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Erson J. Whitney

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Voices from the Mountains



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Orson F. Whitney



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11

TO MY DEAR AND FAITHFUL WIFE,
MAY,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.



TO THE READER.

THREE volumes of verse from my pen have preceded the present publication : First, "Poetical Writings of O. F. Whitney," 1889 ; second, "Elias—an Epic of the Ages," 1904 ; third, "Love and the Light—an Idyl of the Westland," 1918.

The aim of this compilation is to preserve in collective form poems I have written since the first of those books issued from the press. Included also are a few others, some of which have been revised and, I trust, improved since their original appearance.

Most of these verses were composed among my native mountains—hence the title chosen for this volume. They embrace a variety of themes, ranging "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and are sent forth in the hope that they will carry to those who read them some portion of the pleasure that accompanied their creation.

THE AUTHOR.

Liverpool, November, 1922.

1952

Received of
Mr. J. H. [Name]
the sum of \$100.00
for the year 1952

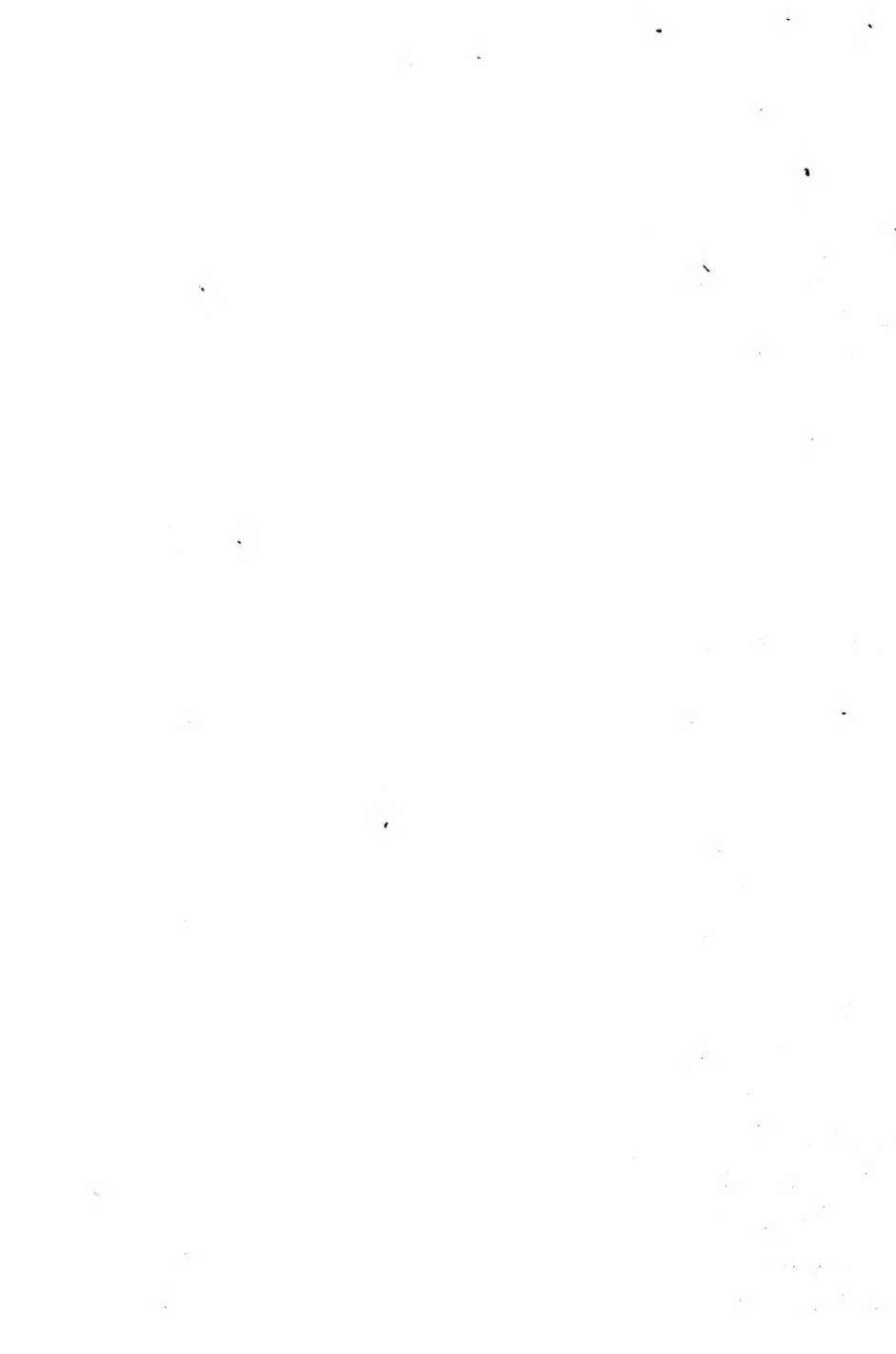
Yours truly,
[Signature]
[Name]

Witness my hand and seal
this 1st day of [Month] 1952

[Signature]

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HOMELAND.

O YE that roam the restless billow,
To gaze on foreign scenes unfurled
Where mighty Art and mightier Nature
Unveil the wonders of the world!

Speak to the eye no nearer splendors
Than beautify an alien strand?
Holds it in truth more gifts, more graces,
Than glorify your native land?

Look down, lost dreamer, wandering starward
Through azure fields above thee spread,
And see the flowers of beauty blushing
Neglected 'neath thy careless tread!

Ne'er has it been my lot to wander
O'er Orient sands or Alpine snows;
To linger in the vine-clad valleys
Where Rhine's clear-winding water flows;

I ne'er have watched the sun declining
Along the classic Grecian hills,
Nor prest the plains of Palestina,
Nor mused beside Olympian rills.

But I have stood amid the thunders,
When shook the towering granite height,
And trembled where the vivid lightnings
Blazed on the angry brow of night.

I've seen the headlong torrent leaping
From crag to cloven gulf beneath,
The rumbling snowslide's whelming terrors,
Descending on the wings of death.

Oh tell me not that grander tempests
Reverberate with louder roar
On Switzerland's historic summits,
Than on the Rockies high and hoar.

Say not the shores of limpid Lemian
Their cultured charms unrivalled hold,
While sylvan lakes in Wasatch highlands
An equal loveliness unfold.

Nor praise the skies of soft Italia,
Where suns in glory rise and set,
Till thou hast seen them bathe in brightness
The matchless hills of Deseret.

Sing not of Erin's famed Killarney ;
Laud not the wave of Galilee ;
For I have sailed the buoyant waters
Of Utah's wondrous saline sea.

I've climbed her ever-during mountains,
I've rested in her peaceful vales,
I've quaffed her pure and sparkling streamlets,
I've breathed her life-renewing gales.

I love the land that gave me being ;
Her features e'er shall seem to me
More beautiful than boasted marvels
Of all the realms beyond the sea.

THE LILY AND THE BEE.

A LILY in a desert land
Drank in the dewy air
Of snowy crag and crystal stream,
A flower divinely fair.

The summer Breezes wandered by,
None lingering there to woo ;
Each sought a beauteous bride to win,
But whispered, " She'll ne'er do."

Her chastity their ardor chilled,
For she was as the snow
Crowning her native mountain tops,
Tinged with the sunset glow.

The Lily mourned her lonely lot,
And tears chased down her cheek,
Till at her feet a briny lake
Mirrored each glittering peak.

Into its glassy depths she gazed,
And found that she was fair.
Thenceforth she smiled a sweeter smile
Than she was wont to wear.

Vain smiles and tears. The Seasons came,
But cared not long to stay,
Seeking the land of gold and flowers,
Beyond the desert gray.

A Bee flew forth one fateful morn,
Chased by an idle boy,
Who, fearful lest that busy life
Might his vain life annoy,

Besieged and sacked its honeyed hive,
And gave to wind and flame
The precious fruits of patient toil :
All perished but the name.

The Bee winged far its pilgrim flight
O'er prairie, peak and plain ;
It reached the Lily's rock-girt land,
And knew pursuit was vain.

It bent and kissed the drooping flower,
Whose tears to nectar turned,
And sweetened all that bitter land,
By Breeze and Season spurned.

They wedded in the wilderness,—
The Lily and the Bee,
And men maintain 'twas then God gave
The Land to Industry;

Gave Utah to the Pioneer,
Whose patient valor won
Our land to law and liberty
For patriot sire and son.

THE PIONEERS.

MIDSUMMER morn. On mountain, vale and
stream,

The generous sun bestows a golden beam,
Crowning with glory range of hills on hills,
And darting life through all their thousand rills.

No sound disturbs the stillness of that scene—
So bare, so bright, so savage, yet serene—

Save where the torrent's distant voice is heard,
Mingling with music of the mountain bird,
Or minstrel cricket, 'neath his drooping blade,
Chirps cheerily a ceaseless serenade.

But breaks upon the ear a stranger sound,
Reflung from echoing heights that far surround—
Grim sentinels, that warn what would intrude
To mar the sway of kingly solitude.

Now nearer borne upon the rising breeze,
The roll of rocks and crash of falling trees
Blend harsh at intervals with human shout
And clattering wheels along the rugged route.

Lo ! issuing from the canyon's rough defile,
Where frowns on either side a lofty pile,
A little band of sunburnt mountaineers
Halt on the ridge whose milder crest uprears,
The towering peaks and plain to intervene,
And gaze with wonder on the glorious scene.

Ah ! marvel nothing if the eye may trace
The care lines on each toil-worn hero's face;
Nor yet, if down his cheek in silent show
The trickling tides of tender feeling flow.
Tears not of weakness, nor of sorrow's mood,
As when o'er vanished joys sad memories brood ;

Far richer fount those fearless eyes bedewed—
They wept the golden drops of gratitude.

Wherefore? Ask of the bleak and biting wind,
The rivers, rocks and deserts left behind;
The parching plain, the prairie's rolling waves,
A path of pain, a trail of nameless graves;
The city fair, where widowed loneliness
Weeps her lost children in the wilderness;
The river broad, along whose icy bridge
Their bleeding feet red-hued each frozen ridge;
The wondering world, that looked to see them die
On barren wilds beneath a wintry sky.

Would e'en the coldest heart forbear to say
Good cause had gratitude to weep that day?
Or censure for a flow of manly tears
That brave-souled band—Immortal Pioneers?

Their names? Go view them on the Golden Page,
The gift of glory to remotest age;
The van of civilization's westward sweep,
The few that sowed where millions yet shall reap.

MY DREAM.

MY native hills! My native hills!
A dream of you my slumber fills,
And all my being throbs and thrills,
Dreaming of you, dear native hills!

I gaze on grandeur past compare,
On wildwood glen and leafy lair,
Where rills meander half afraid
To venture through the haunted shade
Of sylvan nooks that nest between
Your sunny slopes of gold and green.

I dream of proud scholastic halls,
Of winding walks and ivied walls,
Where all the ancient Muses meet
To grace Instruction's classic seat,
And springs of art and science pour
The nectar of delightful lore.

O lovely land of vale and hill,
Of mossy rock and murmuring rill,
Of fragrant meads and flowering lawns,
Where crimson sunsets, golden dawns,
Gild fane and finial—symbols bright
Of kindling mind 'neath culture's light!

Of you I dream—and then appears,
Dim through a mist of tender tears,
Each face and form of those I love,
My heritage from Him above—
Noblest of sons, and daughters fair,
And children's children, mingle there.

And when I fold them in my arms,
How commonplace all other charms!
No longer seen, they melt away,
As moonlit night dissolves in day.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

MIDWAY of life, in meditative mood,
I lingered where in youthful years I stood,
Spelled by the splendor of a crystal fall,
A leaping wonder o'er a mountain wall.
Alone I gazed, where many then beheld,
While foaming, wind-flung waters surged and swelled,
Whirling to wheel and furrow far away,
And giving power where prisoned lightnings play.

I listened to the river's plaintive roar,
And dreamed of loved companions gone before;
And o'er my dream there fell a mist of tears,
Veiling the vision of departed years.

"Behold me still," the torrent seemed to say,
"But eyes that once looked on me, where are they?
A type of time thy fleeting race must be,
And mine the symbol of Eternity.

"Again, again, come I into the world,
From peak to plain my waters downward hurled;
Then up to riven rain-clouds whence I fell,
Or back to ocean's breast my source to swell;

Ascending and descending o'er and o'er,
Blessing the myriads I have blessed before.
Say, am I not the mightier of the twain,
And man less noble than a drop of rain?"

Then answered I the river on this wise:
Dost thou, O stream, humanity despise?
Long after thou hast lived thy little day,
That greater flood shall flow, and flow away.

From world to world life's endless river runs;
Unmeasured are its days by earthly suns.
Thy waters find a grave in time's sad sea;
Man's goal the ocean of Eternity.

I'll liken thee to Truth's repouring wave,
 Mighty to comfort, kindle, strengthen, save ;
 A symbol thou, a semblance of the word ;
 But man the very image of his Lord.

When there shall be no sea, no peak, no plain,
 Eternally that Image shall remain.
 Who told thee man would come on earth no more ?
 Earth will be Heaven, man's empire evermore.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALE.

THERE'S a mountain named Stern Justice,
 Tall and towering, gloomy, grand,
 Frowning o'er a vale called Mercy,
 Loveliest in all the land.

Great and mighty is the mountain,
 But its snowy crags are cold,
 And in vain the sunlight lingers
 On the summit proud and bold.

There is warmth within the valley,
 And I love to wander there,
 'Mid the fountains and the flowers,
 Breathing fragrance on the air.

Much I love the solemn mountain,
It doth meet my somber mood,
When, amid the muttering thunders,
O'er my soul the storm-clouds brood.

But when tears, like rain, have fallen
From the fountain of my woe,
And my soul has lost its fierceness,
Straight unto the vale I go.

There the landscape, gently smiling,
O'er my heart pours healing balm,
And, as oil on troubled waters,
Brings from out its storm a calm.

Yes, I love both vale and mountain,
Ne'er from either would I part ;
Each unto my life is needful,
Both are dear unto my heart.

For the smiling vale doth soften
All the rugged steep makes sad,
And from icy rocks meander
Rills that make the valley glad.

ELECT OF ELOHIM.

I.

SING I a song of aeons gone,
Of life from mystery sprung,
Ere sun or moon or rolling stars
Their radiance earthward flung;
Ere spirit-winged intelligence
Forsook those shining spheres,
Exceeding glory there to gain
Through mortal toil and tears.

A song they learn whose lives eterne
Transcend yon twinkling light,
Pale Olea's silver beam outsoar,
Shinea's golden flight;
Passing the angel sentries by,
Mounting o'er stars and suns,
To where the orbs that govern burn,
Royal and regnant ones.

Declare, O Muse of mightier wing,
Of loftier lore than mine!
Why God is God, and man may be
Both human and divine;

Why Sons of God, 'mid sons of men,
Unrecognized may dwell,
So masked in dense mortality
That none their truth can tell.

In solemn council sat the Gods ;
From Kolob's height supreme,
Celestial light blazed forth afar
O'er countless kokaubeam.
And faintest tinge, the fiery fringe
Of that resplendent day,
'Lumined the dark abysmal realm
Where Earth in chaos lay.

Silence. That awful hour was one
When thought doth most avail;
Of worlds unborn the destiny
Hung trembling in the scale.
Silence self-spelled, and there arose,
Those kings and priests among,
A Power sublime, than whom appeared
None mightier 'mid the throng.

A stature mingling strength with grace,
Of meek though godlike mien;
The glory of whose countenance
Outshone the noonday sheen.

Whiter his hair than ocean spray,
Or frost of alpine hill.
He spake;—attention grew more grave,
The stillness e'en more still.

“Father!” the voice like music fell,
Clear as the murmuring flow
Of mountain streamlet trickling down
From heights of virgin snow.
“Father,” it said, “since One must die,
Thy children to redeem
From worlds all formless now and void,
Where myriad life shall teem;

“And mighty Michael foremost fall
That mortal man may be;
And chosen Savior yet must send,
Lo, here am I—send me!
I ask, I seek no recompense,
Save that which then were mine;
Mine be the willing sacrifice,
The endless glory Thine!

“Give me to lead to this lorn world,
When wandered from the fold,
Twelve legions of the noble ones
That now thy face behold;

Tried souls, 'mid untried spirits found,
That captained these may be,
And crowned the dispensations all
With powers of Deity.

Who bide unblamed the spirit state
Shall clothe in mortal clay—
The stepping-stone to glories all,
If men will God obey;
Believing where they cannot see,
Till they again shall know,
And answer give, reward receive,
For all deeds done below.

“The Love that hath redeemed all worlds
All worlds must still redeem;
But mercy cannot justice rob—
Or where were Elohim?
Freedom—man's faith, man's work, God's grace—
Must span the great gulf o'er;
Life, death, the guerdon or the doom,
Rejoice we or deplore.”

Still rang that voice, when sudden rose
Aloft a towering Form,
Proudly erect as lowering peak
'Lumed by the gathering storm ;

A presence bright and beautiful,
With eye of flashing fire,
A lip whose haughty curl bespoke
A sense of inward ire.

“Send me!”—coiled 'neath his courtly smile
A scarce-concealed disdain—
“And none shall hence, from Heaven to Earth,
That shall not rise again.

My saving plan exception scorns.
Man's will?—Nay, mine alone.
As recompense, I claim the right
To sit on yonder Throne!”

Ceased Lucifer. The breathless hush
Resumed and denser grew.
All eyes were turned; the general gaze
One common Magnet drew.
A moment there was solemn pause—
Listened Eternity,
While rolled from lips omnipotent
The Father's firm decree :

“Jehovah, thou my Messenger!
Son Ahman, thee I send!
And one shall go thy face before,
While twelve thy steps attend.

And many more on that far shore
The pathway shall prepare,
That I, the First, the last may come,
And Earth my glory share.

After and ere thy going down,
An army shall descend,
The host of God and house of him
Whom I have named my Friend.
Peopling Idumea's hills and plains,
Shall come life's mass to leaven,
The guileless ones, the sovereign sons,
Throned on the heights of Heaven.

Go forth, thou chosen of the Gods,
Whose strength shall in thee dwell!
Go down betime and rescue Earth,
Dethroning Death and Hell.
On thee alone man's fate depends,
The fate of beings all,
Thou shalt not fail, though thou art free—
Free, but too great to fall.

“By Arm divine, both mine and thine,
The lost shalt thou restore,
And man, redeemed, with God shall be,
As God forevermore.

Return, and to the parent fold

This wandering planet bring,
And Earth shall hail thee Conqueror,
And Heaven proclaim thee King."

'Twas done. From congregation vast,
Tumultuous murmurs rose;
Waves of conflicting sound, as when
Two meeting seas oppose.

'Twas finished. But the heavens wept;
And still their annals tell
How One was choice of Elohim,
O'er One who fighting fell.

II.

A stranger Star that came from far
To fling its silver ray,
Where, cradled in a lowly cave,
A lowlier Infant lay;
And led by soft sidereal light,
The Orient sages bring
Rare gifts of gold and frankincense,
To greet the homeless King.

O wondrous grace! Will Gods go down
Thus low that men may rise?
Imprisoned here the Mighty One,
Who reigned in yonder skies?

Hark to that chime! What tongue sublime
 Now tells the hour of noon,
 As on a dying world descends
 Life's life—God's greatest boon?

Proclaim Him, prophet harbinger!
 Make plain the Mightier's way,
 Thou sharer of his martyrdom!
 Elias? Yea and Nay.

The crescent Moon, that knew the Sun,
 Ere Stars had learned to shine;
 The waning Moon, that bathed in blood,
 Ere sank the Sun divine.

“Glory to God! Good will to man!
 Peace, peace!”—triumphal tone.
 Peace? peace?” Is discord then no more?
 Are Earth and Heaven as one?
 Peace to the soul that serveth Him,
 The monarch manger-born;
 There ruler of unnumbered realms,
 Here throneless and forlorn.

He wandered through the faithless world,
 A prince in shepherd guise;
 He called his scattered flock, but few
 The Voice did recognize;

For minds upborne by hollow pride,
Or dimmed by sordid lust,
Ne'er look for kings in beggar's garb,
For diamonds in the dust.

Wept He above a City doomed,
Her temple, walls and towers,
O'er palaces where recreant priests
Usurped unhallowed powers.
"I am the way, the life, the light!"
Alas! 'twas heeded not.
Ignored, nay, mocked—God scorned by man!
And spurned the truth He taught.

O bane of damning unbelief!
Till now whene'er so rife?
Thou stumbling stone, thou barrier 'thwart
The gates of endless life?
O love-of-self and mammon-lust!
Twin portals to despair,
Where bigotry, the blinded bat,
Flaps through the midnight air.

Through these, gloom-wrapt Gethsemane!
Thy glens of guilty shade
Grieved o'er the sinless Son of God,
By gold-bought kiss betrayed;

Beheld him unresisting dragged,
Forsaken, friendless, lone,
To halls where dark-browed Hatred sat
On Judgment's lofty throne.

As sheep before his shearers, dumb,
Those patient lips were mute;
The clamorous charge of taunting tongues
He deigned not to dispute.
They smote with cruel palm a face
Which felt yet bore the sting;
Then crowned with thorns his quivering brow,
And, mocking, hailed him "King!"

Transfixt He hung—O crime of crimes!—
The God whom worlds adore.
"Father, forgive them!" Drained the dregs;
Immanuel—no more.
No more where thunders shook the earth,
Where lightnings, 'thwart the gloom,
Saw that unconquered Spirit spurn
The shackles of the tomb.

Far-flaming falchion, sword of light,
Swift-flashing from its sheath,
It cleft the realms of darkness and
Dissolved the bands of death.

Hell's dungeons burst, wide open swung
 The everlasting bars,
 Whereby the ransomed soul shall win
 Those heights beyond the stars.

COLUMBUS.

SO long as lofty peaks, o'er lowly plains,
 Give foremost welcome to the dawning light
 That maketh glad this dark and sorrowing world,
 So long shall men, great, godlike men be found,
 To loom above the level of their kind,
 And greet the earliest rays of rising Truth.

What though the doubting many scoff and scorn,
 Deaf to their pleadings, blind where they behold;
 Content to linger in tradition's vale,
 And hating those who toil to heights beyond?
 These walk with God, in unfrequented ways,
 Commune with Him in mind's deep solitude,
 And having lit the torch at His pure flame,
 Like Moses from the blazing Mount descend,
 To kindle wisdom's beacons for mankind.

Of such a one I sing—the Genovese,
 The pioneer of ocean's wilderness,

The conqueror and colossus of the waves,
Who stood on meditation's mountain top,
Above the mists that mantled all below,
And, looking on the world, proclaimed it "round";
Ere came Copernicus to cry "It moves,"
Ere Galileo came, whose soaring soul
With searching lens the universe unveiled,
Startling a world long steeped in pagan lore.

Thrice kingly three, uncourtiered and uncrowned.
Not theirs the purple robe and diadem.
Whom knowledge crowns, full oft doth misery clothe;
Chains were their scepters, dungeon cells their thrones.
Ay, such thy portion proud, O sailor sage!
The meed of all thy waiting, wandering toil.
What marvel?—thou wert God's, not man's elect,
And thou didst serve Eternity, not Time.

Of tyrant priests and princes, despots vile,
Who governed but to goad and gall mankind,
The groaning world was weary; and the hour,
The destined hour when Freedom's prostrate form,
Shackled and trodden through the centuries,
Should rise, as Samson rose, and rend his bonds,
And stand erect in awful majesty,
Shaking his locks in anger at his foes,
Drew on apace.

'Twas meet that ere that hour
Of tottering thrones and trembling dynasties,
That day of reckoning and red revenge
On crowned and mitred heads and reeking hands,
On grinding greed and trampling tyranny,
A haven from the universal storm
That France saw fiercely burst—yet only saw
The faint beginning, not the furious end—
Should Heaven prepare.

A Land of Liberty,
A home of peace and human brotherhood,
Where men might equal stand, a sovereign host,
Nor owe to haughty birth their high degree ;
Where Merit's star o'er Mammon's might ascend ;
Where brain and brawn should blood and birth out-
weigh ;
Where law should liberty as life defend,
And tyranny be traitor to the realm ;
Where right with might should monarch rise and
reign
O'er all that breathed or blossomed 'neath the sun.
There, linked in love and mutual helpfulness,
Serving and being served—the many one—
A sisterhood of empires, hand in hand,
Timing their steps with Truth's triumphal tread,

Could march to music of Millennial strains ;
Foreshadowing a world-wide Commonweal,
With Freedom's Ensign waving over all.

The brave task thine, bold wrestler with the main,
Tossed not alone on wild Atlantic's crest,
But on an ocean angrier, stormier still—
The unbelief and envy of an age
Of bigot power and superstitious fear,
Whose waves of cold contempt had nigh o'erwhelmed
The bark of thy adventurous emprise,
Ere glorious Isabella's friendship beamed,
And Palos saw thy slow-descending sail!—
The brave task thine, thou Titan of thy time,
Albeit thy lot to better build than know,
To plow a path for Freedom through the seas,
And pave the way for her great champion,
Whose angel-weaponed, heaven-uplifted arm,
Mailed with the might that gives omnipotence,
Sundered the chain which bound, a captive slave
To Britain's car, Columbia's bleeding form.
Then gained o'er self a grander victory
Than battling hosts with bristling steel might win;
Turning from all he was or might have been,
To seek the sweet seclusion of repose,
Putting aside the proffered kingly crown,

Sufficed to reign, where kings! too rarely reign,
Without a rival in his country's love.

And thou the glory of that deed dost share,
Which gave to half the world, thy hemisphere,
What all shall have and hold ere Time expire ;
Since Truth proclaims, had no Columbus been,
Our land had never known a Washington.

What though, his plighted faith dishonoring,
A king's ingratitude thy claim repel,
Withholding honor and emolument,
The rightful recompense of thee and thine ?
Unpaid the claim because unpayable.
Could'st wish the great debt canceled ? Gaze again !

Behold a nation, spreading as a tree,
A generous nation, welcoming from far
The world's down-trodden, Freedom's refugees,
Flocking to her from every coast and clime !
That tree was of thy planting—God's and thine—
And symbols one whose leaves the nations heal.

Thou did'st not live to reap fame's full reward;
Nor yet to witness fame's worst mockery—
Another's name upon the monument
Justice designed, and still demands, for thee;
But lived to eat the bread of penury,

And moist its bitter crust with burning tears ;
 To wear a felon's chain and pass anon
 Unpitied to the tomb.

As some brave bark,
 'Gainst which the treacherous winds and waves
 conspire,
 Afar by tempest furies lashed and driven,
 Dismantled, shattered, wrecked, on rocky reef
 Goes down in raging seas; so sank thy soul,
 Thy stalwart soul, beneath life's stormy wave ;
 Thy greatness lost in man's ingratitude.
 Lost but to man's—not to thy Maker's gaze.
 That ship sails on, and still sails on and on,
 Like to yon sun forsaking Europe's shore,
 America day by day discovering.

What glorious walls and glittering towers appear ?
 For whom hath Honor reared these radiant domes ?
 City Immaculate on Michigan !*
 Why wend, as pilgrims to a votive shrine,
 Such earnest throngs, such eager multitudes ?
 These walls and towers are thine, O sainted soul !
 Upreared to Science, Art and Industry,

*An allusion to the famed "White City" of the World's
 Columbian Exposition, U.S.A., 1892-3.

Their shining fingers point thy place of rest.
Thy temples these, and these thy votaries,
Who hither throng to kneel and pour their praise.

From that proud coast, whence thy frail caravel,
Burdened with hopes and fears and mutinies,
By breath of destiny was hither blown;
From far Cipango's isle, and Buddha's home,
For which thy prows pierced ocean's mystery;
From every realm beyond the watery way,
Princes and priests and peoples, tribes and tongues,
Unnumbered hosts of willing worshippers!

Look down upon a tardy-waking world,
Which late divines what thou didst early know;
A world that praises where it once profaned,
Adores where then it scoffed, and lauds where blamed.
Time's wheel hath turned, and right comes uppermost;
Last first, first last. Columbus—Ferdinand—
Which is the king, and which the vassal now?

If fame be wealth, what wealth untold is thine?
If love be empire, where thy kingdom's bound?
All creeds, all nations, bending at the shrine
Columbia, loyal to thy name, doth raise.

And thus the present for the past atones,
And more than Spain once promised, Earth now pays.

NAPOLEON.

MEN may be kings, and not of royal race,
To track their life-stream through the centuries.
To teach this truth, God granted one to place
His heel upon the neck of dynasties.

Then of himself, Colossus-like, to build
A bridge that made men equal in his realm,
Long torn and trampled while old Custom willed
That talent ply the oars, fools poise the helm.

Earthquake of death and destiny! thy name,
A mighty synonym for good and ill,
Shining—o'ershadowing—mingled cloud and flame,
Crowning the crest of glory's blood-stained hill!

What spell prevails, that tongue nor pen may speak
Pure truth, unuttered yet as touching thee?
E'en History the foeman's wrath must wreak,
Or trump thy praise in tones of flattery.

Whence thy great power, world-conquering Corsican?
And where thy place ere Europe's sun arose—
Ere flashed thy lightning life from God to man,
Blinding alike the eyes of friends and foes?

Who, dazzled by the glare of thy swift soul,
 Saw not the Sender's purpose high and pure,
 Saw of His plan the part, but not the whole,
 Saw but defeat in victory vast and sure.

Say, wast thou marshaled with the Morning Stars,
 That in their ancient orbits choring whirled,
 There harping of their human avatars,
 Around the cradle of the infant world ?

Perchance 'gainst Lucifer thy spirit warred,
 Winning the right to wear mortality ;
 Perchance 'gainst Sisera drew mystic sword,
 That Israel from Canaan might be free.

Ne'er chimed by petty chance thy natal hour :
 A vapor vile called forth thy cleansing flame ;
 A trampled world lay groaning 'neath the power
 Of despots, weaving fast their shrouds of shame.

Till fettered Serfdom, rending his fell chain,
 Shrieked fiercely his wild warning, " Liberty !"
 And kings turned pale when Gallic peak and plain
 Threw up the thundrous shout, " Equality !"

The Revolution's gathered storm-cloud burst ;
 Where fell the Bastille rose the Guillotine,
 Draining a nation's life to drown the thirst
 Of ghoulish monsters, glutting their mad spleen.

Red Terror's reign was o'er, but France was tossed,
A tempest-beaten bark on seas of blood;
Must grasp her helm an iron hand, or lost
Was all for which she swept the sanguine flood.

That hand was thine; and if it fell thy lot
To play the tyrant, and in turn atone,
That thy true mission might not be forgot,
What matter, if the destined work was done?

Who shall declare thy doom, or e'en aspire
To point the place where thou didst mar the plan
Of Him who made thee as a flaming fire,
To scourge the pride and wreck the pomp of man?

As well might man the whirlwind's fury guide,
Or sit in judgment on the thunderbolt,
Or on the Hand that hurled it, as decide
Thy course, thou missile from Fate's catapult!

The tool was fashioned as the task inspired,
The task foreknown ere yet the tool was formed;
The battle fought before a shot was fired,
The fortress won before a wall was stormed.

That reeking sword was retribution's scythe,
That red right hand God's harvester of wrong.
But this, of thy great task, was scarce the tithe,
Nor half the tale told by thy cannon's tongue.

Thy mighty mission more than Time's revenge;
Through thee a Voice Omnipotent did speak,
King's loins to loose, pride's portals to unhinge,
And bolts and bars of tyranny to break.

For France and freedom first the Eagle flies,
To pounce and pierce where foreign foes invade.
There triumphing, War's master turns and plies
'Gainst pride and tyranny his trenchant blade.

She of the scarlet robe and triple crown,
Who swayed o'er prostrate emperors' pliant wills,
When life or death hung on her smile or frown,
Now heard thy thunder shake her seven hills.

O'er Egypt's conquered Nile and Pyramids,
Then waved anew the plague-producing rod,
And forty centuries frowned upon the deeds
That turned again her rivers into blood.

But men beheld till thrones were downward cast,
And Bourbons and Braganzas fled amazed;
And all the world stood still and stared aghast,
When proud Vienna stooped, when Moscow blazed,
And Berlin, bending to her bitter fate,
As bends a stricken oak before the storm—
Madrid, Rome, Lisbon, ope'd the shattered gate
To him who smote with ever-conquering arm.

While on thy brow, begueredoned of a nation,
The jeweled emblem of an empire shone,
And dukes and monarchs of a day's creation
As satellites surrounded thy dread throne.

Murat, Duroc, Ney, Lannes, Soult, Berthier,
Princes of loftiest and of lowliest birth,
Each lent Napoleon's sun an added ray,
To spread his splendor o'er the quaking earth.

The spell was broken. Ne'er again could bind
A human heart the fragile fallacy,
That men are monarchs, not for kingly mind,
But haughty birth and blood heredity;

That none need seek, save sons of lofty sires,
For fame, for fortune, or for merit's meed;
That it were vain to fan promethean fires
Except in bosoms of patrician breed.

To prove it false, thy soul's volcanic fire,
Bursting the bars that prisoned it below,
Shot upward, mounting higher and still higher,
Till e'en the very stars forgot to glow.

The barriers down, behold the flower of France,
The pride and hope of Gallic chivalry,
Her sons of might and merit, swift advance
To grace the lists in glory's rivalry.

While torrent-like the love of liberty
 Sweeps o'er the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees,
 Where patriot ranks repel thy tyranny,
 From Scythian snows to Lusitanian seas.

Didst marvel, tyrant-trampler, treader-down
 Of pride's disdain and power's perverted sway,
 Should grow such grain from seed thy hand had sown
 Ere thou didst deign the despot's role to play?

O child and champion of freedom's cause!

O demigod of stern democracy!

How couldst thou, e'en to win a world's applause,
 Abandon thus thy brighter destiny?—

Blighting the glorious growth of freedom's flower,
 Frost-bitten, dwarfed—but not by thee alone;
 And giving banded despots pretext-power
 To foist on France a thrice-rejected throne!

Hadst been content to batter down the walls
 And sweep away the lines of rank and caste,
 Which curst and cumbered earth with needless thralls,
 The world had lived thy debtor to the last.

Thy debtor now far more than men confess,
 Far more, I ween, than finite mind conceives;
 And yet, than might have been, so sadly less,
 That friendship sighs, and envy all but grieves.

Sped not thy spirit from its home afar,
One of a host to clear the Conqueror's way?
Angels of life and death, of peace and war,
That win for Freedom universal sway?

But thou, forsooth, must found a dynasty,
And reign as sovereign o'er a world enslaved!
Then fortune frowned and fled, and victory
No longer hovered where thy banners waved.

Withdrawn the wondrous panoply of power,
Which rendered thee Achilles-like till then;
And thou—a Titan till that fateful hour—
A Samson shorn, wert e'en as other men!

Vain further strife. From Borodino's field
Flowed blood to smother more than Moscow's flame;
But still that flame burnt on, and thou didst yield
To frost and fire what combat ne'er could claim.

And Leipsic came, and crimson Waterloo,
To write in blood an empire's epitaph;
And loomed for thee, above Atlantic's blue,
Helena's rock, thy wave-washed cenotaph;

The monument that evermore must bear
The glittering terror of thy glorious name,
E'en though the trembling captor still should fear
To carve it on that flinty scroll of fame.

Which guarded well the long-imprisoned dust,
Dreadful in death, no less than when in life
It housed the human thunderbolt that thrust
Kings from their thrones and filled the world with
strife.

Small wonder these the memory would erase,
That wreathed thy brow with glory, theirs with
shame,
And gloating o'er thy fall from fortune's grace,
Would e'en withhold from history thy name.

As if thou couldst not be, save by permits
Of princes, such as once thy breath could make !
As if Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz,
Were dreams, not deeds that caused their thrones
to quake !

In vain detraction, o'er thy prostrate form,
To Leipsic points, and prates of Waterloo,
Where hawks around one wounded eagle swarm,
To pluck his plumage and to pierce him through.

True, thou didst fall, but 'twas as Cæsar fell,
By triple foemen, armed with traitor steel ;
A stalwart stag at bay, who could not quell
The howling pack that hemmed him toe and heel.

For Nemesis had willed the trap to spring,
Which, opening under, let thy ruin through ;
And Mars' fierce bolt now broke the Eagle's wing,
Soaring from Montenotte to Waterloo.

Mark how the course of retribution runs,
How Justice holds o'er all her balanced scale ;
How stars do stars eclipse, and blazing suns,
Obscured ofttimes by lesser planets, pale.

What thou, Napoleon, wert to Hapsburg's line,
To Bourbon's house, Braganza's lineal tree,
To all who tyrannized by "right divine,"
The Briton and the Teuton were to thee !

Caged Lion of the Desert ! when the door
Of exile closed on thy captivity,
And shook the nations thy indignant roar,
Protesting in the name of Liberty,

Didst think on Europe's fetters, forged by thee ?
Of conquered kings, thy captives and thy slaves ?
Of chains thou wouldst have laid on land and sea,
To bind a world, to quell the winds and waves ?

When death's dread messenger thy breast assailed,
And drained thy soul the dregs of misery,
Till warring pain o'er vanquished flesh prevailed,
Didst liquidate thy life's delinquency ?

If so, thy agony was not in vain ;

Perchance it proved an angel in disguise,
That washed thy spirit free from guilty stain,
And lent it wings to mount to Mercy's skies.

Thy fate most piteous was then most just,
Most merciful, most needful for thy weal.
Whate'er man's motive, His let none mistrust,
Who whirled thy soul on expiation's wheel.

The Gods decree what shall be—and 'tis done ;
The strong then weaken, and the swift stand still ;
Success but wins a race already won ;
And e'en defeat the fiat doth fulfill.

Man hath no freedom that can fetter God ;
All agency but acts within its sphere,
And, circumscribed, must own His sovereign rod,
And to His mighty purpose minister.

And who shall say that none but noble deeds
Subserve Divinity's supreme design ?
That Lucifer's rebellion bore no seeds
Save those whose shoots must ever be malign ?

The bark that founders where the broken wave
Betrays the hidden reef, a warning gives,
That other ships and other souls may save,
When naught but memory of the wreck survives.

Time's checkered course is all a tragic play ;

Some actors praised, some blamed, from first to last.

But, good or evil, who can judge them—Say ?

That Power alone by whom the parts were cast.

THE MESSENGER OF MORN.

DAY from his quiver drew a shining shaft,
And 'thwart the Night the flaming arrow flew.

Hark to a cry that cleaves the wilderness,

Pealing the clarion prelude to the dawn !

“Wake, slumbering world ! Vain dreamer, dream no
more !

The shadows lift, and o'er night's dusky beach

Ripple the white waves of morn. Awake ! Arise !”

Who towers aloft, as mountain girt with hills,

Amid the strength of Ephraim's stalwart sons,

To trumpet thus the closing act of Time ?

Speak, oracle, what sayest thou of thyself ?

Who art thou, man of might and majesty ?

“Would God I might but tell thee who I am !

Would God I might but tell thee what I know !”

Then was he of the mighty—one with those

Descended from the Empire of the Sun,

Adown the glowing stairway of the stars,
Regnant and ruling ere they left the realms
Of life supernal, left their sovereign thrones,
To wander oft as outcasts of mankind,
Unknown, unhonored, e'en like One who came
Unto his own, by them spat on and spurned?
Great ones, worthy the Word that was to come;
Peers of the Empire of Omnipotence;
The sceptered satraps of the King of Kings;
Progression's vanguard and Perfection's train,
Of Heaven's first-born, the royal retinue,
Building the highway for Messiah's feet,
And wheresoe'er He fareth following.

I saw in vision such a one descend,
And garb him in a guise of common clay;
His glory veiling from the gaze of all,
Who wist not that a great one walked with men.
Nor knew it then the soul incarnate there,
Betwixt the temporal and spirit spheres
So dense forgetfulness doth intervene;
Yet learned his truth betime by angel tongues,
By voice of God, by heavenly whisperings.

A living Prophet unto dying Time,
Heralding the Dispensation of the End,
When comes the Shepherd-King unto his own;

When potent weak confound the puny strong,
Threshing the nations by the Spirit's power,
That here the Father's work may crown the Son's,
And Earth be joined a holy bride to Heaven,
A queen 'mid queens, crowned, throned and glorified.

Wherefore came down this Angel of the Dawn,
In strength divine, a stirring role to play
In Time's tense tragedy, whose acts are seven.
His part to fell the false, replant the true,
To clear away the wreckage of the past,
The ashes of its dead and dying creeds,
And kindle newly on earth's ancient shrine
The Light that points to Life unerringly ;
Crowning what has been with what now must be ;
A mighty still bespeaking Mightier.

Earth rose from wintry sleep, baptised and cleansed,
And on her tranquil brow, that seemed to feel
The holy and confirming hand of Heaven,
The warm light in a wealth of glory streamed.

Deep in the calm of woodland solitudes,
Nature, deft handmaid of Divinity,
With skill incomparable had set the scene
For some glad change, some joyful happening,
Told in the countless caroling of birds,

Darting commingled hues like tongues of flame,
Gilding the springtime foliage and flowers.

Glad happening, in sooth, for ne'er before,
Since burst the heavens when Judah's star-lit hills
Heard angel choristers peal joy's refrain
Above the mangered Babe of Bethlehem,
Had earth such scene beheld, as now within
The bosom of that sylvan solitude,
Hard by the borders of a humble home,
Upon a fair and fateful morn was played.

Players, immortal Twain and mortal one,
A rustic lad, unschooled and lowly born,
Standing but fourteen steps upon life's stair ;
Boy and yet man, thinker of thoughts profound
Boy and yet man, dreamer of lofty dreams.

Not solemn, save betimes, when hovered near
Some winged inspiration from far worlds,
Some master thought sent down from mightier
spheres,
To lay on human hearts a spell divine ;
Not melancholy—mirthful, loving life,
And brimming o'er with health and wholesome glee.
Bowling to God, yet bending to no creed,
Adoring not a man-made deity,

That saved or damned regardless of desert,
Ne'er reckoning the good or evil done ;
Loving and worshipping the only God,
The God of Enoch and of Abraham,
The Christian God when Christian faith was pure,
The gracious God of reason and of right,
Long-suffering and just and merciful,
Meting to every work fit recompense,
Yet giving more, far more, than merit's claim ;
Bowing to Him, but not to idols vain,
And shunning shameful strife where peace should
 dwell,

He holds aloof from those degenerate sects,
Bewildering Babel of conflicting creeds,
And pondering a promise pledged of old—
"To him who wisdom seeks, is wisdom given,"
Trusts the good word and puts it to the test.

What pen can paint the marvel that befell ?
What tongue the wondrous miracle portray ?
Whose dual Presence dimmed the noonday beam,
Communing with him there, as friend with friend,
And giving to that prayer reply of peace ?

E'en as when Moses, on the unknown mount,
Strove 'gainst the rage of baffled Lucifer,
Who fain had guised him as the Glorious One,

To win the worship of that prophet pure—
E'en so with gloom he strove ere glory dawned,
And black despair met bright deliverance.

Within that silent grove, sequestered shade,
While spirit hosts unseen spectators stood,
Watching the simple scene's sublimity,
Eternity high converse held with Time ;
Time, mother of the marching centuries,
Mother of ages, dispensations flown,
There bringing forth her last and mightiest child,
There launching the beginning of the End.

Hark to a call whose clear familiar tone
Was heard from heavenly heights in æons past,
Was known in times and worlds that went before !
Call of the Spirit, answered by the Blood,
Voice of the Shepherd, by the sheep well known.

Now, Israel, to the Rock whence ye were hewn !
Roll, rills and rivers, to your Origin !
For He that scattered, gathereth his flock,
His ancient flock, and sets their pilgrim feet
On Joseph's mountain tops and Judah's plains ;
Recalls the children of the Covenant
From long dispersion o'er the Gentile world,
Mingling their spirits with the mystic sea

Which sent them forth as freshening showers to save
The parched and withered wastes of unbelief.

Japheth ! thy planet pales—it sinks—it sets.
Henceforth 'tis Jacob's star must rise and reign.

“ Daughter of Zion ! be thou comforted,
And wash from thy wan cheek all trace of tears,
Gone are the days of dole and widowhood,
The days of barrenness that brought thee scorn ;
Thy wilderness now weds, thy desert blooms.

“ Rejoice, Jerusalem ! thou art redeemed ;
Again thy temple and thy towers arise ;
Heard is the harp of David in thy halls ;
Greater than Solomon's thy glory shines.

“ Gone are the Gold, the Silver, and the Bronze,
The conquering Iron and the crumbling Clay ;
World-wide, heaven-high, the Stone of Israel stands,
The Chaldean image as the Chaldean dream.

“ Time, mighty daughter of Eternity !
Mother of ages and of æons past !
Assemble now thy children at thy side,
And ere thou diest teach them to be one.
Link to its link rebind the broken chain
Of dispensations, glories, keys, and powers,

From Adam's fall unto Messiah's reign,
A thousand years of rest, a day with God,
While Shiloh reigns and Kolob once revolves!

“Six days thou, Earth, hast labored, and the seventh,
Thy sabbath, comes apace! Night's sceptre wanes,
And in the East the silvery Messenger
Gives silent token of the golden Dawn.”

His burden—Hear it, nations! Hear it, isles!
Ere falls an hour, night's darkest ere the dawn.
The Trial ends, the Judgment now begins—
Out, out of her, my people, saith your God!

Once more the Ancient Tidings among men!
Once more the Preparation and the Power!
The King of Heaven hath sent his harbinger—
Make ready for the coming of the King!

SPRINGTIME FANCIES.

I.

THOU art lovely, thou art fair,
Maid of sunny, golden hair!
Eye of azure 'neath its curl,
Lips of coral, teeth of pearl.

Sure the soul that has its shrine
In that face and form divine—
If such things did e'er agree—
Must a soul of beauty be.

Radiant as a vesper star;
Gazing fondly from afar,
To mine eyes thou dost appear
Being of a brighter sphere.

Though I ne'er may call thee mine,
Lovely star, still o'er me shine;
Though I ne'er may see thee more,
Still thy memory I'll adore.

Thou art lovely, thou art fair,
Maid of sunny, golden hair,
And thy silvery voice shall seem
As the music of a dream.

II.

I LOVE thee when I'm far away,
I worship when I'm near.

What magic lingers in thy touch,
To make all things more dear?

Where'er thy dainty foot hath trod
To me is hallowed ground,
And evermore to that fond goal,
A pilgrim I am found.

Whate'er thy glance hath rested on
Is glorified for aye.

Thy frown would be but beauteous night,
And if thou smile—'tis day.

MY SYLPH-LIKE LADY.

L IKER to lily than to rose,
My sylph-like lady stands;
Grace, from the glory of her hair,
To snow of tapering hands.

She moves, a gliding melody,
And music's voice is dumb,
Husht into silence, or unheard
In adoration's hum.

My lady speaks—'tis as a spell
Were laid on spirits all,
Eager her lightest word to win,
And wear her smile's sweet thrall.

Full many a look love's homage pays,
While hers is true to one ;
Less loyal, needle to the pole,
Star unto central sun.

Nor mine, nor thine—yet thine and mine,
For humblest flowers that blow
May bask them in the vernal beam,
And feel life's gladdening glow.

Shine out on all, thou sunny soul,
Sweet lady, sylph-like friend,
And I shall share in all of light
That heaven by thee doth lend.

LOVE'S PORTRAIT.

HER portrait I'll paint you,
But that will acquaint you
With only the least of her charms ;
Though her loveliness dare
With perfection compare,
And her sweetness all censure disarms.

From her dainty toe tips,
To where rose leaves for lips
Breathe a spell as of orchards abloom,
E'en the lily less white
Than this dream of delight,
Sent my soul to uplift and illumine.

As when evening's glow
Gilds the summits of snow
On Shasta's, on Helen's, high crest,
Mark the undulant line
Of a beauty divine,
A billow by moonbeams caressed !

But the mountains aglow
With the sun and the snow
Reveal not the treasures within ;
And the surges that shake
The long shore while they break,
What whisper from them can we win

Of the jewels and gold,
Of the riches untold
Lying hid in the deep coral caves,
Where the pearl hath a home
In the heart of the foam,
In the mystical realm of the waves ?

THE LOVE THAT LIVES.

Perchance when I try
 Not all helpless am I,
 Sweetest face, fairest form to extol ;
 But I never can tell
 Half the virtues that dwell
 In the depths of her glorified soul.

THE LOVE THAT LIVES.

I THOUGHT I loved thee, Darling,
 In the dear days gone before,
 When first thy beauty charmed me,
 When first its chain I wore ;
 When hotly flamed love's furnace,
 Yet flung no beacon-light,
 To guide through doubt and darkness,
 And glorify the night.

I know I loved thee, dear one,
 With heart and mind aglow,
 Ere passion's tumbling torrent
 Had learned love's placid flow.

'Twas love, but not love's fulness,
 The crown of after days,
 The sceptre of a dream divine
 That still my spirit sways.

I knew not then the meaning
Of that mysterious power,
Which makes strong men seem children,
Bids dwarfs to Titans tower.

I did not see thee, Darling,
Though near me thou didst bide,
Blooming in girlhood's garden,
Fairer than all beside.

But now I see thee—know thee,
Beneath a purer ray,
And love thee as I never loved,
And could not till today.

Pure passion, ripening, ripening still,
And evermore to range
From mighty unto mightier love,
Yet know no other change.



CUPID INTERVIEWED.

STAY, Cupid, tell me—what is love?
“’Tis something like a tree—
Known by its fruits, I fancy, sir,
And think you will agree.”

What are its fruits—sweet words and smiles?

“Nay, these its blossoms are,
The promises of fruit to come,
It may be near or far.”

And what are broken promises?

“Frost-bitten buds, of course;
Then sweet words change to bitter ones,
And smiles to frowns, or worse.”

And letters, notes—love’s messages?

“Oh, letters are but leaves,
Whereof the swain disconsolate
Hope’s chaplet fondly weaves.”

If letters looked for never come,

What must I then suppose?
“Your tree is barren, dead, or in
Another’s garden grows.”

Hold! What of kisses soft and warm?

“I really couldn’t say—
I never deal with metaphors
When kisses come my way.

“But still I answer—love, true love

Is very like a tree;
The longer grown the stronger grown,
Where’er that growth may be.

“Such love is not ephemeral,
It dies not with the day;
It’s flowers are heavenly immortelles,
It teems with fruit alway.

“But soul with soul must sympathise,
As sun and soil agree,
Or there shall come nor fruit nor flower;
For love is like a tree.”

A PROBLEM IN EVE-OLUTION.

HOW big was Adam’s apple, Pa,
That halted in his throat,
To show all down the centuries,
Beneath his billy-goat?

How happened it that Eve could gulp
And swallow all o’ hern,
While Adam could not get his down
By any twist or turn?

The reason is, my little lad,
That Adam was a frog,
In throttle just about the size
Of yonder polly-wog.

The apple was not over large,
But froggie's throat was small—
No wonder modern science doubts
He got it in at all;

While Eve was woman from the first,
She'd swallow anything—
Apples, gossip, sweets galore,
Whatever luck might bring.

This Adam was a rib of hers
(A ribbon, it should read ;
It beats the deuce how Bible words
Get changed as times proceed).

There's been an Eve-olution, but
It's all in Adam's race ;
Frog-like he rose by leaps and bounds—
She could not keep the pace.

So finally she fell behind,
And, crowding to the van,
This frog became the king of beasts,
And called himself a "man."

Which of the two now leads the chase ?
You say. My sight is dim.
To me he seems a-chasin' her,
And she a-runnin' him.

THE GERM UBIQUITOUS.

I'M a nimble little microbe,
But I think I know my place ;
My mission is to "whoop 'er up,"
And hoist a fallen race.

I ain't got any hatchet—I'm
Not Washington, you see ;
But I can make it lively for
The human family tree.

I light upon a lover's lip,
While courtin' of his Miss ;
And when they go to osculate,
I kill 'em with a kiss.

I drop into a bowl of soup,
And turn it into ink—
Unless it turns into a man
Afore I've time to think.

I hang around the washee house
Where Wun Lung doth preside ;
And pretty soon he lays that lung
The other lung beside.

I crawl into the craniums
Of them as feels cock-sure ;
Thenceforth their doubts are numerous,
Their dogmatisms fewer.

You'd like to label me, I know.
My name ? "What's in a name ?"
I guess I am—I'm everywhere,
I shoulder all the blame :

Appendicitis, coddling moth,
Mosquitoes, bed-bugs, fleas—
I s'pose I'm held responsible
For Darwin's theories.

The higher criticism cult
O'erlook the like o' me ;
If they can't *sea* a Jonah whale,
What can they hope to see ?

They overlook ; I undertake ;
I'll give 'em all a chase.
Just watch me while I decimate
This doomed Adamic race.

PRIEST AND POET.

THE priest at the foot of the ladder stood weeping,
The poet stood smiling at the head of the stair ;
Said the priest to the singer : “ I pray you to tell me
The road that you traveled to get where you are.
I have stood here as herald and watchman and shepherd
Since long years before you were born, night and day ;
There’s only one road to the place you are standing,
And I know that you never ascended this way.”
Said the poet, in turn, to the sad, lonely preacher :
“ You are right, I am certain, so rest and be calm ;
No ladder I climbed, no creed was my teacher,
God made me up here ; I was born where I am.”

—BEN FRANKLIN BONNELL.

What you say may be true, both of poet and preacher,
One at head of the flight, one at foot of the stair.
But tell me, which one the more truly God’s teacher,
Because of his standing down here or up there ?
If each does his duty, no more is demanded.
What cause then for weeping, as if weal or woe
Were a question of rank, a matter of station,
A problem of stature and stilts high or low !
Moreover, the poet may preach, and the preacher
A poet may be, though no poem he brings.
’Tis not rhyming alone, ’tis not sound makes the singer ;
He must see, hear and feel all the songs that he sings.

I am not at all certain no creed and no climbing

Were needful to place poets right where they are.
E'en the spot of one's birth, may it not be the guerdon

For life on some planet that twinkles afar ?

An heir of the ages is poet, is preacher,

A composite product, as everything shows.

The poet is "born," but is also created,

And haply the preacher helped make him—who
knows ?



THE GRAND CANYON.

LENGTH on length of leagues extending,
Breadth of miles on miles expanding,
Down from dizzy brink to torrent,
Eight mad furlongs wildly plunging.
Gulf of gulfs, and gorge of gorges,
Mind-amazing, world-astounding,
Mightiest marvel of the Westland.

Was it earthquake, valley-cleaving ;
Was it whirlwind, mountain-shouldering ;
Fierce upheaval and convulsion,
Or swift deluge and erosion,
Shaped these frightened crags and caverns,
Carved these shuddering precipices ?

Savage scar on face of Nature,
Weird and terrible as Hades ;
Gaping wound in God's creation,
Awful, dread, beyond description,
Beggaring imagination.

Grim perdition's pit resembling,
Cleft and sundered earth seems yawning,
Monster-jawed, as though devouring
In its wide voracious vastness,
In its Saturn-mouth, unsated
As the hungry deeps of Sheol,
Storm-struck, down-hurled, cities, temples,
In its fell maw crusht and crumbling.

Nature, stript and scourged and bleeding,
Thorn-crowned and to Calvary driven,
And her gorgeous robe imperial
Shredded as by tempest furies,
Torn to streaming flags and tatters ;
Tragic coat of many colors,
Trampled, trodden, riven, writhing,
In a gore of life-blood weltering,
Twisting into forms fantastic,
As by witchery infernal,
Riding on the steeds of darkness,
Lightning-goaded, throbbing, thundering.

Glorious and grotesque presentment,
Half-alluring, half-repelling ;
Rainbow-hued, yet shorn of radiance,
Like to Lucifer the Fallen ;
Beautiful, though sadly brilliant,
Blazing with satanic splendor,
In the sunset's dying glory ;
All the hues of hell and heaven
In one master-stroke commingled,
In one blare of lurid blazoning.

Night—then morn-burst! Angel Sunrise,
Archer from the gates of Orient,
Crimson-golden arrows speeding
Through the gloom and thwart the grayness,
Crowning every crest with splendor,
Flooding every glen with glory.
Angel of the Sovereign Presence,
Messenger of Light's deliverance,
Rolling back the rock sepulchral
For the glad day's resurrection.

THE MORNING COMETH.

WILT thou never break, O Morning?
Shall we ne'er thy dawn behold,
Day of gladness, day of glory,
Visioned by the seers of old?

Vainly have we watched, awaiting,
Lord, thy promised time of power,
That should rend all chains asunder.
And o'erthrow oppression's tower?

When shall rise a glorious Zion,
From all guile and grossness free?
God of Israel, hast forsaken
Ephraim and his destiny?

Nay, though lowering night may linger,
Lo, the morning comes at last,
Day of Zion's glad redemption,
All her woes forever past.

Freedom waves her joyous pinions
Over land and over sea,
Where the saved and righteous nations
Join in one grand Jubilee.

Now no tyrant's scepter saddens.

Now no bigot's chain can bind.

Rich and poor, in all things equal,

Peace and pure contentment find.

Mountain peaks of pride are leveled,

Lifted up the lowly plain,

Crooked paths made straight, while crudeness

Now gives way to culture's reign.

God, not mammon, hath the worship

Of a people pure in heart.

This is Zion—O ye nations!

Choose with her "the better part."

Peace, not war, shall make you mighty.

Righteousness alone brings rest.

Turn, ah! turn, while hopeful daylight

Lingers in your darkening West.

Crowns and scepters, swords and bucklers—

Baubles—break them at her feet;

Strife no more shall vex creation,

Christ's is now the kingly seat.

Cities, empires, kingdoms, powers,

In one mighty realm combine:

She that was the last of nations

Henceforth as their head shall shine.

Thus thy future glory, Zion,
Giving back celestial rays,
As the ocean's sunlit surging,
Rolls upon my raptured gaze.

Lovelier than painter's limning,
Fairer than the poet's dream,
Brighter than the starry splendor,
Or the dazzling noonday beam.

All that ages past have promised,
All that noblest minds have prized,
All that holy lips have prayed for,
Here at last is realized.

Haste, oh haste, resplendent vision!
Tarry not, but hither tend,
Where hope's pilgrims, worn and weary,
Still her beaconing heights ascend.

O may we who bide the dawning
Of that better, brighter day,
Greet the morn on glory's hill-tops,
When the night has passed away!

OVERTHROW OF GOG AND MAGOG.

THERE'S a sound from the vale. There's a voice
from the mountain.

From the land of the waste and the village un-
walled,

Comes a sound like the roar of the rock-rending
fountain,

Or the voice of the tempest when thunder hath
called.

'Tis the voice of the Lord.

'Tis the sound for the sword.

Hear ye not the loud echoes go rolling along?

Freedom's hand is on high,

The oppressor must die,

'Tis the triumph of Truth and of right over
wrong.

Oh! whence is yon host, with its high banners blazing
O'er helm, spear and shield, as the sea's countless
sand?

Lo! an armament mighty, with power amazing,
Coming up like a cloud to o'erdarken the land!

'Tis Togarmah looks forth,

From the Land of the North,

For a spoil, and to prey on the peaceful and
free.

Thou art come for a spoil,

But the worms of the soil

Shall fatten and feed on thy bands and on thee.

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations ascending!—

“Touch not mine anointed, do my prophets no
harm!”

Have ye hearkened in vain, that with hurtful in-
tending

Ye have filled all my valleys with warlike alarm?

Like the robbers of Rome

Without cause have ye come

To trample the “scattered and peeled” as of
yore?

Lo! with thee and thy race,

Will I plead face to face,

Till the cup of my fury with vengeance runs
o'er.

Yea, the Lord shall arise as a fierce, roaring lion;

He shall waste them with fire and famine and
dearth;

He hath uttered His voice from the heights of Mount
Zion,

And called for a sword from the ends of the earth.

Lift up the loud voice!

Let Zion rejoice!

“For great is the Holy One in the midst of thee”—

Shout, shout to the skies,

Till the thunder replies:

“BABYLON IS FALLEN, AND ISRAEL IS FREE!”



THE POET'S PRAYER.

GOD of my fathers! Friend of humankind!
 Almighty molder of creative mind!

That sitt'st enthroned aloft from mortal ken,
 Showering thy mercies on the sons of men!

Thou who of old unloosed the prophet's tongue,
 While Daniel prophesied, while David sung,
 And sayest to all (oh, simple, pleasing task)
 “Let any lacking wisdom, wisdom ask!”

If prayer like mine find favor in thy sight,
 If I have loved and longed for wisdom's light,
 And thou to whom no creature cries in vain,
 Givest to all what all desire to gain,
 To thee, my Father, hands and voice I lift,
 And crave of thee, Almighty God, a gift!

Not worldly wealth—though wealth of worlds be
thine ;

Nor gilded rank, 'mong human worms to shine ;
For wealth might fail, and rank might purchased be,
But not the guerdon I would win from thee.

Be thou my Muse—none other would I know,
Eternal fount of all-inspiring flow !
Whose Voice, once heard o'er Patmos, bidding
“ write,”

Did thunder erstwhile from Sinai's height,
Or, grander than old ocean's glorious swell,
Rolled through Isaiah's themes on Israel.
On Whose high altar flames the sacred fire
Whose vivid rays inventive dreams inspire ;
Unhonored oft yet evermore the same
All kindling Light that lumines earth with fame.

Whilst o'er my task in feeble frame I bend,
Be thou my guide, my counselor, my friend.
Teach me true gold to separate from dross,
Give me to know 'twixt seeming gain and loss.
Father of spirits, author of my soul,
O'er all its powers possess me of control.
From off my brain remove each hampering coil,
Or image vain that lingers but to soil.
Let heavenly thought descend as Hermon's dews,

With loftier themes my thinking to infuse.
 My fainting soul with fresh aspiring fill,
 And make my wish submissive to thy will.

Roll on my days, responsive to thy rule,
 This tongue thine oracle, this pen thy tool,
 Designed to soar, or doomed to lowly plod,
 Amanuensis of the mind of God.

TRUTH THE IMMORTAL.

SPEAK truth, O oracle, whate'er thy tongue!
 Paint truth, O limner of earth, sea and sky!
 Sing truth, O poet, lift thy loftiest song!
 Sound truth, O harp and heart of melody!

Tis this alone gives fame immortal youth.

Where truth is wanting, all else pleads in vain.
 No lie can live. Life's lifeblood is the Truth.
 Through time and all eternity 'twill reign.

Strewn is life's stormy strand with wrecks of things
 That boldly rode on glory's billowy way—
 A false fame, borne aloft on flattery's wings!
 A bird of night that could not fly by day!

The truly great grow greater with the years,
Brighter and brighter as the ages wane.
They sow to truth ; the hundred fold appears,
And history garners home the golden grain.

Truth, 'tis a fountain springing from the heart ;
There Shakespeare lingered, and there Homer laved.

Truth, 'tis in nature ; uttered, 'tis in art.

Truth, the bright bond 'twixt Saviour and the saved.

Creeds, causes, systems, sacred and profane,
True mixed with false, adored by minds sincere—
Think not 'tis error buoys them o'er the main ;
Truth is their life, their star, though wide they steer.

Nor less thy life and light, O child of clay !

The spirit spark, intelligence divine,
Lamp of the soul, and fountain of the day,
The power whereby all splendors soar and shine.

Who'er thou art, sage, songster, brave or bard !

Contend for Truth, and make her cause thine own.
Sure is her promise, sovereign her reward ;
Exalting Truth, thou'lt share her shining throne.

THE FAIR FIEND.

BEWARE a fiend in angel form,
A demon in disguise,
Who spreads a snare for human souls
The foolish and the wise.

He wears a mask, a winning mien,
And seems a friend, not foe ;
Appears descending from above,
While rising from below.

His favorite weapon is a smile ;
He ne'er was known to frown ;
Nor ever used he violence
To throw a victim down.

But oh ! beware this demon fair,
This fiend in angel guise,
Whose deadliest dart, a loving look
From soft and siren eyes.

More fatal far than golden lure,
Or Bacchanalian bowl,
Or all beside that charms the will
And wantons with the soul.

Resist, repel this foeman fell,
And drive him to his lair ;
But never thou the gauntlet hurl,
Never this demon dare.

Should he in strife the stronger prove,
One way is open—flee.
'Tis no disgrace when overmatched ;
Retreat means victory.

Recruit thy worn and shattered strength,
And in some future fray
Thy might shall make thee conqueror,
The demon thou shalt slay.

Well known this universal foe,
World-wide his evil fame ;
The human heart his battle-ground ;
Temptation is his name.

THE HIGHER VIEW.

“**W**HERE, where are the men for the oncoming
'years?’”

A greybeard's disconsolate cry ;
For he dwells 'mid the bygones, and verily fears
That all greatness is dead or will die.

“Gone, gone are the sires, and the sons are swift
passing ;

The giants are under the sod.

Where, where are the armies of Israel massing—
The hope of the Kingdom of God ?

“Yea, where are the prophets and songsters and
sages,

God’s rulers, through whom He hath reigned
Since Chaos was quickened, and launched on the ages
A new world to glory ordained.

“They are not, they are not, and the fountains are
sealed ;

Brass, iron, above and beneath.

Truth’s fulness is past, and the portion revealed
Now sleeps as a sword in its sheath.”

So the pessimist sang, and his doleful refrain

Smote my ear with a sorrowful sound.

But straightway the Spirit within me made plain
A clear view from loftier ground.

’Tis not true, said my soul, that the mighty have
ceased,

That all merit is passing away,

Or more precious the knowledge at yesterday’s feast,
Than the banquet provided to-day.

In the wide human forest by Providence planted,
Great trees are yet growing sublime ;
When breaks a worn beam, when a new helve is
wanted,
'Twill be found in its season and time.

What though, summoned hence by the Chieftain
commanding,
Hosts vanish ? Why count them as slain ?
No more are they dead than the legions now landing,
To strive here on life's battle plain.

The Past is a parent ; Today a descendant,
Whose heirs are the ages unborn ;
Like springing from like, in a scale still ascendant ;
How then shall the future be shorn ?

Deem not the All-wise and Almighty Creator
Of stars, suns and systems untold,
A bankrupt to fate, an apprentice to nature.
He is God—the same God as of old.

Can the glory e'er pale, the intelligence perish,
That founded Eternity's Throne ?
When failed the Good Shepherd his chosen to cherish ?
Fear not—He will care for his own.

THE EDUCATOR.

WHO is mightier than the teacher,
Than the master educator,
Mind-uplifting, soul-expanding,
Re-creator of the creature?
Mightiest when truth revealing,
High progression's pathway pointing,
And perfection's goal unveiling.

Shall I paint my model teacher,
As the mind-eye now beholds him,
Looming like a stately mountain,
Capt with snow and crowned with sunlight,
Source of weal to smiling valleys,
Listening at his feet, receptive?

First of all, a true commander,
Master of himself, and teaching
Precept by his high example.

Bending not to pagan idols,
Seeking, past the gift, the Giver;
Past the creature, the Creator.
Troubled at no bigot's frowning,
To no despot's dictum yielding,
Tyranny and error fighting,

“Liberty and Light” the legend
Blazoned on his lofty banner ;
'Gainst all guile, all wrong, contending,
Damning sin, yet saving sinners.

Playing to no gallery plaudit ;
Courting not wealth's recognition,
Nor the rabble's vain approval ;
Swerving not, for praise or censure,
From the line where duty leads him,
And the path where judgment guides him,
To the goal where honor crowns him.

Scornful of all petty practice,
Stabbing no man's reputation,
Filching not another's credit,
Envyng no life its laurels,
Governed not by pride or passion,
Coveting nor gold nor glory.

Tolerant of all opinion,
Modest, temperate of expression ;
Given not to contradiction,
E'en though clearest fact confirm him ;
Wielding an advantage mildly,
Generous to a fallen foeman ;
Angered not by loss or losing,

Nor in triumph's hour exulting ;
Willing, eager for correction,
Welcoming from truth instruction ;
Humbled by his weight of knowledge,
Ne'er too lofty to be learning.

Hungering for facts, not fictions,
Unsufficed with classic nothings,
Ancient myths or modern fables,
Premature, half-fledged conclusions,
Maybe-so's and peradventures.

Waging war on vain Assumption,
Heir, misborn and misbegotten,
Of thy folly, Education,
Of thy dalliance with Error.

Bringing from the deep potential,
By persistent, patient toiling,
Treasure that might else lie hidden,
Buried out of sight forever,
Lost to human weal, undreamt of
Even by its dull possessor,
But for thy benign exertion,
Thy unselfish, strong endeavor,
Educator ! mighty miner !
Precious ore, life's crude material,
Crass and coarse, made fine and finer

By thy marvel-working effort,
By thy wonder-wielding power,
Might-evolving thought and labor,
By thy pains and sacrifices,
Rarely known, requited never.

Name no teacher "educator"
Who perverts his noble calling,
Youthful minds and hearts misleading,
Prostituting and profaning
Reason's shrine with ribald worship,
Offerings of alien fire,
Incense unto Atheism.
Israel Israel's God forsaking,
Bowing down to Baal and Dagon.

Spurning Truth, Time's navigator,
Captain of the craft Experience,
With his trusty lamp of guidance,
Lit for valorous exploration
Through the zones of doubt and darkness ;
Past the frozen seas, outsailing
Icebergs of old dead tradition ;
Past the cheerful camps of science,
On the coast of demonstration ;
On through shoal and lake and river,
On to Wisdom's open ocean.

Fares not so false Self Assurance,
Pirate craft, the pennant flaunting
Of the brave ship Self Reliance ;
Reckless bark on danger's billow,
Heeding not the warning breakers
Thundering 'gainst the reef of ruin ;
Steering not by star and compass,
But by comet blaze—false beacon,
Beckoning on to fell destruction.

Be alert, good honest teacher,
Lest improvement mark thee laggard,
Lest progression leave thee stranded,
Slumbering in the past and slighting
Both the present and the future.

Oracles of commonplaces,
Stale old platitudes repeating ;
Parrots of the musty proverb,
Truths self-evident proclaiming ;
Education's praises sounding
In pedantic threadbare diction,
Superannuated phrasing,
Ancient wisdom's cast-off clothing,
Owl-like e'en in worldly knowledge,
Bat-like to divine revealings,
Shunning light and seeking shadow,

Lost in maze of aimless aimings,
Lost in endless flutterings, floundering—
Can we deem them educators?

Who are these, as teachers posing,
That most need instruction's training,
Switch of satire's keen correction?
Alma Mater's cultured coxcombs,
Sneering cynics, supercilious,
Pleased with nothing but their mirrors,
Wooing flattery's reflection.
Swollen peacocks in full feather,
Airing their superior (?) knowledge,
Showing thus a lack of learning,
Woeful lack of understanding,
Poverty, where wealth is wisdom,
Wanting which, all else is wanting.
Parasites of education,
Blight upon a great profession,
Loftiest of man's vocations.

Whose throne higher than the teacher's
Chair of chaste and wise instruction?
Shames what king the pure preceptor,
Christ's most Christlike emulator?
He who aims to lift his fellow,
He who strives to make the creature

Grateful to the good Creator,
Equal unto earth's requiring,
And Eternity's demanding—
Master of both situations.

Less than this—the soul's evolvment,
With the full of its potentials,
To the summit of its powers ;
Less than this—man's loftiest conquest—
Victory o'er self, securing
All that's best in life and living,
All of worth here and hereafter,
Cannot be a ripened culture,
Is not perfect education.

Near to thee, Divine Ordainer !
Next to thee, O God the Giver !
He who makes thy boon seem greater,
Thy benefic meaning plainer.

Work of poet and of prophet,
Wisdom's pupil, learning's teacher,
Education's aviator,
Cleaving skies of last attainment,
And with heavenly fire returning,
On faith's altar truth rekindling !
Revelator ! true Promethean !
Blest vocation—Christ's own calling.

Great thy mission, Educator!
Complement of thine, Creator!
Ending of thy vast beginning,
Laying hold at thy leave-taking;
Ocean-like, the craft receiving,
When the land hath done its launching.

Education and Creation,
Are they not as one, scanned wisely?
Are they not the same, seen clearly?
He who spake as no man speaketh,
Master-Teacher of all teachers,
One with thee, Almighty Maker!
Thou with him, Great Educator!

Gaze upon the Universal,
See Intelligence, God's glory,
Mind and matter, self existent
Soul materials, molding, forming,
Systems, suns and stars ordaining,
Planets peopling and redeeming,
All outleading, all uplifting,
Organizing and directing,
Guiding energy eternal.

See the Sovereign Everlasting,
Bent to share his shining sceptre,

Empire of the worlds unworldly ;
Allwise Parent and Preceptor
Sending forth his spirit children,
Sight-trained in the schools primeval,
Here faith's mightier test confronting,
Donning nature's garb and gowning
For the treasures of earth knowledge
And the touch of mortal training.
Hence to rise by graduation
From the classroom intermedial
To the College of the Spirit
And the Temple of All-Wisdom.

See pure Aspiration seeking
Heavenly light through human darkness,
Gain of power by world experience,
Wisdom's apple, sweet and bitter.

See the truest and the worthiest—
Winnowed grain, the wind-blown refuse.
Lost in Lucifer's down-whirling—
Spirits loyal, Michael's legion,
Changed to souls by Eden's action,
Down to lowly depths descending,
Downward, forward, onward falling ;
Prelude to progression's marching,
Prologue of redemption's drama.

Then life's pledge released from pawning,
Ransomed by the Christ of Calvary,
Shepherd of the sheep Him following
From the glooms of sin and sorrow
To the Light and Life Eternal !

Earth behold—prophetic vision—
Earth redeemed from dole and darkness,
Every thorn and briar blossoming,
Glorified, a heaven becoming,
Home of man and goal of gladness
Unto myriads coming after.

Man, God's symbol and foreshadowing,
Image, likeness, male and female,
Heir unto the Power Creative,
To that Perfect Stature climbing.
Dowered with divine outreaching,
Halting not from holiest, loftiest
Aspiration and achievement.

Hark ! a Voice from heaven, proclaiming :
“ What is this ? Hold up the mirror !
Is it not thyself, Creation ?
Is it not ALL—Education ? ”







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