
sight.

Nature may hide her face,
But man with silent grace
 Can lift the veil of Deity,
And on Life's trodden way
Can bid the Life-God stay
 And show him of His Mystery.

Aye, where the common flowers bloom,
 And cloud-veils hide the clearer sky,
Where dull mists fall in midday gloom,
 And happy hearts are waiting by,

There this Creator loves to fill
 With His Own Beauty all the scene,
There man stands reverently still
 And sees a Presence pass between.

No need to seek the hidden Far,
No need to scale some distant star,
 Why strain for evermore,

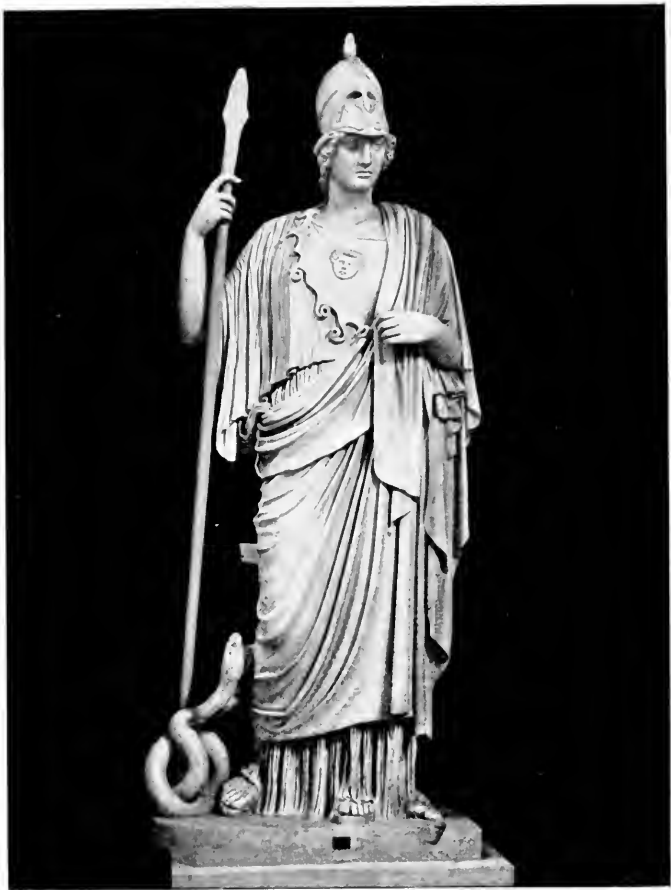
When all the Secret can be found
Here on the old familiar ground
Just at our very door?

Let lives be simple, then the path is clear
For the great Lord of Light when He draws near.

MINERVA;
OR,
THE PERFECTION OF BEING

A New Year's Day Thought





Vatican Museum, Rome

Laus & Crampton, Sc.

MINERVA

MINERVA ;
OR,
THE PERFECTION OF BEING

GODDESS Incarnate, sprung from the Omniscient Brain
Of Zeus, with broad clear Brow and thoughtful Eye,
Of strict unerring Memory,
In Counsel wise, reserved, sedate,
Scorning all Jealousy and selfish Hate,
Thy lips compressed are firm without disdain,—
Thou Maiden Deity Inviolatè !

Thou comest fully armed to play thy part
Of Hero-Queen, Thy Voice once heard afar
Summons the mailéd hosts to war,
Gorgon¹ and Giant flee thy sight,
Supreme in all-victorious might,
With Pyrrhic dance and Pæan lay

¹ Verg. *Æn.* iii. 578.

All bow alike to thy mysterious sway,—
Spear-Maiden Goddess, wheresoe'er thou art
Our Wingless¹ Victory with Thee must stay.

And yet with industry and skill of hand
Thou workest out all subtleties of mind
 With cunning touch and taste refined,
 Whatever Gods think best above,
Whatever Man's great heritage would prove,
All these Thou pourest on a loving land,
Blessings of Peace, assurances of Love.

Goddess of Art, Teacher of Life divine,
Through Thee the Painter's soul in radiance glows,
 Before thy throne the Poet bows,
 And Music with enraptured song
Rises like incense o'er the inspired throng,—
Devoted to Thy service all are Thine,
The gifts of Heaven to Thee alone belong.

¹ *Νίκη ἄπτερος.*

Man's work is blest, the ground his happy Home,
And all the joys that ease his life below
 'Tis thy great happiness to know,—
 And when Thou smitedst¹ with thy Spear
Then did the Olive and the Vine appear
And Seasons in succession duly come
With Fruits and harvests crowning every year.

Strange Goddess, clad in panoply of steel,
The Mighty Father bids thee ever stand
 Protectress of thine ancient land ;—
 The Serpent's² coil, the Owl's wise eye,
 The wakeful Cock, in mystery
 Attend thy secret birth,
And yet so humanised is all thy worth
That Man in his extremity can feel
The Power that joins a Heaven to his Earth.

¹ Herodotus, viii. 55.

² These animals were sacred to Minerva.

And so Thou teachest us what Life can be,
Mighty in Woman's gentleness to aid
 Thy fellow-men, Thou Warrior-Maid,
 Invincible to dare and do,
 Yet quiet, modest, chaste and true,—
 And therefore we Thy Votaries
Here at Jove's shrine to-day in suppliant guise
Drive in the nail,¹ and pray the Deity
To make us, like Thyself, pure strong and wise.

BOURNEMOUTH, *January 1, 1900.*

¹ It was the custom on a New Year's day to drive a nail into the wall of Minerva's cella in Jove's temple.

THE NEW CENTURY

"No better than our Fathers"?



THE NEW CENTURY

“ Now let me die,” he cries, “ O take away my life,—
I am, my God, no better than my Fathers were ” ;
So moaned the Prophet, weary of the unfinished strife,
His road half-hidden by some blinding storm of care.

The man is human,—give him sleep, his day of rest,
Give him the angel-food, all ready here to hand ;
The man is great,—his better self conceals a best,—
For forty days and nights in Horeb shall he stand.

.
“ No better than our fathers ” !—Nay, not so we live,
Though strong the present age, the stronger is to
come ;

Let us but have the rest, and food that angels give,
Purer the children’s life, if pure the Parent-Home.

'Well-done,' good Land! thou hast another hundred
years,

Entrusted with new life, gifted with virgin dower,
Safe from all sordid greed of gain and craven fears,
Thou'lt hand down Freedom's charter with unselfish
power.

Aye, for a hundred years the Nation-Colonies,
Staunch body-guard, shall rally to the Mother's
side,—

Her battle-ships ride vanguard on the Eastern seas,
Her battle-host march foremost of the nations wide.

So shall our Empire be the Champion of the
Right,—

Our Flag unstained, our Name upheld;—then
come what may,

If Peace with Honour, we shall rule in quiet might,
If War with Glory, we shall win the hard-fought
day.

Meanwhile with keen expectant eye the Nations
 wait,
 Knowing the strong shall stand, the weak must
 fall,
Watching the Century's new birth, the hand of Fate
 That points to "larger spheres of influence"
 for all.

And shall "no better than our fathers" be the cry?
 Britons believe their day of glory on the wane,
When at the dawn of our Imperial destiny
 The light of coming Ages breaks across the main?

.
Hear then 'the still small Voice,'—"The hundred
 years are Mine,
 The children's sacred trust, devised for their
 good,"—
And in response, obedient to the will divine,
 We pray 'Give us the day of rest,—the angel-
 food.'



AT THE GRAVE OF THE
NATIONS

Ezekiel's Dirge and Vision





Michael Angelo, pinx.

Voss & Crampton, Sc.

EZEKIEL

AT THE GRAVE OF THE
NATIONS

THE VISION

A WHIRLWIND came from the wilds of the North,
The lightning flames were infolded in cloud,
And the blaze of the sun that piercéd forth
Was deep-suffused in an amber shroud ;
And out of the midst four Creatures rise
Dreadful in form, with rings of eyes :—

Wheel within wheel and wing within wing,
In the likeness of beast and of man com-
bined,
Endued with all power the Spirit can bring,
Irresistible will, irresponsible mind.—

Is it the Ocean roar, or a levin-sky
That the Prophet hears, as the wheels roll by?
Silent he waits,—in the skirts of the blast
At the edge of the storm,—till the Vision has
 past,
And then outstretched he wails his dirge of woe,
Crushed by a people's sins that laid him low.

At length in pain and sore distress,
Lock shorn from lock and tress from tress,
The Priesthood a dishonoured name,
Despairing of his country's fame,
The one desire of life removed,
The Watchman and his Word unloved,
He stands dumbstricken with uplifted hands,—
Without a tear, without a cry,
His turban tired in massive pleat,
With lips unveil'd, and sandal'd feet,
Gazing with strained undaunted eye,
He wakens to the doom of other lands.

THE DOOM'

(*Tyre*)

Thou Queen of ancient commerce on the mighty
seas,

Whose stately traffic drains the wealth of subject
lands,

White wings of Egypt waft thy laden argosies

Deck'd out in purple drapery from Grecian
hands;—

Thy seamen Kings, thy pilot-Princes of renown,

The weight of thine own majesty hath brought thee
down.

Thou wast an Eden, great Jehovah's one desire,

His chief anointed cherub covering His Throne,

Walking the holy mountain on the stones of fire,

And now thy beauty and thy wisdom are unknown ;

The distant Isles shall be astonied at thy fall

Dying in thine own harbour-depths, despised of all.

(Assyria)

Thou Cedar of great Lebanon with branches fair
And shadowing shroud to veil the mid-day heat,
Thy head o'ertopped the giants of the mountain-air,
The multitude of waters gathered at thy feet ;
The depths have set thee up on high imperiously,
And all the trees of GOD'S own garden envy Thee.

But now along the vale the flood is dry,—
No refuge left,—the day a weariness,—
The mountain beast utters its dying cry,
And every sound of forest-life grows less.

(Egypt)

Great Mistress of primeval culture, home of light,
Lion of nations, God of the far-hidden streams,
Land of repose and earliest ancestral might
Long laid in dust and buried in sepulchral dreams,
Old realm of Pride and Peace, thy hoary years of rest
Inviolatè, above all other kingdoms blest.

The day is come, thou hast outlived thy time,—
No chambered tomb shall longer guard thy
sleep,

A dying crocodile upon the slime
Thou shalt be dragged from thy own sacred deep :

The land whereon thou liest shall be blood,
No foot shall tread thy water in its course,—
Where Gods once walked with man, and temples
stood,
No votary shall seek thy mystic source.

Such is thy doom :—the sword of Babylon is nigh,—
The pomp of Egypt and her multitudes shall die.

(Jerusalem)

The Virgin of Judah falls low from her height,
She sighs as she turneth her steps in the way,
The kingdom of David hath lost its delight,
The beauty of Israel pales in dismay.

She weeps for the home that the heathen seize,
Her lovers have left her in grief alone,
She is trodden as grapes in the wine-vat lees,
Her King and her Priest are despised and gone.

Philistia be glad,—and let Edom deride,
The heritage fails of its sacred worth,
The City we called the perfect Bride
Was the Hepzibah, Joy of the Earth!—

All ye that pass by, is it nothing to you
That a cloud has veiled the Bridegroom's face?
Behold and see, not a prayer can pass through,
And sorrow hath stricken the chosen race.

THE SPIRIT

But the Spirit still shall blow ;—
Round the relics lifeless and dry
The Prophet walks to and fro
While he chants his weird-like cry,—
Each word rings out, each clear and separate breath,
“We sit at the living Grave, where there is no Death.”

Then the thunder rent the skies,
And the Earth was cloven in twain,
Flesh and sinew before his eyes
Crept over the bones again ;—

We wait for a burst of Joy,—but a dirge instead !—
“ Shall we sit at the lifeless Grave, when the bones
are dead ? ”

Cry, mighty Prophet, once more,
There shall be no death in the Grave,—
Great Spirit, Thyself outpour,
For Thou breathest only to save. —

Then the winds met in fuller might,
And the blast it blew four-square,
The Corpses stood upright,
And a warrior-host was there ;
The whole Desert teemed with Life,—for there is no
death
While the Prophet's voice can breathe the Spirit-
breath.

THE FURTHER VISION

Hope is not lost ; the great deep answers deep ;

Life-visions widen to the Prophet's eye ;—

And then transported to a mountain steep

He sees revealed a fuller mystery ;—

City and Temple, and from out the gate

Leap forth the wondrous overflowing streams,

Kedron's dry bed becomes a torrent-spate,

Each sterile rock with flowery verdure teems ;—

On on they hasten to the Salt-Sea plain,

The healéd waves a quickening power supply,

And trees, whose leaf shall never fade again,

Hang with ambrosial fruit that cannot die.

THE STILL FURTHER VISION

Again his eyes are open in their trance,

And there revealed in glorious ecstasy,

A Vision, that new Spirit-powers enhance,

The distant Islands of the Western sea.

Great realms of Justice, and a King of Love,—
A Man, a Sufferer, gentle, sanctified,—
And then a Voice descending like a Dove,
“These the new worlds for which My Servant died.”

The nations pass away,—and the nations come,
Each in its order blest,
Each to its final rest,
The perfect peace of the many-mansioned Home.

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE

And thus the newer life redeems the past,
The living force regenerates the dead,—
The fresh-turned earth becomes a tomb at last,
And risen souls rejoice that blood was shed.

Each Potentate sits Guardian at a Grave,
Triumphant in the great continuous Power,
Knowing its life is fore-ordained to save,
No sport of Fortune for the passing hour.

(Dedicatory)

Such, Royal Lady, is *thy* Country's fate,—
The right divine that Queenly power brings,—
Thy mission to be greatest of the great
Is delegated by the King of Kings :—

His the Imperial might that guides thy hands,—
And where His Spirit leads, thy rule extends,
Bearing the law of Love to other lands,
Holding the Sceptre that our Faith defends.

Then, Queen and Empress, when thy reign is o'er
And thou hast handed down
Thy royal earthly crown,
Our eyes shall see more clearly than before
The Spirit-Power that can never die
Sealing the Nation's vast Eternity.

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

SAUL



THE TURN IN THE ROAD

I

THE "I."—WAR

"I STAND alone, and no one else can claim
The Leadership,——great men are great in *deed* ;—
My strength acknowledged, well-assured my name,
And taught according to this people's creed,

Who can my Power withstand ?

All means at my command,

Prison and sword are playthings in my hand.——

The act outstrips the pauser mind,—

There is no time to think,

I stand upon the brink

Of mighty Futures clear outspread,—

Better to lie among the dead

Than be to Fortune's favour blind."

And so, relentless, all-imperious in might,
Crazed by excitement, raving with a mad delight,
His very breath was Slaughter, and his urgent cry
Of Havoc drowned the city tumult, 'Let them die!'
Deceived by vain conceit this would-be Séer saw
His own right hand administering Jehovah's law,
And deafened by the roar of ignorant applause
His wilful ear mistook the sanction of his Cause.

II

SILENT REFLECTION

No eagle-wing, no chariot of fire,
Can bear thee forward on thy earthly way,
Both human limb and human will must tire,—
There is a destiny that bids thee stay.

.

Along the silent Desert-paths he comes,
Skirting the folded hills and hidden stream,
By lonely village wells and peasant homes,
Where life seemed half-awakened from a dream.

By sacred rock, by patriarchal grove,
Under the curtain of the midnight sky,
Guiding his footsteps by some star above,
His eye fixed on the heavens anxiously.

Perhaps he thinks of Some One else who trod
And did and worked along these narrow ways,
Whom deaf and dumb and blind believed their God
And speak of still with wonderment and praise.

.
In doubt he stops,—the pathway seems to turn,—
Is it some Hand that guides him back again?
'No time to think'—when thoughts within him
burn!—
Some link has broken in great Fortune's chain.

III

THE LIGHT AND THE VOICE

STRANGE Silence,—then a flood of Light around,—
Straight from the zenith fell a dazzling Star,—
Some levin-bolt has hurled him to the ground,—
Is it Heaven Itself at last declaring war?

Their senses deadened, blinded by the glare,
The barriers of their old Being gone,
Dumbstricken all, they know not where they are,
Save that they seem forsaken and alone.

Then in that Spirit-Air vibrating clear,
Where Will responds to Will mysteriously,
Some whisper breaks upon his startled ear
That yet Another One is standing by.—

The deaf man hears :—some movement of a Hand
That for a moment shades the dazzling Light,—
With quickening touch and sudden strange command
HE bids him stand upon his feet upright.

No need for Proof, when Love and Faith are given,—
No need for Sight when inner Conscience knows,
Such blinded eyes can pierce the distant Heaven,—
He only asks the Way,—and lowly bows.

IV

“ANOTHER.”—PEACE

THE storm has passed away,
The lightnings cease to play,
 The sky is blue,—
And a rainbow on the fells
In faintest outline tells
 Of Promise true.

He is alone no more,—
The fit of madness o'er,
 The Man is still ;
And the lilies throw a gleam
With red and silver beam
 Along the hill.

The Desert-land is gone,—
Pasture and waste all one
 In joyous Spring ;
And a Dove floats gently by
Down from the golden sky
 With opal wing.

No Right can suffer wrong,
The weak Man stands up strong,
 His wrestlings cease,
For the Victor on that day
Who met him on his way
 Is Prince of Peace.

“A chosen vessel made to bear My Name
 Before the Gentile Nations and their Kings,”
This is the Christian’s everlasting Fame
 And with his Heroism all heaven rings.

A GOOD-FRIDAY THOUGHT

THE DOVE WITH THE BITTER LEAF
OF PEACE

[In an old legend the Dove is represented as saying to the Almighty, "I bear this leaf, O Omnipotent, because Thou gavest it me, but it is a bitter one."]



A GOOD-FRIDAY THOUGHT

I

FAR out of sight,
In long unwearied flight,
I bear the bitter leaf, over the Flood
And Deluge-drownéd land,
Because Thou gav'st it me,—
Far better than some sweet and honied food
Given by alien hand,——

Leaf from the living Tree
Whose simple touch can heal the Nations' sore,
Thy virtue is my message evermore.

II

Unknown, unknown,
On my upraiséd Throne,
I bear the bitter Cross, and all the Shame
Of the accurséd Tree,

Because Thou will'st it so,—

69

Far better than some outward-dazzling Name
Of earthly Royalty,—

 This Deed that I shall do
Shall bring the worlds an everlasting Peace,
And Love and Bitterness shall never cease.

III

Peace and the Sword,
It is His Holy Word ;—
Heart-piercé One, only the husk can die
Down in the womb of Earth,

 Such is His law of Death,
Life rises, ever rises, heaven-high,
After To-day's new-birth

 We breathe the Spirit-breath ;—
Away with thoughts of transitory grief!
Sweetest the Dove that bears the bitter leaf!

BOURNEMOUTH,

Good Friday, 1900.

“ THERE ARE WORSE THINGS
THAN CHILDREN'S DEATH ”

(To E. M.)



“THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN
CHILDREN'S DEATH”

I

DARK Night,—“The only One
And *he* the dearest, gone,—
A life, a world, all lost!”—A Parent's heart must
break ;—
At last a Mother's tongue was loosed, the dumb voice
spake
Resignedly with deep-drawn breath,
“There are things worse than children's
Death!”—
So fell the first gleam of that newer day,
And shewed some footsteps on Faith's hidden
way.

II

A Dawn,—The vapours lift,
Behold! in the sun-rise rift,
There stands and welcomes her a Spirit-Form,
defined,
No shapeless Spectre, no Illusion of the mind,—
He lays his hand upon her eyes,
And quickened into harmonies
New senses wake :—It is the only One,
Waiting in perfect peace,—He was not gone.

III

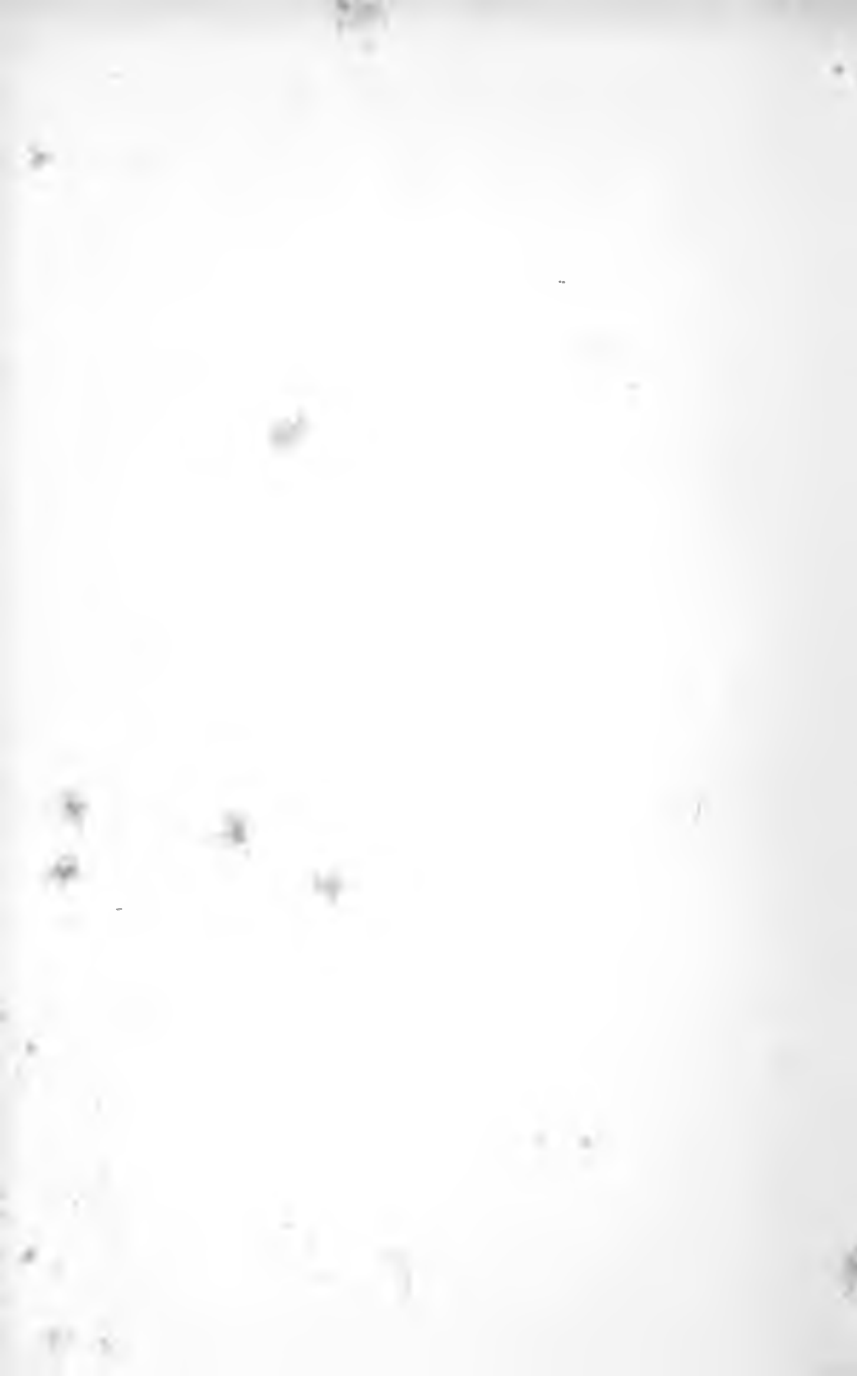
Clear Day,—The Sun is high,
A'blaze in the zenith sky ;—
They walk together, veil on veil is drawn aside,—
No Dream, no Vision now,—but far-extending wide
One world, one life,—the old, the new,
The same, their own,—all realised and true :—
And then I heard another deep-drawn breath,
“The One and Only Life, the children's Death!”

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF
TAM EDWARD

THE NATURE-LOVER

(See Smiles' "Life of a Scotch Naturalist," Chapter IX.)

"Fit cuique Deus sua dira cupido"





It's the Will, my young Friends,
it's the Will, that does it;
remember that. Thomas Edward.
December 1.st 1848

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF
TAM EDWARD

I

STRONG Child of Nature, GOD's revealed word
Writ large in rock and storm, on land and sea,—
In many a weary peril hadst thou heard
Voices that called thee unmistakeably.

But once alas! some weakness seized thy brain,
The busy mind lost balance and control,
The "Will that does it"¹ could not bear the strain
And tried to act without the guiding soul.

The Home was empty, and the Self that lonely night
Would fain, like Gadarene, rush down the steep
In starved despair to perish in the deep,
While cruel Fiends stood mocking at the godless sight.

¹ "It's the Will that does it" was Tam's favourite expression.

II

But lo! some stranger bird upon the shore
Lights at his feet,—it came he knew not whence,
A bird that he had never seen before
That afterwards he called “his Providence.”

In gentle flights it leads him round the bay
Along the sands, lost in his wondering,
Till mists of night begin to roll away
And dawn just glimmers on the unknown wing.

No longer now alone, cheered by the sudden light
The old eye sees again that had been blind,
He hurries home, he dares not look behind,
The winged angel stands rejoicing at the sight.

III

Who knows the powers that in Nature lie?

Each bird and beast and flower, each note and wing
The help that wider sympathies supply,
The saving influence all creatures bring.

Spare them at least from cruelty and spoil,

Why make the Angel shudder that stands by?
The lilies that can neither spin nor toil
Surpass a king in all his royalty.

Great Nature-Lover, surely on that hunger-day

The birds of Heaven brought thy manna down ;
Who knows, if thou hadst been to them unknown,
Thy selfish being might have scared them all away.

IV

See then in all around thee God's creative hand,
Read *all* His books, be altogether wise,
Keep open all thy heart and all thine eyes,
Work on and Worship in this Paradise,
Then shall the universal choir of Praise
Make music of thy dull discordant days,
And as thou wand'rest on in Nature's maze
Thou'lt learn God's Law and Love and understand.



G. F. Watts, R.A.

Vaus & Crampton, Sc.

THE SHUDDERING ANGEL

(By permission of F. Hollyer)

ALL OR NOTHING

“We may rely upon God’s defence and guidance in the larger and higher regions of life, but in its inferior provinces we are left to do our best without any Divine assistance; in these we are in contact with general laws and can find no trace of a living personal God.”

On which Dr. Dale comments, “Unless religious Faith is good for common life, it is good for nothing.”



ALL OR NOTHING

GOD takes great care of Mammoths, Mastodons and
Whales,

Of course too of Leviathan,—

But sprats and centipedes, the myriad worms and
snails,

Poor things, must get on as they can.

The Pterodactyls and the Saurians were blest,

Sea Serpents too, with special love,—

But Robin Tit and Wren and all the tiny rest

Have 'no connection with the Above.'

According to this law our GOD can only deal

Wholesale with just the biggest fry,

He has no time to give to our poor common weal,

Such retail folk as you and I.

Yet when you know each man is but a speck of dust,—
 To tabulate the great and small
Is rather difficult,—it seems if GOD is just
 His Heart will widen out to all.

Open thy narrow eyes, thou wee short-sighted Sage,
 Whose duller brain concocts this stuff,
If thou can'st read a Picture-book, 'the Children's
 page'
 Writ in large type will be enough.

Did'st ever see a shell dredged from the unseen floor?
 The dust upon a midge's wings?
Dissect a spider's thread and count the strains, before
 Thou pratest about 'little things.'

Read thou the Book of Life, and everywhere thou'lt find
 The Almighty's wide far-reaching care;
Thou guessest by the feeble spark of thy own mind,
 Omniscience knows things as they are.

We see all knowledge grow before our very eyes,
More light is thrown from learned lore,
Man's self brought out in due proportion, proper size,
And God revealéd more and more.

So that our Reason and our Faith can scale the
height,
And feel the assurance doubly true,
Till mountain-echoes ring out in that clearer light,
"Come up, and see the glorious view."



VERONICA

[THE "VERA"—"ICON;" OR, "THE TRUE IMAGE"]

*To my little Grand-daughter on her
christening day.*



VERONICA

“TRUE Image” on the kerchief,—so the legend ran

Of that Veronica :

Christ passes up to Calvary,

She sees the drops of Agony,—

The woman does her best,

All that a large compassion can,—

She wipes away the purple blood

That on the Saviour’s visage stood,

And in the linen were those sacred Features prest

For Saint Veronica.

“True Image” on the brow,—the cross was signed

to-day

On our Veronica,—

We made the promise and the vow,

And she is heir of Heaven now,

And *we* have done the best

That in our loving power lay
To wash away the mortal stain,
To have God's infant born again ;
And ever may that emblem on the features rest
Of our Veronica.

"True Image" on the Life! — *that* lies in the
Unknown
Of this Veronica ;
But train her steps on Calvary's hill,
Shew her the Blood that's dropping still,
And do the very best
To make the child The Master's own ;—
Then in her perfect womanhood,
Loving and simple, pure and good,
The Christ shall recognise His own true Image blest
In His Veronica.

July 13, 1900.

THE LIE INDESTRUCTIBLE

[The idea is borrowed from the old legend of Midas' servant burying his secret in the earth, and the reeds afterwards springing up and betraying it.]



THE LIE INDESTRUCTIBLE

THE Lie!—my heart is full of true regret,—
I'll go and dig a hole and bury It,—
 Down, down, in the silent ground,
 Deep, deep, never to be found,—
No one shall hear or see, no passer by
Will trace a vestige of this buried lie,
 All will be gone to-morrow,
 And he left it there to die,—

Or live?—He only reckoned what he saw,
Blind to the undying force of Nature's law.

Up sprang a growth from teeming earth,
Nothing could check that rampant birth,
 For the Sun and the Wind were there
 And the Powers that stir the Air,

And the reeds they swayed in the passing breeze,—
Oh who would ever have dreamt that these
 Down in that lonely hollow
 Would voice a ghostly lie?

“Oh stay the Wind that moves the reeds!

“Oh stay the Sun that sways the wind!

“Oh stay the God who rules the sun!”

 Such was his bitter cry;—

 Then came a stern reply,

‘We only tell what has been done,

‘We only sing the facts we find,

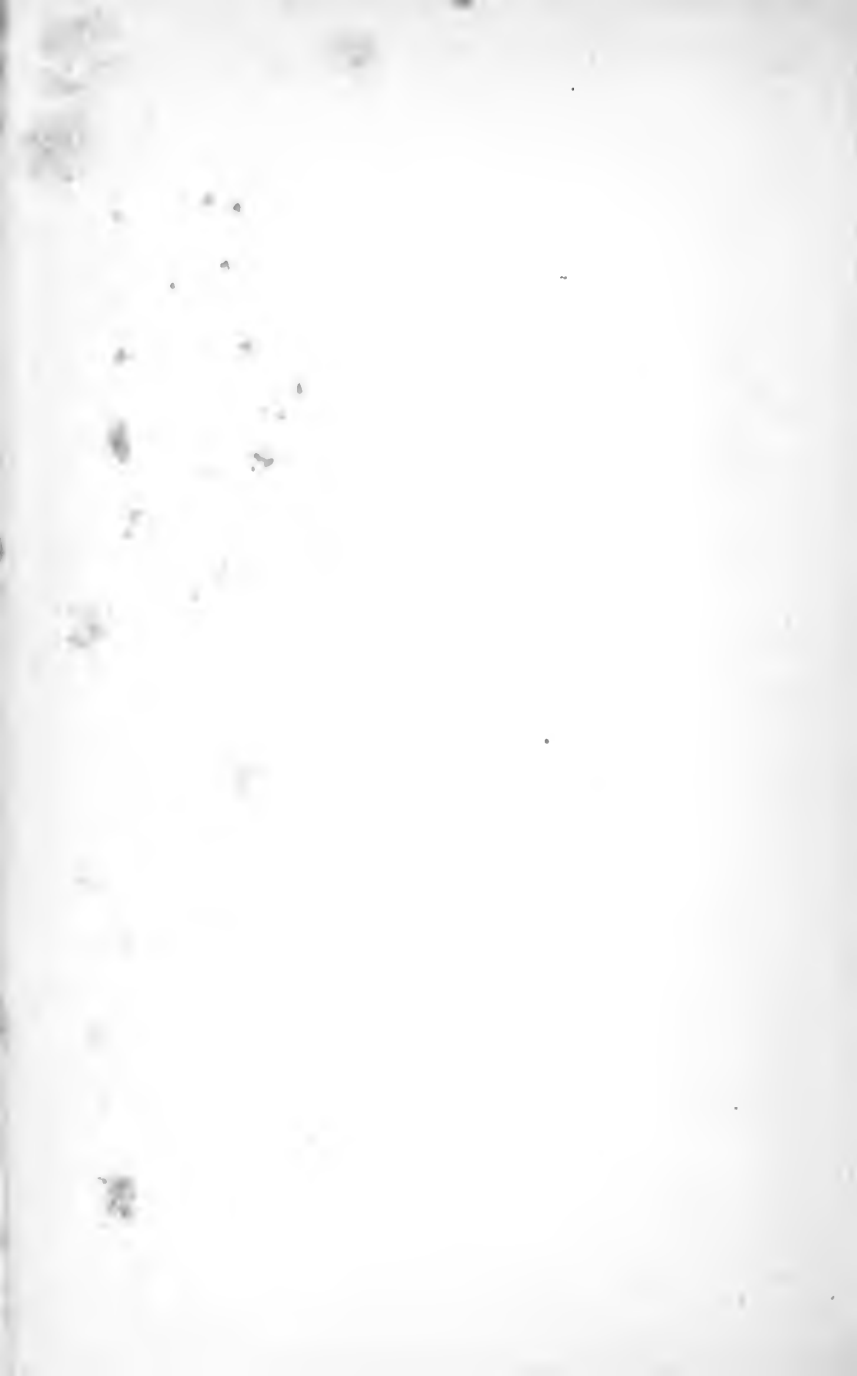
‘We only echo human deeds,

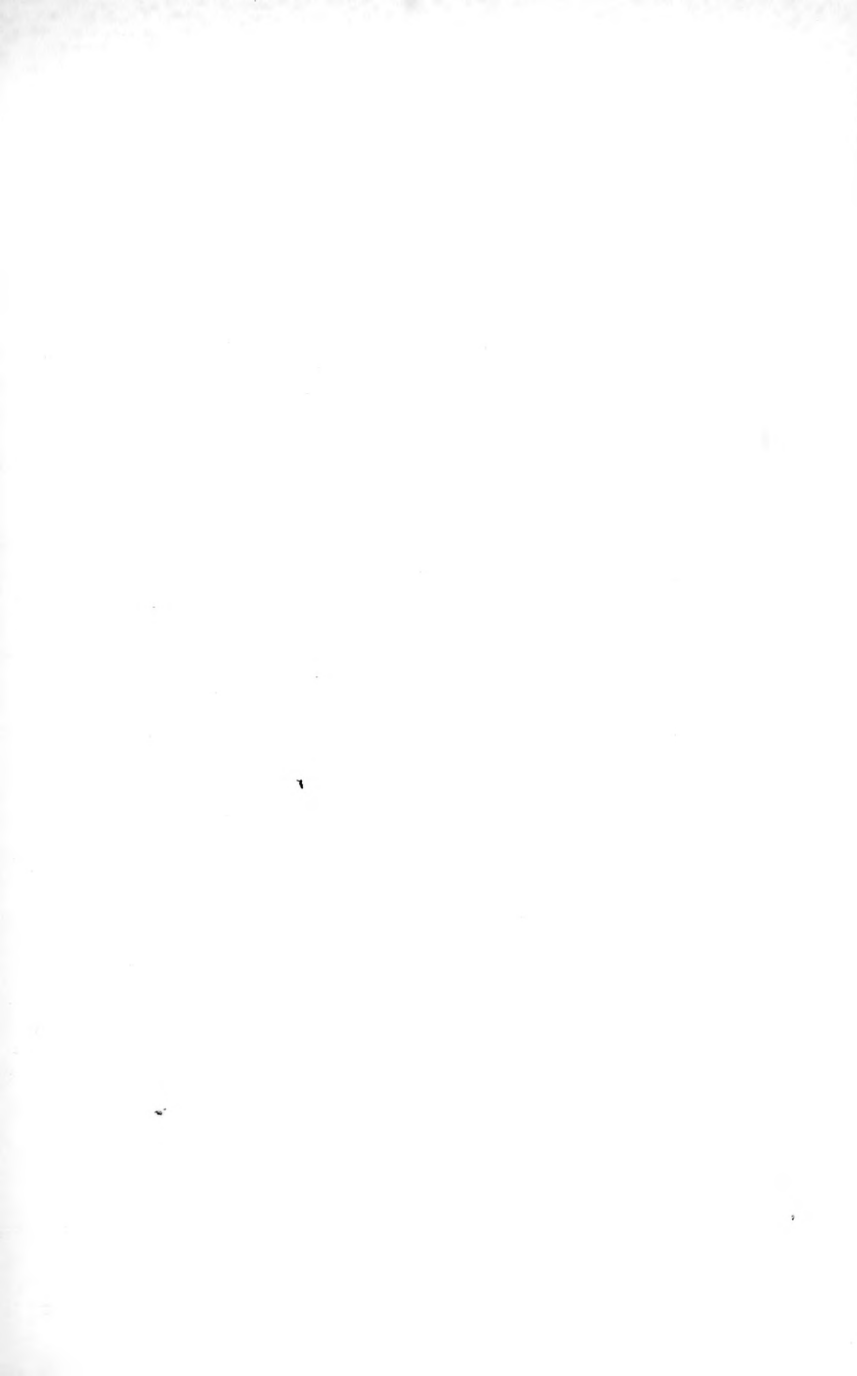
 Be they Joy, or be they Sorrow:’—

 And ever, ever grew that Lie.

THE TRUTH INDESTRUCTIBLE

(ANDROMEDA, "THE SURPASSING FAIR")







Andromeda
The Child of the Golden Shower

By the artist, in the collection of the artist's studio

THE TRUTH INDESTRUCTIBLE

TRUE, honest and sincere, surpassing fair,
Scorning all base pretence and vanity,
Her maiden-heart too clear to hide a lie ;—
“Chain her upon the rocks and let her die,
 Out in the sullen angry sea
 She'll find her virgin sanctuary,
 Her heaven shall be there.”

The monster, thirsting for her blood, lies near ;
“Away with her” they cry tumultuously,
“Chain her upon the rocks and let her die” :
The Oracle supports the vulgar cry
 “Let the heavens save their votary
 Out of the sullen angry sea ;
 No more of Nereids here !”

The land mists thicken, storm and tempest rise,
The tide flood rages irresistibly,
No rock can bar the leap of that mad wave,
There is no power by sea or land to save,—
 She scans the impenetrable sky,—
 Only the sea birds hover by,
 Close to her firm-set eyes.

Fetter and chain may bind, but souls are free,
The Ether clear and still in that dark hour,
The depths of heaven open to her prayer,—
Then, like a levin-bolt from upper air
 The 'child of the golden shower'¹
 With the Sun-god's smiting power
 Swoops down to the deep-red sea.

Champion, Redeemer of what Earth has lost,
He claims for heaven the prize of love and war ;—

¹ Perseus, her deliverer, was called 'Aurigena' ('born of the golden shower.')

Dull-hearted fools, they cared not for the light,
Her true clear beacon-ray surpassing bright,
 They wished her to be cast afar,—
 And now she shines a glorious Star,¹
 Queen of a mighty host.

“Chain her upon the rocks,” the hellish cry
Still holds, “dragon by day and fiend by night
Keep sentinel”;—no virgin heart need fear,
The pure white guardian wings are hovering near,
 Heaven in the end asserts her right
 With quiet calm relentless might,
 And Truth can never die.

¹ Andromeda, the Constellation.



WHEELS



WHEELS

I.¹

TURN 'Wheel of Fortune' in thy rapid round

With fiery chance and fitful blaze,

Let human lot be cast on vantage ground,

And Time^{*} be lavish with his days,

The wheel may turn

And the fire burn,

But the man will vainly stand

With a Phantom Spectre in his hand,—

All fruitless toil, and nothing done.

¹ A wheel of Ixion, who wished to carry off the Queen of Heaven, and found himself left with nothing but a Phantom in his embrace.

2.¹

Blow wind in claw, blow wind in triple wings,
Geryon 'gathering up the air,'
The thunder-wheel no genial raindrop brings,
Earth's brow is furrow'd in despair ;
Whirl on, fierce wind,
And trail behind,
To daze our troubled eye,
A lightning track and a riven sky
Whence streams of fiery ruin run.—

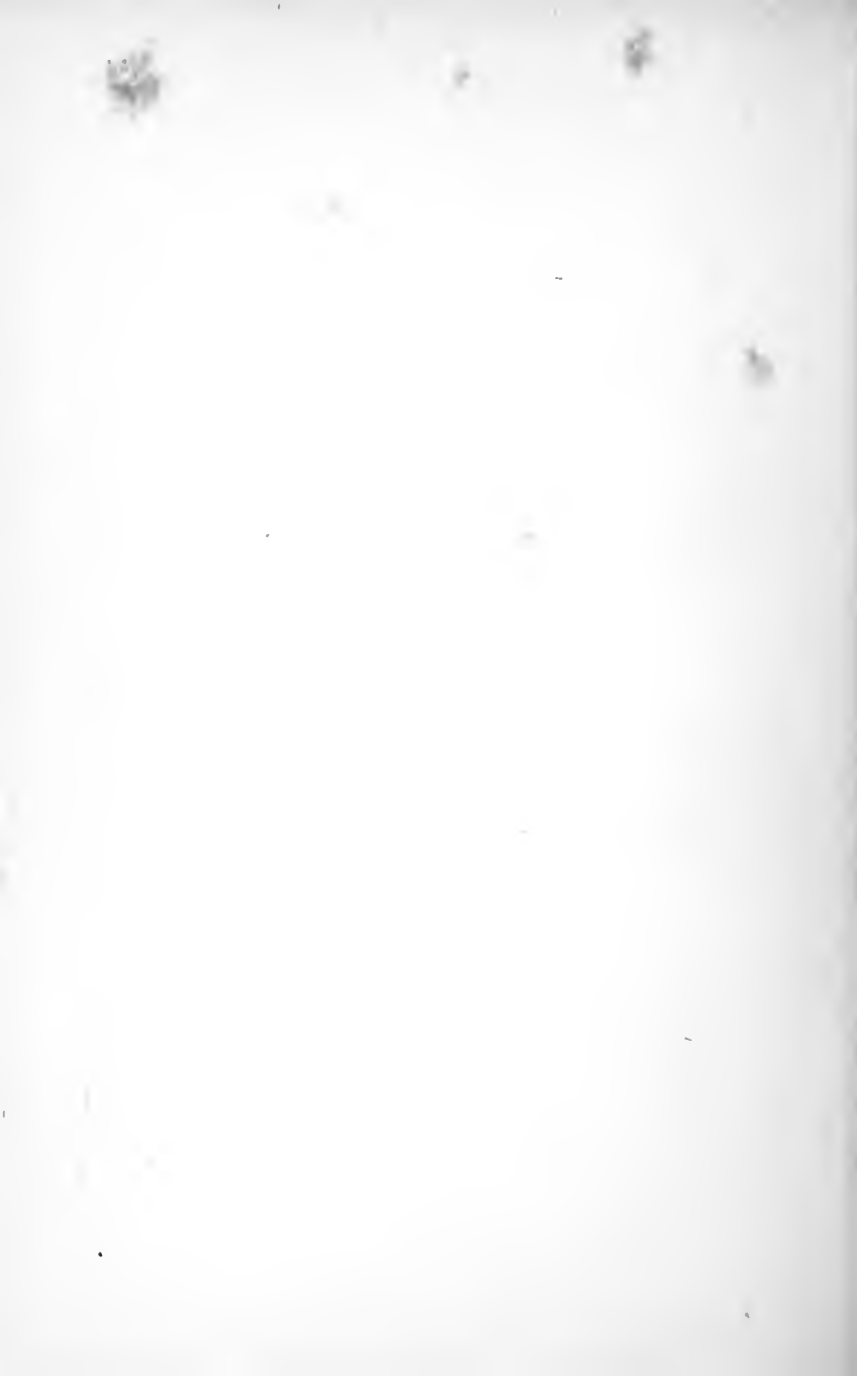
3.²

Turn Wheel of Life, with steady strength divine,
There is a human soul in thee,
Let but the Heavenly Power act with thine,
And wings beat in true harmony,

¹ A wheel of Geryon, who was said to 'gather up the air in claw and wing' for a ruinous windstorm.

² A wheel of Ezekiel.

Then Thought is Deed,
And the shackles freed
Fall off by Spirit-force,—
Nothing can stay the onward course
For Wheel and Being both are one.



GENIUS

Is "Genius an untabulated form of Madness"?



GENIUS

CAN'ST take the Zephyr's heart, and diagnose its beat,
And calculate the throbbings to a scale?
Can'st catalogue the Light-rays measured up in feet
And worry out resultants of the gale?

Would'st study Centigrade or Fahrenheit's degree
Before you revel in the summer sun,—
And reckon consequences up in £ s. d.,
Before you say an action shall be done?

Would'st analyse exact vibrations of the smell
Before assigning to a rose its due?—
In life's statistics doubtless you work wondrous well,
But Heaven forbid that I should live with you!

At ceremonial rules I'm apt to run amuck,
I never would make out Effect and Cause,
Which follows which so often seems the purest luck,—
It's bad enough to keep poetic laws.

In my dear school, when lesson-hours have come,
I like to draw a map of Wonderland,
The landscape, sunset-views, each dear old country
home,
All these 'effects' somehow I understand.

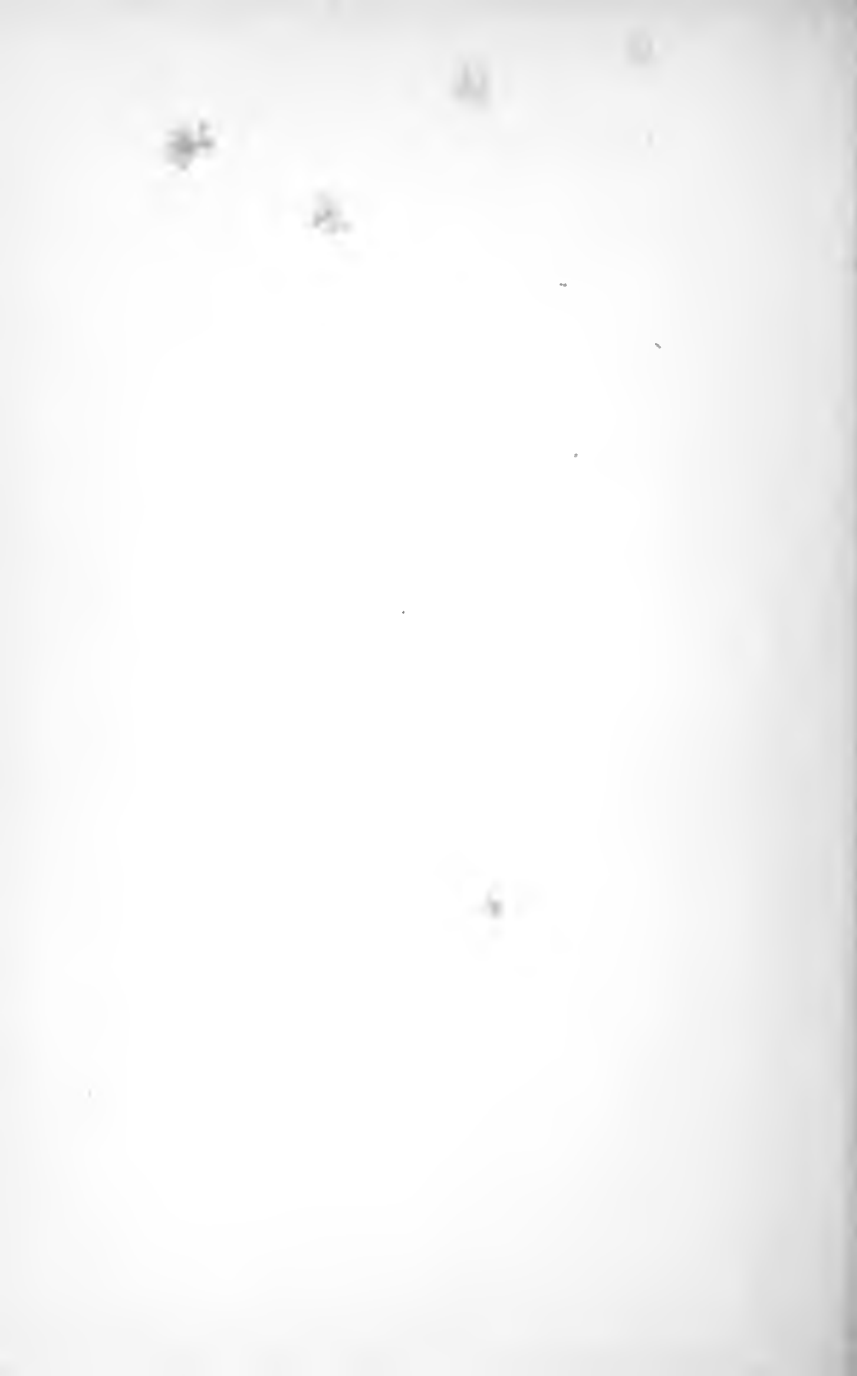
There's Cloudland too, and if my castle has a fall,
I only laugh and build it up again,
The ruins are romantic, Air-bills very small,
And then it breeds imaginative brain.

And so, if Genius is 'untabulated form
Of Madness,' then I am a little mad,
For Joy and Beauty take my sober soul by storm,
And all prosaic reckoning makes me sad.

I've heard it said that every Jewel has a flaw,
And no man can be great who has no fault ;
To me there's God's Own Gospel in this cheery saw,
A holy flavour in this seasoning salt.

Genius is Spirit divine, and like the blessed wind
We know not whence it comes nor where it goes ;
Omnipotent, it heals the deaf the dumb the blind,
God only sees what His Own Spirit does.

He set It here to wake us from our swinish sleep,
Our Ariel-angel, gloriously free,—
Breathe, loving Spirit, on this dying ember-heap,
And kindle me one spark of Poesy.



THE BETTER HALF

“ORA ET LABORA”

To a Friend on his Wedding Day



THE BETTER HALF

CHRIST the ideal Workman from above
Came down and chose the ideal Bride on earth,—
The Perfect Man without the outward love
Perhaps might not have claimed the perfect worth.

More great the workman, still more great the need
Of Help-meet, if the work is good and true ;
Man's Nature is Two-fold, the greater deed
Will therefore less depend on human thew.

Ora et Labora ' in its plainest sense
Is law to giant-mind and lion-heart,—
The 'Ora' *first*,—and its pre-eminence
Gives to the better half the better part.

‘Ora’—all unseen beauty, unheard song,
The rhythmic order of the Ether-haze,
The hidden worlds in universal throng
Set all their work to tunes of godlike praise.

And Man, the King, the Monarch, Lord of all,
Claiming his heirship to a Throne on High,
Shall he alone his powers to Self enthrall,
And boast a sway of silent drudgery?

Work on and Worship,—smooth that furrow’d brow,
And make no virtue of the world’s unrest,
The wise man’s home can be a Heaven now,
And then the better half will be the best.

Aye, worship and work on,—who ever saw
An angel shackled in a chain of gold?
Angels with wings we children used to draw,
Philosophy was strong in times of old.

And are the days of childhood's Giants gone,
And life become a play upon a stage,
Half-men all-golden struggling here alone?
If so, call back the stone and iron age.

Man is a 'mighty atom,' but the Law
Of Life is far more mighty than the man,
Let him be sure the great Creator saw
From first to last Creation's perfect plan.

He made us mortal beings Gods, and then
The double God and Man were simple Soul,
He did not will that little Demi-men
Should call this puny human half the Whole.

Work on and worship,—grandeur is divine,—
Life's made of both, our God knows nothing small,
No half and half, no circumscribing line,
No choice,—either the nothing or the All.

.

And so, dear Friend, upon your wedding-day

Worship and wed the better half of life,

What perfect happiness if both to-day

Make this the troth that plights the Man and Wife.

AT RINGWOOD BRIDGE

A Summer Day in April







7. 1880. 1880. 1880.

At Ringwood Bridge, Hunts.

1880. 1880. 1880.

AT RINGWOOD BRIDGE

BLUE sky without an April frown or tear,
Blue flood with Heaven's smile reflected clear,
Blue stream, whose silver-crested ripples dance
And riot in the sunbeams' merry glance,—

My Love is wed to-day!—

Silver and gold along the meadow-lines
Daisies and kingcups, star-rayed celandines,
Bulrush and flag with staves of russet brown
Waving their banners as the Bride steps down

Upon her royal way.—

The pines stand guard upon the heather-moor,
Down at their feet upon a purple floor
Deep wood and knoll and dell, and then again
The river flashing with its silver chain

Mid copse and budding brae.—

The cattle knee-deep in the sedgy meads,
The broody wildfowl calling from the reeds,
New plume new song do honour to the scene,
And birch and willow bow in tender green,
Spangled with gold and grey.

Life everywhere astir, Love breathing true,—
And over all one veil of misty blue,
Dropt from the sky, to keep profaner eyes
From peering rudely at the mysteries
Of Young Spring's bridal day.

April 20, 1900.

A THOUGHT ON "THE X RAYS"

[Man in a world where so much is invisible]



A THOUGHT ON "THE X RAYS"

THOU standest very high,
Only a little lower at the Throne
Than Angels,—Earth beneath thy feet, thine own,—
All creatures subject lie,—
The work of Æons is thy human brain,
And if thou wilt thou can'st e'en here attain
To Heaven's secrets!—What sublimer part
Can be in store hereafter, since thou art
To God Himself so nigh?—

And yet amidst this maze
Of Marvel, Ether-waves no eye can see,
No ear can hear for multiplicity,
Unknown mysterious ways

Of Light and Sound,—man groping dumb and blind,
Lord though he be, for ever fails to find
The myriad common things that round him lie,
Content in ignorance to pass them by
And close his term of days!—

If then thou hast to bow
In lowliness to this relentless Fate
Which shows the little of thy seeming Great
So manifestly now,
With deafen'd ear and all-imperfect eye
Why should'st thou *any* Miracles deny?
In this great Undiscovered Wonderland
Dost thou for certain even understand
That Thou Thyself art Thou?—

PERSEPHONE AND AIDŌNEUS;

OR,

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Earth's May-Flowering



PERSEPHONE AND AIDŌNEUS ;

OR,

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

A BLAZE of Flowers,——Earth at her very best,—
Form, fragrance, colour, all a perfect scene,
Mother and Maiden and the new May sheen,
Almighty Powers at work, that cannot rest,
Onward they move,
Deeper they love,
Seeking some treasure-trove that charms all fear,
Some rarer bloom than ever summers here.

There is a movement in the air,——new throes
Of Nature struggling to a fuller birth,
Fresh dawn of life upon a lower earth,—
The dark King is at hand, some instinct knows
That light shall come
To his drear home,

And flowers of May shall send their perfumed ray
On on, beyond the fields of upper day.

Darkness and Light!—they daze the Parent's eyes!

But are the flowers lost, the maiden gone,
The Goddess-mother left in grief alone,
The Daughter's love a cruel sacrifice?

Nay, she is Queen

Of realms Unseen,—

Her last 'Farewell' a new-creating breath
Thrilling with teeming life the graves of death.

Sorrow and Joy!—we need a larger sight;—

Where now the limits that enclosed us round?
Rays fall and open up new flower-ground,
Day breaks on Edens that were hid in night,—

There is no gloom

Of sealéd tomb,

Seen and unseen both clear to human eyes,
Hades itself a Garden-Paradise.

Let flowers of Enna in profusion grow,
Let maiden-eyes throw rainbows as of yore,
And Earth reveal her subtle charms the more,
Then the dark Charioteer, the God below,
With passion blind
Shall surely find
His Darkness Light, all Death and Life the same,
And Earthly Love a pure bright heavenly flame.

May 1900.

SOUL ;

OR,

“ Δυνάμεθα ”





Cupid.

SOUL ;

OR,

“ Δυνάμεθα ”

THOU wingéd Soul, soaring in Heaven's ray,
Outdistancing all regions far away
And yet retaining inmost life with man,
 Thy power comes swooping from above
 In answer to his yearning love,
And in assuréd Faith he says “ I CAN ” :—
Thy gold and silver wings are poised in light,
And so he keeps his GOD in clearest sight.

Man gathers in all treasures of the wise,
Raking each wisdom-heap with anxious eyes,
Sifting all Knowledge since the world began,
 To glut his brain with barren store
 Of sensual philosophic lore,
And then in Self absorbed he says “ I CAN ” :—
But ah ! poor Fool, no soul can enter *there*,
No Eye Divine will heed his lifeless Care.

If Love is strong, those living wings will rise,
No Self must lurk behind in low disguise
Amid the charnel-wastes,—and then the man
 Armed with a will that cannot tire,
 Insensible to low desire,
In Duty's beaten path proclaims "I CAN";—
That Word prevails,—the mighty law is given
That what he binds on Earth is bound in Heaven.

Such is the Soul that soars to highest sky,
Such is the Heart that can Death's power defy,
And so abases all the lower man,
 That in unconscious might,
 Irradiate with the higher light,
It sees,—It knows,—It proudly says "I CAN";—
This is not Arrogance,—we justly claim
The Right of acting in Our God's Own Name.

“NONNE ME COGNÔTI?”



“NONNE ME COGNÔSTI?”

NEED there be so much waste and wilderness
When mountains can be moved into the sea?
Need there be palsied hearts and dumb distress
When stones themselves can cry so audibly?
And the mountain and the stone
Are man's,—and his alone.

Need there be all this wear and tear of brain
When Will can dictate to our destiny?
Need there be these heart-searchings all in vain
When Hope is master of mortality?
And the Will and Hope are Powers
Illimitably ours.

Mountain and stone make iron-metal'd land,
And Will and Hope fuse into living ore,—
But there is Something readier at hand,
Something we learn from childhood's simplest lore,
And that Something,—aye, It can
Work miracles for man.

It needs no vantage, no support, no stay,
It may pass by our door unseen, alone,—
But when It meets a welcome on the way
It joys to make Its Presence quickly known :—
Wherefore then the mystery
When all is plain to see?

The waste and wild can be a flower-ground,
The palsied heart and tongue an angel voice,
The Prophet can so easily be found
By those He calls his own,—they have the choice,
And He is here, and loves to come
To the old familiar home.

.

And if such thoughts as these are waking dream,
And all our aspirations nothing worth,
Then cease our race ! and make the beasts supreme !
Far better not be born, than that our birth
Should make the Deity a lie
And life a mockery.



“ONLY A RAIN-POOL ;”

OR,

A PERFECT CHARACTER

[God “makes his face to shine upon us,” and therefore
our life should be a reflection of His “Loveliness.”]



“ONLY A RAIN-POOL ;”

OR,

A PERFECT CHARACTER

ONLY a rain-pool on a trodden way,—

There falls a broken beam of passing Light,—
And now it holds each hue of transient day
And all the myriad shining worlds of night.

No form, no colour in itself, alone,—

Yet all the image of a perfect sky,—
One drop, an indistinguishable one,
And yet a sun in full entirety.

A glory rested on that quiet face,

The inner powers felt they could expand,
And lo ! diffused amid surrounding space
A finite atom infinitely grand.

Thus all Creation through her realm below
Lit by the light of the Creator's love
In giving back His splendour seems to grow
Until It blends, as one, with Heaven above.

Naught ends in self,—the commonplace is gone,—
Man stands the Image of the GOD divine,
Our great and small our high and low are one,
If we but "make His loveliness to shine."

And so each human faculty should be
A power by which the Ideal can be known,
A glass reflecting all so perfectly
That when He looks He sees it as His Own.

This is the secret of a life's success,
The Will that can receive what He bestows,—
And this the proof of human happiness,
The Love that can respond to all it knows.

.

Only a life upon a trodden way,—
 There fell a beam of such unbroken light,—
It held the radiant hues of endless day,
 And all the myriad orbs had lost their night.

THE "GARDEN-GRAVES"

AN APRIL SUNSET IN YELDHAM CHURCHYARD



Funes & Crampou, Sc

THE "GARDEN-GRAVES"

THE "GARDEN-GRAVES"

A SILENT scene,——low line of level upland grey,
Some hedge-row elms fringing a cloudless eastern sky,
A slope of springing corn, and meadows closed for hay,—
Down in the gentle hollow clustering close by
Thatch'd homesteads and red roofs, a narrow village
street,

A little babbling brook,——and yet our pulses beat !
Some subtle charm is there.

Just then the setting sun lit up with ruddy ray
The old church tower and its lichen'd buttress-walls,
Lingering amid the moss and ivy-leaves at play,
Till through the cedar boughs a dying glory falls
Upon the "garden-graves," where Love had laid to rest
Under the blue forget-me-nots its treasured best,—

And all my heart was there.

Around Spring's new delights were set in harmony,
Gold daffodils, a blackthorn's green and silver haze,
A burst of bud and blossom on the old elm-tree
Where loving ones can sit and think of bygone days :
All spake of joy,—sad April-times that once had been
Seem'd present Summer in this resurrection-scene,—
And perfect Peace was there.

Who knows what Paradise our "garden-graves" may be,
Or where the living spirits walk whom we call dead ?
Loved spots, love-tokens are of God,—and reverently
As in some higher Presence here our footsteps tread ;—
Perhaps through Nature's veil glories can be revealed
Which on the beaten path so often lie concealed
And man forgets are there.

April, 1900.

ST. BARNABAS DAY

" Barnaby bright
All day, no night."



ST. BARNABAS DAY

A HEAVEN-FESTIVAL ON Earth to-day!

The Light-God stretching out his loving hand
Blesses the very utmost midnight-land,
And ghosts of gloom and darkness steal away.

Thy anniversary, ideal Friend,

Falls in with all this blaze of summer light,—
Life-bringing Power, that can reach Death's night
And throw a glory to Earth's farthest end.

Day everywhere with thee,—thy searching eyes

Find hope assured and see the good in all,—
The weak, the young, thou hast'nest to forestall,
Seizing the chance that others oft despise.

' Good man,'—' Consoler,'—' Son of Prophecy,'—
 ' Giver of all thy goods,'—such is thy fame,
 And yet perhaps thou hast one sweeter name
Than all, ' Lover of Home and Family.'

None held thee back if Love once bade thee go,
 No trimming hand to catch a passing breeze,
 No second thought, no studied smile to please,
Thou had'st one rule of life ' Go on and do.'

And so, Great Heart, upon this happy day
 Thou'dst have thy loving votaries combine
 Other ideal memories with thine,
To make a brighter anniversary.

And if down here on earth our warmer love
 Make summer-solstice in a dear friend's heart,
 'Tis all *thy* doing,—Sun of souls thou art,
Drawing them upward to the life above.

June 11, 1900.

THE WONDER-LAND

A THOUGHT

UPON THE FOLLOWING WORDS :

“If gravitation holds the earth in its position in space, may it not be that its spiritual counterpart, the Love of GOD, sustains our souls in their progress, and provides for us in ways which we have scarcely suspected.”—
“The Power of Silence,” p. 44.



THE WONDER-LAND

WHAT knowest thou of Wonder-land,
Wise man?—and can'st thou understand
The myriad courses that the Star-Worlds run,
The waves of light that vibrate from the sun
In ceaseless undulating gleam,
The Power that rules the tide's unchanging course,
Man's Sense-perceptions of mysterious force?—
From the Infinite they emanate.
And who art thou to separate
Thyself from their eternal stream?

Then why raise barriers to Love?
Why limit the Immense Above,
When waves of thought spread unremittingly
And God's Own Effluence must endless be?—

There can be only One Domain

For Love and Man,— and if he wills them come
The Spirit waves must permeate his Home,
 No limit to the Where and When,—
 If GOD is ever One with Men
 The law of Wonder-land is plain.—

 And so amid our tempest-strife,
 Amid the wrack and wreck of Life,
His Calm is there, wherever man may be ;
What safer than this Everlasting Sea ?
 No need of haven or of shore,
Love's ocean has no ebb and flow of tides,
The Infinite of God the same abides,—
 Let it be Sea or Land or Sun,
 Spirit or Soul,
Love simply wills there should be One
 United Whole
In Wonder-land for Evermore.

CHRIST-CHURCH PRIORY

A LEGEND

[There is an old legend that the foundation of the Priory was first laid on St. Catherine's hill, and that the work was mysteriously removed one night to the site on which the Church now stands;—also that a supernumerary workman was constantly observed during the hours of labour, though at the time of refreshment and receiving of wages only the stated number appeared. By his aid everything prospered till the fabric was nearly finished, when on raising a large beam to the place where it was intended to be fixed, it was found too short. No remedy appearing, the embarrassed workmen retired to their homes. On returning to the church the next morning, they discovered that the beam had been fixed in its right position.

Amazed, they one and all agreed that this workman could be none other than the Christ, and by His Name they called the Church.]





The Photogram Co.

CHRIST-CHURCH PRIORY, NEAR BOURNE-SOUTH

CHRIST-CHURCH PRIORY

STRANGE hands at work,—strange footprints on the
soil,—

Whose can they be?—and after all our toil

The whole foundations gone,
Huge block and corner stone!—

Dumb-stricken with surprise

Down from the hill they came to lower ground,

And there, Behold! the astonished workmen found a
marvel for their eyes.

During the darkness of the winter night

Each stone had been removed from its site,

And by the river's side,
Close to the surging tide,

Reset the courses lay

In order as before: 'Tis GOD's decree'

They said 'that here His House established be

Down by the deep blue-bay.'

And then the building rose in glorious might,
And Sun and Sea poured in their flood of light ;
 Each buttress arch and wall
 Pillar and column, all
 Rose up in silent praise ;
Each workman gave his best, his very soul,
That every Part should be a perfect Whole
 To last for endless days.

And while they worked, a wondrous sight was
 seen,
A Stranger joined them of unusual mien,—
 All wondered whence He came,
 They called Him by no name,
 He took no wage or food,—
Staid, gentle, silent,—No one dared to ask
What Master bade Him join them in their task,—
 They knew He worked for ' Good.'

And now a hard day's toil was well nigh o'er,

There yet remained one difficulty more,

A giant beam to raise,

Up on its lofty stays,

Across the chancel bay,—

The wood meanwhile had warped,—they try in
vain

To make it fit,—at last with grief and pain

Distraught they go their way.

Next morn the beam lay perfect in its place,

Exact in length spanning the mighty space,—

Who could have worked that night

With superhuman might

All in the dark alone?—

None but the Master-Builder from Above

Himself,—Who came in sympathy and love

To make it all His Own.

And so arose its legendary fame
That gave the building Christ's Own Very Name,—
 “ It is My Church ” said He
 “ In Perpetuity,
 “ And therefore it shall *last*,¹
“ And all who come along the deep-blue sea
“ Shall ever treasure in their memory
 My wondrous Past.”

¹ It is the most remarkable instance in England of very old work remaining intact.

OUR "CROWN LANDS"



THE NEW FOREST

A LONG high Forest-road, deep vistas either side,—
Ahead big giant waves of woodland rolling wide
Through purple blue and grey,—and here Spring
 brought his bride
 Upon her wedding day.

Still quiet glen, secluded dell, and sombre shade,—
No sound save some stray cowbell tinkling in the
 glade,—
Enclosed with tangled mazes, where a sunbeam played
 With fitful broken ray.

Trees of all age and form, a free wild sylvan scene,
Willows in sunny gold and thorns in silver green,
Grey lichen'd monarchs,—the New Forest 'King'
 and 'Queen,'—

Old yews in last decay,

Red pines, tall tassell'd birch, oaks of a thousand
springs,—

Colour, and light and shade, with sheen of rainbow
wings,

And all the fresh young bloom that loving April
brings

To dress a gala-day.

A cowslip floor, with violet and primrose bed,
Curtain of cherry-blossom clustering overhead,
Carpet of myrtle moss and asphodel, to spread

Upon a bridal way.

The cuckoo's merry shout, the ringdove's love-lorn
sigh,

The woodpecker's loud laugh, a feather'd symphony
Of music echoing from thicket tree and sky

In festive roundelay.

Long may the Crown Lands live,—wide undisturbed
domain,—

Their landmark never shall be moved for sordid gain
Or selfish ends,—here shall our Spring his Love
maintain

With undisputed sway.

THE NEW FOREST,

April 24, 1900.



THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY,
AND FOR EVER

IN HIS WORLD AND IN HIS WORD



THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY,
AND FOR EVER

COAL, marble, oil, and Earth's electric force
Stored up unknown in æons long ago,
Who would despise their antiquated source
And for this cause their present use forego?
 Out of our Mother's old sepulchral ground
 Life, Beauty, Light, they ever shed around.

Immortal treasures, varying in form
Each growth and influence since their Day began,
If thou would'st trace from Angel down to Worm
The mazy courses that Creation ran,
 The Many must be recognised as Few,
 The Old transfigured leave no room for New.

And so great Nature fits Herself for all,
Each generation has its ample store,
'Tis man in ignorance who dares to call
God's Whole Entire by terms of Less and More ;
The Just One deals alike to first and last,
He sees no Present differ from a Past.

Thus too the Revelation of God's Word
Adapts itself to every passing age,
The One Unchanging Voice is ever heard
Tho' strange new lights may fall upon the page,
Figures and Forms assume a varied Name,
But Truth, the Living Essence, stands the same.

Shall man then say 'This Book is out of date,
'With all its lore no message comes to me,'
And with some opiate to lull his Fate
Deaden his better sense in apathy,
Forgetting that the Light keeps travelling on,
And everlasting Work is never done?—

.

Reason progresses under laws divine,
And Revelation follows as her Guide,
Thus all the periods of the World combine
In One great Faith, which none can cast aside,—
This one Messiah of Humanity
Let no man say is not the God for me.



THE WIDE WIDE SPIRIT-LIFE



National Museum, Naples

Vaus & Crompton, Sc.

PSYCHE

THE WIDE WIDE SPIRIT-LIFE

No screen between each man and Deity,
No barrier in this realm of Liberty,
No walls, the thinnest veil is taken away,
'Tis Earth that limits with her Night and Day ;—
 The Spirit is immense and free.

Self ebbs,—in flows the overwhelming tide,
No seas and lands its surging mass divide,
Then back we plunge into the eternal main,
No separating Man's from GOD's domain ;—
 Spirit is infinitely wide.

Absorbing Influences, all our own,—
Nothing of GOD that cannot here be known,
His element pervades our Being through,
'Tis Man that vacillates with False and True,—
 The Spirit is the Truth alone.

All Honesty and Good thus reign secure,
They wait their time and joyously endure,
Man tries delusions with his talk and deeds
But finds his vain endeavour ill succeeds ;—
The Spirit is unalterably sure.

Thus ties of true Sincerity prevail,
Outward appearance is of no avail,
We think we cheat with frown and smiling eye
But Friends are proof against hypocrisy ;—
The Spirit-test can never fail.

Clear Intuitions of Infinity
Suffice,—Faith lacks what some call Certainty,—
Though men may juggle with a sleight of mind
And try some artificial light to find,—
The Spirit scorns all sophistry.

.

Such the mysterious part we have to play,—
A world of life, where nothing seems to stay,—
The Soul the one existence real and true,
All else the Shadow of the I and You
 Waiting for dreams to pass away.



A "CHRISTMAS-GATHERING"
THOUGHT

Our Birthright



OUR BIRTHRIGHT

WIST ye the tale of Antæus¹ of old,
How sinew and limb of giant mould
Would never relax their iron hold,
As long as the man to his birth was true?—
 Son of the Earth was he,
 Son of the deathless Sea,
And he proudly claimed his immortal Due.

He touched,—and he breathed from the Parent-
 ground,—
He clung,—and the heart was true and sound,—
No foe to withstand that prowess was found

¹ "Antæus was the son of Poseidon the Sea and Gaia the Earth:—no one could defeat him as long as he remained in touch with his mother." So the old legend runs.

As long as he used the Mother-might ;
 Son of the Earth was he,
 Son of the infinite Sea,
And he proudly claimed his unchallenged Right.

.
Son of the Sea, Son of the Earth,
Gotten divine, with a Heavenly Birth,
Son of the Earth, Son of the Sea,
Strong in the strength of the Gods was He.

Aye the legend of old is the Truth of to-day,
And you find all along Life's beaten way
The Light-Child walks in the Parent-ray ;—
As long as a man is in touch with Home,
 Such a Son of the Earth is he,
 Such a Giant and God-to-be,
It matters but little what foes may come,
 He wins his Victory.

So we pledge our troth to this Birthright-tie,
And we face our Fate with the old-Home eye,
As we feel the dear ones standing by,

Each close to each,
In the lengthening reach,
Son with Mother, and Mother with Son,
Far and wide where e'er we run ;—

As long as we're true to the Parent-Love

No Sun can set on this Sea,
No Life can lose entirety,

And the Earth below is the Heaven Above,
If the Home united be.

.

Sons of the Sea, Sons of the Earth,
Gotten divine, with a Heavenly Birth,
Sons of the Earth, Sons of the Sea,
Strong in the strength of the Gods are we.



A CRY FROM THE COUNTRY

"Come not down our country way"

A CRY FROM THE COUNTRY

HAST thou a heart that 'dances with the daffodils'?

Then come not down our country way,—

The meadows are no longer ours,

No painters sit, no poets stray,

Among the April cuckoo-flowers ;

No landscape,——save what Carter fills

With "little liver antibilious pills"!

Or would'st thou after toil and drudgery is done

Bask in the sunshine as of old?

Then come not down our country way,

They turn all sunshine here to gold

And cannot spare a single ray,—

Lever and Co. use every one

For "Sunlight Soap,"——all Soap the dear old Sun!

Lov'st thou ' the lowing herd that winds along the lea '
Knee-deep in sedge and golden whins ?
Then come not down our country way,—
They're all in " Bovril-Essence " tins,
No well-conditioned cattle stay :
" Alas ! poor Brother ! " Destiny
Hath metamorphosed thee to " Pure Beef Tea."

Lov'st thou sweet symphonies of grove and wood,
The sacred haunt, the loving lay?—
The old sweet melodies are dead,
Oh ! come not down our country way,—
The dear May nightingales have fled,
No rearing now their tender brood
Except on " Quaker oats " or " Mellin's Food."

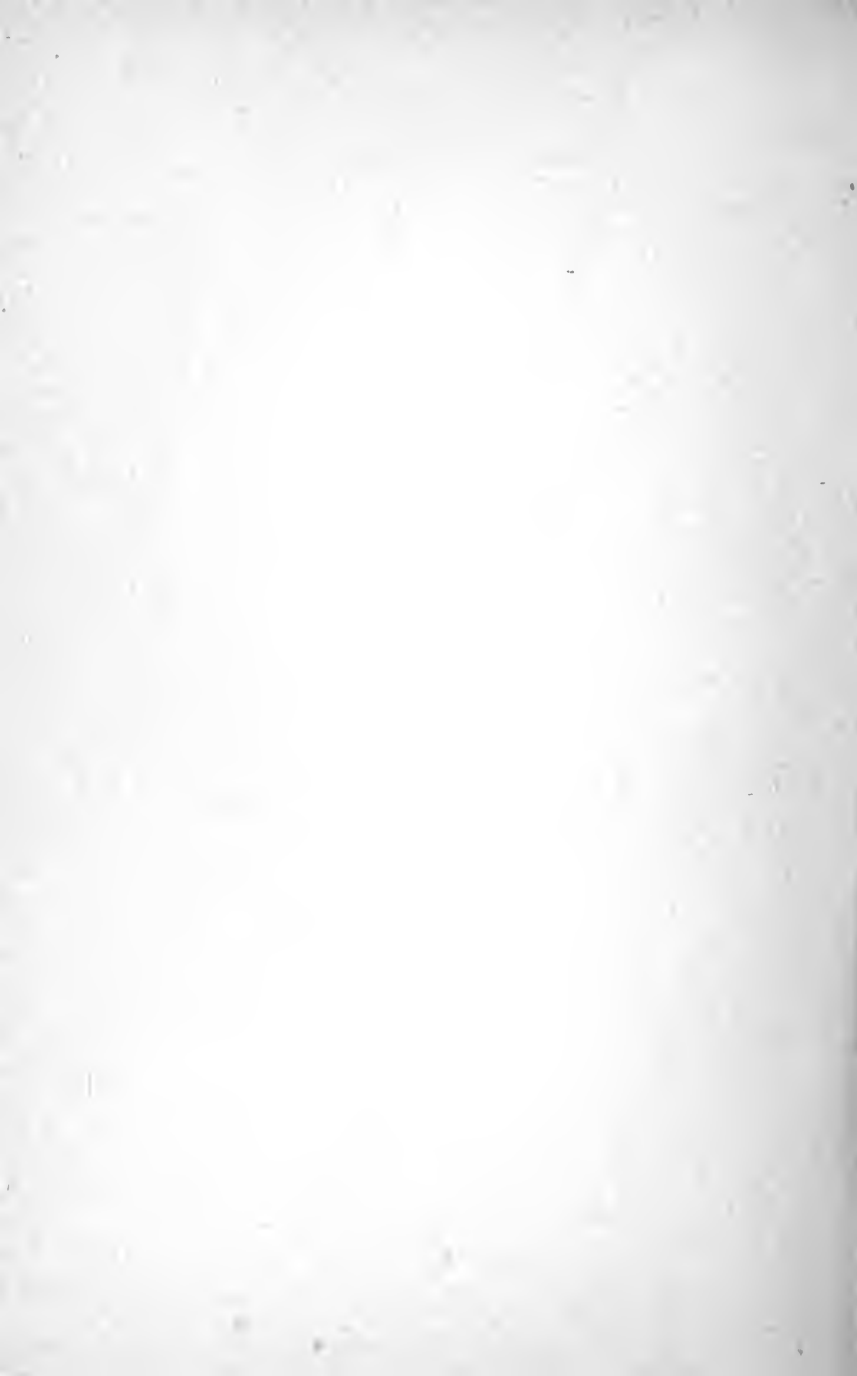
' The Earth the Lord's ' !—The Psalmist is no longer
true ;
God's losing His Own Property,
Advertisements fill all the land,

And soon upon the *clouds* we'll see
Some "Stephen Ink" or "Monkey Brand,"
Until defrauded of our due
We find no Heaven,—only "Reckitt's Blue"!

.

Plead Nature-lovers then for GOD'S own special
Cause,

'HE made the country, man the town,'
HE gave each soul a country-place,
And shall man seize it for his own
And rob our life of half its grace?—
How long? how long?—why longer pause?
If Common-sense has failed, then try the Laws!



PATRIOT SONGS



WOMAN'S BRAVERY

“ Behold ! your House is left unto you Desolate.”

SHE bears her grief alone,
Too proud, too calm to moan ;—
No slave to cruel fate or common fear ;—
Country and Queen and he, all One, all dear,
In honour of his name,
She lives her life *the same*,
Though hearts keep whispering that ‘ He is gone.’

The children laugh and play,
No clouds close in their day,—
Full Sun, the same as if he too were there ;
Self all subdued, self hiding secret care,
She stands and waits in peace
As though the strain might cease,
And only sighs to them ‘ He is away.’

Aye, Lady, strong thou art
To play a Woman's part ;—
The grief, the agony, we cannot bear,
But yet there may be something we can share,—
So grant an unknown friend
Some little help to lend,
To save *their* Home and ease *thy* aching heart.

THE DEATH-ROLL

“The killed, wounded and missing and prisoners amount to 10,250, but still thousands keep leaving our shores for S. Africa.”
—Feb. 15, 1900.

“In the midst of Death, we are in Life.”

LIFE must be lost, if Life is found—
The secret this of each brave deed,
Blood poured like water on the ground
To fertilize the Ages' seed.

We scarce have closed the Hero's grave
When all the newer Life appears,
And leave our garner'd store, to save
The firstfruits of the coming years.

Strike at the Life!—the blows are vain,—
More myriads only rally round,
The souls thou thoughtest to be slain
Rise legion-strong from charmed ground.

Bleed on, bleed on!—Let young Life grow!
The dead can hear the living cries,—
The Mother scorns the travail-throe
That brings to birth new destinies.

Life gone!—a larger Life is come,
And so we reach from good to best,—
Hope lights the zenith o'er our Home
Though clouds may gather in the West.

Rise, England, in thy second birth,
Win thy new lands to set them free,
This crimson flood upon the Earth
Shall purge a coming Century.

' AT FREEDOM'S CALL '

" It is the TYRANNY of a cruel Oligarchy we are fighting against ;
our motto should be ' pro Libertate, pro Imperio.' "

READY at Freedom's call,
Ready to stand or fall,—
 No cry of Mother to Son
For help in a troubled hour ;
Ours an Almighty Power,—
 We claim God's Duty to be done.

Freedom ! a Whole World's cry,
And a World that's ready to die,—
 No false pretence, no greed,—
Avaunt each lying slave,
Make room for the Hero brave
 Whose soul is set to do the deed.

Freedom ! so Heaven commands,
Hear it, ye wakening Lands !

No 'Balance of Power' is here,
No Europe's million-host
Need arm at reckless cost,—
One Fiat, and only one, is clear.

Freedom ! we lay this war
At God's great Justice-Bar ;
Say what the Peoples may,
The time is near at hand
When the eyes of every land
Shall see His law in British sway.

Freedom ! Thy trumpet call
We answer, one and all,—
Our Nation-Colonies,
Our agéd Queen, our State,
Our Church,—with homage wait
To offer our whole-Sacrifice,

And GOD above shall hear ;—
Right knows no craven fear
 When a Country's cause is just ;
The blood that has been shed
By Britain's gallant dead
 Keeps no more silence in the dust.

War strikes our thousands low,
But let them only know
 The glory of their fall !
Aye, when each Brother dies °
We'll blazon to the skies
 ' He served his GOD at Freedom's call.'

IS WAR "A PUNISHMENT FOR SIN" ?

AT THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE

"There was a brave Lincolnshire lad, who just before plunging for the second time into the hail of bullets, handed round a bit of looking-glass and laughingly bade his comrades look on their own faces, and say 'Good Bye' to themselves."—*Spectator*, Feb. 18, 1900.

"GOOD Bye to Self" he cries

With a smile in those brave eyes ;—

Aye, face to face, see as thou wilt be seen,

Aye, face to face, know as thou wilt be known,

All one, the 'will be,' 'is,' and 'what has been,'

No counterfeit ! Thyself thy very own !—

Such the episode amid grim Battle's din !

Briton be thou or Boer,

The Play of Life is o'er !—

And call we this "a Punishment for Sin" ?

Earth rushing headlong on her ceaseless course,
The very heavens trembling at the sight,
Blast, blizzard, flood and storm with cruel force
Dealing out ruin in their reckless might ;—
Amid this tide of havoc seething in
Who dare say 'Peace'? Who dare the Furies' work abate
That strengthen, purify, and re-create?—
And call we this "a Punishment for Sin"?

Aye, 'there shall go a Fire on before
To mark My Presence,'—None this Word forgets :—
The Great Refiner melts the iron-ore,
Purging the dross before the metal sets ;
 He loves to make His creatures strong !—
 Who cries 'The rocks have done Him wrong'?

Such is the working of our Mother Earth,
She fashions with a strong unsparing hand,—
Such is the testing of true human worth,
She glories in the ordeals each can stand ;—

Great Nations born to rule
Pass through this Training-School
And learn Life's lessons taught therein!—
Why then in Battle-strain
Why then in Heroes-pain
Should We cry out "a Punishment for Sin"?

THE JOY OF MARCH 1

“The word ‘enthusiasm’ tamely describes the Joy evoked here to-day on the receipt of the news that Ladysmith had been relieved.”—TORONTO, March 1.

Joy frantic,—cheer on cheer,—a Triumph-cry
Throughout the land in one unbroken roll,—
The floodgates open,—and in ecstasy
A Nation’s voice wells forth from heart and soul
Long muffled by suspense and secret dread,
“Our Country’s blood has not in vain been shed.”

A Whole World’s joy,—The Nation-Colonies
Have thunder’d it around, that Freedom’s Cause
Is safe, Her Rights upheld, the sacred ties
Of Treaty made secure by British laws,—
A Cry from Earth’s four quarters wildly spread,
“Our Empire’s blood has not in vain been shed.”

And yet the truest joy is one unheard,—
At Home in silence, where resignedly
A widow, to the deepest heart-depths stirr'd,
At last in cheerful gratitude can sigh
“We'll mourn no more, my children, for the dead,
“Our Dear One's blood has not in vain been shed.”

THE NAMELESS TWO

Every Englishman is familiar with the story of how the guns were lost at Colenso, and the gallant attempts that were made to rescue them. Mr. Burleigh's description of the two brave gunners—heroes, alas! whose names are unknown—who fought their pieces to the last, is admirable:

Colonel Hunt next fell, shot through both legs, and he also was carried to the donga. As the men were being shot down very rapidly—for the Boer fire was by that time increasing—Colonel Hunt advised that it would be better to abandon the guns. But Long's characteristic reply was, "Abandon be damned! We never abandon guns." Subsequently Colonel Hunt called attention to the fact that it was no use firing; there were scarcely any men left, and next to no ammunition. After that an order was given to abandon the guns, which for over one hour had fought in face of the fiercest fusillade a battery ever endured. Yet, even then, all was not over, for still two men were left, and they continued the unequal battle. They exhausted the ordinary ammunition, and finally drew upon and fired the emergency rounds of case—their last shot. Then they stood to "Attention" beside the gun, and an instant later fell pierced through and through by Boer bullets.—*Daily Telegraph*, March 20, 1900.

THE rest lay dead;—silent they watched them fall,—

Each bullet-riddled in that fusillade,—

And now, the last shot spent, Death gave his call

"Stand to your guns"——(was it some Fiends'

Parade,

Some Hell's command?)—erect they stood, those

Two,—

One moment later piercé'd through and through.—

Go shout until the deaf shall hear,

And the Nations know it far and wide,

Blazon in every deaden'd ear

How those nameless gunners stood and died.

Nameless they passed away,—only the foe

To witness their brave deed,—what hearts were those

That could a warrior's battle-meed forego

And of their own stout will with Death foreclose!

We know the Glory that such Heroes crave,—

Go lay Victoria Crosses in their grave!

A Nation's power lasts for aye

Immortal her dear-honoured Fame

That has such men to stand and die

Without a cheer,—without a Name.

Such is War's lesson ;—let our children hear
Death's truer meaning,—why not stand alone
When fuller Duty leaves no room for Fear?—
Names are but passing signs,—the living one
Lives on in Deeds that have no mortal age
Where Death gives up all claim to heritage.

Shout, Britons, for the gallant Two
Who stood to their guns when none were by,
Bullets may pierce them through and through
But their Hero-deed shall never die.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

PRETORIA, *June 5, 1900.*

Written after reading

LORD ROBERTS'S SORROW

In a letter to a friend in London Lady Roberts mentions that the sorrow of the Commander-in-Chief at the loss of his son is still as deep as ever.

"Nothing," her ladyship adds, "that any one can do will make him the same man again. His grief has added years to his appearance."

An acting chaplain to the forces, writing from Brandfort Camp, says:—

"We are serving under the best and noblest man who ever led an army. You can have no conception of the passionate and devoted affection which Lord Roberts inspires in all ranks. It is not artifice or adroitness or dramatic power, but a simple overflowing of the milk of human kindness.

"Every one notices it. The roughest and most cynical of the brave men out here cannot escape the fascination of his delightfully quiet and natural manner and his transparent unselfishness."
and

The despatches which we publish to-day give a vivid picture of the events immediately preceding the final surrender, and show with what skill his forces were marshalled in order to attain that important result with the *minimum* of loss to our troops and of danger to the inhabitants.

SHOUT for the last great Victory, exultant land!—

The fortress fallen, and the foemen fled,

A bloodless veldt, no roll-call of the dead,—

Shout for the mighty Conqueror, whose unsullied hand

By saving others' lives has nobly won
The full requitals of his own dear son :—
Slaughter and Death shall claim no further mastery ;
The World shall shout for this last Victory.

No fields of wreckage mark the long triumphant way,
No weak surrender, no reverse, no carnage-day ;
Ready to draw the Sword at Honour's cry,
Thy loving care forestalled the battle-blow,
Thy heart and head outgeneralled the foe :—
But *now*, a seaméd brow, and anxious eye
Dazed by the glare of human agony,
In silence,—save for that long deep-drawn
breath,—
Proclaim that thou hast borne the brunt of Death,
To win this overcoming Victory.

Aye, Death has fallen back at thy advance,
And Tyranny hath hid his craven head,
'Never again' shall Wrong regain his chance,
'Never again' shall GOD's Writ be misread :—

The coming on of Peace brave foemen hail,
And Freedom's Charter, that can never fail,
Is sealed for ever by our Nation's honesty.

Woman and child can trust thy ruling hand,
Thy soldier-word is law throughout the land,—
Humane, unselfish, generous and kind,
Winning by silent force each burgher-mind
That feels true honour in thy chivalry ;—
Such is thy Vengeance for a dear son's loss
And such thy heart that wears the Iron Cross ;—
An Empire's love is poured out for thee,
An Empire's annals consecrate thy memory.

“SOMEHOW SOMETHING
GETS FORGOT”



“SOMEHOW SOMETHING GETS
FORGOT ”

‘ My boy shall be a God,’¹ they heard her say,
‘ In Stygian deeps I’ll plunge him, Lethe’s wave
‘ Shall give Immortal Power, strong to save.’
And by the heel she grasped him on the brink
For fear the would-be Deity might sink ;—
And just in that forgotten spot one day
The fatal arrow found an easy way.

Another,² an Immortal state to win,
Bathes his fair limbs in streams of dragon-blood,
Ill’s safest antidote,—and as he stood
Joying in Godhead’s Might, he failed to see
A leaf that fell from some o’erhanging tree ;—
There where the blood could find no entrance in
The murderer’s dagger pierced his human skin.

¹ Achilles.

² Siegfried.

'I'll have no Foe, each living thing my Friend'
Shouts the great Iceland Hero,¹ every Tree
Shall enter into Covenant with me';
Worthy of Federal Rights they all were deemed,
Except the little Mistletoe, which seemed
Too insignificant its aid to lend,—
And by that One the Hero met his end.

Poet and Prince, Philosopher and King,
However beautiful and good and strong
Your work, your life however long,—
Aye, till and tend with all unselfish care
Each one his Eden, yet some flaw is there,—
The Serpent of the Garden loves to bring
Its curséd trail o'er every living thing.

And Gods stand by unknown!—In sore distress
See yon poor haggard fellow, mad to find
A bauble in the dust, with anxious mind

¹ Balder.

He rakes the refuse-heap, and all the while
A Being watches him with radiant smile
Compassionate,—moaning his ill-success
He fails to see an Angel come to bless.

.

In Fable Myth and Legendary Page,
In all our own experience new and old,
We find this homely Truth expressly told,—
Somehow some little thing forgotten lies
Which is the turning point of Destinies,—
So all is lost ;—we need no learned Sage
To fit the moral to each passing Age.



THE LORDS OF CREATION

*“Delivering It from bondage into the glorious
Liberty of the Children of God.”*



THE LORDS OF CREATION

LORDS of Creation, Lords of Life and Death,—

Men down on Earth and very Gods in Heaven !

When the Creator breathed the Living Breath,

Know ye what great Prerogative was given ?

.

Great Central Figure in the living Whole,

Throughout the Spirit-Kingdom lies his Call ;

Wide Happiness, eternal as his Soul,

Man has the will to make or mar it all.

Lord of this boundless Home!—no Prison here,—

All free and faithful :—Break the bonds in twain !

The Great Creator willed no servile Fear,

For Perfect Love is to be loved again.

This is the Training,—thus the myriad stream
Keeps flowing in from every utmost end,
Till man can realise that Might-supreme
Consists in having all the World his Friend.

Love issuing from every type and form
That Air and Light can perfect at their will,
Ocean and Cloud, soft Breeze and savage Storm,
Feather and Flower, wild Peak and gentle Hill.

Is man so deaf that everything is dumb,
So heedless of the Universal Right,
Waiting for Promises already come,
Making Earth-Shadows dull the Heavens' Light?

How shall the Lords of Life these secrets find,
How know the mysteries that Love imparts?—
By reaching out to all of every kind
The mutual sympathies of kindly hearts.

Such is Man's Power, an Almighty sway,
So reigns he King of all, below, above,—
Perfect to rule and perfect to obey,
Ideal in his Freedom and his Love.



THE MIND

ITS EVER-GROWTH

"The Mind must ever be in active motion, if it is to reach Truth."—EMERSON.

THE MIND

I

Down in the womb of Earth, in the secret chamber
dark

A Life-seed lay in its dormant state,—

Down from the Father of Light there fell a heavenly
spark

Guided by love and mysterious fate ;—

It stirred,—it moved,—it felt its way,

Upward it rose to living day,

Nothing could hinder its course begun,

Awakened Will to the end must run,—

And it struggled on from the gloom of the Past

Till it gained a Light that it felt would last.

II

I watched a child of Sun and Earth,
Fold on fold, from its earliest birth,
And as the seasons circled round,
Out of the dull and level ground
Uprose a growth in embryo form
Battling with frost and wind and storm ;
The Parent-metal softened in the Sun's warm ray
And wove the life-long tissues stronger day by day.

Above, below, from every source
The elements sustained its force,
Fronde followed fronde, each as it rose
Some newer marvel would disclose ;
The plant in every cell and pore
Burgeoned in beauty more and more.

III

Thus Nature taught me by her parable to see
The Mind of man, its Birth, its perpetuity,—
Made strong by constant wear of outward strife,
Made beautiful from healing springs of inner life.

Our thoughts ray down from distant lights above
Into the yearnings of an inmost Love
Where in the Mind's deep energising throes
Truth's powers are stirred and fuller Reason grows,
Till in the common life close circling us around
Wisdom's most secret treasure is for ever found.

All the stillness, all the storm,
Dainty pattern, rugged form,

Varied tissue, perfect, true,
With a better still in view,
Feeling on until each best
Leaves behind it all the rest,
Truth at every open door
Showing Revelation more :—
Thus we largen, learn and see,
Germ and frond become the tree,
Fruit and flower unite in One,—
At last the expanding work is done ;
And then at Death we fully feel and know ;—
Till Death the Mind of man must ever grow.

THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.

LONDON, *Oct.* 29, 1900

"Throughout the great City's thoroughfares there was for five hours one unbroken roar of welcome."



“HURRAH! FOR THE C.I.V.”

STREET-MYRIADS surging like the pent-in main,——

The great Heart pulsed with throbs that seemed
to stay

The life-blood's stream re-coursing in the vein,——

Scarce room for that thin line of steel and grey
To struggle through, back to the Mother-Home ;
The ground, the air, one heaving Cry “They come !”

East, West, and South and North

The human tide pours forth ;——

Was it an idle City's holiday?——

The Mother's heart had bled,—those men of Peace

Thought only of a Mother's agony,

Their Son-ship, born in blood, could never cease,

'Twas but their birthright-claim to fight and die ;

Their freeborn heritage to stand

As Champions of their Mother-land.

Great Queen of commerce on the world-wide seas
She scorns the anchorage of stagnant ease,
And they, her sons, Prince, Peasant, high and low,
 The children of the Rock and Storm and Wave,
Freedom's bright Spirit leading at the prow,
 Rode out the Wind and Tempest, strong to save ;
Freemen,—not Fortune's self-made soldiers, they,
To make of life an idle holiday.

Hark ! 'tis an Empire's roar, vibrating now
 Through Continents and Nation-colonies,——
A covenanted Word, a solemn Vow,
 That England's cities as one man shall rise,
That every son from every peaceful home,
In time of need, should greater peril come,
For Country's sake will join in warrior throng
Making each unit force a myriad strong :——

This is the burden of our Cry to-day,
Our Mother-City's Pageant holiday.

CHEAPSIDE, *Oct.* 29, 1900.

BALAM

THE DESTROYER OF HIS PEOPLE

THE PROPHET . . . *Balaam.*

THE KING . . . *Balak.*

THE MESSENGERS.—

THE VOICE.—

The Refrains.—

BALAM

I

THE PROPHET AT HIS HOME

A HOST of strangers, surging on the plain,—
With angry crest the tide floods in again,
Down-swooping in their devastating raid
Like locust-clouds on every tender blade,—
Half-hidden, where the noxious mists exhale
Along the marsh-land flats and partly veil
The old familiar mountain-ridge of Home ;—
All marvel whence this warrior-host has come.

.
The lightnings leap along each cliff and scar,
The thunder-crashes roll and moan afar,—

Strange figures looming on the hills draw near,
And Earth at Heaven's feet is dazed with fear.

PROPHET

And who are Ye?

MESSENGERS

Princes are We,—of Moab's royal land
With gifts of divination in our hand,
Sent by the King ;—the Amorite laid low
Like corn before the reaper, who shall know
What bolt falls next? If sword and spear must
fail

And mountain fastness be of no avail,
Is there no Power, great Séer, of Air or Sky
Or Earth Beneath whom we can pacify?
O guide and save!
If thou would'st have
Silver and gold, our King would give thee all,
Let but thy curse upon our foemen fall!

PROPHET

Stay here awhile until the cloud-wrack lifts,
Until the Heaven's wrath has passed away,
Vain were the curses bought with golden gifts,—
God speaks His word, kings tremble and obey.

I am no churl to ban my royal guests,
But warrant for their course I fain would prove,—
If ye would know the Almighty's new behests,
Wait till I commune with the Power Above.

MESSENGERS

See down the vale the mists are clearing,
The hills are golden in the light,
The Séer's God is now appearing,
The Séer's God upholds the Right.

THE VOICE

*Thou shalt not go,—Thou shalt not curse,—so saith
the Lord,*

Mine is the nation, blest,—according to My Word.

PROPHET

Hear then ye Princes what my GOD replies,—
The Lord refuseth and I cannot go,—
He only giveth sight to Séer's eyes,
And what He wills, that shall His Prophet do.

II

THE DUMB VOICE

MESSENGERS

“Go seek a second time the Prophet's home”
So saith our royal Master, Moab's King,
Therefore again, O Séer, are we come,
More honourable men, more gifts we bring ;—
Promotion, honour, rank, are at thy call,
Say what thou willest, and thou hast them all.

PROPHET

The Prophet has no choice,
He is Another's Voice,
 He only can proclaim the Right,
But if the Lord hath more
Of prophecy in store,
Perchance He speaks again to-night.

THE VOICE

*If the men come to call thee, rise thou up and go,
But whatso'er I tell thee, that must thou do.*

They entered in, those men of large address,
And yet their presence made an emptiness.—

The morning breaks,—The clouds one sombre grey,
As if the night claimed mastery o'er the day,—
His mind is full of doubt,—there may be more
Strange purposes that chance may have in store ;—

He stops,—he sees no Angel standing by,
 No lightning sword-flash strikes his downcast eye,—
 Only a narrow lane,—and none to stay
 The Prophet's madness on his reckless way ;—
 At last the dumb Ass speaks,—there is a Light,
 A Voice,—A Presence,—A stupendous sight !
 The Man falls on his face,——
 ' Grant me, O Lord, Thy Grace,—let me but learn
 Once more Thy pleasure, and I will return.'

All creatures have a Voice for those who hear,
 And speak, if GOD stands by, in accents clear.

REFRAIN

(The Voices)

No speech, no language, to be heard—
 But Voices everywhere are nigh,
 Dumb Nature whispering her word
 Breathes on us as She passes by.

The air is full of sight and sound,
The ether-waves beat free and fast,—
Some symphony of sense is found
And ear and eye are one at last.

No silence,—one seraphic Throng
Which cheers the world with myriad lays,
The deaf shall hear the speechless song,
The dumb shall thunder forth their praise.

If man would tune his heart aright
And keep it set to higher strains,
He would not miss the happy sight
Of Angels in the narrow lanes.

Then know the silent music here
That blends the Earth with heaven above,
The fuller trust will banish fear,
And life enclose the larger love.

III

THE KING AND HIS SACRIFICE

KING

Great Séer, on the heights we stand,
Each altar with its victim slain,
Our sacrifice throughout the land
Goes up a seven-fold grace to gain,—
Renew thy prayer, thy King's demand,
Let not this blood be shed in vain.—
Then from the cavern'd rock a Voice was heard,
The Prophet uttering his portentous Word.

THE VOICE

*How shall I curse whom GOD hath cursed not,
Or how defy whom GOD defieth not?—
From the top of the rocks I see him,
From the hills I have beheld him,*

*The people in this land shall live alone
Amid the other nations all unknown ;
The dust of Jacob none can tell,
Or one fourth part of Israel,—
Oh let me die the righteous' death,
And breathe with him my latest breath !*

REFRAIN

(The Royal Sacrifice)

Let diadem and royal crown
Rest on an honest brow,
Let simple truth and wide renown
Together firmly grow !
The daze of pomp and brilliancy
Is not the test of Sovereignty.

Let royal heart and princely mind
Be ever free to bless,
Let Kingly souls rejoice to find
The meed of righteousness ;

They handle best the helm of State
Whose dignity scorns envious hate.

Let justice have her ample due
And right be claimed by all,
Discern the false, uphold the true,
Let not the weak one fall ;
Perhaps the jewel of the just
Is hidden in some passing dust.

Let all await the new command,
Soon shall the Voice be heard,—
Who knows what Power is at hand
When the Spirit's depths are stirr'd?—
A King from out this land shall rise
To be the World's true Sacrifice.

IV

ON PISGAH'S TOP

Again more altars,—who perchance can tell
Whether a change may work some latent spell?—
Prophet and King move on from peak to peak,
'There may be other Voices yet to speak ;—
Surely on Pisgah's top the Séer shall see
Some¹ portion only of the enemy !—
Now shall the gathering clouds the Answer hear
At Heaven's portals none need justice fear.

THE VOICE

*The Lord is not a Man that he should lie,—
And shall He change Who is Eternity?
Hath He said and shall He not do,
Hath He spoken and shall He forego?—*

¹ Numbers xxiii. 13.

*Behold, He blesses,—none shall curse,
 His Fiat who shall dare reverse?—
 In Jacob shall be no distress,
 In Israel no faithlessness,
 The Lord the God is King of Kings,
 Hark how the Nation's Anthem rings!—
 No wizard-influence shall prevail,
 Enchantments all of no avail,—
 The Lord hath wrought this work:—in new-born
 might
 Like lions shall they slay,
 Like lions eat their prey,
 And drink the life-blood lavished in the fight.*

REFRAIN

(The New Life)

Do ye hear the throes of a living earth,
 New Suns that have reached our sky?—
 New Powers have come to a sudden birth,
 The old ages are passing by.

The lands subside, and the hills are gone,
New worlds from the surging sea,—
He speaks His Word, and the deed is done,
All bow to His just decree.

Then welcome the law of the changing hours,
Each nation and every clime,
There's a wider room for the living powers,
That strengthen our fleeting time.

In the midst of death new-risen Life !
We fight for a Promised Land ;
GOD blesses his host in their righteous strife
And the Victory lies in His hand.

V

THE EYES WIDE-OPEN

Behold the Prophet-Prince, the enchantments o'er,
Loth to enact the Wizard as before !
He sets his face toward the wilderness,
And there he sees in all its perfectness
Great Israel's encampment, far and wide
Like waves the lines keep surging in war's tide,—
An endless Vision,—till his tranced eye
Has seen the Future's great Reality.

THE VOICE

*How goodly are the tents in which ye dwell !
Thy tabernacles mine, O Israel,—
Like valleys in the hills they fall and rise,
Like gardens by the brooks their order lies,—
As aloes of the Lord, as cedar trees
By many waters,—seed and stream are His*

*In ceaseless flow,—see what the Lord hath done!
 From Egypt hath he called His chosen Son ;—
 Who says Him ‘ Nay ’ ?—Who stirs this lion-race,
 This lion-host from its sure resting-place ?*

IT paused ;—

PROPHET

The time is near
 When I must go my ways,—
 Great Monarch, wouldst thou hear
 Thy fate of latter days ?

THE VOICE

*I shall see Him, but not now,
 I shall behold Him, but not nigh,
 A Star from Jacob’s land,
 A Sceptre in his hand,—*

*The nation shall do valiantly
 Rejoicing in their victory
 And smite great Moab in her¹ Princes' homes.—
 Behold! from the Western sky a strange Light comes!*

IT ceased ;—The altar-stones were rent in twain,
 The flood-gates of the heavens burst amain ;—
 GOD spake in tempest,—and His Breath
 Silenced the hills in everlasting death.

REFRAIN

(The Light)

At length all eyes are open wide,—
 GOD'S chosen race they clearly see,—
 No divination now can hide
 The purpose of the Deity.

¹ Numbers xxiv. 17. In Septuagint our word "corners" is ἀρχηγούς, "princes."

Dark are His ways, tho' GOD of Light,
And none can tell which way He passed,
Though Evil walk upon the height
We hear descending steps at last.

The Séer's eyes by selfish aim
Are blinded, yet he too shall see
And with unerring voice proclaim
The sure approach of Destiny.

The rifts are opening out afar,
There comes a gleam of distant Light,
And lo! the Sceptre and the Star!
True emblems of His People's might!

The world, whate'er its will may be,
Shall witness to its ruling Lord,—
Though Evil fight with subtilty
It must obey the spoken Word.

VI

THE DESTROYER DESTROYED

REV. II. 14. "Balaam who taught Balak to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel."

JAMES I. 15. "When Lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth Death."

REFRAIN

(The Curse)

Aye, verily thou hast destroyed the foe!
A flood of curses may abate,
And Love o'er-rule the direst hate,
But poison-seed, once sown, shall rankly grow,

And flourish, till the Earth can bear no more;—
Where once Her form in beauty stood,
Reflected now in pools of blood
A ruined Spectre stands, defiled with gore.

So smites the avenging Hand with lightning
speed,—

Kings Princes Prophets all must bow,—

Great Israel hath fallen low,—

Destroyer of Thy People, *Thine* the Deed!

.

Aye, thou hast won an everlasting fame!

Great Séer of the dawn of Light,

Yet doomed to an eternal Night,

We know thee only for a curséd Name.

THE END

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