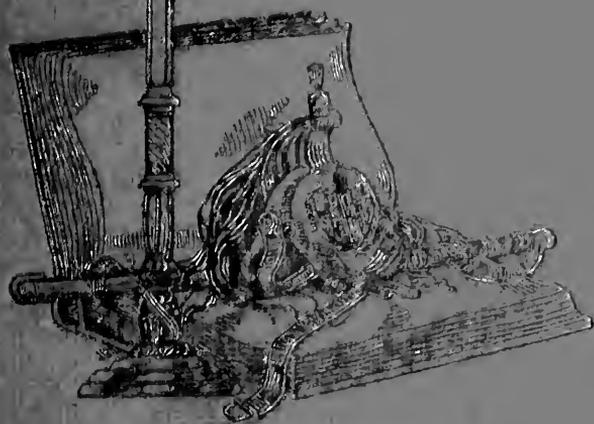


# A Tale of Gothic



By the  
Author of  
The  
Crown and  
The  
Sword

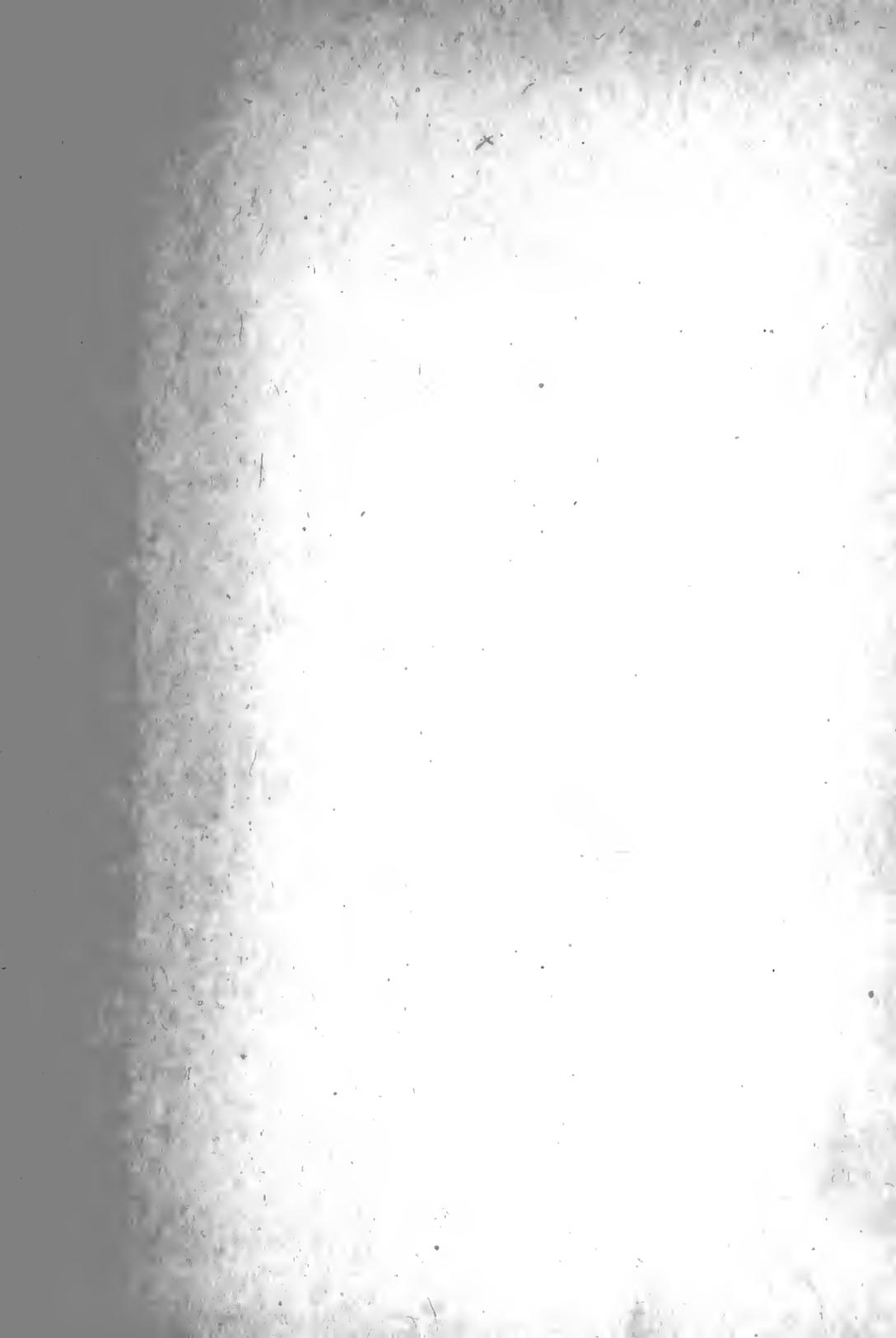


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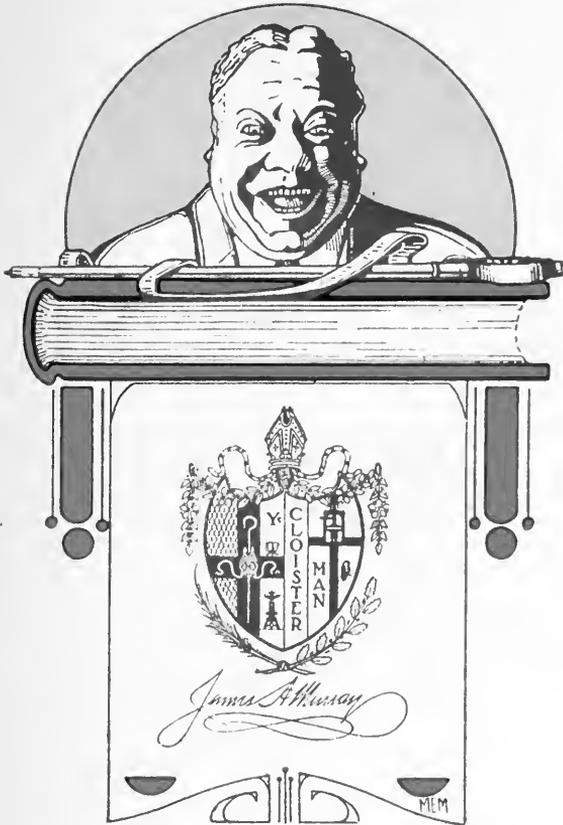
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*Give us, O Scribe, the Open Book  
Give us a sheltered, quiet nook  
To read the Open Book :*

*The thoughts of Satirist and Sage.  
Of callow Youth and ripened Age—  
A clean, uncensored page!*

PS 3525  
U755W3  
1917

.....  
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.....

.....  
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101

Fourth Edition 1917, with Tolstoy's War Prophecy



And the Hindoo Version of the Creation of Woman

**O**NE hope is mine today ; one fervent hope,  
One loyal hope, that Right will win alway.

ONE prayer, one, only one ;  
God grant my prayer —  
And War is done.

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Intolerance is Satan's snare, and stalks among us eberywhere; it taints the Sinner, tempts the Just, with Greed, and Avarice and Lust. It poisons Hearts; Beware! Beware! It cannot harm when Love is there.

Be Tolerant, put out the grudge; Remember, Man, that God is Judge! O You, who look through narrow eyes, while praying that the Lord allwise, be merciful in judging You — Be tolerant with others, too.

# 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

1914

JAMES AUSTIN MURRAY  
- CHICAGO

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BY JAMES AUSTIN MURRAY



JAN 10 1918

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's 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 tour  
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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**U**NDER the enchanting spell of the 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 among 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 spritefully 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.

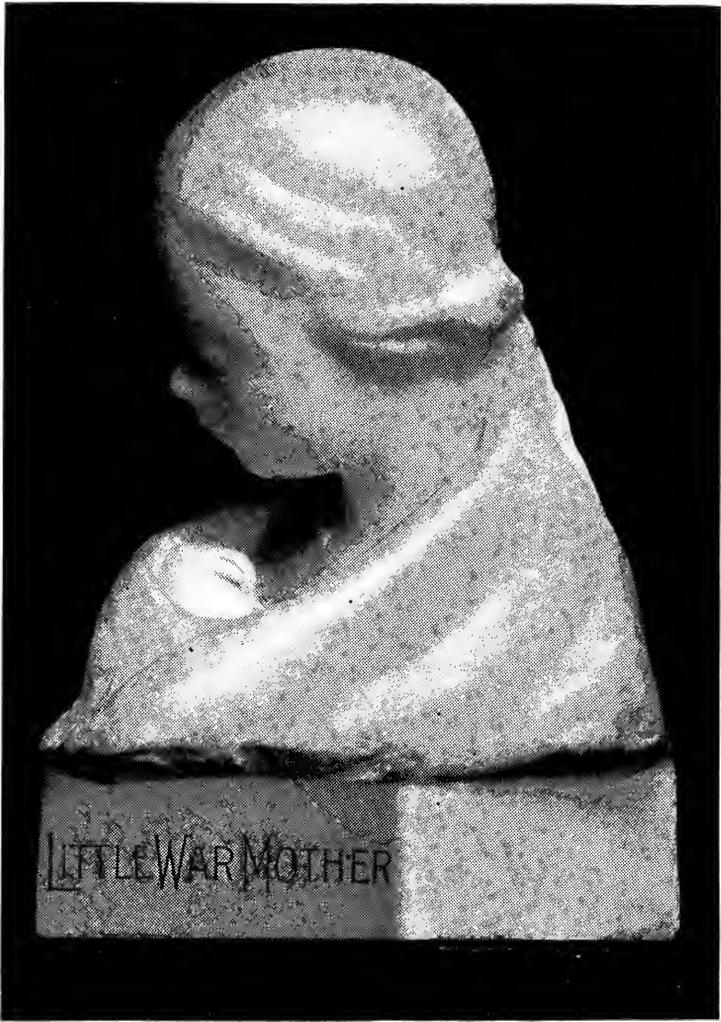
*James Allanson*

## *The Footpath To Peace.*

**T***o 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;*

**T***o 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.*



*Little Mother's heart was aching,  
Thumping, throbbing, almost breaking ;  
Papa's gone, that's it !*

*Little Cherub, smiles in sleeping,  
Smile that soothes and stills her weeping ;  
Baby's 'ittle "Bit" !*

## The Bible

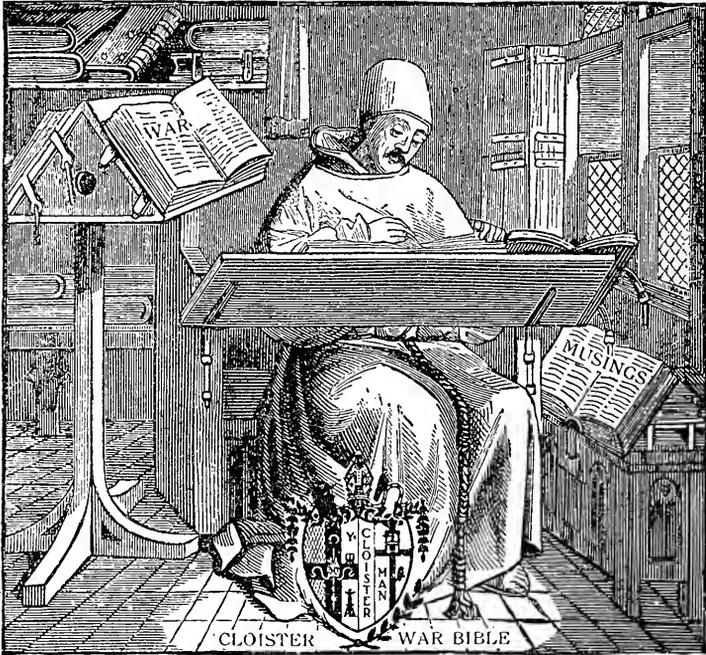
1

**T**HE 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.



## In the Beginning Was the Word

5

**I**NFINITE 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

**S**UNDAY 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!

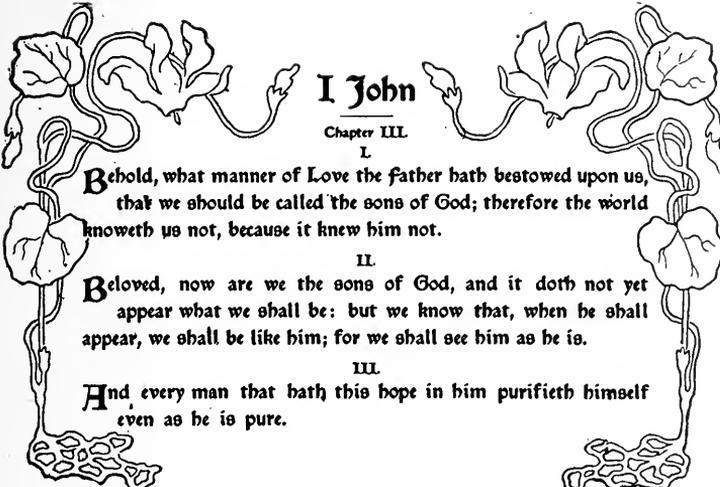
13

Poor man, tired out and weepinḡ,  
Very soon was soundly sleepinḡ;  
And the Lord found him alone---  
Adam sleepinḡ, 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 'wakinḡ,  
Adam's heart was almost breakinḡ:  
Lookinḡ 'round, he rubbed his eyes,  
Then he beamed in ḡlad 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.

**B**ehold, 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.

**B**eloved, 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.

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

## FIRST NIGHT IN PARADISE

**N**OW 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

**N**ow the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden: And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

Genesis iii, 1-6.

## Soliloquy

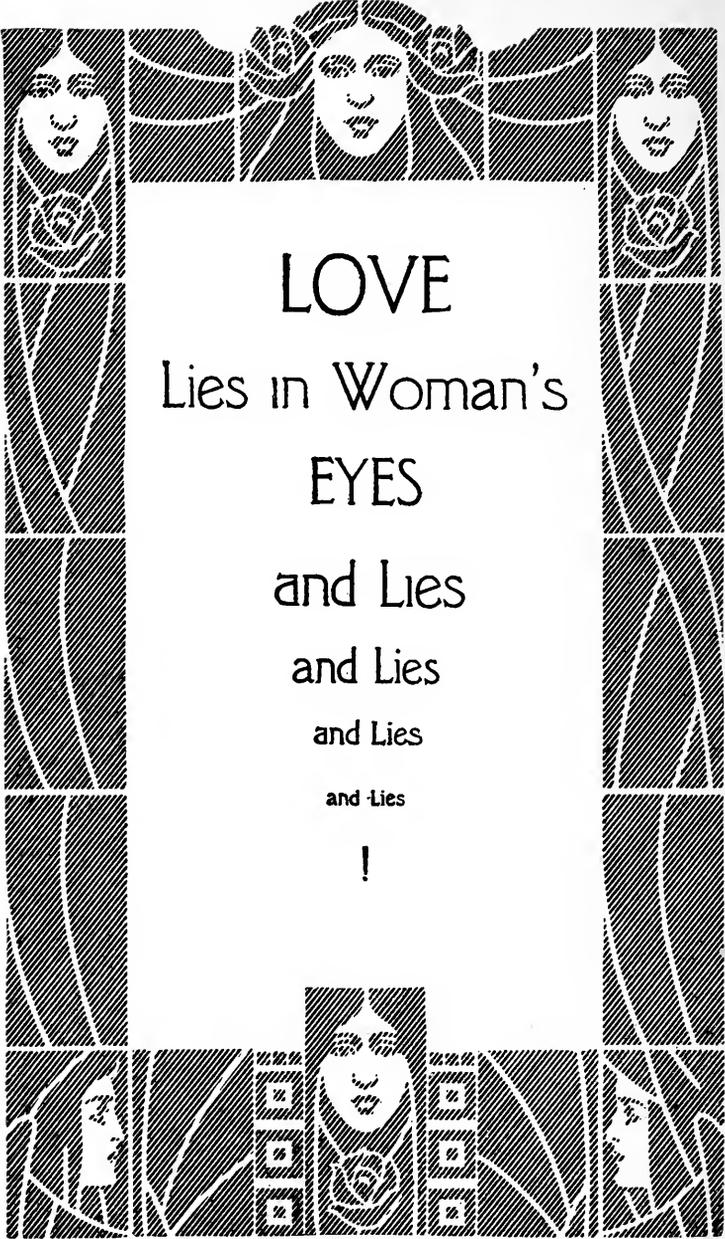
17

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.

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

**T**HE 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<sup>+</sup>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.

T H E   W I N E   G L A S S !

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!

## The War-Lords' Conquest

This dirge made Cromwell cringe and creep,  
Aye! it will make the War Lords weep.

The glories of our mortal state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings:  
    Sceptre and crown  
    Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
    Early or late,  
    They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon Death's purple altar now,  
See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
    Your head must come  
    To the cold tomb:---  
Only the actions of the just  
Blossom in sweetness, in their dust.

*Retouched, from Shirlev.*

## Three Kings

An Evil King

34

HE 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 jabers men, let's  
strike!"  
The agitator's shrill command  
No one seemed to understand.

41

Irish and Dutch, and French and  
Greek ---

Even the lingō 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

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

The homage 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 Haḡar, Sarah's maid,  
Who bore a son, Ishmael,  
The wild and unafraid.



45

Poor Haḡar! 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

**C**OURTING 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.

Gen. XXV--22-29

*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 exacting  
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 présent 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, speaking 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 darling 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

**O**N 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 enrag'd 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 mock 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

**B**Y 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

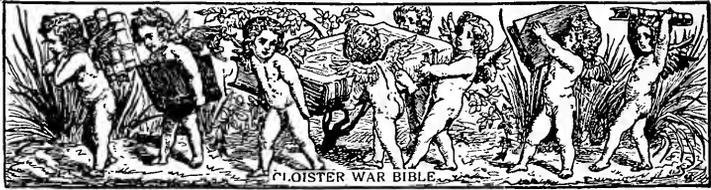
*In the Book of Job.*



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

**A**OR 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, riḡht 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 king's 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 !

*Satiloquy*

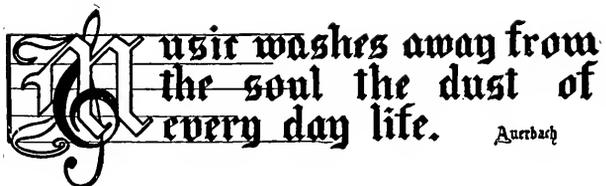
157

Ye worldlings who follow  
the gilded white way,  
Seeking the phantom  
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.

usic washes away from  
the soul the dust of  
every day life. Auerbach

## 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.

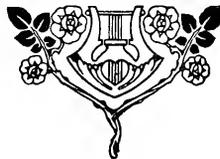
And hither His people  
He led like a flock,  
Down, down through the shadows  
A pathway of rock ;  
But the horse and his rider  
He drowned in the sea  
Jehovah hath triumphed,  
And Israel is free.

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 aḡree  
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 sallied 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 Egyptians 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.



*Solliaquy*

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 Kingdome  
ruleth over all. --- Psalms ciii, 19*



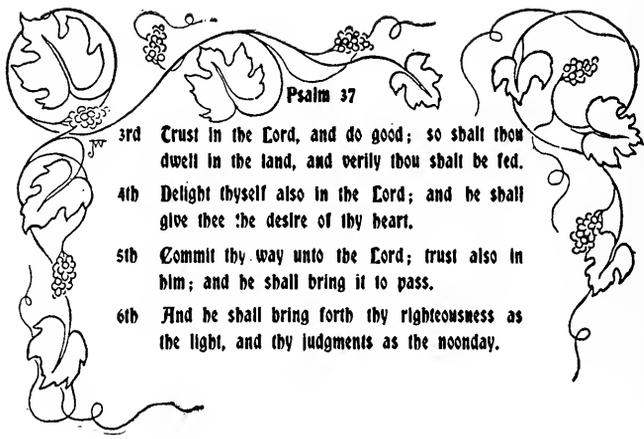
*His Kingdome is an ever - lasting  
Kingdome, and His dominion  
endureth throughout all the  
generations. --- Psalms cxlv, 13*



*He will bind their kinges 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.

**T**o 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.

**A**ROM *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.

*Satirique*

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.

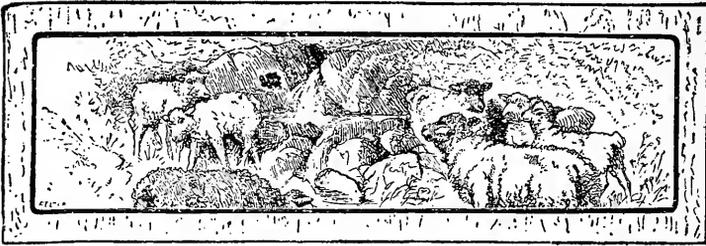


184

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

**D**O you hear the children weeping,  
O my brothers,  
Ere 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 angels 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.

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



Ye FOURTH BOOK.

**O**NLY 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!

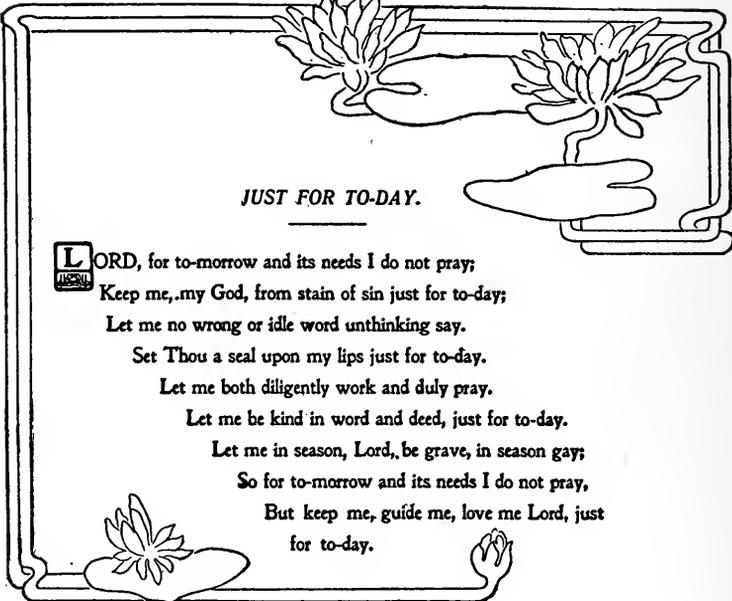


204

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.



*JUST FOR TO-DAY.*

---

**L**ORD, 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.

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 Hills.

**A**THICS 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 .

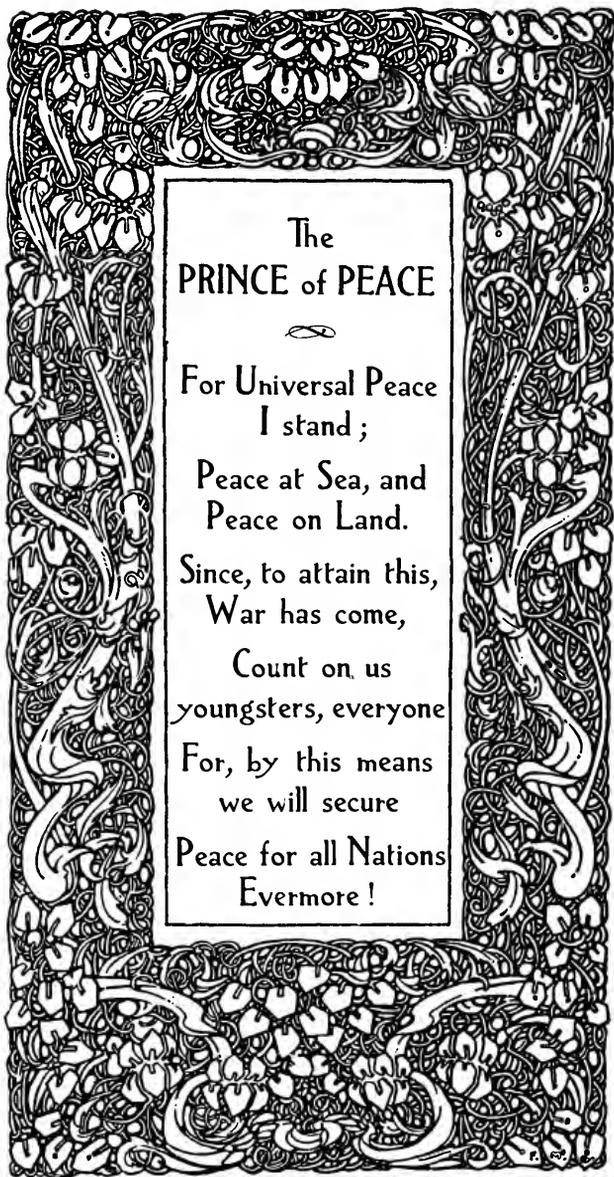
And a song a song will meet;  
And the smile which is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.

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.



The  
PRINCE of PEACE



For Universal Peace  
I stand ;

Peace at Sea, and  
Peace on Land.

Since, to attain this,  
War has come,

Count on us  
youngsters, everyone

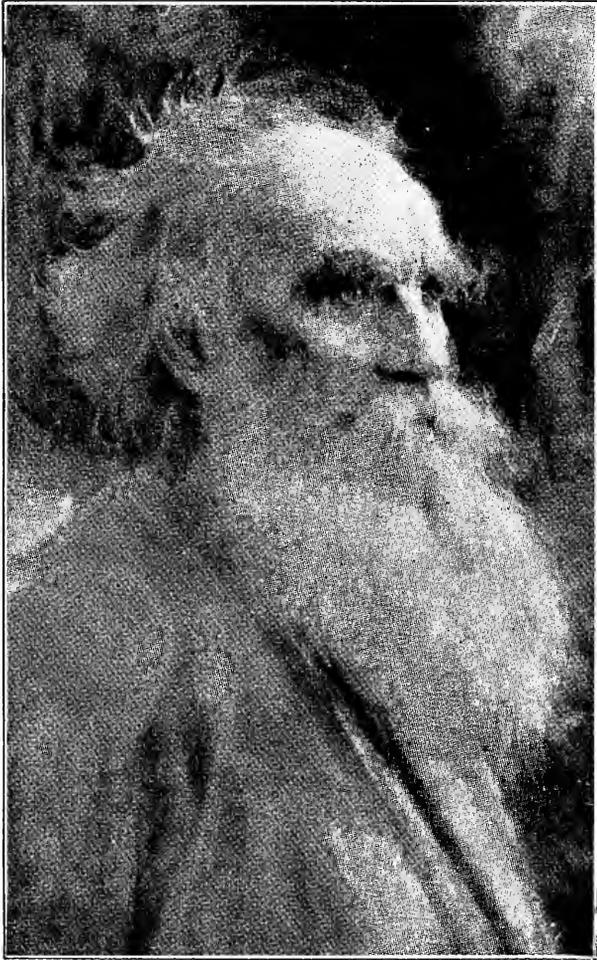
For, by this means  
we will secure

Peace for all Nations  
Evermore !

Poem and Sculptural design by  
Esther Wallace Morgan.



THE PRINCE OF PEACE



## *THE PROPHET*

*Who read the writing on the wall  
Of the dethronement and the fall  
Of Kaisers, Kings and Czars.*

# 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 Univers-  
al character which  
must shortly come to pass:

Their spiritual outlines are now be-  
fore 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.

### Three Torches of Corruption

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 poet=ogamy ❀ 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.*



### A CHANCE FOR AN INTERVIEW

Hello, Woodrow! I'm looking for Pershing—  
Do you know where the General is?

W. - I fear I must answer you rudely  
And say *that* is none of your biz.

If you pardon my style of expression—  
(With the English I'm taking a chance)  
Persh is "backing me up" very closely,  
May I say: .....over.....



"AMERICA ASKS NOTHING  
FOR HERSELF BUT WHAT  
SHE HAS A RIGHT TO ASK FOR  
HUMANITY ITSELF."

-WOODROW WILSON

© E.W.M.

**S**LEEP 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!

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

Upon our track:

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 !

**F**URGE 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 always!  
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

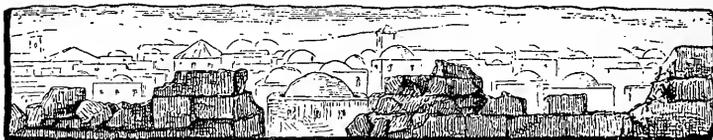
**O**NE of those noble women, who are ever reaching out to help the down-and-outs, returned home late one evening to find a sure-enough burglar in her apartments. With the characteristic *sang-froid* of those sterling workers, she bade him keep the jewels he had taken, and talked to him in a kind, sympathetic 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

**A**LMIGHTY 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."

**S**OLDIERS 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.

HERE 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 tanğ,  
The everlasting song,  
The chorus grand, sung 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 glory and the sheen  
    Reflected in the Shimmering Sea  
    Of Elohim's unsullied Immortality:  
" And there shall be no night there :  
    And they need no candle  
    Neither light of the sun ;  
For the Lord giveth them Light :  
    And they shall reign  
    Forever and ever ! "

## Into The Depths

**G**O 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 LXXXVIII.

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.

**N**OW 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

**Y**OU 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.

**T**hough *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.

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

**G**ood 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.

**W**hen 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

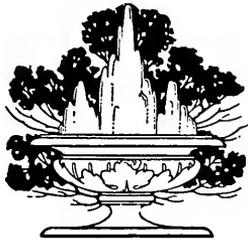
When it was young:  
It had to learn  
The worth of Soul  
At every turn:  
And learning well  
It learned to say  
“Not Beauty’s shrine  
But God in clay!”

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.

## Gibe 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.

**N**OW when the roses are  
    blooming  
Gentle Spring, you may say  
    your farewell;  
Saucy face, so chill and assuming  
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-frutti  
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

**L**ORD 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.*

**W**ENGLI 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 *miser*y ; 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


 AY 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 sings to the  
Shore ;  
Like the shimmering sheen of God's  
Infinity  
Is the song that she sings 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

I N 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

**T**HE 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.

## Beyond the Gates

WHEN we have drawn  
our final breath  
We enter Life ---  
There is no Death !

We terminate  
This mortal state  
And pass beyond through  
God's Great Gate.

Kings with their swords, who  
drench the field  
Must unto the Grim Reaper yield ;  
And soon or late  
All bow to Fate  
And walk the path Beyond the Gate.

There is no Victory, O Kings!  
The Sword returns to *you* its stings :  
Beyond the Gates  
The Judge awaits  
The King of Kings controls the Fates !

Earth is the Shadowed Valley drear  
There is no peace, for pilgrims here  
Like the Eternal Peace, that 'waits  
All Faithful Souls, Beyond the Gates.

## 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 : Bonds of Liberty  
Win the War.

FRIDAY : Take Time to Check  
The Week's Acc't.,

SATURDAY : Count and Carry  
The Amount.

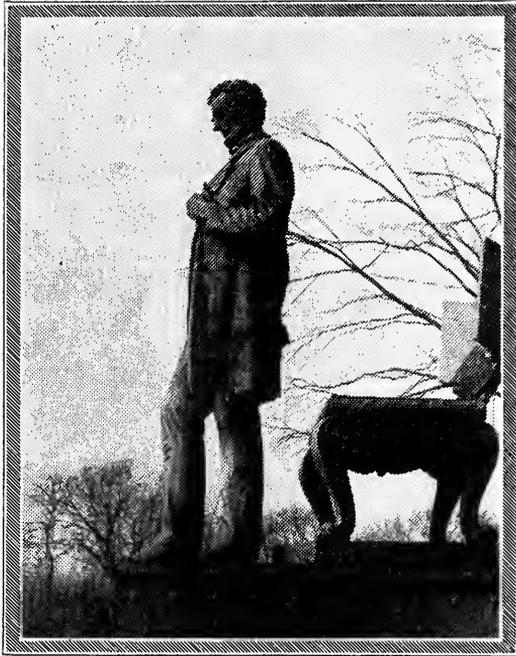
*A time to get and a time to lose ; a time to keep  
silence, and a time to speak. Eccl. iii, 7.*

## *Three American Beauties*

*I SAW a banner waving, in silk and spangles  
wrought,  
And proudly I saluted, as it passed ;  
It was a flag so splendid, the best of all, I thought,  
A beauty that could hardly be surpassed.*

*I SAW a charming maiden, a bud of seventeen,  
As the Goddess of Liberty enshrined ;  
Her mantle of "Old Glory" eclipsed what I  
had seen,  
More beauty in a flag one could not find.*

*I SAW a halting Veteran, one who had fought  
and bled :  
Waving a war-stained banner, all in rags ;  
Thrilled, I stood in rapt attention, saluting, as  
I said :  
"There's the beauty and peach of all the flags!"*



*He hath no form or comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty we should desire him . . . Therefore will I divide him a portion with the Great, because he hath poured forth his soul unto death. Isaiah 53; 2-12.*

## Our Own "Abe" Lincoln

**F**AIR Nature's sculptor paused one day  
and sadly looked around  
At myriad forms of human clay in  
which her gifts were bound ;  
Rulers and statesmen militant cumbered  
the hall of Fame  
But not a single occupant seemed worthy  
of the name.

When, suddenly, her saddened face  
shone with surpassing light,  
She spoke : " This is the time and place  
to mold a Man aright."'  
A soldier's courage she combined with  
boundless sympathy,  
And (boon to slaves of all mankind)  
great love of liberty.

From blighting prejudice and spite she  
drew no single grain,  
In Nature's champion of right you look  
for them in vain.

She searched not Harvard halls nor Yale  
for wisdom's germ refined  
But sought a lowly backwoods trail  
among Earth's common kind.

For there she found no kingly stock, no  
pride of ancestry,  
No kin from hallowed Plymouth Rock,  
no vaunted pedigree.  
The Sculptor formed her mold of clay,  
A rugged, manly frame,  
And Nature brought to life that day  
"Abe" Lincoln! Bless his name.

#### THE GRAND CHORUS

To him who found the People's heart  
and gently touched the strings,  
Who sweetly swelled the chorus part  
and loved the common things:  
We raise our voice with glad acclaim, a  
mighty wave of song!  
A chorus, Father Abraham, a hundred  
million strong!

## Our Friends

You cannot lose a living Friend, a really, truly *Friend* !  
That precious gift of God endures thru life--unto the end.

 UR old-time friends we know about,  
Though newer friends at times  
we doubt ;  
If they are really friends indeed  
They prove it in the hour of need—  
*The test will find them out.*

Like sunlit skies on Summer day  
Fair-weather friends smile on our way  
Till troublous clouds obscure the sky :  
When off like craven crows they fly  
*From trouble, far away.*

We find a very, very few  
Unselfish friends among the new ;  
But Oh ! We find pure hearts of gold  
In friends we know as friends of old—  
*The steadfast and the true.*

The friends who smile when we are glad  
And sympathize when we are sad ;  
Who sacrifice their comfort too  
When we are ill, and feeling blue—  
*And things look very bad.*

Lord ! All I ask is one true friend  
To stand by me until the end ;  
With that dear One I'll smile at death  
And pray Thee, with my latest breath  
*To bless my loyal friend.*

*A few careless words that are written or  
said ; a soft answer suppressed for a harsh one,  
instead ; an enemy's lies or a pretty girl's eyes,  
may take all, but a Friend remains till she dies.*

## The Legion of the Cross



Oh ministering angels, oh mothers  
of men! Thy sons are in trouble,  
and calling again;  
Your babies, the children you nursed  
through the years, are calling to  
you from the valley of tears.

And, hearing the summons, you answer  
the call; yea, eager and willing  
to sacrifice all;  
Defying the poisons of pestilent breath,  
you follow the path to the harvest  
of death.

'Midst roaring of cannon and bursting of  
shell, you go, even unto the portals  
of hell;  
Sustained by your faith in His infinite  
grace to seek for life's spark in  
some woe-stricken face.

Your motherly hand on the hot, fevered  
brow assuages the pain and brings  
hope to him now ;

The water you give him he eagerly sips ;  
while a whisper of gratitude  
comes from his lips.

You bandage the wounded and quivering  
limb as tenderly as you would  
do it for Him,

Who so loved the world that He willingly  
gave His most precious life to  
redeem and to save.

The Lord is your Captain, your Sign is  
the Cross, the emblem you carry  
through danger and loss ;

The World is your Country, "To Serve"  
is your creed ; and your people :  
"All Mankind in trouble and  
need."

## Soldiers, God is Near!

From the 91<sup>st</sup> Psalm.

**T**rust in the Lord, abide with Him  
Through war's accursed night ;  
His refuge and His fortress hold  
Through darkness and through light.

Surely He shall deliver thee  
Safe from the fowler's snare,  
Free from the noisome pestilence  
On field, in sea or air.

Beneath the cover of His wings  
In Him thy trust shall be ;  
His truth thy shield and buckler firm  
Shall keep all harm from thee.

When danger threatens in the night  
Thou shalt not be dismayed ;  
When shells and arrows fly by day  
Thou shalt not be afraid.

A thousand at thy side may fall,  
Ten thousand at thy hand ;  
Thine eyes shall see the wicked fall  
Like grain upon the land.

Because thou dwellest with the Lord  
No blight nor scorching flame  
Nor deadly plague shall come to thee  
Who liveth in His name.

Yea, verily, the Lord hath sent  
His angels from the throne  
To watch and guard thee, lest thou  
dash Thy foot against a stone.

The lion and the adder, yea,  
The dragon thou shalt meet ;  
Unfearing, thou shalt vanquish them  
And crush them at thy feet.

Trust in the Lord, and He shall be  
Always within thy call ;  
His fortress shall encompass thee  
And Evil's house shall fall.



## A Voice

**O**H! For a Voice from o'er the Sea, to bring  
to all Humanity, the Word, this Christmastide ;  
Is there no Angel choir to sing ? No pealing chimes  
of bells to ring and herald far and wide, this mandate  
from the Prince of Peace : " Let Hell's turmoil for-  
ever cease, and Peace on Earth abide ! "

Lord! From our hearts purge hate and sin, and  
let Thy Spirit dwell within, all Truth and Charity.  
Thou see'st from Thy throne on high, Thy erring  
children fall and die, by War's unjust decree :  
Father of Mercy ! In Thy might, direct the Rulers'  
hearts aright ; Thy light, cause them to see !

In place of hate, and greed, and pride, let Love  
within their hearts abide ; " Good Will to All on  
Earth." Then, shall the Angel choir sing a glorious  
anthem to our King in thankfulness and mirth.  
Lo ! Let this message come to them, bright as the  
Star of Bethlehem :

**Peace, Blessed Peace on Earth !**

## My Loving Cup

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 'd 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 could come or go;  
Our joys would never end;  
Now! Just let us suppose it so  
And pass the cup, my Friend.

*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.*

## Life's Bouquet

MAKE life a bouquet all complete,  
Your heart a fragrant rose ;  
Your mind a lily chaste and  
sweet,  
The purest bloom that blows.

The flowers of your heart and mind  
Share freely while you live ;  
The more you give the more you find  
How *much* you have to give.

Through sunny calm or stormy day,  
Somewhere, some wind will blow  
The sweetness of your life's bouquet  
Around you as you go.

*It's the good little things you do ; it's the  
nice little words you say ; it's the joy you are  
giving makes life worth the living,—completing  
Life's bouquet.*

## Farewell, Old Year

FAREWELL to you, O fleeting year!  
Alone with Destiny you leave us  
here ;

Faint on the threshold of bright hope  
we stand, a supplication on our lips  
for peace throughout the land.

We do not know the Future's store ; we  
have Thy guidance, Lord, we need  
no more ;

Incline our hearts, with love, toward all  
mankind, then in the new year  
lasting peace and happiness we'll  
find.

Farewell, Old Year ! Thy waning star  
sends forth her hopeful radiance  
from afar ;

And as she dims in cloud and disappears  
a brighter Star of Peace will shine,  
eternal, through the years !

## A LEAP YEAR PRO-PO

NOW Leap Year moveth on apace,  
Still single bliss is mine ;  
Though not amiss in form or face  
A miss alone I pine.

My Southern home is fair and bright  
'Neath skies forever clear ;  
There are no cabarets at night,  
No movie pictures here.

A waiting nest of snowy down,  
A charming bungalow  
Right in the heart of Hometown,  
Where honey blossoms blow ;

Where all day long the love-birds sing,  
Come, Sweetheart, come to me !  
In Hometown it 's always Spring  
And sweet as sweet can be.

At e'en, when honeyed zephyrs blow,  
Like turtle doves we 'll coo,  
And nestle in our bungalow,  
We two, just Me and You !



## Hindoo Version of the Creation Of Woman

**A**T 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.

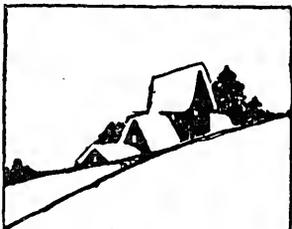
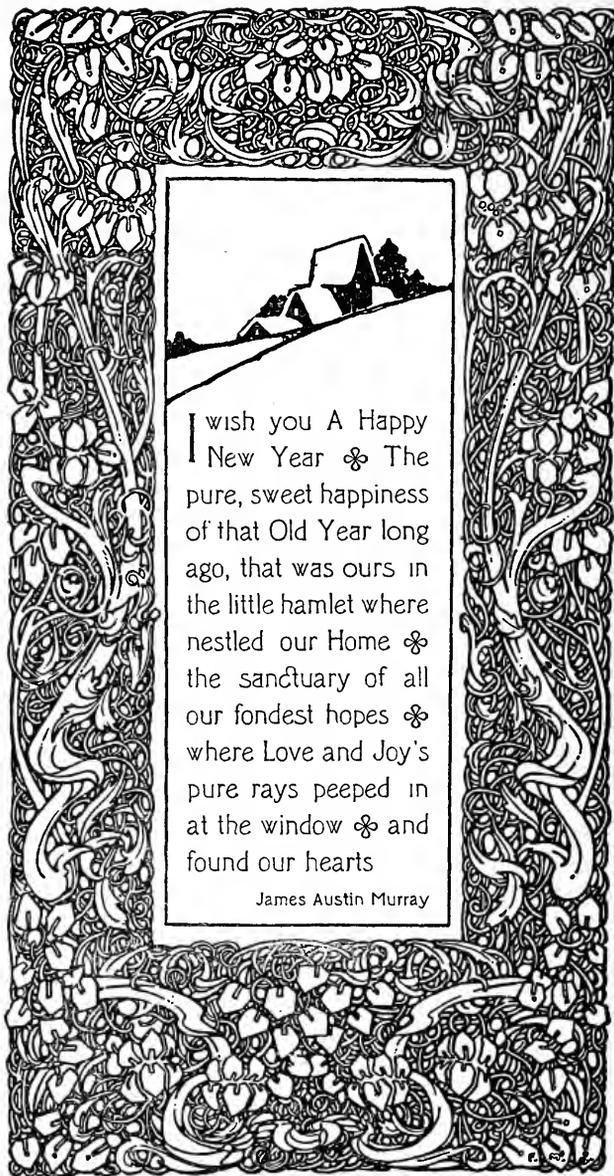
Praise is the regular diet of fools, yes; but the wise men like it, and if they could angle for fish as they do for compliments, Isaak Walton would have some competition in the Piscatorial Hall of Fame, believe me.



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

**G**EARS 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 Oculists,  
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

## A Waiting Station

**L**IFE 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.

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 ?

**N**OW, ladies and gentlemen, listen!  
While I sing of the joys of a life  
That come 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.



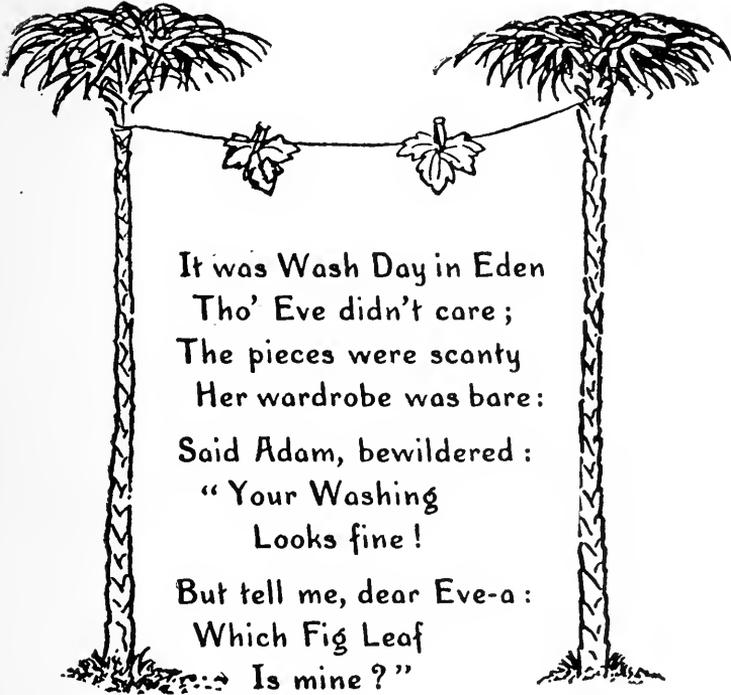
Now ladies and gentlemen, listen !  
All you of the Bachelor kind ---  
There's a lot of the joys of existence  
You are losing, and leaving behind.



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

# Washday in January

Anno Mundi 1



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 ? "

# The Globe Belt-Line R. R.

Belt Line Transportation comprises Land, Air and Water

1917

# PASS

{ Rank  
{ Division

Account U. S. A. War Service

Issued Apr. 23d, 1917. Good until all ★ Kaisers are punched out.

Address Somewhere in U. S. Requested by W. W.

Valid when countersigned by J. A. M. or Secretary.



Secretary

From Anywhere From Any U. S. Cantonment  
To Any U. S. Cantonment To Berlin, Germany.

★ Conductors will punch Kaiser below Belt Line, and salute Officer when requested.

THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE.  
★ Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser

# OFFICER'S PASS

**T**HIS, Mr. Officer, is your Pass; its blue denotes the upper class; because of your Official station, it gives you Pullman transportation. No doubt, it is your sterling worth, combined with Fortune's smile at birth, that makes it possible for you to ride in Section No. 2.

**Y**OUR Path in War is smooth and fine compared with Men who march in line; on you each Private has his eye and you must set your Standard high. You are commissioned to command the Finest Soldiers in the Land; just lead them on and show them *Now*, and later on **THEY'LL SHOW YOU HOW**.—*J.A.M.*

**THIS PASS INCLUDES ACCOMMODATION IN PULLMAN SECTION No. 2,**

**THIS PASS WILL BE HONORED ON ANY TRAIN, SHIP OR AIRSHIP ROUTED FOR BERLIN**  
When signed in ink by the Officer to whom issued. It is for use in Public Service.

SIGNED .....

**CONDUCTORS** will not take up this Pass, as it will be good returning from **BERLIN**.  
Germany, to any point East, West, North or South, After the War.

# The Globe Belt-Line R.R.

1917 Belt Line Transportation comprises Land, Air and Water

## PASS

{ Company  
{ Regiment

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To Any U.S. Cantonment To Berlin, Germany.

★ Conductors will punch Kaiser below Belt Line, and return this Pass to Soldier in uniform.

THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE THE BELT LINE.  
★ Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser | Kaiser

# THE PRIVATE'S PASS

**G**IVE him a Rifle and Khaki Suit, a Comfort Bag and *Robe de Nuit*; Three Daily Rations for a Man, real Cream and Coffee in his can; Tobacco for a quiet Smoke to ease his Mind when he is broke.

**G**IVE him the best of Books to read, his Mind as well as Body feed; the Soldier-Man must laugh and play as well as labor every day; his Youthful Spirit must have vent to keep him normal and content.

**G**IVE him all this for Justice' sake; at that it's not an even break; the Private serving in the Ranks gets little Coin and lots of Thanks; that lonesome "Dollar-per" a Day is a small Fraction of the Pay that our Boys willingly resigned to Fight the Battle for Mankind.—*J.A.M.*

**CONDITIONS.** — The person holding this Pass agrees to accept all Courtesies mentioned herein. Soldiers not using Tobacco may have Gum instead. The Commissary and the Ladies' Auxiliary are responsible for the liberal distribution of all comforts mentioned above.

**THIS PASS WILL BE HONORED ON ANY TRAIN, SHIP OR AIRSHIP ROUTED FOR BERLIN**  
When signed in ink by the person to whom issued. It is for Private use in Public Service.

**SIGNED**.....

**CONDUCTORS** will not take up this Pass, as it will be good returning from BERLIN.  
Germany, to any point East, West, North or South, After the War.

# Washington Day at the Fair

A. D. 1915

To Sir Louis Hunt :

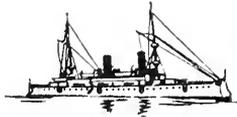
Erstwhile of Spo, but now of Chi,  
Where Silver-tongues are rated high.  
When Lou gets talkin' of the "Fair"  
**You know** he saw a plenty there.

When he returned to Old Spokan'  
And told his Fairy tales of San  
They spread throughout the State of Wash  
And **Everybody** went, b'gosh!

**W**HERE Mountains kiss the starry  
Blue;  
Where Old Pacific rolls her tide,  
A welcome waits for me and you ;  
The Golden Gate is open wide ;  
A voice comes from the Western Sea  
'Tis *San Francisco* calling me.

**A**T Nature's Altar, millions greet  
The Goddess of the Golden Gate  
And offer tribute at her feet  
For splendors that their eyes await :  
There will I journey toward the Sea  
Where my fair hostess waits for me.

HERE all the people of the Earth  
Are gathering in grand array  
To celebrate the glorious birth  
Of Panama's Great Waterway!  
The marvel of the century  
That clears a path from sea to sea.



OUR Show of beauty and surprise  
Now lures me toward your  
Golden Gate  
Beyond where jewelled towers rise  
And Earth's most precious treasures  
wait:  
To *San Francisco*, by the Sea  
Millions are coming on with me.

## Freedom's Day

*F*AIR Columbia, hail to thee,  
Firstborn child of Liberty;  
Mother of a people free  
From the tyrants' sway.  
When the fearful night had gone  
And there came a glorious dawn  
Heaven's blessing shown upon  
Independence Day.

Oh, the fight our fathers made!  
What a price of blood they paid,  
Till the foe fell back dismayed  
Weary of the strife.  
Then, by declaration grand  
They proclaimed thru every land  
Welcome, and a helping hand;  
Liberty and Life.

Freemen, hear the cannon roar!  
We must battle as of yore  
For our Country's life once more  
In a mortal fray.  
Sons of brave and loyal men  
Smite the foe, till once again  
Lasting peace will come, and then  
Welcome Freedom's Day!

## Old Glory

*T*IS a glorious banner  
Of red, white and blue,  
Each star as a State  
Stands loyal and true ;  
'Tis Liberty's symbol  
And always will be  
Her pride and her standard  
On land or on sea.

I'll stand by our colors  
Of red, white and blue ;  
To our sacred standard  
I'll always be true ;  
Like stars everlasting  
In Heaven's blue sky  
Our flag will be waving  
In glory on high.

I love thee, Old Glory,  
O flag of the free,  
As I love my Country  
And fair Liberty !  
In shimmering silk  
Or in tatters and rags,  
I'll proudly salute thee  
O Flag of all Flags !

## The American Creed

**I BELIEVE IN ONE COUNTRY, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!**

In her Constitution that guarantees to everyone within her borders the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; in her Government that upholds the principles of equality and justice, upon which the well-being and happiness of her people are founded.

I BELIEVE that Love is the origin of all good; that God is Love, omnipotent and omniscient, Who will redeem the world from Hate and War---from Sin and Death.

I BELIEVE that out of turmoil and trial we will grow to realize the eternal plan of the Creator; that the people of all the nations will come to know and accept the truth of His infinite wisdom

and goodness, and will love and worship Him through one religion, one language one country, one united people.

I BELIEVE that the world's salvation will be won only through sacrifice, fighting and striving courageously for right, with malice toward none, with charity for all.

I BELIEVE that, God helping us, our Country will stand firm as the Rock of Ages, shedding her light of liberty so far that all the nations of the world may see the Way of Life, and come unto everlasting peace and happiness. Amen.

## The Call to Serbe

**A**WAKE! My comrades, do you hear  
The bugle call and drum?  
It is the summons of our Chief  
Commanding us to come:  
He calls for true and loyal men  
To serve on land and sea;  
To fight in Freedom's name  
again  
And set the whole world free.



Come, *volunteer!* Do not delay,  
Forget the mart and plow;  
Put on your soldier clothes today  
Your Country needs you *now!*  
To serve and strive unflinch-  
ingly  
Until we win the fight;  
To prove the truth convincingly  
That Freedom's cause is right.

For lo! It is the hour of Fate  
When tyrant thrones must  
fall;  
Tis not for us to hesitate  
But hasten to the call:  
To serve, and battle fearlessly  
Together, stand or fall  
Until the torch of Liberty  
Shall shed its light o'er *All*.



## REFRAIN

Now! with our glorious Flag unfurled  
We'll fight on land and sea  
Till all the Nations of the World  
*Are One, for Liberty!*

## God Rules the Sea

○ LISTEN! Loyal citizens of our  
beloved U. S. A.

Yon War-cloud marks the darkest hour  
before the dawn of brighter day.

The troubled Sea moves angrily, the  
sullen, moaning waves leap high,  
'Midst thunder peals the lightning flash  
brings us this message from the sky:

God rules the sea! Navies tremble on  
the waves!

Freemen never shall be slaves!

Our Ship of State with mainsail reefed  
must face the raging storm at last ;  
With Captain Wilson at the helm we 'll  
nail our colors to the mast.

No Russ or Turk or Teuton shield, no  
foreign flag or false array,

Just Uncle Sam's red, white and blue,  
and Stately stars *all* U. S. A.!

No lust of gold, no greed of pow'r, no  
spark of racial enmity;  
No humbling blow for vanquished foe,  
we seek no shameful victory.  
Thus fortified, though un-allied with  
tyranny and selfish might,  
We'll follow where our Captain leads  
and win the cause of truth and right.

All ready, too, O Captain true! We  
wait the bugle call for men,  
The Spirit of the patriots is stirring in  
our hearts again.  
Yes! We will fight, *only* for right,  
true as the martyrs fought before,  
Not for a phantom victory, but living  
Peace for evermore.

God rules the sea! Omnipotent, as on  
the land!  
Kingdoms fall at His command!

## Little True Blue

EVERYWHERE de Flaḡs is flyin,  
But to home de folks is sighin ;  
    *I* know it ain't no holiday  
Fer Dad an' Tom is ḡoin' away.

Yep! Tom has ḡot new soldier clothes,  
But where he's ḡoin' no one knows ;  
And ev'ry night when supper's done  
Pa ducks, an' takes his shooter-ḡun.

I really think that sister Sue  
Is fixin' up fer ḡoin' too :  
'Cause she jus' fits an' knits, an' sews  
On nuthin' else but nurses' clothes.

Mumsie knows der ḡoin' away  
But never asts a' one to stay ;  
*I know* when she's alone she cries  
Ders so much red around her eyes.

At school just 'fore de last bell rings  
We marches 'round de yard an' sings  
While teacher or some eight-grade guy  
Pulls up our dandy flag way high.

*I know* der's war! I want to go!  
But I don't want to let Ma know;  
Tom's Captain said if I would come  
He'd let me march and play de drum.



## Corporal Green Dreams of Kathleen

I DREAMED of home again, Kathleen,  
In peaceful climes beyond the sea,  
Where fairies gamboled o'er the green  
Unfolding Nature's charms to me.  
Thru flowered walks by silvery streams  
We romped and played the whole  
day long ;  
You were the darling of my dreams,  
The little fairy of my song.

I'm coming home again, Kathleen,  
Some day my dream is coming true ;  
Some one is going to be my Queen,  
A fairy whispers it is You.

I know your answer, Kathleen dear ;  
Your eyes speak lovingly and true ;  
There is no Earth when you are near,  
There is no Heaven without You.  
The smiles that others give to me  
No thrills awaken in me now ;  
You, only You in dreams I see,  
A nuptial wreath upon your brow.

Where sweet magnolias scent the air  
    In Dixie dell by wimpling stream,  
We'll build a cozy cottage there,  
    Just like the bower of my dream.  
O, that will be some home, Kathleen,  
    Where softest summer zephyrs blow  
With here and there a 'ittle *Green*,  
    To brighten up our bungalow.



I'm coming home again, Kathleen,  
    Some day when peaceful dreams  
        come true ;  
I fancy I'll be "Sergeant" Green,  
    But always "Corporal" to You.

## “Berlin or Bust”

A War Cry.

**T**HAT'S IT! “Berlin or Bust!” boys,  
Step lively to the fore;  
The Bell of Liberty resounds  
Throughout our land once more.  
'Midst strains of martial song, boys,  
And ruffled beat of drum  
We'll march right in to Germany,  
Yes, to Berlin, by gum!

Come on with might and main, boys,  
Bring battle to the foe  
Nor will we change our course until  
We strike the winning blow!  
Come on to Berlin, come boys  
Forget the mart and plow,  
Take up the rifle and the sword,  
Your country calls you now!

Come follow with our flag, boys,  
Those gallant men of brawn  
They need our strength to win the fight;  
Come on! Come on! Come on!  
We are United-States boys,  
Our legions must prevail!  
It's up to us, "Berlin or Bust!"  
Come, blaze Old Glory's trail!

*MARCH, then, against our foes  
In close and firm array;  
Misguided tyrants to oppose  
Throughout this troublous day.*

*Grapple the sons of night;  
Defeat their vain design,  
In God we trust for kindly light  
And grace and love divine!*

## To Belgium

Lo! When the vandals' fire shall be  
silenced in the fray  
Freedom, from her throne triumph-  
ant, shall o'er all the World hold  
sway.

Now, we see thee crushed and bleed-  
ing, heavy laden with thy cross ;  
Dea! We hear thy plaintive pleading  
and would help thee in thy loss.

Where thy pillaged homes and altars,  
wrecked and burned, a ruin lies,  
Deluged by the blood of martyrs,  
Belgium shall again arise.

We must end the reign of Terror by  
our sacrifice supreme ;  
Out from blackest night and error  
Freedom's holy light will stream.

## When the Watch Stops

“A Voice resounds like Thunderpeal  
'Mid angry Waves und clash of Steel ;”  
The Line, the Line, the German Line  
Is falling back to thee, O Rhine !

Ten thousand or ten million strong  
They shall not stand, their cause is wrong;  
The ancient feudal castle bell  
Is ringing out the tyrant's knell.

The martyrs of a valiant race  
From Heav'n look down on their disgrace;  
'Tis time ! O Children of the Rhine  
To rise, and march in Freedom's line !

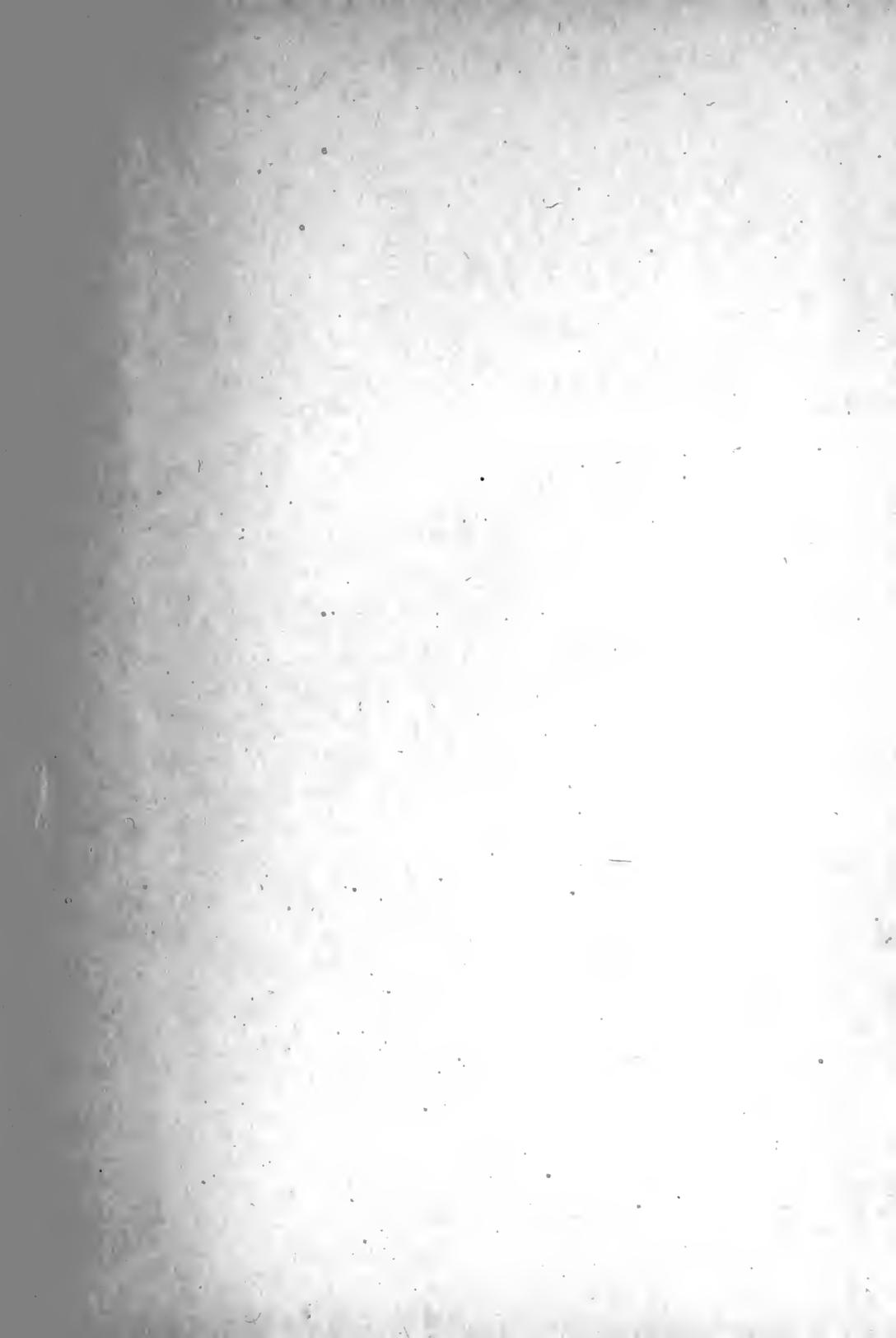
The Rhine will rise with German blood,  
Then o'er the land will sweep the flood ;  
Strong on its ruins there will stand  
A free and glorious Fatherland !

Ah, then ! A peaceful Rhine will flow,  
And Freedom's golden light will glow ;  
The Watch will stop upon the Rhine,  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

Blest Fatherland, no danger thine!  
No need of Watch upon the Rhine !



*WHEN the dread night has passed  
Of trouble and travail,  
The day of Peace will dawn at last,  
Forever to prevail ;  
Amen.*







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