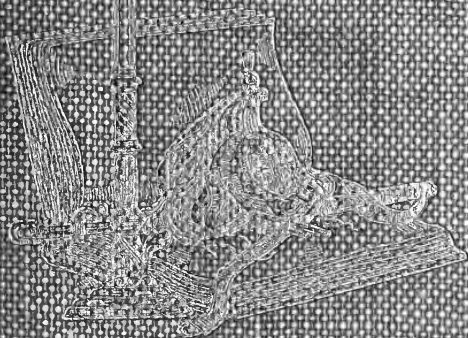


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A War Bible



**Fiat Lux
In Terra Pax**



*This is one of the Second Edition
This numbered insert is a Fac-
simile of the Certificate attached
to copies of First Edition.*

THIS IS YOUR NUMBER

THIS FIRST EDITION includes 1000 copies, for each of which the seemingly exorbitant price of Three Almightyies is exacted. If the kindly Customer will consider that it has taken a round half-century to cumulate, what are three round Silver Pieces when compared with the betrayal of ye Cloisterman's Secret Mutterings and Musings of a Lifetime?

In attempting over, I am re-famous printer **N^o 5029** to put my Book minded of the John Froben, of Basle, who was justly proud of his books and their accuracy. I may even crave forgiveness if I paraphrase a little dialogue between John and a customer:

- c. Well, Jam, what book have you there ?
- j. One that is equally your interest to buy as mine to sell.
- c. Something quite new and original ?
- j. The subject is old, like wine, and if it will not intoxicate you, it may inoculate you.
- c. You talk in riddles !
- j. My book is called *The War Bible of the Moment*.
- c. The Bible has been reprinted many, many times !
- j. True. The Sun itself does not appear every day : when it does shine it is just the same Sun, while even my enemies will concede it to be something different.
- c. You can assure me of its correctness ?
- j. That is impossible. But if the care that I have bestowed upon it has not been thrown away you will find it reasonably so ; besides you must remember that some high-brows get their thrills in their supposed discoveries of error, and I confess that I have been indulgent to the Lofties.

- c. *I congratulate you, but I fear you will get but little credit for your labor; and so much labor hastens Old Age.*
- j. *What matters it? 'Tis my Destiny. And if She does bring me Old Age and its troubles, YOU have the power to ease them!*
- c. *Indeed, how?*
- j. *By purchasing this volume at once, and thanking me for offering it to you.*
- c. *Does not the parting with your own child give you pain?*
- j. *Extreme pleasure. It was for you that I begot it. Like Krishna, it's a thousand times a child, at once, so born, I hope like him*
'Twill light and gladness bring
To just one thousand homes.†
- c. *What is the price?*
- j. *Let me whisper. My binder said: "You want your book to look like Two Dollars?" No! it must look like Three! "But," insisted the binder, "it can't be done!" perhaps not--- how about the customers?*
- c. *You are very sanguine.*
- j. *Take it home and look at it. If you repent your bargain, you have my sympathy.*
- c. *You could not say fairer. Here, then, is the purchase-money in full tale.*
- j. *God bless you! Read the book yourself, if you find thrills, share them with others, but do not lend the book while I have any more to sell.*

† Krishna was the name of one of the Hindoo gods. It was proclaimed at a certain period that Krishna was to be incarnated again. A thousand towns besought Krishna to give them the honor of his birth, so to disappoint none and to bring joy to all, he arranged to be born in each town at the same time---a thousand times a child.

And He shall judge among
Nations, and shall rebuke
people; and they shall beat the
swords into plowshares, and
spears into pruning-hooks;
Nation shall not lift up sword
against Nation, neither shall they
learn War anymore.

O House of Jacob, come ye,
let us walk in the light of
the Lord. *Isaiah ii, 4, 5.*

Murray, James Austin

The War Bible

Of the Moment

Written into

Colloquial English and Pure Slang

The Five Books of Moses

With Sidelights on the Book of Job, Hindoo Version
of the Creation of Woman, ye Cloister Version
of the Transformation of Man

Unfolding

The Grand Old Story with Cloister Soliloquies,
Smiles and Tears

3
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1914

JAMES AUSTIN MURRAY
CHICAGO

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no 1

To Her :

THE dearest, sweetest Wife
Whose smile has been my guiding star
through life
I dedicate this book.

Dear Friend :

If from its leaves some note of gladness
greet thine ear
It is the sweetness of her life
reflected here.

And, now, if you will turn a leaf
and further look
You'll know the Lord has bless'd
the author of this book :

Our life has been a pleasure trip
The Lord has been our guide ;
He made our faltering footsteps sure
And we've enjoyed the ride.

Three passengers have come aboard
And thrilled us with their song
Of Love and Joy ; in sweet accord
We're traveling along :

Indeed, we've passed the silver post
Upon the Road of Joy ;
The Lord was mighty good to us :
Two Girls, and then a Boy !

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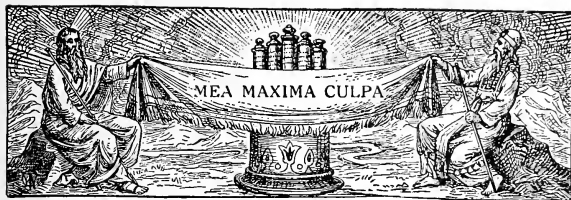
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UNDER the enchanting spell of ye Cloister Muse, I typed this precious volume. I now drop it on the heads of an unoffending public, like a bomb from a Zeppelin. Throwing conventional discretion to the four winds, I have made a presumptive attempt to dethrone some popular idols.

“You have outrageously violated the traditions,” said one urbane gentleman of the sanctuary. One of my indulgent friends, whose researches in biblical lore have brought her world-wide recognition, advised me to have it carefully scanned by an expert reader. “It may cost you

a few dollars, but it's worth it." "No," I said, "I will publish it, and the critics will read it for nothin'!"

Cromwell once called an artist to *do* him in oil. You know his face was disfigured by a vulgar wart. Well, the knight of the palette remarked that he would cut it out. "You paint Cromwell wart and all, or I'll shoot you!"---that's what Crom said.

I am not like Cromwell. More like the kid with the sore toe; he was proud of it---and *he* got sympathy.

When I say that I revere and love the Bible, I am anticipating the verdict of those who will review the evidence and sit in judgment.

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man; preserve me from the violent man; which imagine mischiefs in their heart; continually are they gathered together

for war: was the prayer of David, and it is the sincere expression of a grateful nation today.

Truly, a benign Providence has sent amongst us an apostle who is spreading the gospel of Peace and Good Will by deed and by word. *Clap your hands, ye people!* hats off to Woodrow Wilson! Hail to the Chief! who leadeth a mighty nation in the way of the Master; the path of Peace!

My Bible Stories may cause you to look up the original version. If you do, I win --- and great will be your gain.

Pure Slang will be assimilated into the classic English of tomorrow: the polite speech of today was the *slang* of yesteryear: it gives the emphasis that delivers the thrill, and passes current, even amongst our best people.

The Soliloquies are the unrestrained

outpourings of a pilgrim's progress in this vale of Smiles and Tears.

Smiles and Tears are the golden consolations that make life worth living. Like the bubbles in the sparkling wine they agitate the sluggish fluid and spitefully rise to the top.

The Outcast's Prayer is the sincere expression of repentance of a stray soul outside the pale. The circumstance of its utterance is---but I must let you read the story as the witness told it to me.

The Prophecies hold a promise of "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and inspire us with ennobling Thought that reaches beyond the veil into the promised Elysium!

In conclusion, I will say that my bible is here. Like the Zeppelin bomb, it came "when you wusn't lookin'," and you'll just have to make the best of it.

James Murray

The Footpath To Peace.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to
love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars,
To be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented
with yourself until you have made the best of them;
To despise nothing in the world except falsehood and
meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice,
To be governed by your admirations rather than by
your disgusts;

To covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his
kindness of heart and gentleness of manners;
To think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends,
and every day of Christ;
And to spend as much time as you can, with body
and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors;
These are little guide-posts on the Footpath to peace.

Henry Van Dyke.

Lo I am
with you alway
even unto the end
of the World

Matt. 28:20

Rev. G. A. S. S.



The Bible

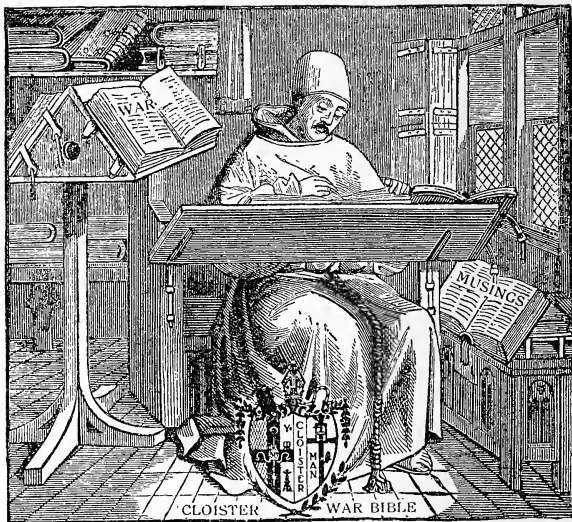
1

THE BIBLE is a sacred book
Of knowledge most sublime;
The wonders of Creation,
Of God, of Man, of Time!
Pilots on the Sea of Doubt
Have sought its kindly light,
And, by its faithful guidance
Have steered their craft aright:



2

Countless millions, passed beyond
Unto that distant bourne
From whence no earthly traveler
Did ever yet return:
And multitudes that live today
Have read and searched its pages
And found therein imprinted
The wisdom of the ages:



Ye Cloisterman writeth ye book and sticketh ye type.
Is also responsible for ye meter and cadence, if any.

My Book

3

MY BOOK is for the millions
And those who never look
Nor seek the consolations
Within the holy Book.

E'en grave and reverend doctors
And hosts of fellow sinners
Who seek, alike, some genial light,
May catch its fickle glimmers.



4

Truth you will find in capsules,
And smiles may effervesce,
And those who feel its gentle prods
Will disapprove, I guess!
Reader: mayhap you're one of them!
In trembling hope I pause ---
Look for the good within my book
And overlook its flaws.

The Pentateuch

The Five Books of Moses

G: E: N: E: S: I: S



Ye FIRST BOOK.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN,

I, 10.



H
 ἡ ἀρχὴ ἢ ὁ λόγος Καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν παρὰ τὸ θεὸν
 καὶ ὁ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος καὶ ὁ θεὸς ἦν ἀρχὴ πρὸς
 τὸν θεὸν πάντα διὰ τοῦ ἐγρηγορήσασθαι
 αὐτοῦ ἀρῆ ἢ οὐκ ἔστιν, ὅτι ἦν ὁ θεὸς ἀπαρ
 ἡ ἀρχὴ καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἢ, ὁ φῶς ἦν ἢ ὁ ἴσος
 ἐπὶ τὸ φῶς ἐπὶ τὸ σκότος φαῖν ἢ καὶ ἠσῶ
 τίω αὐτὸ ἢ μαρτυροῦν ἢ ἀρῆ ἢ ἄλλο
T
 ἢ τὸ φῶς, ἀλλ' ἢ ἢ μαρτυροῦν ἢ πρὸ τοῦ φω
 τόσῃ ἢ ὁ φῶς δ' ἀποκρίσθαι ὅτι φαῖν ἢ
 πάντα αὐτῷ ἢ ἄλλο ἢ ὅτι ἢ ἡ ζωὴ ἢ
 ἐν κόσμῳ ἢ. Καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν ἢ αὐτοῦ ἐ
 γρηγορῆσθαι, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν ἢ αὐτοῦ ἢ

From the Codex Ebnerianus, an elegant manuscript of the fourteenth century belonging to Oxford University.

In the Beginning Was the Word

5

INFINITE vastness everywhere,
Silence! darkness!
God was there;
He breathed the Word and it
was light:

Darkness vanished into night.

“Let light be!” the sun came out
And spread its radiance all about;
And from afar with soft’ning ray
It shone benignly on the day.

6

Then came the moon, a tempered
light,
Among the stars, to cheer the night;
And ’neath this gorgeous canopy
The Lord divided earth and sea.
He bade the surging waves divide
Flowing by hill and mountainside;
Near fertile fields the torrents spread;
In babbling, gushing streams they
fled.

7

The Word was heard, and earth was
seen
To don a robe of freshest green;
Dense forests bowed with every
breeze
And gardens bloomed with plants
and trees;
In lakes and purling streams life
stirred
In glad obedience to the Word;
O'er land the solemn stillness broke
And living, breathing creatures 'woke.

8

The robin and the nightingale
And birds of gorgeous feather
Sang out the first Thanksgiving ode
Harmoniously, together.
Swift and majestic on the wing:
The king of every flying thing ---
The eagle---soared from mountain
high
And found his limit in the sky.

9

The echo of the lowing herd
Quavered responsive to the Word;
The rooster's clarion rang out
Bees buzzed and flitted all about;
Lions roared and tigers leapt,
Mute animals and insects crept:
Sheep browsed and bleating lambkins
 played
All together, unafraid.



10

All things were made by Him,
 and man,
The last in the Creator's plan,
To His own image He designed
Endowing him with soul and mind.
The great world now stood forth
 complete,
A footstool 'neath the Maker's feet;
Resting, the final Word he spoke;
O'er all this glory Sunday broke!

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man he had formed and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.

Gen. II, 8-10

The Garden of Eden

11

SUNDAY morning, Adam
'waking
At the moment dawn was
breaking,
Looked around and rubbed his eyes,
And looked again, in great surprise.
For this picture of creation
Was indeed a revelation ---
'Twas too good to view alone,
In Eden, all alone!



12

All around him birds of feather
Sweetly sang and flew together;
Every living thing created
Were together, all were mated;
Little turtle doves were cooing,
All around him there was wooing;
Only Adam was alone ---
In Eden, all alone!

13

Poor man, tired out and weeping,
Very soon was soundly sleeping;
And the Lord found him alone ---
Adam sleeping, all alone!
Ere he 'woke, the Lord had taken
Adam's spare-rib for the makin'
Of a woman, of a wife ---
A mate to cheer his life.



14

From his troubled slumber 'waking,
Adam's heart was almost breaking:
Looking 'round, he rubbed his eyes,
Then he beamed in glad surprise.
There a vision of creation
Full of life and animation
Was beside him all his own ---
In Eden, all his own!



I John

Chapter III.

I.

Behold, what manner of Love the father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

II.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

III.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure.

FIRST NIGHT IN PARADISE

NOW came still evening on, and twilight
gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their
nests

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the morn,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantel threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort,
the hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idly unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

John Milton.

15

Their first wedding trip now making
Of the fruit they were partaking,
When an apple tree they spied ;
And a guardian angel cried :
“ Eat any other fruit you see,
But touch not any on this tree ;
Lest you be tempted, come not nigh !
For they who eat will surely die ! ”



16

And now a serpent came to Eve
With cunning words couched to
deceive :
“ Eat all you want, and you will be
Like unto God, just try and see ! ”
Eve took an apple from the tree
And said : “ one never will hurt me . ”
The lovers ate it to the core,
It tasted good--- they ate one more.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

“ Much pleasure we have lost, while we
abstained
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wished
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refreshed, now let us play
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.”



So said he, and forebore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent; well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof embowered,
He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets and aspedel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep
Oppressed them, wearied with their amorous
play. --- *John Milton.*

Soliloquy

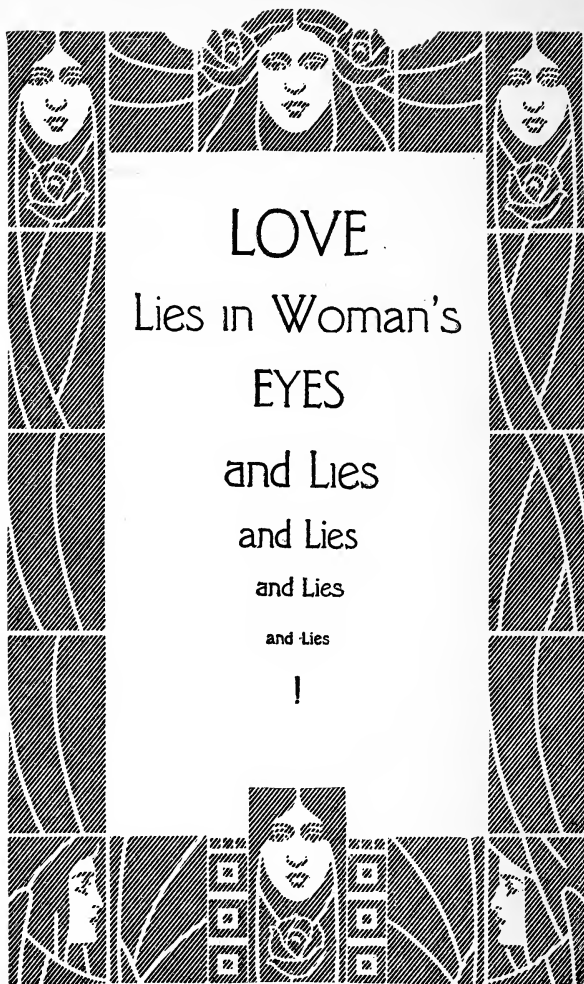
17

A little apple, what a cost!
Through it a Paradise was lost.
Terror struck, the recreant lovers
Put on skimpy fig leaf covers;
Eden's lovely first edition
Brought the race to sure perdition.
And it happened on a Sunday---
"Sic transit gloria mundi."



18

Love lives and lies in woman's eyes,
And lies, and lies, and lies, and lies!
Since the first woman, Mother Eve
Turned them on Adam to deceive.
Love-laden, limpid, laughing eyes;
A perfect figure, charming size;
She wore no Nemo or Kabo
And puffs and pads she didn't know.



LOVE

Lies in Woman's

EYES

and Lies

and Lies

and Lies

and Lies

!

Soliloquy

19

If Eve should travel down Broadway
She'd make a stunning hit today;
The swellest dame in Paris style
Would have to side-step for awhile.
O girls! it's not the clothes you wear
Nor yet the way you do your hair;
It's just that something --- smile
 I mean
That lends enchantment to the scene!



20

One may possess the gladdest rags
And put them on like coffee bags:
Another with a gingham wrap
Aged five-and thirty years, mayhap,
Will trip along like Sheba's queen
And make you think she's seventeen!
What is her secret, can you guess?
She's got me going, I confess!

"And the Lord God said: Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the gate of the Garden of Eden Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life. -- Gen. III, 22-24.

The First Family

21

Now, Eve and Adam settled down
To a quiet, humdrum life,
And Bible history tells us
She was a neat and model wife.
Cain was her first-born, wicked
 boy,
Followed by Abel, meek and coy;
Cain, in anger, killed his brother
Bringing woe and tears to mother.



22

Tears, soon dispelled by sweetest joy
When Seth came forth a bouncing
 boy,
Good Adam smiled upon his wife ---
For centuries he smiled through life.
Almost a thousand years of bliss!
Always the same sweet Eve to kiss;
Eve truly was a model wife
And Adam loved her all his life.

Gen. IV, 1-5

23

What say you, men, for *Reno* bound?
Stick around and stand your ground
And cultivate the Adam smile
Bestowing it on *one* the while.
The woman once looked good to you
And chances are, if *you* were true:
If you adopted Adam's way
She'd love you better every day.



24

Smile all the while ;
One little smile
Will start a thousand other smiles
And soon those smiles will shine
for miles :
And what if Fortune's whims
and wiles
Change all on earth for miles
and miles ;
Change all we wear to newer styles ;
We still may wear
Old fashioned smiles.

25

The first born son of woman, Cain,
I will revert to once again;
This man went forth accursed of God
And settled in the Land of Nod.
He led a most unhappy life
And took unto himself a wife. ---
“Whose little angel child was she?”
You ask her name -- now let me see!



26

“Search the Scriptures,”
you may find ---
It seems to have escaped my mind;
In Genesis, read chapter four:
I cannot tell you any more.
Now, when your questions puzzle
me,
I hope, dear reader, you'll agree
To have your Bible close at hand
For reference, you understand.

Gen. XXI, 9

27

I truly mean to be sincere
In all you find recorded here.
My purpose is to stimulate
And entertain while I relate;
To get your interest aroused
In fields where I have lightly
 browsed:
I'll give the chapter and the verse
That tells the story quaint and terse.

Soliloquy

28

Alas! we find *him* all about
Who goeth forth with sneer and
 doubt;
He will not see: there's none so blind
As he who gropes with cankered
 mind;
We meet him in our daily walk,
This cynic with the tainted talk;
Give him the road, make clear
 his way:
He comes to scoff, and not to pray!

The Deluge

29

THE Bible Story of the race
Tells how the people fell from
 grace;
Tells how the flood was
 brought about ---
And how it drowned the people out.
All but Noah, who built an ark,
A sort of floating Central Park ---
One kind of beast and bird with mate
He put within his ship of state.



30

It poured for forty days and nights
And put out all the tower lights;
The ark rose buoyant toward the sky
And landed on Mount Ararat dry.
Then Noah op'ed his window wide
And bade a⁺raven fly outside;
It perched above his cabin door
And croaked a mournful
 "nevermore!"

+ You're on: then a dove.

31

One day the captain passing by,
Among the beasts found Cy DeVry,
A stow-a-way within the ark
Who said he hailed from Lincoln
Park.

And since that time Northsiders say
Cy cinched the job he holds today:
His secret charm works all the
while ---
It always works, his winning smile.



32

Noah was good and pleased the Lord
And lived to reap a ripe reward ;
As husbandman, his vineyard vines
Produced the most delicious wines.
Like many a captain come ashore,
Noah kept drinking " Just one
more ; "

And e'en as good men sometimes fall
Noah imbibed too much, that's all.

33

“Just a wee bit now and then
Is relished by the best of men;
It smoothes the wrinkles out of care
And makes ace-high look like
two pair.”

“Who loves not woman, wine and
song
Lives a fool his whole life long;”
Who loves the sparkling wine too
well
May dream of heaven---
but wake in hell.



THE WINE GLASS !

Who hath Woe? - Who hath Sorrow?

Who hath Contentions? Who

hath Wounds without cause?

Who hath Redness of Eyes?

: : : : : : : : : :

They that tarry long at the

Wine! They that go to

Seek mixed Wine. Look

not thou upon the Wine

when it is red, when

it giveth his

color in the

CUP

when it

moveth itself

aright.

: : : :

At

the last

it biteth like

A SERPENT, AND

STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER!

Three Kings

An Evil King

34

WHE Wars that grip the world
today
Are spreading sorrow and
dismay.

The message comes, and thousands
fall:

So many human lives, that's all.
One monarch in his palace hears
And thanks his mighty God,
and cheers;

He sits in comfort on his throne
And does not hear the dying groan.

A Violent King

35

Another monarch wars today
And millions fall beneath his sway;
He is the great King Alcohol
Who crushes out the life of all
That come within his baneful clutch
When his pernicious draught
they touch.

His weapon is the poison cup
That dulls the brain, and burns it up!

36

While luckless warriors retreat
He holds his victims at his feet;
The youth and maiden, dame
 and sire
All fall by his destructive fire.
Relentlessly he takes his toll:
His poison damns the very soul;
No sword nor cannon ever wrought
Such ruin as his cup has brought!



A Peaceful King

37

But list! A monarch reigns today
Supreme o'er every earthly sway:
The great Jehovah, King of Kings!
Advances, and this message brings:
"Hope, My children! come to Me
All ye who heavy laden be;
From Sin and Death I will release
And bless you with eternal Peace!"

38

My brother, Peace abide with you!
 Unto thy better self be true;
 The Lord hath given you a mind
 To help yourself and help mankind.
 Your path is through the battle
 ground

Where wounded brothers lie around,
 Scorched by the fell destroyer's
 breath ---

Your help may save a soul from
 death!

"Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: preserve me from the violent man; which imagine mischiefs in their heart, continually are they gathered together for war!"

Ps. CXL, 1-2



39

Heaven seemed mighty far away
To Noah's children, so one day
They organized the builder's trust
Resolved to build to heaven or bust.
Their mania was to build a tower,
A monument to human power,
With stairs ascending to the sky,
Reaching the very throne on high.



40

Hodmen's union number one
Brought brick and mortar by the ton
And every union man was paid
Six bits for every brick he laid.
The work went well till foxy Mike
Said: "now, be jabbers men, let's
strike!"
The agitator's shrill command
No one seemed to understand.

41

Irish and Dutch, and French and
Greek ---

Even the lingo the Chinese speak
Sounded at once on babbling
tongues,

A thunderclap of lusty lungs!
Chapter eleven, commencing one
Tells why the tower was left
undone ---

Read all the verses up to ten
If you would trace those union men.



The Tower of Babel comes under the head of unfinished business. You cannot climb into heaven on a ladder of prayer without a strong wall of good deeds to support it.

AND other sheep I have which are
not of this fold ; them also must I
bring, and they shall hear my voice ;
and there shall be one fold and one
Shepherd. --- *John x, 16.*

Father Abraham

42

AND now to Father Abraham
Our Bible tale gives place,
The man who shares with
Moses

The homaęe of the race;
The law of circumcision
Applied unto his seed,
And males within his household
Were first to take the lead.



43

Read in chapter seventeen,
Commencing number ten,
The Bible will explain the rite
That marks the sons of men
Who trace to Father Abraham
Their origin and place---
The most authentic pedigree
Of all the human race.

44

At eighty-six good Abraham
And his despairing wife
Prayed to the Lord to send them
A child to bless their life;
A supplemental spouse was found
In Hağar, Sarah's maid,
Who bore a son, Ishmael,
The wild and unafraid.



45

Poor Hağar! innocent and pure,
Her mistress' wrath incurred;
And Ishmael incensed her
By a playful, mocking word.
In bad! ah, well you know it,
They were cast from Sarah's door
To starve and die? nay, *God did hear*
As He had heard before.

46

Now when the hundreth birthday
Of Abraham drew near,
Sarah bestowed a princely gift
Which filled his heart with cheer :
Truly, It was a bouncing boy ---
A lineal son and heir ;
Isaac, a prince of Israel
Found royal welcome there.



47

The heart of Father Abraham
Was welling up with glee ;
So he went to lodge that evening
For the Patriarch's degree.
He boasted of his century
And how he'd made the line ;
While Sarah and the baby
Were doing very fine.

Gen. XXI, --- 9.

Sodom and Gomorrah

48

At Sodom and Gomorrah
In passing, let us look,
A very wicked spot it was,
So says the holy Book.
The Lord resolved to burn the towns
And wipe them from the map,
Though Father Abraham implored
Against this dire mishap.



49

“If only ten just men are found
The wicked will I spare ;”
Thus said the Lord to Abraham
In answer to his prayer.
His kinsman, Lot and family
Were advised to leave in haste ;
To beat it out of Sodom,
There was no time to waste.

50

An angel led them out of town
And pointed out the way
To a secluded mountain cave
Where they might safely stay.
“Look not behind,” the angel said ---
Lot’s wife did not attend---
’Twas ever thus with woman
And will be so till the end.



51

Some scoffers say a lady passed
Bedecked in stunning gown,
And others say a fire sale
Was billed for Sodomtown ;
Alas! through woman’s grievous
 fault,
She turned to look and turned to
 salt---
The Bible tells no sadder tale ;
Read chapter nineteen without fail.

Gen. XIX---26-30.

Abraham's Sacrifice

52

And now to prove his sincere faith
This favored man of God
Was put to a most crucial test
And smitten with the rod.
The Lord now asked in sacrifice
His well beloved son,
And Abraham said faithfully
Thy will, not mine, be done!



53

With knife suspended, Isaac's life
Hung by the frailest thread,
But love and mercy intervened
And claimed a ram instead.
An angel came and stayed his hand
And blessed him once again ---
Truly, great Father Abraham
Was the most blest of men!

Gen. XX-I-13.

Isaac's Courting by Proxy

54

COURTING by proxy came in
vogue
When Isaac sought a wife;
Rebecca was the lucky one
Who came to bless his life.
His father's servant made the match;
Indeed! you'd have to go
Some, and then some, to strike the
stride
Of that Lothario!



55

A nameless man, a servant ---
But why presume to tell
So charming sweet a story
As Rebecca at the well?
In twenty-four of Genesis
Therein the story lies ---
'Twill set your heart a thumpin'
And bring sparkle to your eyes.

56

And while the book is open,
Look up Rebecca's twins;
In chapter twenty-five it is,
Verse twenty-one begins:
How Isaac prayed! and Becky
prayed!
Each asking for a son ---
And Esau came to Isaac,
Becky chose the lucky one.



57

Esau had the birthright,
Just had it by a nose;
Read how Jacob bought it
Before the Book you close:
How Isaac, blind and trusting,
Was craftily misled;
How Jacob got the blessing
That should rest on Esau's head.

Soliloquy

58

Good Rebecca loved her Esau,
But she loved her Jakey more;
She always thought her favorite
Should by right have come before.
If Isaac's eyes were open,
It would have been the same,
As the "female of the species"
Would have tried another game.



59

Becky and Jakey live today
And plan and plot the same old way;
Deceiving Ikey, old and blind
And robbing Esau and his kind.
Just put your hundred-dollar-ring
To soak, or any precious thing:
Then wait, and watch the int'rest
grow---
"And you should own it yet, O no."



Abraham's Envoy Extraordinary
Making a date for Isaac.

Jacob's Dream

60

With his father's blessing,
And assured of his birthright,
Jacob, fearing brother Esau,
Went forth one starry night.
It was Springtime, and his fancy
Lightly turned to thoughts of love --
He was pining for a soulmate
Like a lonesome turtle dove.



61

Weary with his journey,
Jacob tarried by a stream,
And on a stony pillow
He cuddled up to dream.
Up and down a ladder
Silent angels moved in pairs --
Ungloved, and barefoot angels
Climbed up the golden stairs.

62

And his bed was made of gravel,
And his pillow was a stone ;
Only youth may dream of angels,
Moved by love, and love alone ---
Slumbering on a bed of gravel
With a stone beneath his head,
Jacob's dreams were never sweeter
On a downy feather bed !



63

Amplify the story ?
Far be it from me !
Fancy tells me 'mongst the climbers
Were his Rachel and his Leah.
Read in chapter twenty-eight,
Commencing number 'leven,
The dream of Jacob's ladder
That reached from earth to heaven.

XXVIII--11-20.

Jacob's Wooing

64

To emulate his father
Was Jacob's fond desire,
Though in courting he dispensed
with
The proxy of his sire.
So it happ'd one balmy morning
Jacob waited at the well ---
It was a likely rendezvous,
He had heard his mother tell.



65

Now came the lovely Rachel
And her sheep with plaintive bleat;
And Jacob stood enamored
Of the shepherdess so sweet;
He was busy in a moment
Bringing water to her flock ---
Two hearts were beating faster
Than a Waterbury clock.

66

In reward, the maid allowed him
To take a cousin's kiss
She ran back to Father Laban
And told him all--- but this.
His fond maternal uncle
Took him in with open arms,
And for twenty years he labored
Enslaved by Rachel's charms.



67

“Give to me Rachel for a wife
And I'll labor seven years ;”
So said Jacob to his uncle,
Who accepted, it appears.
Now when the time expired
He was given Leah instead---
An older, wiser, sister
Came unto Jacob's bed.

68

And to another seven years
He added six years more.
Six years of clever management
Made him richer than before.
With four good wives, a dozen boys,
Most truly he was blest!
And he loved the boys of Rachel
Better than all the rest.



69

Uncle Laban was exactinḡ
And a pretty foxy guy ;
But he found his match in Jacob
He admitted by and by.
A pastmaster with the flim - flam
Jacob put a few across ;
But he had to get up early
Any time he fooled the boss.



Nix on the noise, was Jake's command,
To those who helped him pack
And e'en the grumpy camel
Soft pedalled on the track.

Jacob Jumps His Job

70

And now this four-ply husband
Resolved to fly the coop
With all his wives and children,
A laughing, noisy group.
“Nix on the noise,” was Jake’s
command
To those who helped him pack;
And e’en the grumpy camels
Soft-pedalled on the track.



71

Three days was Jacob on the road
Ere Laban got the hunch
That his nephew had departed
With the flower of his bunch.
And Rachel stole the
bric-a-brac,
His idols, we are told,
That he prized above his chattels,
His silver and his gold!

72

Laban fared forth with his brethren,
Direct toward Gilead's mount
To overtake the fugitives
And call them to account.
Seven days he followed them,
When weary, worn and spent,
He came unto the mountain
Where Jake had pitched his tent.



73

More in sorrow than in anger
Uncle Laban bawled him out;
For at heart this son of Bethuel
Was a pretty good old scout.
Labe opined his silent blowing
Was unmannerly and wrong,
When he might have celebrated
With harp, and mirth and song.

74

Then he rubbered and he rummaged
For the treasures that were copped;
Even in the ladies' chambers
The mattresses he flopped;
But Rachel, cute and cunning,
Was wise to papa's curves
Though his snooping was annoying
To her finely balanced nerves.



75

Rachel was his darling daughter,
A peach and thoroughbred;
So he didn't get his idols
But she got his goat instead!
How she reubed him is recorded
In chapter thirty-one
Read unto the happy ending
Of the story I've begun.

Gen. XXXI--34.

Jacob's Quartette

76

In telling Jacob's story,
Before I quite forget,
I'll present you to the ladies
Completing his Quartette.
There's a charming story waiting
Of Jacob's dozen boys;
So I'll throw a little glimmer
On his varied nuptial joys.



77

The Bible says that Rachel
Who was hopeful but afraid
Made a present unto Jacob
Of her pretty waiting maid.
Sure Bilhah was delighted
Though she never said the word,
To have a share in Jacob
And become his better third.

78

As I present the story
It is very plain to see,
Uncle Laban put one over
With his prim and passé' Leah.
Love sparked in Jacob's bosom
For Rachel at the well,
And thus for plural helpmeets
This constant lover fell.



79

Leah also had her troubles,
And her lonely maid, no doubt
Felt the chilly situation :
Unattached, and strictly out.
Then Zilpah was invited
To step in as Number Four ;
Just glance at chapter thirty ---
Ah ! perhaps you've read before.

Gen. XXX--1-37.

Jacob's Only Daughter

80

And, speakinꝰ of the ladies
It is opportune and meet
To present the only daughter
Dinah, dimpled and petite.
Madam Leah, senior *hausfrau*,
Who presented half the boys
Responded to the colors
And completed Jacob's joys.



81

Large volumes have been written
Of Joseph and his brethren
But you hear a mighty little
Of his darlinꝰ little sisthren.
She looked awful good to Shechem
And she *clave unto his soul*,
Though unwittingly she brought him
And his kindred fearful dole.

Shechem's father, noble Hamor,
 Was induced to plead his cause
 But he failed through racial hatred
 And the Hebrews' moral laws.
 Of the young Hivites misfortune
 And the shocking *dénouement*
 You may read in chapter thirty-four
 Of a people's cruel wrong.



Soliloquy

83

*Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn,
 It brings woe to every Nation
 And to children yet unborn.
 Thou shalt love thy neighbor
 Was Jehovah's own command;
 Look around you, brother:
 How does His mandate stand?*

Gen. XXXIV--1-31.



WHERE JACOB GOT HIS START

Joseph and His Brethren

84

ON Joseph and his brethren
I'll throw a little light
And, barring slight deflections
It's sure to guide you right.

Joe and little Benjamin
Jacob loved above the rest :
Of course he loved the baby
But he loved his Joseph best.



85

Jacob bought a princely tunic,
A coat of varied hue,
And gave it to his favorite
Little boy, who wore it too.
His brothers envied him before :
The coat inflamed them all the more ;
And when he told them of his dreams
Their envy turned to hate, it seems.

86

“In a field we brothers labored,”
Joseph hastened to relate,
“And your sheaves bowed low and
humbly
To my sheaves which stood up
straight!
Again I dreamed, O brothers!
Sun and Moon bowed down to me---
Eleven Stars, each one my brother,
Made obeisance unto me!”



87

Fate awaited Joe at Dothan
This intrepid little scout
Who was sent there by his father
To search his brothers out;
He found them, and they stripped him
And they threw him in a pit:
Their purpose was to slay him,
Reuben's plea prevented it.

88

Later on they sold him
To some men for Egypt bound
And they tore his coat and dipped it
In some kid's blood on the ground.
They brought it to their father
Who was pitifully grieved
Thinking Joseph was devoured
He was cruelly deceived.



89

Coming into Egypt,
Those Ishmaelitic men
Had little use for Joseph,
And sold the boy again.
Potipher, his master,
A man of wealth and power,
Took him home and placed him
In command within an hour.

90

This responsible position
He might have kept for life,
But for the machinations
Of the great man's jealous wife.
The Bible tells the story ---
You might look over it,
And get the little details:
I've skipped a little bit.



91

By vile intrigue and lying
She accused him of a crime,
And Joseph fell in peril ---
Through another coat, this time ;
He found himself in prison
With two servants of the king,
A misfortune that turned out to be
A very lucky thing.

92

Those aristocratic menials
Told the troubles of their sleep ;
Joseph gratified the butler
But he made the baker weep.
Listen to the story
As it was told to me :
Then look it up in Genesis
And see if we agree.



93

The butler, through his dreamy pipe
Had seen a vine with grapes o'er
ripe ;
He pressed them in a golden cup
And let King Pharaoh drink it up :
The baker balanced on his head
Three homemade biscuits hard
as lead
He stumbled : that is my suppose
And dropped the buns on Pharaoh's
toes - ? -

94

“ O baker man ! ” said Joe, “ good
night !

You’ ll get it in the neck, all right ;
You’ ll dance on air, tied to a beam ---
That is the meaning of your dream !
And as for you, O butler great !
Again, you’ ll serve the king in state ;
When back to Pharaoh’ s court
you go

Remember Joseph told you so ! ”

Soliloquy

95

Dreams oft presage the sleeper’ s will
Suggesting deeds of good or ill ;
If waking thoughts are pure and
sweet

Our slumbers make our joys
complete.

Inventors often see in dreams
The workings of their waking
schemes ;

And plots to circumvent the foe
The warriors see in embryo.

96

How often visions come to me
That fill my enraged soul with glee:
I see the implements of war
Piled in a heap, from near and far;
I see the people in their might
Refuse to help the tyrants fight!
Ere waking, o'er the world they sing
"God Save the People! Damn the
King!"



De Profundis Clamabi!

97

Lord! hear Thy people calling;
Behold the awful sight!
A holocaust appalling,
A reeking, scarlet night!
Fair youth in manhood's flower
And strong men in their prime
Cry out in death this hour
Against a cruel crime!

98

Widows and orphans all about
Now mourn in grim despair;
Their hearts are wrung with grief
and doubt
That mocks unanswered prayer.
In sullen, silent, calm they wait,
Tears long have ceased to well;
Lord! save Thy people from a fate
More terrible than hell.



99

Out of the depths Thy people cry
They supplicate anew;
Have mercy, Lord! they must not die
Ere they return to You!
Reach out Thine arm against the foe
That slaughters innocence;
Proud kings and kingdoms overthrow
In Thy omnipotence!

Pharaoh's Dreams

100

But three days more they did abide
Till Joseph's words were verified;
Outside, the butler closed the gate,
In Jail the baker met his fate.
Inside the prison Joseph stayed,
In watchful waiting, undismayed;
In dreams he saw the Future great,
For two years more he had to wait.



101

Two nights King Pharaoh had this
dream:

Fourteen cows stood near a stream;
Seven scrawny ones and lean
Ate up seven plump and clean;
Seven ripened ears of corn,
Glistening with the dews of morn
Were swallowed up, so it appears,
By seven thin and blasted ears.

Genesis XLI, 1-25

102

His troubled, tantalizing dreams
Were getting Pharaoh's goat, it seems;
He called the wise men to his bed:
"It's just those rare-bit dreams,"
 they said.
At last, the butler thought of Joe;
His parting words: "I told you so,"
Brought the young prophet to the
 throne
To interview the king alone.

103

Reporters! here's a tip for you,
Listen! Get this interview:
Joseph:
I heard your dream of great import;
To solve it I have come to court.
Pharaoh:
How can you interpret dreams?
You are but a boy, it seems!
Joseph:
I am Joseph, Israel's son,
In truth, the come-eleventh-one.

104

Pharaoh :

Come - eleven ! that 's enough,
Go ahead ! unfold your stuff.

Joseph :

Your dream of seven - come - eleven
Is just a timely tip from heaven.

Pharaoh :

Yes, Yes, go on !

Joseph :

Egypt will grow a bounteous crop,
For seven years 'twill never stop ;
The corn will sprout on rocks and hills
O'erflowing granaries and mills.
And after this great overflow
For seven years no corn will grow ;
A famine will infest the land ---
Nothing growing, understand.



*A Smiling Face will always say
Good Morning on a rainy day
More gladly than words can tell ---
A Smile is Heaven, a frown is
unnecessary !*

105

My advice ? --- Why start a trust
For corner all the grain you must ;
Some wiseheimer who knows the
 spiel
Could help you carry out the deal.
It's your move, Pharaoh, you must
 find
Some youth with a prescient mind ;
A man with purpose undefiled :
Some Mama's busy angel-child.

106

Pharaoh :
I get you Joe ! you start the trust
And draw on me for all the dust ;
Those stockyard packers, if they're
 free
Could turn the trick, it seems to me ;
A railroad president or two,
If from Chicago, one will do ;
But then there is New York again :
Don't overlook those Wall street
 men !

107

When Joseph rounded up the bunch
He asked the magnates out to lunch ;
They brought along their lawyer men,
Joe put them in the Cairo pen.
The youth now governor and judge
Against those lawyers held a grudge ;
And so he set them doing time ---
A punishment to fit the crime !

108

“ A turn and turn about is fair ”
Said Joe as he consigned them there
Remembering complaints, no doubt,
Of many a prison down - and - out.
O, mercy me, how I digress,
It's not so written, I confess ;
So now I will retrace my step
And to the fact will put you hep.



*A good lawyer is a pilot on the Sea of
Trouble who steers your craft safely into the
Harbor of Peace and collects what the traffic
will stand for ; other lawyers - ? - are pirates on
the same waters who take all you have, then ---
throw you overboard.*

The Famine

109

For seven years of Joseph's reign
Egypt's farms o'erflowed with grain ;
In barns and bins the corn piled
 high
With goodly stores of rice and rye ;
And every foot of land was tilled,
And all the royal cribs were filled.
Then came the famine, it appears ---
A dry and barren seven years.



110

The packers and the Wall street men
Were called to Joseph's house again ;
In exultation, they advised
That Egypt's stores be advertised.
They all had suffered in a pinch
And knew the corner was a cinch ---
No fear of competition there !
No chance on earth for bull or bear.

111

If I should let my fancy ride
Until Pegasus struck his stride,
I'd introduce some pale - face lies
To show how magnates advertise.
In justice to the foxy bunch
That sat at Joseph's business lunch,
I must admit they tried no schemes
On this interpreter of dreams.



112

The famine reached the Canaanites
And Joseph's brother Israelites,
Who had exhausted all their corn,
Came unto Jacob all forlorn.
"Why stand ye idle" Israel said,
"While all our kinsmen want for
bread?
Egypt hath corn, a goodly store
For all its needs, and then some
more.

113

Go hither, each with ample sack
And purchase some, and bring it
back ;
Leave Benjamin at any cost,
Lest peradventure, he be lost : ”
His Rachel ’s first - born, best loved
son
He mourned, for now he had but
one ;
Poor Father Jacob, old and gray,
Was bowed with sorrow in his day.



114

With other men from Canaanland
Ten sons of Israel took their stand ;
Impatient, tired and unnerved,
They waited, anxious to be served.
When Joseph spoke, he called them
spies,
Repressing tears that welled his eyes ;
In awe and terror they bowed low,
Fulfilling dreams of long ago.

115

Roughly demandinḡ whence they
came

He conjured them in Pharaoh's name ;
And kept them prisoners of State,
In doubt, and tremblinḡ for their
fate.

“ We wronged our brother,” they
would say,

“ And now we suffer here today ; ”
And Joseph heard and understood :
By that he knew their hearts were
good.

116

In time he filled each brother's sack
And put the purchase money back,
Commandinḡ Simeon to stay
Till their return some future day.

With Benjamin, their father's joy,
They must return --- must bring the
boy ;

Meantime brother Joseph prayed
The Lord to bless the plans he'd made.

117

At home, when their mishaps were
heard
The fathers heart was sorely stirred ;
Simeon, son of Leah was lost ;
O what a pang the corn had cost !
Again the grain was getting low,
Again the brothers had to go ;
This time with Benjamin they went
To prove their word and good intent.



118

Now Joseph watched with great
concern
Long for his brothers' safe return ;
And when at last they came to meet
In fear they trembled at his feet ;
To hide his tears he turned aside :
He would not let them know he
cried ;
Much kinder treatment they received
And Jacob's children were relieved.

119

Again, in filling each one's sack
They put the purchase money back ;
In Benjamin's a silver cup
Was placed before they tied it up.
This was a ruse, it brought them back
Suspected thieves ; they searched
 each sack ;
I'll let the Bible tell the tale
Of how they almost went to jail.



120

To plead for life was Judah's task,
His scepter swept aside the mask ;
In tearful eloquence it swayed
Mindful the promise he had made.
He pictured Jacob bowed with grief :
His Benjamin condemned a thief ;
His best-loved Joseph was no more
And time but made his heart more
 sore.

121

Joseph no longer could repress
His heart's o'erflow of tenderness :
" I am thy brother ! be it known,
Thy father, Jacob, is mine own ! "
Then taking each one to his arms
He quieted their grave alarms ;
Great honors on them he bestowed ---
The best of Egypt's vintage flowed.



122

And at the love feast it was planned
To bring forth out of Canaanland
Israel and their property,
No matter what the cost would be.
And in accordance with the plans
The movers went with Pharaoh's
vans
And did their work so quick and
clean,
No slicker job was ever seen.

Moving Day

123

The family, three score and ten,
Besides the crew of moving men ;
Their horses, cattle, all their flocks,
Their furniture and cuckoo clocks,
Were tagged and loaded in the van ;
And Jacob, now a happy man,
Gave the word to start the band
That played "Farewell to
Canaanland."



124

Now Joseph came in grand array
To meet his father on the way ;
With Princess Asenath, his wife,
The sweetest bloom of Egypt 's life :
They came in chariots of gold
Heralded by warriors bold ;
And Jacob wept great tears of joy
As he embraced his long lost boy.

125

In Goshen, land of milk and honey,
Israel moved with flocks and money ;
They tilled the soil and sowed their
seed,
How well, in Exodus you' ll read.
In passing on from Genesis
Some incidents perhaps you miss :
One purpose is to get the smiles,
The funny wrinkle that beguiles :



126

I take delight to pick and prune
And always sing a merry tune ;
To dissipate the glooms that throw
A spell on mortals here below.
Pharaoh the king whom Joseph knew
Has shown up well in this review ;
In later years another came
Who brought disgrace upon that
name.

Job's Smiles and Tears

127

BY putting in an *Interlude*,
With the reader's kind
permission
I'll do just like the movies do
And provide an intermission.
I'll throw a picture on the screen :
A grander one was never seen
Of man's humility and love
Submissive to the Lord above.



128

Richly endowed with pelf and land,
A shining mark for Satan's hand ;
Job walked the straight and narrow
way
And praised the Lord from day to
day.
Be sure he got on Satan's nerve
Who tried the holy man to swerve ;
And by consent of God Himself
Deprived him of his land and pelf.

129

He took his children, caused his wife
To blaspheme and torment his life ;
And Satan who could do no more
Left his victim sick and sore.
The devil hoped he'd curse and rail,
But all his wiles were doomed to
fail :
Job penitently shaved his head,
Fell down and worshipped God
instead.



130

Chronologers have lost the place
And time when Job adorned the race ;
His patience and his faith sublime
Would honor any place or time.
Some say he walked with Abraham,
Some say he chummed with Moses,
Some say the age of Solomon
His lineage discloses :

Job should worry!

131

He is dwelling in the mansion
Of the Lord who loved him best,
Where the wicked cease to trouble
And the weary are at rest !
This ends my little interlude,
Not the story --- it is writ
In charming prose and poesy :
Read every word of it

In the Book of Job.



132

'Tis well to know
That some One knows
The heart beat of the years ;
'Tis well to know
That some One knows
The bitterness of tears :
'Tis well some Pilot
Knows the sea :
'Tis well He's mine and thine ;
'Tis well that in adversity
The Temple lights still shine.

E:X:O:D:U:S



Ye SECOND BOOK.

Ecce Homo ! Moses

133

NOR many, many hundred years
My story mingles smile and
tears ;
For under Egypt's cruel yoke
Great Israel's spirit almost broke.
But still, they grew and multiplied
And Pharaoh's wits were sorely
tried ;
He feared the Jews would take his
throne
And crown a monarch of their own.

134

He introduced race suicide
By cruel edicts he applied ;
And male - born babes were done to
death
Before they fairly drew a breath.
This foolish law to stem the tide
Of human progress was defied ---
A little Moses it would seem
Had drifted into History's stream.

Exodus II, 1-6

135

A racy story, I ' m afraid,
Of little Moses, and the maid
Who came in scanty bathing slip
Prepared to take her morning dip.
Princess Thermuthis was attended
By Jewish maids in bond descended :
'Twas not apparent in their dress :
In bathing suits it's hard to guess.



136

Now, Pharaoh's daughter, she it was,
Whose father made those horrid laws
Was startled by a baby's cry
And saw a basket floating by.
That cry was Israel's "Shiboleth,"
And saved a million babes from
death ;
She little knew the weight she bore
Who brought that precious craft to
shore.

137

And now those knowinḡ Hebrew
nymphs
Lifted the lid, and took a ḡlimpse
Of pretty Moses, right in style,
Wearinḡ a most bewitchinḡ smile.
“*Bris - me - lah!* a Yiddish kid,”
The maid exclaimed who raised the
lid;
But Thermie Pharaoh sweetly smiled
And claimed the cherub for her child.



“ That Cry was Israel's Shibolet ”



Four snow-white chargers pawed and pranced
And hootchie-cootchies stepped and danced
As Thermie, all in shimmering lace
Blew up the path and set the pace

The Debut of Moses

138

And now to find the needful nurse
The maiden mother op'ed her purse ;
'Twas Mosey's sister standing near
Proposed to find a volunteer.
I know one with a plenteous share :
A font of life and loving care ;
Who mourns bereft by Pharaoh's
 curse :
Methinks she'd make a dandy nurse.



139

The blushing maiden gave consent
And back to mother Moses went ---
Back to the font of milk and honey
With queenly patronage and money.
Then sorrowing Mother Jochebed
Dolled up, and tied about her head
A covering of flashy hue
Like any modern dame would do.

Exodus II, 7, 8.

140

Some baby doll was Mosey too
With snowy *lingerie* all new;
And every matron, maid and miss
Came to bestow a farewell kiss.
Then papa Amram, puffed and proud,
Went out and rounded up his crowd:
Frau Jochy was high-mucky-muck
So all the men folks had to duck.



141

Princess Thermuthis was some rage
When she came in her equipage:
A chariot inlaid with gold
And costly jewels, we are told.
Four snow-white chargers pawed and
pranced
And hootchie cootchies stepped and
danced
As Thermie, all in shimmering lace
Blew up the path and set the pace.

Exodus II, 9-10

142

If Thermie Pharaoh was alive
She'd make a hit on Lake Shore Drive;
A cubist dame, demure and flip
Fresh from her 'customed morning dip.
At Jochy's jinny-door she knocked:
So did the neighbors: while they
talked!

"Some class! I think I hear you say:
Sure! Little Egypt shone that day.



143

When Moses set his lamps on Ther
His pinky-pats went out to her;
Her chance acquaintance of the beach
Let out a lusty, joyous screech!
He almost jumped from Jochy's arms
Won by the fair Egyptian's charms.
Was little Mosey worldly wise
To penetrate the Maid's disguise?

144

Some say it was her classic nose:
He never saw her in those clothes;
My guess is that her winning smile
Entranced the cherub of the Nile;
Whate'er it was, Miss Thermuthis
Gave snookums a resounding kiss
Then took him by by in her car
And gave the gossips quite a jar.



145

These little details, I admit,
In Bible lore are not so writ;
I'll pass it to you on the quiet:
It's just my fancy running riot.
In Exodus, read Chapter two:
I think you'd better read it through;
You'll find me in a serious vein
When you resume my book again.



The Lie that gets across must be
shorn of the dramatics, also details.

Moses A General

Sans Goldbraid

146

From infancy to man's estate
There's very little to relate,
While Moses studied Egypt's lore
For twenty peaceful years or more.
Then Pharaoh's warriors were led
By General Moses it is said ;
They marched to Ethiopian Land
And fought the foeman hand to hand.



147

Their victories brought spoil and
fame
To Egypt's arms and Pharaoh's name.
At last when he returned to court
Moses heard a sad report ;
He saw a man of Egypt smite
A countryman with all his might :
One telling blow from Moses' hand
Put that tyrant 'neath the sand.

148

And now to Midian land he flew
In search of work that he might do ;
At noon he sought a resting spell
And took a seat beside a well.
Soon Jethro's daughters, seven strong
Came tripping merrily along ;
They drew some water for their flock
Delighting Moses with their talk.



149

Some angry shepherds came that day
And tried to drive the maids away ;
When Moses showed the ginks
 his arm
They flew pell-mell, in wild alarm.
Right home the giggling chicklets ran
And told pa-pa they'd found a *man!*
The priest invited him to tea
There, Moses got in right, you'll see !

Ex. II, 16-17.

A Job and A Wife

150

Jethro in a business talk
Gave Moses charge of all his flock ;
And that he might not be alone
Gave him Zipporah for his own ;
And she, upon a timely day
Brought Gershom, one-fine-boy, they
say ;
A stranger, in a stranger land ---
A lone sojourner, understand.



151

While tending sheep a message came
From out a bush of fiery flame ;
The Lord commanded him to go
And save his people from their woe.
The new King Pharaoh was afraid
And on the Jews great burdens laid ;
In every way they were abused
And all their pleas for help refused.

Ex. III, 1 - 2

152

With Brother Aaron Moses went
To get the cruel kings consent
To let his people leave the land ---
In fact, he made a firm demand.
When all their pleadings were in vain
The Lord directed their campaign
And put in Moses' hand the power
To make the haughty tyrant cower.



153

He turned the water into blood .
And frogs croaked in the scarlet mud ;
The locusts came and other pests ---
In Pharaoh's house they built their
 nests.
Not till the final, fatal blow
Would Pharaoh let the Hebrews go ;
Great miracles seemed all in vain
Until the king's own son was slain.

154

In every Gentile home 'twas said
The first-born son was stricken dead ;
That forced the stubborn king's
 consent
To let each Hebrew pack his tent
And march with Moses toward
 the sea
From Egypt's curséd bondage free.
Deliverance was now at hand
And straight ahead the Promised
 Land.



155

After many a weary mile
The Hebrews stopped to rest awhile ;
To count their money and agree
On rates of interest by the sea.
One night amidst tumult and roar
Pharaoh's troops approached the
 shore ;
Brother Aaron rang the bell,
And Moses signalled all was well.

156

And with his arms extended wide
He caused the Red Sea to divide;
When safely on the other shore
They saw ten thousand troops
 or more
Coming up the dry sea-path,
Suspecting not a shower bath;
Moses signalled as before
And Pharaoh's army was no more !

*Soliloquy*

157

Ye worldlings who follow
 the gilded white way,
Seeking the phantom of
 of pleasure today;
Drinking in all the delights
 of the cup:
Be careful ! the whirlpool
 may swallow you up.
Somewhere a Moses
 is leading the way,

And hosts of the faithful
 are marching today,
Out of the darkness
 into the light ;
Follow on, and be sure
 that your leader is right.

158

Don't be alarmed
 by the bluster and noise :
It's only the strenuous
 rough-rider boys ;
The Red Sea is parted
 again as of yore,
The bronchos are backing
 away from the shore ;
The voters are shouting
 a farewell, good by !
Have a care, there's a rumor
 the Colonel will fly---
Teddy is wise to
 the watery path,
And it isn't his day for taking a bath.

Music washes away from
the soul the dust of
every day life. Aurbaq

MOSES' SONG OF JUBILEE

“**O**SING to Jehovah
And speak of his fame ;
Exalt Him forever :
The Lord is His name.
At the breath of His nostrils
The waters on heap
Were parted asunder,
A way through the deep.

And hither His people
He led like a flock,
Down, down through the shadows
A pathway of rock ;
But the horse and his rider
He drowned in the sea
Jehovah hath triumphed,
And Israel is free.

The holy and mighty One
Bareth His arm :
And Pharaoh's proud captains
Are faint with alarm ;
He stilleth their clamor
Where mountain waves leap
And husheth forever
Their shouts in the deep.

From madness to stillness ;
 A shriek and a moan ;
They sink to the bottom
 As sinketh a stone ;
The horse and his rider
 Are drowned in the sea ;
Jehovah hath triumphed
 And Israel is free.

Forever and ever,
 O Lord, be Thy reign ;
Thy mountain of beauty
 Thy people shall gain ;
The proud dukes of Edom
 Shall vanish away
And princes of Moab
 Be filled with dismay.

For, gently thou leddest
 Thy flocks through the deep
And tenderly folded
 In safety Thy sheep ;
The horse and his rider
 Are drowned in the sea ;
Jehovah hath triumphed,
 His people are free."



Heaven-Fed and Happy

159

The land the Hebrew children found
Was wilderness for miles around ;
They soon grew tired of the eats
And longed for Egypt's oily meats.
Now, Moses feared with great alarm
Their murmurings would lead to
harm ;
He prayed the Lord with some avail
To send a goodly flock of quail !



160

One morning, wonderful to tell
Manna, the bread of angels fell ;
Now did the Hebrew Lamb's Club
boast
Of most delicious quail on toast !
"Far better than the ham - what - am,"
Said every son of Abraham :
They were a healthy, hungry bunch
And relished Heaven's *Kosher* lunch.

161

The Marah water, all agree
Was just as bitter as could be;
Sister Miriam, whilom cook,
Was serving tea with troubled look.
At last, with timbrel in her hand
She salied forth with all her band
Straight to Brother Moses' camp
They went, and overturned the lamp.



162

There was Moses, without doubt
When his flickering light went out;
“Listen, brother,” quoth Marie,
“The Mara is not fit for tea;
And we are sure it can be made
Sweeter, by your potent aid ---
My boarders cannot see the joke!”
This, I assume, is how she spoke.

163

To get the ax and fell a tree
And throw it in the bitter sea,
Was just a moment's work for
Mose ---

You've heard the story, I suppose ;
It made the water sweet and clear,
Sparkling like Milwaukee beer.
Read chapter fifteen --- let me see ---
I think the verse is twenty - three.



164

For forty days and forty nights
Moses left the Israelites
Safe in Brother Aaron's care,
Safe, he thought he left them there.
Far up on Sinai's mountain high
A light was shining from the sky ;
There Moses knelt with outstretched
hands :
There he received the
Ten Commands.

165

Meantime the Hebrews gave a feast
And importuned the frightened
priest:---

“ Give us a god we may adore,
Like the Egyptian's bowed before !”
Aaron was weak, and they were
bold,
And so they built their Calf of gold;
They worshipped it the heathen's
way ---
For Israel, 'twas a sorry day.

166

Moses returned from Sinai's mount,
Called his brother to account ;
Aaron, with shame upon his face,
Deplored his people's fall from grace.
The tablets graved with God's
commands
Were broken, hurled from Moses'
hands ;
Their golden calf, reduced to dust,
Mixed with their water, curbed their
lust.

167

Some Jews rebelled with scornful
 laugh
And clamored for their golden calf ;
The Levite tribe stood firm and true,
And all idolaters they slew.
The Tabernacle was complete
And God reigned from the Mercy
 Seat ;
Abiding faith and peace did bless
The Children of the Wilderness.

*Solliloquy*

168

Alas ! Idolaters today
Adore their gold the same old way ;
The *selfish* multi-millionaire
Is preying on us everywhere ;
His gods are cast in golden pigs :
The more he casts, the more he digs ;
From children's mouths he takes his
 tolls
And perils their immortal souls !

169

All he can grasp he turns to gold,
Like the calf worshippers of old ;
The widow's mite, the orphan's share
He takes and melts --- what does he
care
Whence comes the gold for which
he digs,
This worshipper of golden pigs !
Truly, I say, a sorry plight ---
We need a Moses here alright !

170

Now, pardon me, if I should draw
Attention to our modern law ;
Ingenious law that works both ways
Fills one with doubting and amaze ;
Courts high and low, and courts
supreme
*Some judges -? - not just, as they
seem ;*
Condemn the weak and help the
strong
Without regard for right or wrong.

171

The law of Sinai's Mount will stand
Till final Judgment is at hand :
Of course, we have good laws today
But Justice cries, and begs her way !
Meanwhile, our brilliant congressmen
Are making more laws now and then ;
And leaving loopholes, pave the way
For clients to escape some day.



Sometimes it seems that Law Books are the Barriers
behind which Justice sheds her tears.

172

How interesting the story grows
As *Exodus* draws to a close,
Showing the growth of civil life
With all its thrills and all its strife.
The old Mosaic law holds sway
In our best governed land today ;
Read carefully the *Ten Commands* :
The Law's foundation, as it stands :

173

Hearken to this :

Thou shalt not kill !

Then look at Europe, if you will --
A reeking human *Abattoir*
Run by " Emperor, King & Czar,"
Who pray to God to help them slay
Thousands, if need be, every day :
Let kingdoms wither at Thy *Word !*
Say it, in MERCY ! say it Lord !



174

The doom of Europe's Monarchies
Is writ upon the wall
And their proud thrones are tottering :
Stand back --- and let them fall !
Clap your hands, ye people ---
Shout unto God in praise !
His throne alone in Heaven survives :
Read what the Good Book says : ---

*The Lord hath prepared His throne
in the heavens, and His Kingdom
ruleth over all. --- Psalms ciii, 19*



*His Kingdom is an ever - lasting
Kingdom, and His dominion
endureth throughout all the
generations. --- Psalms cxlv, 13*



*He will bind their kings with chains
and their nobles with fetters of
iron; He will execute upon them
the judgment written. --- Psalms
cxlix, 8 - 9*



*Let burning coals fall upon them;
let them be cast onto the fire;
into deep pits, that they rise not
up again. --- Psalms cxl, 10*



Psalm 37

3rd Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4th Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart.

5th Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

6th And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgments as the noonday.

L: E: V: I: T: I: C: U: S



Ye THIRD BOOK.

“**G**o live content with small means.
To seek elegance rather than luxury, and
refinement rather than fashion: To be
worthy, not respectable, wealthy not rich:
To study hard, think quietly, talk
gently, act frankly.

To listen to stars and birds, to
babes and sages, with open heart:
To bear all cheerfully; do all
bravely, await occasions, hurry never.
In a word, to let the spiritual, un-
bidden and unconscious grow up
through the common.
“This is to be my Symphony”
CHANNING.

FROM *Exodus* we now advance
 So at *Leviticus* we'll glance ;
 The Book wherein the Law
 is set

For ceremonial etiquette.
 The timid lambs with plaintive bleat
 Were offered at the Mercy Seat ;
 Aaron presided at the feasts :
 Four sons were his assistant priests.



The Bible story mentions two
 The false Nadab and Abihu,
 Who burned strange incense
 unperfumed
 And for the sacrilege were doomed.
 Peace offerings came thick and fast
 Israel prospering at last ;
 Aaron was burning cows and lambs
 Which left the market long on hams.

177

Camel steak was plenteous too
And the mysterious rabbit stew ;
Pigs were condemned as food unclean
But tasted pretty good, I wean.
Wise Moses saw with great alarm
This unclean food was doing harm
And so the *Kosher* law was made
That boomed the beef and mutton
trade.



178

This *pure-food* law was made, you
know
More than three thousand years ago ;
Yet all the wisdom of the years
Has not improved it, it appears.
Our butter *e'en* is purest dope
As o-le-a-gin-ous as soap ;
Both made of fats of pigs and goats
And all we know is that it floats.

Soliloquy

179

Some people walk the earth today
 Believing, when they pass away,
 Their souls will transmigrate to kine,
 Or even pass to grunting swine.
 If Moses would come back today
 And mosey out the stockyards way,
 How would that great lawgiver feel
 To hear the pigs in terror squeal?



180

If holy Moses could have seen
 That never-ending kill-machine,
 Could watch their struggles as they
 rise ;
 Could hear their almost human
 cries : ---
 The firm of Stick - em - quick - en - Co.
 Would close up shop and have to go ;
 If Moses had his old-time power
 He'd close em up within an hour !

181

His shaft would pierce the armor-
plate ;
The Levite tribe would guard the
gate
From which a flaming sword would
sway
To warn the butchers all away.
And fresher, purer, air would blow,
Sans oderous perfume, you know ;
Chicago would rejoice and make
Of Bubbly Creek a crystal lake !



182

The children of the Hebrew race
Obeyed the law and walked in grace :
Some few, alas ! not held in check,
Worshipped the Heathen god Molek :
A hellish monster, hollow - cast,
That masked a fiendish, fiery blast ;
In his hot arms extended wide
Poor babes were tortured till they
died.

183

To mollify the god Molek
With Bovine face and chimney neck,
Those cruel heathen malcontents
Slaughtered the helpless innocents.
Three thousand and some hundred
years
Have since elapsed, yet it appears,
Though Molek's throne is
disarranged
Only the style of gods has changed.

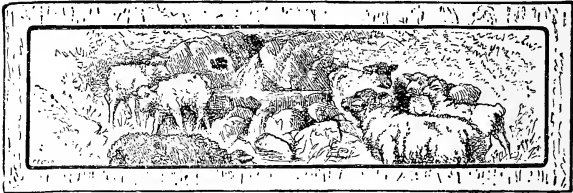


184

Mammon now sits upon his throne
With open mouth and belly blown ;
Look at his greedy face today :
He eats up all who come his way.
Behold the countless innocents,
Unaided by Omnipotence,
Caught in the current of the law
And drifting into Mammon's maw.

185

From north and south, from east
and west,
The heathen comes with shout and
jest,
Blowing horns and beating drums
To drown the piteous cry that comes.
Look at the victims in the stream,
Above the din the babies scream,
They cry to heaven so *far* away
To save their little lives today.



What meaneth then the bleating of the Lambs?

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

DO you hear the children weeping,
O my brothers,
E're the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against
their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the
shadows;
The young flowers are blooming toward
the west;
But the young, young children, O my Brothers
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Now tell the poor young children,
O my brothers,
To look up to him and pray
So the blessed One, Who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God, that He should
hear us,

While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud the human creatures
 near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!
And we hear not---for the wheels in their
 resounding---
Strangers speaking at the door;
Is it likely, God, with Angels singing round Him
Hears our weeping any more?"



And well may the children weep before you;
They are weary e're they run;
They have never seen the sunshine nor
 the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of man, but not the
 wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
No dear remembrance keep, ---
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their anġels in their
 places,
With eyes meant for Deity :
"How long," they say, " how long,
 O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world,
 on a child's heart,
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation
And tread onward toward your throne
 amid the mart ?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path ;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the
 silence
Than the strong man in his wrath !"

Elizabeth Browning



The Passover

186

THE sweetest smiles come after
tears
Commingling with our hopes
and fears ;
The purest gold must have alloy,
And so must every earthly joy.
With all their dull, nomadic life,
Marked by continued stress and
strife,
The Hebrews in their humble way
Enjoyed the first thanksgiving day.



187

The passover was first kept there,
A sacred feast of fast and prayer,
To celebrate the happy day
When Israel made its get - away.
Each to the tabernacle came
And, in the great Jehovah's name
They offered lambs and olive oil
And choicest products of the soil.

188

And Moses gave his wandering flock
A fatherly, judicial talk ;
He told them of the promised Land
And all the blessings close at hand.
He read to them his book of law,
A perfect tome without a flaw :
It is our basic law today---
None better on our books they say.



189

It was the law of government
Of people by their own consent ;
No soulless corporations there !
No grasping grafters anywhere !
Look at the railroad octopus
And what it's putting over us ;
If Moses came to court today
What would that honest jurist say ?

190

One night I saw him in a dream,
Our meeting place a court supreme ;
A fat old judge presided there.
And dozed in comfort in his chair :
A crippled man with careworn face
Had sued the "Road" that ruled
the place ;
I listened, and I heard his name ---
I heard the justice of his claim.



191


When all the evidence was in
The "judge a---hemm-ed, it is a sin
To put the Road to such expense
And bring such worthless evidence."'
Sadly, the plaintiff left the court ---
I heard a thunderous report ;
"Where is the judge, where did he
blow?"'
I asked, and Moses seemed to know.

R:U:M:B:E:R:S



Ye FOURTH BOOK.

ONLY One Judge sat in Israel's
Court of Appeals---Just Moses ;
There was only ONE Supreme
Court, and there is only ONE
today. There are many limited
courts, miscalled supreme --- 🌸
The LIMIT of HUMAN LAW !


 E read in Numbers, chapter
 ten,
 How Moses called his fighting
 men ;

His trumpet, sounding loud and long,
 Brought forth a hundred thousand
 strong !

The tribes were numbered and
 assigned,

Their rank and functions were
 defined ;

The tribe of Levi helped the priests,
 Assisting them at all their feasts.

Aaron and Sons had been ordained
 And sacerdotal rights obtained,
 To hold in perpetuity,
 Supported by gratuity.

Aaron was chosen first high priest,
 His office made him great, at least :
 His virtues never could atone
 For all his faults, were he alone.

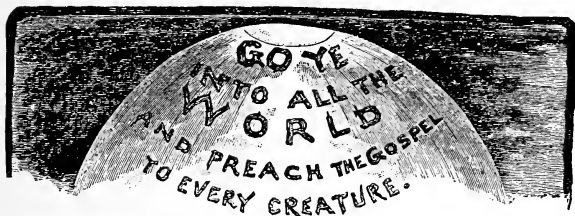
194

And Sister Miriam, by the way,
Poor suffragette of common clay,
With Brother Aaron had conspired
To have their brother Moses fired.
'Twas for this bold conspiracy
The maid was touched with leprosy ;
Why Aaron should escape scot-free
Has puzzled wiser men than me !



195

Moses, the man most truly great,
Divinely marked each human trait ;
No epoch since the world began
Has shown so grand and good a man.
If Bible truth is what you seek,
There never was a man more meek ;
With just enough of venial sin
To prove him flesh, of human kin.



196

Reared apart from Israel's race,
He found their destiny and place;
And from the scourge of Pharaoh's
hand
He turned them toward the Promised
Land.
The Lord communed with him alone:
Through Moses' prayers His mercy
shown;
And when through grievous sin they
fell
He saved them, on the brink of hell!

Soliloquy

197

Pastors! Ministers of Grace!
Are you taking Moses' place?
Society has work for you
In gilded halls and hovels too.
Aloft, a cloud of sentiment
Is resting o'er the churchly tent!
That cloud is sure to break some day
And sweep a church or two away.



198

The suffragette is in the land
And wants mere man to understand
Woman seeks emancipation
By working out her own salvation.
No modern woman now depends
On man alone to shape her ends;
She knows the great Creator's plan ---
She wants to help ; to uplift man!

Soliloquy

199

Look upward, man, toward the sky :
The solar system moves on high ;
Were Earth to shift its ordered place
'Twould wipe out all the human race.
And yet our *social* system moves
In dangerous, disordered grooves ;
Let noble woman take her place
With man, she will redeem the race!



200

Hark! hear the distant thunder roar
The hail is pounding, hear it pour !
The lightning flashes o'er the earth :
New Thought is here --- a glorious
 birth!
Away, the storm is sweeping all :
Kingdoms totter, barriers fall!
Blow! all the pomp of yesterday!
Blow, reeking, rotten thrones away!

201

To the historic Mount of Hor
The army came and camped once
more ;
For Aaron 'twas the final scene :
He shed his mortal coil, I mean.
Eleazar was on hand to claim
The vestments in the family name ;
He dropped a sympathetic tear
With Uncle Moses at the bier.



202

When next they marched the
Israelites
Came upon the Moabites ;
Their numbers scared old King Balak
Who sought a curse to turn them
back.
Balam, a famous gentile seer,
The monarch summoned to appear ;
And bribed him with a goodly purse
To blast the Hebrews with a curse.

203

And that is how it came to pass
That Balaam rode forth on his ass;
Leading a host of Moabites,
He went to *get* the Israelites.
Tell the story? not for me!
Turn to *Numbers*, chapter three;
Professor Wise, in Balaam's class
May learn a lesson from the ass!




204

Ofttimes the college pedagogue
Misinterprets the Decalogue;
And presidents who seem all wise
Encourage their convenient lies.
Cold *trusty steel* and *standard oil*
Are buying plastic brains to spoil:
Poor silly asses on the tracks
With greedy Balaams on their backs!

And though I bestow all my goods to feed
the poor, and though I give my body to be burned
and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

1 Cor. XIII, 3.

 Build a Little FENCE of Trust.
Just around to-day,
Fill the space with LOVING DEEDS.
And therein stay,
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear
Whatever comes, of
Joy or Sorrow."

D: E: U: T: E: R: O: N: O: M: V



Ye FIFTH BOOK.

A Wish For You.

*Sweet as the songs which the robins sing
Pure as the flow of a crystal spring,
Deep as the depths of a mother's love,
True as your faith in the God above;
With a harvest of smiles and a famine of tears,
Through all the course of the coming years,
So sweet, so pure, so deep, so true,
Be the joy fate holds in store for you.*

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Lucius Perry Mills.

ETHICS and due economy
 Are urged in Deuteronomy ;
 The application of the law,
 Simply defined as Moses saw :
 Wholesome without equivocation,
 A guide to virtue and salvation ;
 It was the good man's master book,
 The last one of the *Pentateuch*.



And yet some authors ask today :
 " Who was this Moses, anyway ? "
 Deep down within our consciousness
 We know a man, we must confess,
 The only man in all creation
 Who thinks he's a re - incarnation ;
 He has our Moses beat a mile
 With vigor - plus, in every style.

207

He's versed in every -ology :
Look up recent chronology ;
Who helped the cowboys round up
cattle ?
Who led the rough - necks on to
battle ?
Who chased the fearsome grisly bear ?
Who tracked the rhino to his lair ?
Who crushed to earth the muckrake
worm ?
Who found the mollycoddle germ ?



208

Who patronized phonetic spellers ?
Who wrote the only six best sellers ?
Who formed the Ananias club ?
Who was it that he tried to snub ?
Who ever made a bigger bluff ?
Who thinks we haven't had enough ?
Who is this paragon ? I say,
Who has us going, who, I pray ?

Good Night

209

At last they came to Jordan's banks
And offered prayer in grateful
 thanks ;

Before them spread the Promised
 Land :

The grand fruition was at hand !
There Moses gave his tired flock
His blessing, and a farewell talk ;
There, with the long-sought goal
 in sight

The Good Man smiled a last
 Good Night!

210

That brave and loyal son of Nun :
Joshua, the intrepid one,
Israel's leader now became
And battled in Jehovah's name.
Through Jordan's flow a path ran dry
Which let the Hebrew warriors by.
The Book of Joshua tells you more,
From chapter one to twenty-four.

Deut. XXXIV, 9.

211

Ere closing I would like to quote
A law or two that Moses wrote ;
So sapient and so versatile,
He makes us weep, or makes us smile.
His mission was to lead his race
And show the doubting ones their
place ;
His word has ruled in ages past ---
Unto the end his law will last.



212

O ye arbiters of the style!
Truly, you'll find it worth the while
To read a verse or two in *Deut*
Ere making that man-tailored suit.
Did Dr. Mary Walker see
What's writ in Deuteronomy?
I quote a verse or two below ---
It's *possible she* didn't know!

213

O yes, it's true she has the right
 To put the *lingerie* out of sight ;
 An Act of Congress stands today
 And gives her trousers right-of-way.
 But did they know the ancient law
 That stands today without a flaw?
 The law was written long ago ---
 It's *probable* they didn't know!

"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are an abomination to the Lord thy God!"--- Deut. XXII, 5.

214

For you, O fairies of the stage
 There's grave reproof upon this page;
 Wear *more* of vesture, *less* of fringe
 On Moses' Law do not impinge.
 Yes, you may cut an ample slit
 Upon thy vesture, I admit---
 Until we have the stepless car
 It must be cut---but not too far!

"Thou shalt make thee fringes upon the four quarters of thy vesture wherewith thou coverest thyself!"


Deut. XXII, 12.

215

Parents ! tis wise to search the Book
The fifth one of the *Pentateuch* ;
In chapter twenty-two please read
And unto Moses' law give heed.
And you, O judge ! you must of
course
Read up the law to grant divorce ;
There's something you may overlook :
In justice, you must read the book !

216

For men who lived in Moses' day
Were just the same frail, common
clay ;
Prone to sin, like Eden's pair ---
Cursed by the God who put them
there !
We know that a Redeemer came
Who healed the blind, the sick and
lame ;
His blood has washed the curse away
And brought the world a brighter
day !


 HIS now completes my little book
 My version of the *Pentateuch*;
 And though the story is quite
 old

I fancy it is newly told.
 The World is just the same old place
 Revolving in the same old space;
 Illumined by the same old Sun
 That shines and smiles for everyone.



In reading Bible history
 We tread a realm of mystery;
 The human story therein told
 New generations will unfold.
 The World's a stage, and Life's a play
 That we are acting every day:
 Directed by Almighty power
 We come, and live our little hour!



IVE truth and your gifts will be paid
in kind .

And a song a song will meet;

And the smile which is sweet will surely find

A smile that is just as sweet.

UNCEASINGLY, the years roll by
 Millions are born, and millions
 die ;

Who knows the great Creator's plan
 That holds the destiny of Man ?
 Wonders of Science and Invention
 May yet disclose the Grand Intention !
 Seek not the myth, Perennial Youth :
 Seek till you find Eternal Truth !



Why boast of breeding, rank or race ?
 What matters pedigree or place ?
 Herein is traced the family tree
 Of prince and pauper, you and me.
 Listen to Nature, and obey
 Her gentle teachings, and you may
 Hold high your head among the great
 Nor bend to king nor potentate.

Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I
Lawe, Love, and Fortune ay my doorstep wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and wart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbiddey oyce at every gate!

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemnyd to failure, poverty and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

John James Ingalls



Ye Cloister Musings

WHY THE WAR BIBLE? Some
ask. Reeketh it not with turmoil
and strife? Hath it not stormed
the fortress of Sleepyside? Consider its
rebellion, its rumpus and its riot:

And then I have a *coup de grace*
That may put-over my contention :
Have I not, with my bold *faux pas* -?
Thrown down the gauntlet to
convention?

One *pub*, I must not tell his name,
Who sent regrets, you'll understand
Led me to think my road to fame
Was blocked by such a firebrand:

War, Webster said in words well
chosen
Is hostile *force* and *fight* as well;
Though Sherman, who was plugged
and frozen
Said War was simply *blazing Hell!*

It's up to you, *you* are the Judge
Dear Reader, weigh it well
I hope you're neutral, without
grudge:
Say! Is it War? --- Or is it Hell?



"I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me
And answer'd 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.'"
Omar K.---LXVI



Perhaps we all shall meet again
After the day
After the pain,
After the night
After the rain,
After the War:
Perhaps, if some of us are slain
After we cross the Bar
Then shall we meet again.




James Murray

The War Prophecy of Tolstoy

THE doom of Europe's Monarchies is writ upon the wall
And their proud thrones are tottering: --- stand back
and let them fall; Great TOLSTOY, who appealed
for bleeding-Russia in his day, Bequeathed the World this
Vision---construe it as you may.


This is a Revelation of
events of a Universal
character which
must shortly come to pass:

Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is, with her beauty, poise, her smile, her jewels == a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especial-

ly. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all.  In her hair ornaments, of diamonds and rubies, is engraved her name, "Commercialism." As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.



And behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of War, that the beautiful courtesan carries from City to City and Country to Country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is a roar of guns and muskets.

The second torch bears the  flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It

lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger world of literature, art and statesmanship.

All Europe In Flames

The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of South-eastern Europe. It will develop into a destruction and calamity in 1914. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battle-fields.

But in the year 1915 the strange figure from the North a new

Napoleon enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925.

The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the old world. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants==the Anglo=Saxon, the Latins, ❀ the Slavs and the Mongolians.

A New Ethical Era

After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiment. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the Church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without moral feeling. But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics

of monotheism and lay the corner stone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the earth == a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by Superior Powers.

And, behold, the name of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as a prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy.



Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations.

Race Wars Strangle Progress

Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. By then, in the middle of this century, I see a heroine of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and Persians, the world of the tedious stuff ❀ the plebeian.

It is the light of symbolism that shall outshine the light of the torch of Commercialism. ❀ In place of polygamy and monogamy of today there will come a poetogamy ❀ relations of the sexes based fundamentally on the poetic conceptions of life. ❀

And I see the nations growing larger and realizing that the alluring woman of their destiny is after all

nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, ❀ hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of mind and body.

¶ I see the passing show of the world=drama, in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of Commercialism and a new history begins.



Nevertheless, hear thou now this word that I speak in thine ears, and the ears of all the people.

The prophets that have been before me and before thee of old prophesied both against many Countries, and against great Kingdoms, of War, and of Evil, and of Pestilence. ❀

When the word of the Prophet shall come to pass, then shall it be known that the Lord hath truly sent him.

Jeremiah xxviii, 7-9.



The Cloister Shop, Chicago



EXCERPT

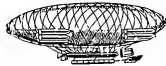
*From sketch in "The Inland Printer," of
September, 1911.*

JIM (James Austin Murray, badly-in-need-of-a-hair-cut) has a strongly developed hobby for antiques, old books and prints, of which he has an interesting collection. It would be larger, he told me in his almost serious way, if Clarence Marder, of the American Type Founders Company, of Jersey City, hadn't watched him so closely when he visited their magnificent library last summer. He fights shy of the title of poet, though it would seem that there is much incriminating evidence which may some day be used against him. No college or university has ever burdened him with degrees, yet he is a post-graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and a past-master and great-grand-juggler of English vocabulary. In all his typo-literary career he has failed to cultivate a "style," so there is no telling where the types or the dictionary will break out.

Here is a mouthful taken from his stationery which might perhaps confirm the latter assertion :

Type, ink and paper crystallized with novel ideas and *bon mots* of English phraseology for the delectation of lovers of nice typography and the gratification of progressive advertisers.

The story of Ye Cloister would not be complete without touching upon the real attainment --- the reward of persistent effort, courage and initiative. The great desideratum of its founder was to educate his children to competence and self-reliance, the real education which assures a life of usefulness, the true expression of goodness. We all love Ralph Waldo Emerson and good old Walt Whitman. And for the same reason I like Jane Addams, Elbert Hubbard, Bruce Calvert and Booker T. Washington, because they are the pioneer apostles of that "real education," and are devoting their lives to "helping mankind help themselves." And that is "Ye Cloisterman's way" --- and I like him, too.



A decorative border with a floral and leaf motif, featuring a dense arrangement of leaves and flowers, framing the central text.

Some Prayers



JUST FOR TO-DAY.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin just for to-day;
Let me no wrong or idle word unthinking say.
Set Thou a seal upon my lips just for to-day.
Let me both diligently work and duly pray.
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for to-day.
Let me in season, Lord, be grave, in season gay;
So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me Lord, just
for to-day.

GETTING A-CROSS

WITH A

A :: P R A Y E R !

A T E V E N T I D E

When we decide

To rest our head

We go to bed:

When overwrought

And Sleep will not

Take us away:

T H E N , :: T H E N :: W E :: P R A Y !

Thank You, dear God, for Eyes to see

Thy Earth: so fair and bright. I close

them now, that I may see Thy Heaven

T H R O U G H O U T T H E N I G H T !

We close our Eyes

O U R M O N O F L I E S

W E F L Y A W A Y

F R O M Y E S T E R D A Y !

We ne'er come back

U p o n o u r t r a c k :

I T ' S P A S S E D

F O R E V E R A N D

F O R A Y E ! I S

Y E S T E R D A Y !

PURGE out of every heart lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage, and gaiety and a quiet mind. Spare us to our friends; soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if may be, in all our innocent endeavors: If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving, one to another.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hope, Hope alway!
Great Hopes have made the mighty
of today;
It is the seed that flowers, thrives
and grows:
Its limits? the Creator only knows!

All that we *would* put into our living
We *could*:
If all that we *could* put into forgiving
We *would*.

The Burglar

ONE of those noble women, who are ever reaching out to help the down-and-outs, returned home late one evening to find a sure-enough burglar in her apartments. With the characteristic *sang-froid* of those sterling workers, she bade him keep the jewels he had taken, and talked to him in a kind, sympathetic voice, and touched his heart in a way that only those angels of the slums know how. Back to his childhood days she brought him, to his mother's knee, where he had first learned to pray.



I am the Good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine. John X, 14.

“Perhaps one little prayer
Still held in Memory’s chain?”
Yes he would kneel that moment
And say his prayer again.
“Our Father” --- then he faltered,
The words refused to come
Though prayer was overflowing
The heart of that poor bum.

At last he spoke: “dear lady,
I sure do want to pray:
If God is hep to rummies
I’ve got a heap to say!”
“Pray man! the prayer will reach
the Throne
That rings sincere and true;
God sees your heart, by it alone
He always measures you!”



The Outcast's Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, O gee, how I wanna pray to You. ∴ I'm sorry I'm not hep to de swell talk, an' if it's all de same I'll try to hand it to you in me own way. ∴ I know yer wise to me God: I'm in bad, dat's a cinch. I wanna trow up me hand an butt-in on de squar deal, an if I slips a cog, O Lord, gimme de hunch, an' I'll own up an' play fair.

Dis is de straight goods from me heart. I sure do wanna hike on de right road. Show it to me God: 🌸
Help a poor sinner: make me a winner. 🌸 Amen.

Soldiers of Peace.

Adapted from Chas. Wesley's "The Whole Armor."

SOLDIERS of Peace arise
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which
God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
Strong is the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the great Jehovah trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, against your foes
In close and firm array;
Legions of evil fiends oppose
Throughout this troublous day.
Go meet the sons of night
And mock their vain design
Armed with the Truth and Heavenly
Light
And Grace and Love divine.

Follow the Prince of Peace
Beside the waters still:
In pastures green He brings surcease
Where you may rest at will.
E'en through the valley drear
Where dark'ning shadows fall,
No evil spirit can come near
While God reigns over all. Psalm xxiii



Dear Lord, it is Thy will
That Peace on Earth abide
Thy mandate is *Thou shalt not kill*:
Behold! It is defied.
Hark to the orphans' prayer
The wives' and mothers' call!
Protect them with Thy Shepherd's
care
And let their tyrants fall.

And the peace of God which passeth all understanding
shall keep your hearts and minds.—Phil. IV, 7.

The Refugee's Prayer

Dedicated to the Refugees of San Francisco Earthquake.

O Lord! I humbly kneel in prayer,
I ask thy sovereign aid;
In pity, save me from despair,
Protect me Lord, I am afraid!

A pilgrim in this earth-torn vale,
Prostrate, I feel Thy power;
I rise, I walk! my footsteps fail:
Lord help me in this crucial hour:

Ah! Faith and Hope return to me;
I feel a wondrous thrill:
My fears depart, my soul is free
To watch and pray, and do Thy will.

Dear Lord! contritely I confess
My wav'ring faith in Thee,
When, in my hour of dire distress,
Hell's scorching arms encircled me.

Now, in my peaceful hour of prayer,
My Faith is strong in Thee;
And Peace and Hope put out despair:
Lord, do what'er Thou will with me!

Why are ye troubled? And why do thoughts arise in
your hearts. --- Luke XIV, 38.

THERE comes to all a thoughtful
hour,
A sentient calm
A thoughtful mood,
A careful retrospect, a prospect
fraught
With hope and strong desire
And earnest, thoughtful prayer;
An effort to unbind
The long beleaguered soul;
To know the Truth,
To see the Light,
To find the Way:
To take the hand that leads the spirit
Up and on, along the way
The worry and the wraith,
The fallible and fear, the gloom and
glame;
The failure and the fate
The cloud and storm of sensuous
trends
To where life sits in sweet repose,

Exploits in glad emprise,
Surveys the barmy vast
Around, above, beneath---
The active matrix of Creation's
 worlds ---
Joins in the unsounding tanġ,
The everlasting song,
The chorus ġrand, sunġ by the rise
 and fall
And ebb and flow,
Resilience and calm
Of the eternal seas of God's Infinity
 Where suns no longer set nor rise
 But ride full-orbed
 The Eternal day
And shed the ġlory and the sheen
 Reflected in the Shimmering Sea
 Of Elohim's unsullied Immortality:
“ And there shall be no niġht there :
 And they need no candle
 Neither liġht of the sun ;
For the Lord ġiveth them Liġht :
 And they shall reign
 Forever and ever ! ”

Into The Depths

Go where the willow
In silence is weeping
Go where the ivy
Is wet with the dew ;
Kneel by the grave
Where your loved one is sleeping
And learn if you can
What she once was to you.



Out through the *Gates of the West*
In her splendor ;
Out through the Storm-cloud
That hides her from view ;
Into the Clearness
Of Heaven's Blue Yonder
She lives with the Angels
Who once lived with you !

Mourn not O, Children
 Why, why are you weeping
Angels are smiling
 Out from the pure Blue ;
Mother is with them
 And ever is keeping
The Soul - love that Heaven
 Is holding for you !

*For I will turn their mourning into joy, and
comfort them, and make them rejoice from
their sorrow. --- Jeremiah xxxi, 13.*



Into the depths
 Let some Soul-word be spoken,
Spoken to Her,
 The best friend you e'er knew ;
Love that is Soul-love
 Can never be broken
When Soul answers Soul
 I am still *one* with You !

Soliloquy

Though the willow in silence is
weeping
Though the ivy is wet with the dew :
The Love that is Soul-love is keeping
The Love that no other Soul knew.
Ever on while the star lamps are
swinging
Sweet incense o'er woodland and
deep,
The Love that Her Soul-love is
singing
Is singing her loved ones to sleep !



" Out through the Gates of the West in Her splendor "

What! Out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if brcke!

Omar LXXVIII.

Take all the pleasure, as it comes
your way ;
Live while you live, ye Cloisterman
doth pray :
“ O Lord! Thou gavest us life, and left
us free
To live in pleasure, while we live
in Thee ! ”



Freely, from Life's fountain, take
the sparkling draught
And you'll die happy, when
you know you've laughed !

O Lord, by these things men live and in all these things is the life of my spirit, so wilt Thou recover me and make me to live. --- Isaiah XXXVIII, 16.

Requiescant in Pace

HONOR the noble soldier dead,
With flowers deck his lowly bed;
The loyal Blue and loyal Gray
Are sleeping 'neath *one* flag today!

Immortal fame to leader-braves
Give them full meed of glory;
The marble tablets o'er their graves
In requiems tell their story.

Bring flowers for the men who fell;
Who sleep in lonely unmarked
 graves;

Grand monuments will never tell
The names of hosts of silent braves!

Now rest in Peace: thy children pray,
A hundred millions true and strong!
Soldiers! a Nation bows today.
In grateful prayer, in praise and song.

NOW sunlight steals away
Hush! tis the close of day ;
Souls of the Earth now pray :
Souls of the Earth now in the
Silence see
An opening vision of Eternity!
Light from the World's ungrown
In Silence settles down
And stretching wider than Earth's
foam-flecked sea
Is Elohim's ungrown Eternity:
The Destiny to be!
Where breaks the Waveless Wave :
The Destiny to be!



Give all you have
Of Love, and Joy, and Mind,
The more you give
The greater store you'll find ;
The lowly Nazarene
Who taught this lesson true
Gave all He had ---
He gave His *life*, for you!

A House of Silent Prayer



Mission House for the Deaf, Liverpool, England

GOU play to win the Game of Life and strive for Wealth and Fame, forgetting, in all the strenuous strife, many points that will win the Game.

Though *least*, the points of Wealth and Fame shine out in the bright limelight; while points that cinch the desperate game are obscure, and lost to sight.

Some get discouraged at the start, and lie down along the way; while others play a valiant part and win good points each day.

Good winners will lend a helping hand to losers, from day to day; and use the power at their command to show them the winning way.

When Life is done, that ends the play --- what matters Wealth and Fame: your score will win on Judgment Day if you've played an Honest Game.

Oh that one would hear me! behold my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book.

Surely, I would take it upon my shoulder and bind it as a crown to me.

Job XXXI, 35, 36



A crazy man often seems polite and exceedingly courteous. He is misunderstood. It is pure pity for you whom he thinks the real nut. Get me?

A young fool may get wise: an old fool is sot.

HERE bright the light
Falls on the plain
Of Indra's sand;
The ancient seers
All rise again
And bless the land.

The modern curse
Of Graft and Greed
They Overpower :
And plant instead
By Occult deed
Beyond the dead
The Soul's sweet dower.

While Eons mark
The way they came
Through light and dark
To spell the name
Of Love to men
The Indra's hark,
Then sing again !

The thunderstorm by lightning
driven
Plays round my Soul 's immortal
brow ;
Still all content within my Heaven
I rest, and fear I do not know :
For He who made Creation's form
Surveys, and well controls the storm.



When you with God in unison
Divinely are combined
You walk upright and face the Sun
And shadows leave behind.



When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid : Yea
thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Proverbs III, 24.

WHEN Love was young
The skies were clear,
And Beauty blossomed
Everywhere:
When Love was old
It wiser grew
And loved the things
It never knew

When it was young:
It had to learn
The worth of Soul
At every turn:
And learning well
It learned to say
"Not Beauty's shrine
But God in clay!"

GOD IS LOVE

LIFE is a fountain
Full and free
And wide as beings range ;
It's streams are
Immortality :
In life and death exchange.

And on the breast
of Life's great flood
Truth moves forevermore
While the whole
Universe of God
Is passed from shore to shore.



Truth is mighty and must prevail
O'er Error's storm of leaden hail!

.....
CULTIVATE the human graces,
Fit yourself into the weather ;
Things will surely go to pieces
If they do not hold together.

Sounds like a Wisdom, Rachel !

Find your place among your brothers
Pull together with the tide ;
Talk it over with the others
Get their view ere you decide.

Not mit customers, Jakey !

When your craft is tossing headlong
Buffeted by threat'ning wave ---
That 's the time ! when you are in
wrong
Skill and Patience often save.

Grossartig ! Hanna, nichtwahr ?



The Philosophers say that Knowledge
is the discovery of Ignorance.

GIVE SUMMER A CHANCE

Now winsome Spring doth nestle in the lap of grizzled Winter

She fain would bide with us awhile
And lure us with her Siren smile ;
Begone ! thou false and chilly Miss
We long for Summer's warmer kiss.

NOW when the roses are
bloominḡ
Gentle Spring, you may say
your farewell ;
Saucy face, so chill and assuminḡ
Reveals what your words will not
tell.



Miss Spring, you've worn out your
welcome,
You were scheduled to fly long ago,
That airship should certainly go
some ---
You are breezy and airy --- so blow !

True, our poets have told of your
 beauty
And have crowned you Queen of
 the May,
While you giggled and chewed
 tutti-fruitti
And flirted with Winter, they say.

Fie! sat in his lap, you sly coquette,
And tickled him under the chin;
As you coaxingly teased
 “O, don't go yet,
Don't let Madam Summer come in.”

But she's coming arrayed in her
 splendor,
And she'll wither you both with a
 glance;
Joy-Riders and hosts who attend her
Are shouting “Give Summer a
 Chance!”

Above was provoked after a succession of chilly days
in late June, in the environs of Chi, by the
tumbling, turbulent waters of the Mich.

Some Pilots, in their pious zeal,
Fail to put-across the Weal---
The mariners may hear his call
But do not get his drift at all :

Maundering on Rhetoric's Sea,
The Preacher sails quite aimlessly
Stalled at last on Logic's Bank,
If no one's hurt the Lord we thank.



Who cultivates the melancholy
And thinks it folly
To be jolly
Is *dead*, and is himself the *tomb*
Of one cold heart
That died of *gloom* :
Disturb it not ; just let it rot !

The real bunco man is he who tries
to pass his silence and gloom off for
wisdom and sanctity.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down that it will
sprout again and that the tender branch thereof will not
cease.

Job XIV, 7

A Citizen of Zion

LORD who shall abide in Thy
Tabernacle?

Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly and
worketh righteousness, and
speaketh the Truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his
tongue, nor doeth evil to his
neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is
contemned.

But he honoreth them that fear the
Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt
and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money
to usury, nor taketh reward
against the innocent.


He that doeth these things shall
never be moved. --- Psalms, xv.

A Citizen of Cottage Grove

A Gentleman is *all* a man
Could ever want to be :
He's Gentle, and he's Modest
And a Prince of Courtesy ;
He's Generous and Forgiving
And slow to take Offense ;
He's a Stranger to Suspicion
And Deception and Pretence.

The Gentleman goes forth at ease
In consciousness of Right :
He is never Avaricious
He subdues his Appetite :
He's Considerate and Tactful,
He is Genuine, He is True !
Friend ! If you're not a *Lady*
I hope that *HE* is *YOU* !

*Don't worry : ever do and say
The kindest things
The kindest way.*

WENGLI was a Swiss patriot and reformer, who, throughout his life was an exemplification of the high spiritual and moral character that is developed in Man through close association with ideal Woman.  He imbibed his earlier education on his mother's knee, through the medium of Bible stories. He was a champion of Liberty, and believed in the ultimate emancipation of Woman, whom he understood and worshipped.



For a time he was barred from close communion by virtue of his sacred office; but not for long, as one of the earliest reforms he succeeded in bringing about was the abolition of the law of celibacy, which enabled him to complete his life and give to the world a fuller conception of the great Truths that he was promulgating in that darkened era.

The following estimate and appeal were inspired during the contemplation following a reading of Zwengli's wholesome and edifying discourses :

Listen here, Man !

You've got to come down to brass
tacks.

An honest confession is good for
the Soul ;

And an honest *estimation* is good
for what ails you.

The bountiful Giver of life has
distributed the persimmons
pretty evenly :

You pride yourself on your *strength*,
but when it comes to *beauty*,
Woman has you faded to a
frazzle ;

You are *daring* and *confident* :
very admirable qualities, but
they often develop into fool-
hardiness and conceit.

The *unassuming* and *diffident* Woman
will gain and hold your admira-
tion, and may subdue your *daring*
and *confidence*.

You are great in *action*, Woman is
sublime in *suffering*;

You go abroad and *shine* ; Woman
illuminates the home, and her light
is like a 500-watt flaming arc
which turns your dinky 10-watt
into a shadow.

You summon all your powers of
oratory to *convince* : Woman
wins her way by gentleness and
kindness, smiles and tears.

You are *mathematical* and *scientific* :
Woman has *taste* and *artistic*
instincts.

You think you have superior
judgment : Woman's *judgment* has
sensibility to re-enforce it.

You assume the quality of *justice* :
Woman is an *Angel of Mercy*.

You have a *ruġged* heart, Woman
has a *loving* and *tender* one.

Both of you are prone to sin, and
toġether, create *misery* ; your
courage may prevent it : when it
comes, Woman is there to
relieve it.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of
trouble ;

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth
also like a shadow and continueth not.

Job XIV, 1-14.



The Suffragette

She sees the wise Creator's plan,
She wants to help, to uplift Man!

Open the Gate

SAY Man, give Woman *all* her due :
She's wide awake, and after you ;
Unto her sway some day you'll
 bow ---

Be good, why not surrender now ?
She's knocking at the wicket gate,
Swing it wide, she is your Fate ;
She wants to come into your life ---
She wants to be *more* than your wife



She's reading up the Man-made Laws ;
Believe me, she has found some flaws ;
She's getting wise, and learning fast --
She's found her right-of-way at last !
You've lived for centuries on bluff,
She's been your slave quite long
 enough ;
She wants to vote, don't let her wait :
Come on old Man, unlock the Gate !

CHEER up, brothers! the battle is
on
The foes are assembled at
Armageddon;
There's a stir in Jehoshophat's valley,
they say
And the foemen are fighting like
demons, today!
All over the earth the struggle now
rages
And the records are growing on
History's pages;
The armies of Truth are valiant and
strong
And pushing the conflict of Right
over Wrong;
Black Error is stubborn and will
not be crushed
Till the war cry of Mortals forever
is hushed!

Sic Semper Tyrannis!

And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat on it,
from Whose face the earth and the Heaven fled away.
Rev. XX, 11.

When Napoleon stood a broken force
on the rock-ribbed isle begirt by the
shores of the inexorable sea, out of the
ashes of his former power he saw *The
Great White Throne of Justice* rise,
from Whose face his earth and his heaven
fled away:

His iron will and sinewy frame,
His thirst for power, and rule and
fame

Went down as broken reeds before
the touch of Him Who holds the waters
in His hand, and all the isles takes up as
very little things: His glory was Am-
bition's will-o-the-whisp, incarnadined
with blood: living as a murderer, dying
a criminal, buried as a pauper, amongst
strangers in a stranger land:

“ This trampler of the world
Now on the Judgment trumpet waits!”

And all other would-be trampers
will one day see *The Great White
Throne of Justice* rise, before Whose
face their strength and power will shrivel
up and turn to clay: their guilty souls,
stained by the curse of Cain, will sink to
deepest Hell, and never rise again!



The War of Right 'gainst selfish
Might
Has long since been declared;
You are enlisted in the fight
Halt! Soldier, be prepared:
The hosts of Right, all fit for fight
Are marching on, hooray!
To War for Right! to Hell with
Might
That steals our Rights away!

Like the deep sounding tanğ of
Eternity's Sea
Like the Wind as it singš to the
Shore ;
Like the shimmering sheen of God's
Infinity
Is the song that she singš evermore :
Where the ġlory supernal of Elohim's
throne
Spreads a mantle of light everywhere
I meet in a rapture with her who
has ġone
And in spirit abide with her there :



Dream faces that linger in Memory's
shrine
And cheer us by day and by night ;
Faces that ġlow with Love that's
divine
And lead us in paths that are right.

My Genesis and Exodus

IN the Morning I came
It was Spring
And I cried :
At Noontime came Summer
I laughed
In my pride
She passed me in splendor
Bestowing
A smile ;
I loved her and kept her
In sight
For a while.
At Even, I rested,
Sweet Summer
Had flown
And left me with Autumn
Communing,
Alone !
With Autumn, though wrinkled
I flirted
And wept
At Midnight came Winter,
So Cold :
And I slept !

The Black Spirit

And

The White God

THE BLACK SPIRIT stands by and satiates his accursed soul by pillage and by plunder dire, while the good earth rocks to and fro by shock of guns in thunderous roar, while rivers at full tide run blood, and human forms lie in huge windrows piled, to find their way to rest with Mother Earth again through pitch and brimstone, oil and fire; while fathers starve and mothers die from shock, and widows till the ground, and hungry children, tattered and unkempt, stand 'round, in sullen protest shivering and homeless as Winter grim approaches, bereft of all save Need and God's protecting arm, while smoking battlefields obscure the sky, toward which the helpless, hapless turn their faces in despairing prayer.

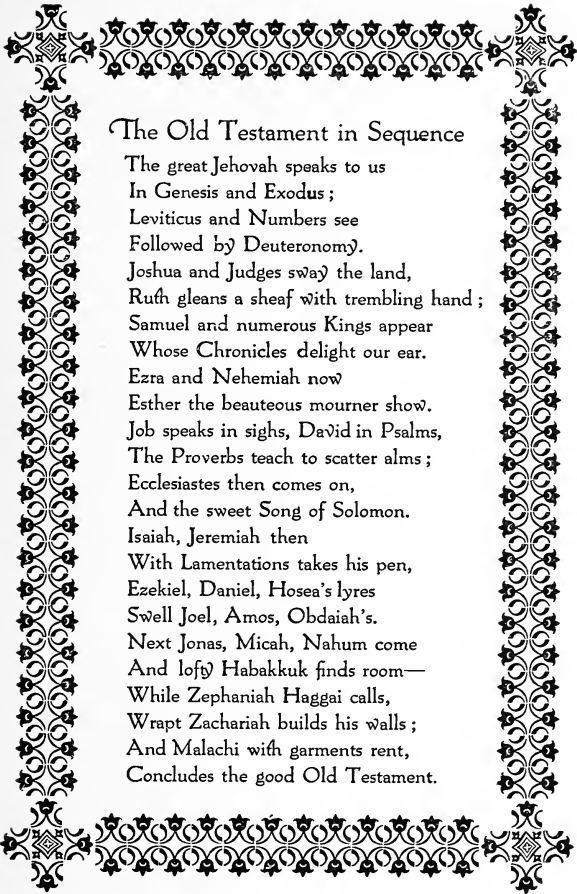
It is a madman's orgy; a ghoul-and-goblin's game directed by Hell's King of Devils:

Who for his just and adequate reward will have to wait till God builds over Hell and multiplies its furies manifold:

Then, then, when he has gone, o'er all Earth's wilds and wolds a mantling sheen of Peace and Glory will be spread: o'er all the Earth will be The White Reflection of The White Effulgence, of the White Light, of The White Glory, of The White Throne, of The White Spirit---

THE WHITE GOD :

And nothing shall hurt nor destroy in all His Holy Mountain ; He shall lead His flock like a Shepherd and gather the Lambs in His arms. He shall lead them unto Living Fountains of Waters, and wipe away all tears from their eyes.



The Old Testament in Sequence

The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus ;
Leviticus and Numbers see
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand ;
Samuel and numerous Kings appear
Whose Chronicles delight our ear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now
Esther the beauteous mourner show.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms ;
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen,
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obdaiah's.
Next Jonas, Micah, Nahum come
And lofty Habakkuk finds room—
While Zephaniah Haggai calls,
Wrapt Zachariah builds his walls ;
And Malachi with garments rent,
Concludes the good Old Testament.

Good Time Investments

Old *Time* is our Banker
From whom we must borrow
Every minute we live—
Today and tomorrow ;
The rich and the poor,
The proud and the humble
Must borrow from him
Or their Credit will tumble.

Here is a little
Checking Account :
It shows your Investments
And the Amount :
Old *Time* is a *Shylock*
You cannot forestall :
He Takes your Capital,
Surplus and all.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. Eccl. iii, 1

Capital Stock :	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
	That's a Week.
SUNDAY :	For a Time Loan Promptly Speak.
MONDAY :	In Milk of Kindness Take a Share.
TUESDAY :	Save every Minute You can spare.
WEDN'SDAY :	Keep the Bonds of Love at Par.
THURSDAY :	Take no Stock In News of War.
FRIDAY :	Get Time to Check Up your Account
SATURDAY :	And carry forward The Amount.

A time to get, and a time to lose ; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak. Eccl. iii, 7

SLEEP SWEETLY IN THIS ·
PLEASANT ROOM O THOU,
WHO · E'ER THOU ART !
AND LET NO MOURNFUL YESTERDAYS
DISTURB THY PEACEFUL HEART.
NOR LET TOMORROW MAR THY REST
WITH DREAMS OF COMING ILL.

THY MAKER IS THY CHANGELESS FRIEND,
HIS LOVE SURROUNDS THEE STILL.
FORGET THYSELF AND ALL THE WORLD.
PUT OUT EACH FEVERISH LIGHT.
THE STARS ARE SHINING OVERHEAD
SLEEP SWEET! GOOD NIGHT !
GOOD NIGHT!

A Somnolent Thesis

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.

Acts XVII, 11.

BIBLE TALKS FOR STUDENTS

Was a card that caught my eye,
And I stopped to read the details
As I was passing by:
A man of high attainment
In ancient Bible lore
Was to give a dissertation
From two o'clock till four.



The subject was inviting ---
I might say 'twas apropos:
I would get a master's vision
On some things I longed to know.
When the gentlemanly usher
Had shown me to a seat,
In wrapt anticipation
I waited for my treat.

Observing those around me
I was conscious of a scare
By the quickening of my pulses
And the rising of my hair!
'Twas a gathering of bishops
And professors, nothing less,
And their critical inspection
Made me shrivel, I confess.



Indeed the situation
Almost drove me to despair
With those lofty domes of reason
Shining all about me there ;
A fool was in an atmosphere
Where Angels fear to tread :
I knew it, as I listened
To what the speaker said :



His voice was musical and clear---
His words? I'll let you read them
here :

“In the universal syllabus of the conjoined conjugations of complex psychological Epigeneses, the determining factor is Bio-genetic: losing sight of this, many seekers after Truth fail to arrive at the desired Palingenetic process, status and goal: a constant, consistent biolation of Psychological energy is the open way to superconscious, systemic elucidation, dis-enthralment, endowment and power.



Here, the Bible, above all other books, is a lamp unto the feet and a light unto the path: The entrance of the Word giveth Light.



Then “Search the Scriptures,” and in them you will find Solution, Salvation and Eternal Life, for the Bible is the record of the unfolding Race-Soul in its journey toward the Absolute!”

Good Night!

Slumber on, thou thoughtless wight!
Through the discourse dense and deep
Close your eyes and sweetly sleep;
Slumber on till morning light;

Good Night!

*"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, Peace in thy breast:
Would I were Sleep and Peace, so sweet to rest!"*

"Come, gentle Sleep! attend thy
votary's prayer,
And, though Death's image, to my
couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with
Life to lie
And, without dying, O, how sweet
to die!"

Above four lines I copped from
Latin lingo ---
But "Going South" is by myself,
by jingo!

Going South !

AS we retire at night
We die!
From earth on Wings of Thought
We fly!
If through the day we lived
Not well
Our course is South and straight
For Hell!



So live, that when at night
You lie
Your compass points toward
The sky;
Start any time from
9 to 11
And catch the Night Express
For Heaven.

All Aboard !

LOOKING BACK at our folly and
blindness
And the charms and delights
of our Youth,
Our deeds that were tempered with
Kindness
Console like a Message of Truth.



Looking forward with Hope and
Ambition
We're sustained by the lessons
of Youth
That promise a happy transition
To regions of Kindness and Truth!



It's the *good* little things you do
And the *nice* little things you say
It's the joy you are giving
That makes life worth living:
One glorious holiday!

The Message of Truth!

I entered into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide,
and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Night un-
changeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that
Night is : and he that knows it, knows Eternity.

St. Augustine.

IF you desire some good to do
For human lives, sore, twisted,
curled,
Release the message bound in you
And send the Word around the
World.



And he whose heart is open to
The Truth you by the Word unfurled
Will find that power sent by you
In its transmission 'round the World.



Unfold your message while you can,
Your Godlike banner, richly pearly
And with the Brotherhood of Man
March on with it around the World!

No Souls!

A CORPORATION aggregate of many is invisible, immortal, and vests only in intendment and consideration of the law. They cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, or excommunicate, for they have no souls, neither can they appear in person, but by attorney.

Coke's Reports, vol. x. p. 32.

Paid in Full

THE laborer is worthy of his *full hire* ❁ The Partial Yield is selfish and greedy, which ill becomes the institution that essays to supply the entire wants of all the world. In our large cities today there are many Partial Yield companies that monopolize trade in every line of commerce, to the detriment and ultimate annihilation of individual endeavor.

But while every effort is directed to force universal patronage, the companies use their arbitrary power to compel the workers who assist them to accept meager Partial Returns, that is, they exact a maximum of service for the smallest possible reward.

Be it known to you, O men of Partial Yield companies that the laborer is

worthy of his full hire, and the day is dawning when he shall get it! In that day it shall be more tolerable in Sodom than for you in your unholy marts; yea! even Tyre and Sidon shall fare better at the Judgment! Luke X, 13-14.

At least one Partial Yield company has been shaken, even down to its third subway, by a "Slip-of-a-Girl" who reads her Bible and firmly believes that laborers are worthy of their hire.

The *Say Book*, a daily journal that exists by grace of the masses, and therefore, in a position to say the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing else, tells her story in a straight-from-the-shoulder way that is refreshing and satisfying, in the issue of November 2nd, 1914.

"A Slip-of-a-Girl" was hired by one of those Partial Yield companies at a yield of six-per, with the alluring

reminder that she would have half a day off on Saturdays. Fine! It was work that required dexterity of the fingers, which were cut and blistered by speedy work. To insure speed, the company put over the fair laborers Mr. MocSchnell, whose ability to deliver the goods gave him a cinch on the job.

“Vork must *schon fertig* be today”

Was MocSchnell’s *speil* on Saturday

when quitting time came, and he put this over a *couple of times already* on the Slip-of-a-Girl, but *never again, believe me!* 🌸 The Saturday came when she rebelled, and with several companions, took what was her due, in spite of the Teutonic explosions of MocSchnell.

Monday, the pay envelope cometh shy four bits. The Slip kicketh to Herr MocSchnell. “*Ish Kabibble!*” Then she

slippeth a kick to the gazoos higher up: ditto.

Then goeth she forth to the presence of the great *I AM*, of the Partial Yield company and sayeth things which sorely stirreth the heart of Lord Bezz, and she winneth him over and getteth the elusive four bits, yea, even for her sisters; and now have they shaken the very dust of that house from their soles; yea, verily!

Woe unto ye of Partial Yield: and ye, my children, go your way: *I send you forth as lambs among wolves. He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me.*---*Luke X, 10-3.*



Riches are a curse to those who are always afraid that the rights of others will get the better of their meanness.

HINDOO VERSION



Of the Creation of Woman.

Life is just a waiting Station
On the Road of Destiny ;
From our birth we travel onward
Onward toward Infinity.
Here on Earth we're simply waiting
At the Station, contemplating ;
Waiting for the Grand Transition ---
Flyer for the Home Elysian.



Now it's coming, hear the whistle---
Everyone is getting on ;
Soon the Earth will fade behind us
And Infinity will dawn :
Youth and Spring and Love Eternal
Ever are abiding there ;
With delights so grand awaiting
Life is irksome elsewhere.

If a man die shall he live again? For the days of my
appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

Job XIV, 14.

Hindoo Version of the Creation Of Woman

AT the very beginning of Time Twashtri, the Vulcan of the Hindoo Mythology, created the World, according to their crumbling tablets and musty tomes in the archives of that ancient people. Now, this pseudo god with the limitations found that he had exhausted his entire human material in the creation of Man. There did not remain one solid element. Twashtri perplexed, fell into a profound meditation, arousing from which, he did as follows :

He took the roundness of the moon,
the undulations of the serpent,
the entwinement of climbing plants,
the trembling of the grass,
the slenderness of the rose-vine and
the velvet of the flower,
the lightness of the leaf and

the glance of the fawn,
the gaiety of the Sun's rays and
the tears of the mist,
the inconsistency of the Wind and
the timidity of the hare,
the vanity of the peacock and
the softness of the down on the
throat of the swallow,
the hardness of the diamond,
the sweet flavor of honey and
the cruelty of the tiger,
the warmth of fire,
the chill of snow,
the chatter of the jay and
the cooing of the turtle dove : ---

He united all these and formed a Woman.
Then he made a present of her to Man.

Eight days later the Man came to
Twashtri and said : " My Lord, the
creature thou gavest me poisons my ex-
istence. She chatters without rest, she
takes up all my time, she laughs for

nothing at all, and is always ill." And Twashtri received the Woman again.

But eight days later the Man came again to the god, and said: "My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I remember how she glanced at me from the corner of her eyes; that she played with me; clung to me."

And Twashtri returned the Woman to him.

Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the Man coming to him again.

"My Lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg you to relieve me of her."

But Twashtri said: "Go your way and do your best."

And the Man cried; "I cannot live with her!"

"Neither can you live without her," said Twashtri.

And the Man was sorrowful, murmuring, "Woe is me, I can neither live with her nor without her."

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

Omar K. LXIV.

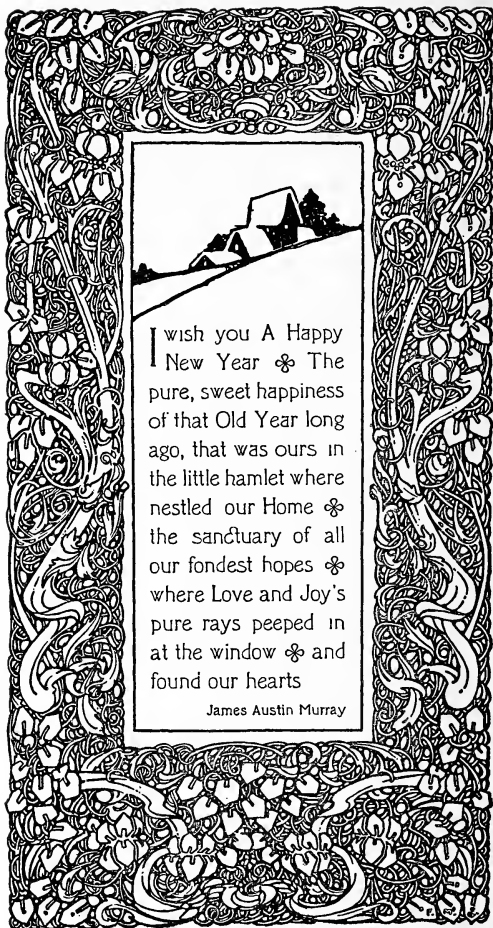
Praise is the regular diet of fools, yes, but the wise men like it, and if they could angle for fish as they do for compliments, Isaak Walton would have some competition in the Piscatorial Hall of Fame, believe me.



A snub is a rub on the hub
of the dub you collide with.

The
Transformation of Man

Ye Cloisterman's Version



I wish you A Happy
New Year ❀ The
pure, sweet happiness
of that Old Year long
ago, that was ours in
the little hamlet where
nestled our Home ❀
the sanctuary of all
our fondest hopes ❀
where Love and Joy's
pure rays peeped in
at the window ❀ and
found our hearts

James Austin Murray

The Transformation of Man

The Cloisterman's Version

GEARS rolled by, and it came to pass that all the excellent material that the Vulcan had used in the creation of Man began to deteriorate and to disintegrate, and the Woman in that day looked with sorrow and aversion upon the human wreck, and straightway goeth she unto her alleged creator, and maketh one awful holler on the shortcomings of her sometime lord and master, and returned the *debris* to Twashtri.

“O mighty Vulcan!” thus cried she,
“Look at the Man you wished-on me :
He hath no hair upon his head,
His eyes are dull, his nose is red ;
His very teeth are falling out ;
He is a fright, beyond a doubt :
The creature limps, his feet are sore,
I do not like him any more !”

The Hindoo god, again perplexed
To see his pet creation vexed
Took Mr. Man into the woods
And thus addressed the damaged
goods :

“ You have my sympathy, old man
And I will help you all I can :
I'll send my Artisans to you
To shape and make you over new.”

Twashtri then summoned :

2 Famous Doctors,
2 Trained Nurses,
2 Physical Culturists,
2 Occulists,
2 Eye and Ear Specialists,
1 Dentist,
1 Cook,
2 Manicurists,
2 Chiropodists,
2 Masseurs,
2 Beauty Touchers,
2 Barbers,

2 Wigmakers,
2 Haberdashers,
2 Shoemakers, and
9 Tailors ;

And he turned them loose on the *human discard*. And behold, when the Man came forth out of the woods, and the Woman glimpsed the *Transformation* that had been wrought, she rejoiced exceedingly, saying: "O Twash, is this the Man I returned to you?" "The same Man," he murmured, "and *then some!*"



Put timid Scare without
Let honest Dare come in ;
With Courage, you will conquer
Doubt
And Life's great battle win.

Kindness is the Soul that lingers
By Earth's weary guest;
Kindness is Jehovah's fingers
Weaving robes of rest:

Kindness walks about the City;
Swings the gates ajar;
Opens up the Heavens of Pity
Where the Immortals are!



Be Tolerant, put out the grudge!
Remember man
That God will judge!
And while you look through
narrow eyes
While praying that
The Lord All-Wise
Be merciful in judging you
Be tolerant
With your fellows too.

JUST think of it! a little Love
 Will soothe an aching heart:
 A few kind words, a helpful deed
 And you have done your part;

If each one gave a little Love,
 A kindly Word, a Smile:
 The whole World would be happy
 And every Life worth while!



Of the unspoken Word you are master:
 The spoken Word may be master of
 you!

Thoughts unexpressed, you may
 forget;
 Harsh Words bring sorrow and regret.
 Attune your heart and tongue to song
 And cheer some sad, dull life along.

Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace: there-
 by good shall come unto thee.
 Receive I pray thee, the law from this mouth, and lay
 up his words in thine heart.

Job XXII, 21-22

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave
There are souls that are pure and true;
They give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
They give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Madeleine S. Bridges.

Why, if the Soul can fling the dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
 Wer' t not a Shame, wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

Omar K. XLIV.

We are but the rebuilt clay
Of Cain and Abel
Doing service in our day
As we are able:
Soil is Soul, and Soul is Spirit
In succession:
In Creation all find merit
Through Progression.

*For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and
that He shall stand upon the latter day
upon the Earth. And though, after
my skin worms destroy this body,
yet in my flesh shall I see God.*

Job XIX, 21-26.

Hear the dying Soldier cry
Looking upward toward the sky:
"God of Mercy! are You there?
Do You see me? do You care?"



Even As You and I

And I say therefore to the unmarried; it is good for them if they abide even as I; but if they cannot contain, let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn. 1st Cor. VII, 8, 9

Why Bachelors ?

NOW, ladies and gentlemen, listen!
While I sing of the joys of a life
That comes when the man is
a husband
And a lady a dutiful wife.



When Adam awoke in his Eden
He first felt the need of a mate ;
Every creature that breathed in
his garden
Was meeting, or had met, their mate.



All around him were turkey and
chicken
And horses and cattle and sheep ---
All wise to the scheme of creation,
Poor Adam, *alone*, had to weep.

A Bachelor Man by compulsion
Was Adam, *one* lone, dreary night ;
But there was a reason, I tell you ---
There wasn't a woman in sight.



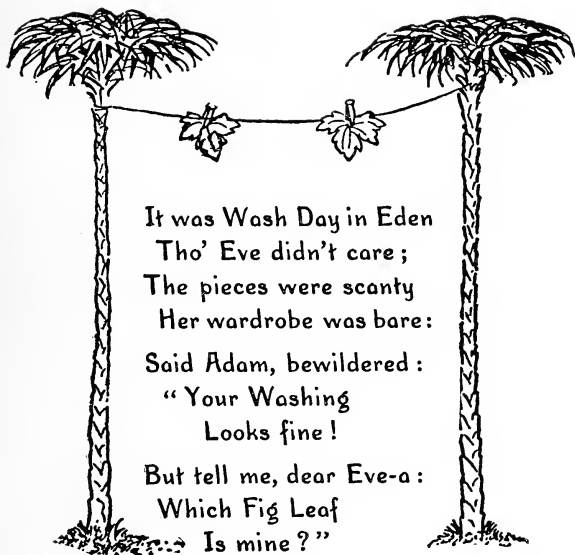
On Adam the Lord took compassion
Took a spare-rib from out of his side ;
And from it he fashioned a woman
And gave him a beautiful bride.



Now ladies and gentlemen, listen !
All you of the Bachelor kind ---
There's a lot of the joys of existence
You are losin^g, and leavin^g behind.



No spare - ribs ! but rooster and
chicken
Are crowin^g and cacklin^g around ;
There's not an excuse to be single
With business like this on the ground.



It was Wash Day in Eden
Tho' Eve didn't care ;
The pieces were scanty
Her wardrobe was bare :
Said Adam, bewildered :
" Your Washing
Looks fine !
But tell me, dear Eve-a :
Which Fig Leaf
Is mine ? "

WHEN ADAM DRESSED
FOR DINNER

My Christmas Loving Cup

A Taste of Immortality

WHILE all the World is tuning
up
And singing Christmas lays,
I'd like to fill a Loving Cup
And drink to Happy Days.

Nor would the Nectar of the Gods
With my sweet draught compare ;
Methinks I have it, by long odds,
On famed Olympus, there.

I'd fill my Cup with Rarest Wine,
Eternal Youth I'd blend,
I'd stir in all your Love and mine ---
And then ! We'd drink, my Friend.

The Christmas days would come
and go,
Our joys would never end ---
Now, let us just suppose it's so,
And pass the Cup, my Friend.

A Cup Full

THE CUP OF LIFE sometimes holds nectar, sometimes gall 🌿
Some get more bitter than of sweet, more sorrow than seems *just* and *meet* 🌿 some turn their sweetness into gall: and some make nectar of it all.

A CUP OF COLD WATER

And whosoever shall give to drink
unto one of these my little ones

A Cup of Cold Water only in
the name of a Disciple,
verily, I say unto you
he shall in no wise

LOSE HIS

REWARD

Matt. 10-42.



It isn't always the fellow with the Loving Cup under his Tunſten - cluster that carries the Light of Love in his heart.

T *HERE is so much Good in the Worst of us
And so much Bad in the Best of us
That it hardly behooves Any of us
To talk about the Rest of us*

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

It Happened in a Pullman

THEODORE slumbering
in a Pullman car
Awoke one night
from a deep dream of war,
The incandescent bulb
within his berth
Flashed on a scarehead:
"Teddy Rules the Earth!"
Some muck-rake dope
to make the angels weep
And bring on ghastly
nightmares in his sleep.
Mephistopheles, he of fiery fame,
With white-hot pencil
traced out many a name;
Teddy, with irresistible
and tragic leer,
His gleaming molars set
'twixt ear and ear,
Sat up so suddenly
he bumped his head

Which came in contact
with the upper bed.
This strenuous knock
upon his cranial dome
Brought recollections of
a jar at Rome;
He gently rubbed
the sore spot on his head
And to the Presence
in the car he said :



“Satanic Majesty ! old boy,
I am de---lighted,
Don't for a moment think
that I'm affrighted,
I've met most every king
and ruling potentate:
You've nothing on me there,
at any rate.
I never could have met you
at your door

That's why this bully feeling
gets me more."
The infernal scribe deigned not
to raise his head :

(For once a damned reporter cut him dead)

But kept on writing
with his smoking pen
Writing "Teddy Something"
every now and then.

"What writest thou ?"
Mephisto looked up now
A hell-o-smile encircling
his low brow

Answered :

"A list of some men that
I want to get ;

I need them badly down below,
you bet."

Then Teddy rubbered
at the devilish list
And dared to hope

the greatest name was missed ;
For each day of the week
a list of names was placed
And at the head of each
a "T" and "R" were traced ;
Then Teddy yelled :
" My name is on your list
for seven days "
" That's right," the Devil said,
" I'll have to try and
get you seven ways."



The heart is like a blue bell hung,
A Lily is the mind
And life is like a song well sung
With heart and mind combined.

Keep your right hand on the mill;
Keep your left hand on the till ;
Keep your mind upon the will,
And you 'll pay the Printer's bill !

No, dear reader, *Be-El-Tee* will not get a basketful. I once made a *try* for the *line* and waited, hoping he would start a *new stuff* department. He did. It is known as *Awful Silence*. No loud stuff from me for

DeGuy of the Chi-Tri.
Never Again!

The Type in this book was hand - set by the author. Most of the Musings were composed without manuscript.

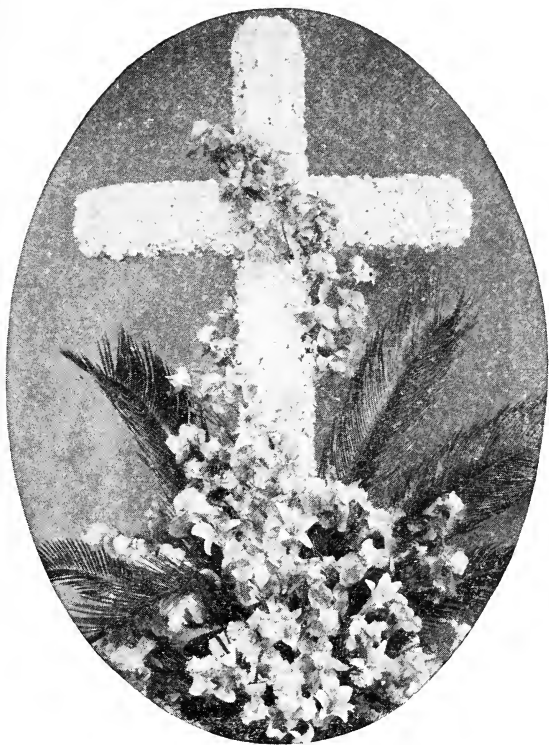
We have no proofreader; we take chances: you know it!

Some one has said: *There is one good book in everybody* 🐾 If this is not *my Good Book*, I fear the *good* in me will be "interred with my bones."

James Allaway

As Wolsey Said :

This is the state of man. Today
he puts forth the tender leaves of hope,
tomorrow blossoms ❀ the third day
comes a frost and nips his root :



And then He Falls !

I SHALL PASS THROUGH THIS WORLD BUT ONCE
ANY GOOD THING - THEREFORE - THAT I CAN
DO OR ANY KINDNESS THAT I CAN SHOW
TO ANY HUMAN BEING - LET ME DO IT NOW &
LET ME NOT DEFER IT NOR NEGLECT IT FOR
I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN³⁷



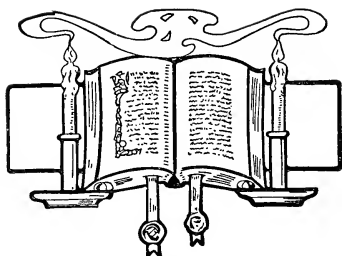
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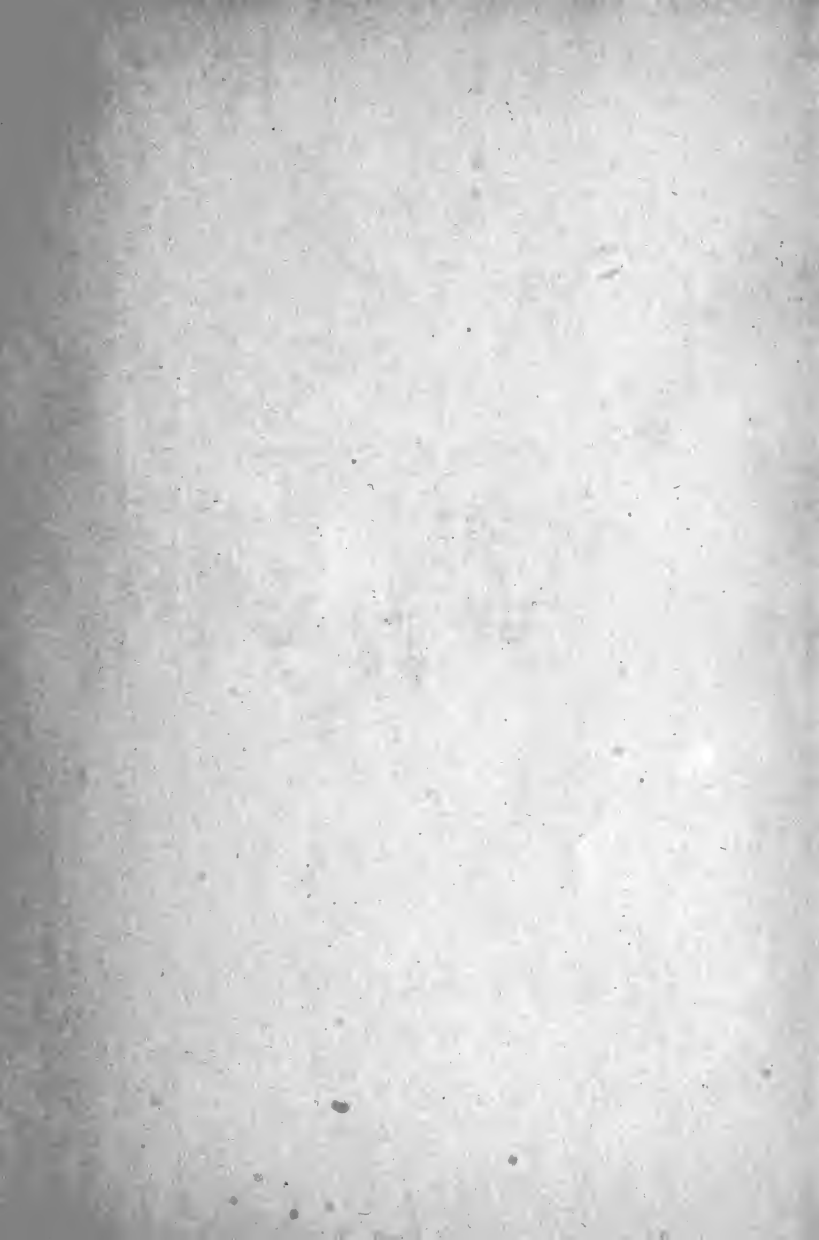
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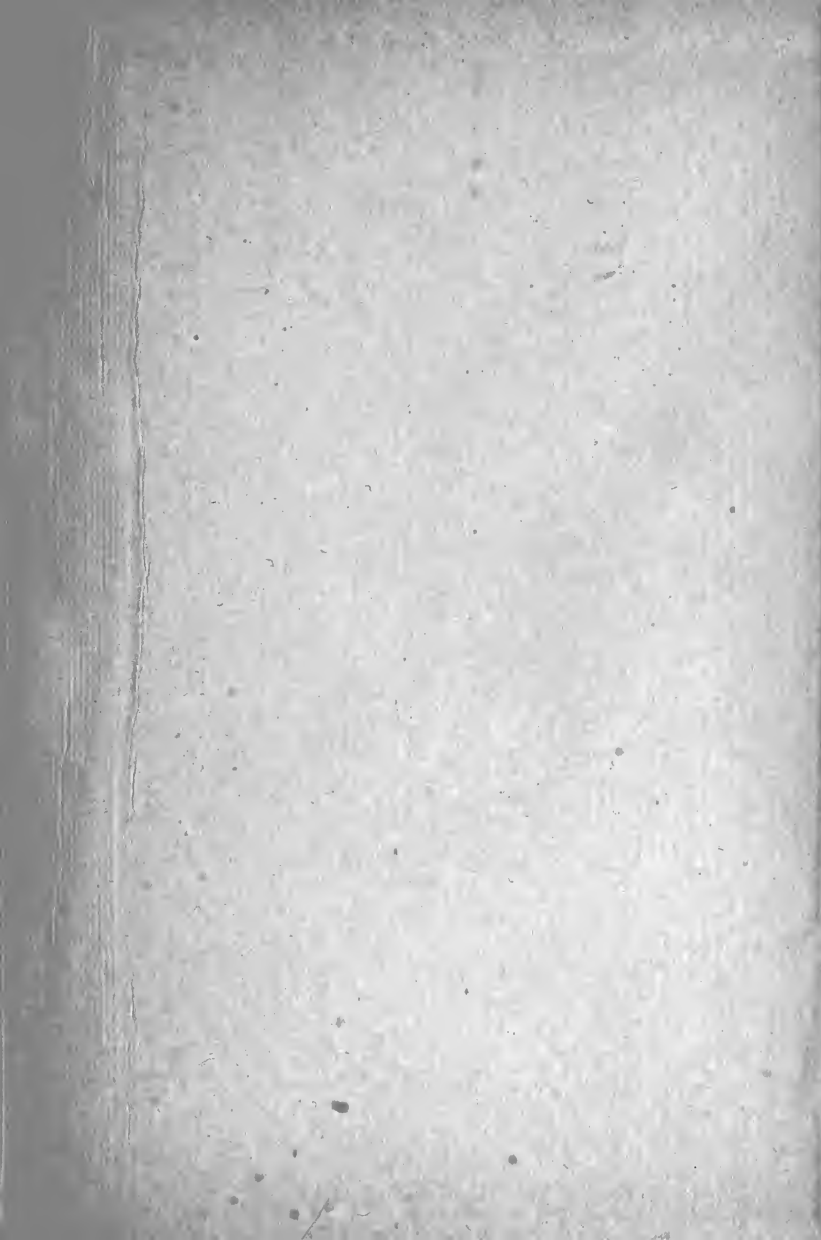
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BUT HE
GOT
SOME
GOATS









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