



## A Talk about Nature.

To the admirer of the beautiful, nature has always some new aspect, — some heretofore hidden mystery to reveal to open ears and eyes. We have heard of the poet, who, "laid his heart so close to nature that they seemed to throb in one pulsation"; to him the grobing grasses must have given audible messages, and each plant, insect and even inanimate stone discoursed to him the living realities of their humble, yet sublime existence. Such friendships softens the harsher elements of human life, awakens that inner consciousness that brings us into sweet accord with the immortal part of our being.

Who has not wandered down in the meadows some summer afternoon, when all nature was sweetly attuned, and felt that captivating, poetic fascination as if the gods had poured new life into your veins? I have, and felt my mind instructed, and my soul renewed in contemplation of the grand Arcana of Nature.

"He spoke of beauty; that the dull  
Saw no divinity in grass

Life in dead stone, or spirit in the air."

There is a glad some breath of freedom borne on the wings of the gentle, summer breeze; the flowing streamlet, wandering through a margin of green meadows, reminds us of the still waters and green pastures we are yet to enjoy. With me there is nothing in nature so uplifting, as in an early spring walk to come across a violet bed; dear, modest little flowers; how often have

I knelt upon the tufted grass, deeming them worthy to be my shrine, where my visions and their fragrant breathings, might be wafted on the same zephyrs to a better and diviner world.

The Poetry of Nature is beautiful; it has a transforming power on the mind and soul, unveiling the depths of an inner consciousness; but it does not affect the mind in the same way, that its more wonderful exhibitions do, even science opens its eye in amazement at its own revelations.

As winter means silence and death, and summer abundant growing life, so nature has an almost royal sway at the tropics, where she spreads her gorgeous gifts with unlimited display. The stately palm, "True King of the grasses" as the ancient Indians called it, raises itself amid the hot vapors of the Amazon, and other tropical climes. The *Aristolochia* of South America produces flowers so large that they serve the children for hats and helmets, yet they thrive only in the shady waters of the Magdalena river. Modern travelers tell us of a gigantic Boabab tree in Senegambia, the interior of which is used as a public hall for national purposes, and artistically ornamented with wood from its own branches. There are springs in Louisiana, whose temperature is  $145^{\circ}\text{F}$  yet not only mosses, but shrubs, flowers and trees bathe their roots in its boiling waters. On an island near Naples a sedge and fern grows in the midst of ascending vapors, in a soil so hot that it instantly burns the hand to touch it.

Life and growth are universal; not

only at the tropics, Nature spreads her lavish hand, but to the cold arctic regions, and covers the hard rock and ground with delicate tracery of moss, fern and lichen. The most beautiful flowers are those of the lofty Alps, that blossom in their short summer at the foot of eternal snows. In the cold latitude of the Russian steppes there are fertile spots where all kinds of plants are so densely crowded together, that the wheels of the traveller's carriage can but with difficulty crush them, ~~while~~ he is enveloped in a forest of tall grass. One of the most wonderful arrangements given to plants, is their power to absorb moisture from the atmosphere; some lands would be uninhabitable for the absence of springs and rivers, were it not for the plants and trees. In one of the islands of the Canaries, there is no water, but a tree grows there called with veneration, the "Saint," in some of the deep recesses of the mountains; it keeps its lofty head wrapped in mist and cloud all night, from which it sends down never ceasing moisture in little rivulets, running down from the leaves; small reservoirs are built to catch the precious gift, thus the island is made inhabitable.

But for all the wonders of beauty, of tropic or polar regions, what can be compared with the ever changing seasons of our own Temperate Zone. Who can solve the mystery of the smallest plant? The silent activity of nature subdues us, and speaks to us of our unknown power, and well can we understand the words of the great Galileo, when questioned as to his belief in a Supreme Being, <sup>in</sup> pointed to a straw on the floor of his dungeon, saying - "From the structure of that little tube alone would I infer with certainty the existence of a wise Creator." A.R.S.

John G. Whittier.

Oh, if this poor flesh may its steps retrace  
To sunlight in the violet that springs  
From its decay; be sure the spirit wings  
Its flight unerring to its own high place,  
That which was Shakspeare moves somewhere in space  
Instinct with life and thought, still Milton sings;  
And the great voice we loved somewhere out-rings  
Where Browning meets the future face to face.  
High-priest of song, pure-handed, clean of heart,  
Shall thy chant cease because thy feet have tread  
The holy of Holies death doth set apart?  
Thou dost but sing a little near God.  
Thou Spirit unto infinite Spirit must  
Return, when earth to earth we give<sup>our</sup> dust to dust.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

Wooddale City, Dec. 1892.

John G. Whittier.

No thrush at eve had ever sweeter song  
Than thine whose voice no more on earth we hear,  
No winds and flowing streams more please the ear  
Nor to the speech of Nature more belong  
And yet thy heart beat with the tolling throng;  
Unto thine own the lowliest life was near.  
And the words law of brotherhood was clear,  
Most mindful still of all who suffered wrong.  
Great loved of all the choir we loved so well,  
What words can tell thy service through the years  
So far prolonged and brightening to the end?  
Oalmst we call thee of our Israel,  
Child of the Spirit one of God's true sons—

And to us all, of every name, the Friend.

F. S. Hosmer.

### To Silence.

Beloved silence, thou art more alive

Than half the voices that distress my ear.

With their irreverent emptiness of soul,

Their sounding brass - a hollow trumpet roll.

Pleasantly we keep house together here;

Under thy bending, gracious visions thrive,

Dear Silence, tenant of the spaces vast

Whose hand in hand, the noiseless worlds go past

Their Maker's throne and leave no visible track.

O, holy Silence, thou art eloquent

With wisdom that men's clashing dogmas lack;

Of all deep mysteries thou holdest the key!

I watch thy prophet smile, and am content

To wait the opening of the seals, with thee.

Lucy Larcom.

### The Heavenward Call.

What shall I do, my Lord, my God?

To make my life worth more to Thee?

Within my heart, through earth abroad,

Deep voices stir and summon me.

Through strange confusions of the time

I hear the beckoning call resound;

There is a pathway more sublime

Than yet my laggard feet have found.

My coward heart, my flagging feet,  
They hold me in bewildering gloom;  
Come thou my trembling steps to meet,  
And lift me into larger room.

The dearest voice may lead astray,  
Speak thou! Thy word my guide shall be  
A not from life and men away,  
But through them, with them, up to thee.

It is not much these hands can do;  
Keep thou my spirit close to thine,  
Till every thought thy love throbs through,  
And all my words breathe truth divine.

With souls that seek thy pure abode,  
Let my unfaltering soul aspire;  
Make me a radiance on the road,  
A bearer of thy sacred fire.

Luce Larcom

## Freedom's Deville

James G. Clark.

The time has passed for idle rest:  
Columbia, from your slumber rise!  
Replace the shield upon your breast,  
And cast the veil from off your eyes,  
And view your torn and stricken fold -  
By prowling wolves made desolate -  
Your honor sold for alien gold  
By traitors in your halls of State.

Our mothers wring their fettered hands;  
 Our sires fall fainting by the way;  
 The Lion robs them of their lands,  
 The Eagle guards them to betray:  
 Shall they who kill this craft and greed  
 Receive a brand less black than Cain's?  
 Shall paid "procurers" of the deed  
 Still revel in their fudas gains?

O daughter of that matchless Sire  
 Whose valor made your name sublime,  
 Whose spirit like a living fire,  
 Lights up the battlements of Time,—  
 The World's sad Heart with pleading mean,  
 Breaks at your feet—as breaks the main  
 In ceaseless prayer from zone to zone—  
 And shall it plead and break in vain

Strip off that garb of golden lace  
 That knaves have spun to mask your form,  
 And let the lightning from your face  
 Gleaming out upon the gathering storm.  
 That awful face whose silent look  
 Swept o'er the ancient thrones of kings  
 And like the bolts of Sinai shook  
 The base of old established things.

The promise of an age to be  
 Has touched with gold the mountain mist,  
 Its white fleets plow the morning sea  
 Its flag the Morning Star has kissed.  
 But still the martyred ones of yore—



By tyrants hanged, or burned, or bled—  
With hair and fingers dropping gore,  
Gaze backward from the eyes dead,

And ask: How long, O Lord how long,  
Shall creeds conceal God's human side,  
And Christ the God be crowned in song,  
While Christ the Man is crucified!  
How long shall Mammon's tongue of fraud  
At Freedom's Prophet wag in sport,  
While chartered murder stalks abroad,  
Approved by Senate, Church, and Court.

The strife shall not forever last  
Twist cunning Wrong and passive Truth—  
The blighting demon of the Past,  
Chained to the beautiful form of Youth;  
The Truth shall rise, its bonds shall break,  
Its day with cloudless glory burn,  
The Right with Might from slumber wake  
And the dead past to dust return.

The long night wanes; the stars wax dim;  
The Young Day looks thro' bars of blood;  
The air throbs with the brain of Him  
Whose pulse was in the Red-Sea flood;  
And flanked by mountains right and left  
The People stand a doubting horde—  
Before them heave the tides unlift,  
Behind them flashes Pharaoh's sword.

But lo! the living God controls,

And marks the bounds of slavery's night,  
 And speaks through all the dauntless souls  
 That live, or perish, for the right,  
 His face shall light the People still,  
 His hand shall cut the Sea in twain,  
 And sky and wave and mountain thrill  
 To Miriam's triumphant strain.

William Tell.

Chains may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,  
 Tell, of the iron heart! they could not tame;  
 For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim  
 The everlasting creed of liberty.  
 That creed is written on the untrampled snow,  
 Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,  
 Save that of God when he sends forth his cold  
 And breathed by winds that through the free heavens  
 Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around thee  
 Didst meditate the lesson nature taught,  
 And to thy brief captivity was brought  
 A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.  
 The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened thee  
 For the great work to set thy country free.

Eternal justice. — Mackey.

A man is thought a knave or fool,  
Or bigot, plotting crime;  
Who for the advancement of his kind,  
Is wiser than his time.  
For him the hemlock shall distil,  
For him the axe be bared,  
For him the gibbet shall be built,  
For him the stake prepared!  
To him shall the scorn and wrath of men  
Pursue with deadly aim;  
And malice, envy, spite and lies,  
Shall desecrate his name.  
But truth shall conquer at the last,  
For round and round we run,  
And ever the right comes uppermost  
And ever is justice done.

Pace thou thy cell old Socrates!  
Cheerily to and fro;  
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,  
And let the poison flow.  
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay,  
That holds a light divine,  
But they cannot quench the fire of thought  
By any such deadly wine;  
They cannot blot thy spoken words  
From the memory of man,  
By all the poison that ever was brewed  
Since time its course began.  
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored  
To round and round we run,

And ever the Truth comes uppermost  
 And ever is justice done.

Plod on in thy cave gray anchorite,  
 Be wiser than thy peers;  
 Augment the range of human powers  
 And trust the coming years.  
 They may call the wizard, or monk accursed,  
 And load thee with dispraise;  
 Thou wert born 500 years too soon  
 For the comfort of thy days.  
 But not too soon for human kind,  
 Time hath reward in store,  
 And the demons of our sires become  
 The saints that we adore,  
 The blind can see, the slave is lord,  
 To round and round we run,  
 And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,  
 And ever is justice done.

Keep Galileo, to thy thought,  
 And nerve thy soul to bear,  
 They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring  
 From the pangs of thy despair;  
 They may veil eyes but they cannot hide  
 The sun's meridian glow;  
 The heel of a priest may tread thee down  
 And a tyrant work the woe.  
 But never a truth has been destroyed,  
 They may curse it and call it crime,  
 Prevent and betray, slander and slay,  
 Its teachers for a time;

But the sunshine eye shall light the soul,  
As round and round we run;  
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.

And live there now such men as these -  
With thoughts like the great of old?  
Many have died in their misery,  
And left their thoughts untold.  
And many live and ranked as mad,  
And placed in the cold world's ban,  
For sending their bright far-seeing souls,  
Three centuries in the van.  
They toil in penury and grief,  
Unknown, - if not maligned;  
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn  
Of the meanest of mankind.  
But yet the world goes round and round,  
And the genial seasons run,  
And ever the Truth comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done

O may I join the choir invisible,  
George Elliot.

O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
Of miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds  
To waster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing a beautiful odor that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.  
To see inhaled that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed and agonized  
With widening retrospect that bred despair,  
Rebellious flesh that could not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child  
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;  
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air.  
And all our rarer, better, truer self  
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
That watched to ease the burden of the world,  
Laboriously tracing what must be,  
And what may yet be better, - saw within  
A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
And shaped it forth before the multitude,  
Divinely human, raising worship so

To higher reverence more mixed with love,—  
That better self shall live till human time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb;  
Unread forever.

This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach  
That purest heaven,— be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense!  
So shall I join the choir invisible,  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Peace. — J. W. A. Steward.

I have known those whose smile was benediction,  
Whose words were dropping balm,  
Yet who had passed through storms of great affliction  
To find the after calm.

Perhaps within their hearts some voiceless yearning  
Still longed for human love,  
Yet did their thoughts like constant incense burning,  
Forever mount above.

Ah me! to learn their holy self-denying!  
What bitter pang it cost!  
What nights of tear! What weary days of sighing,  
The victory well-nigh lost!

For is there one — ah surely there was never —,  
Who, loving, yet could say,  
"I will love on," although unloved forever"  
And not have wept that day?

They strove in tears at times almost rebelling  
Against the guiding hand;  
Sweeter to die of grief, than passion quelling  
To follow stern command

Sweeter to let the heart fulfil its breaking,  
And sooner end its grief,  
Than to return to patient labor taking  
A wound without relief.



Yet at the last, though without exaltation,  
Did they victorious rise,  
And something that was more than resignation  
Shone steadfast in their eyes.

And they had learned to love, but now divinely,  
Not looking love to reap,  
Like angels, spreading gracious wings benignly  
Where saints unconscious sleep.

Oh, learn, poor heart! their deep self-abnegation,  
Then shalt thou thrice be blest;  
Finding like them enduring consolation  
And long desired rest.

## The Eternal Goodness

J. S. Whittier.

O friends! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;  
Your logic linked and strong.  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds;  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?  
 Who talks of scheme and plan?  
 The Lord is God! He needeth not  
 The poor device of man.

I walked with bare, hushed feet the ground  
 Ye tread with boldness shod;  
 I dare not fix with mete and bound  
 The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such  
 His pitying love I deem:  
 Ye seek a King; I fain would touch  
 The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse that over broods  
 A world of pain and loss;  
 I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
 And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within  
 Myself, alas! I know;  
 Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
 Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
 I veil my eyes for shame,  
 And urge in trembling self-distrust,  
 A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
 I feel the guilt within.

I hear, with groan and trivial-cries  
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood;  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him,  
Which evil is in me.

The wrongs that pain my soul below  
I dare not throne above;  
I know not of His hate, - I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
 To bear an untried pain,  
 The bruised reed he will not break,  
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
 Nor works my faith to prove;  
 I can but give the gifts he gave,  
 And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea  
 I wait the muffled oar,  
 No harm from Him can come to me,  
 Or ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air;  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond His love and care.

O brothers if my faith is vain,  
 If hopes like these betray,  
 Pray for me that my feet may gain  
 The sure and safe way.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
 Thy creatures as they be,  
 Forgive me if too close I lean  
 My human heart on Thee!

Gods. - Walt Whitman.

Lover, divine, and perfect Comrade,  
Waiting content, invisible yet, but certain.  
Be thou my God.

Thou, thou, the Ideal Man,  
Fair, able, beautiful, content and loving,  
Complete in body and dilate in spirit,  
Be thou my God.

O Death, (for Life hath served its turn,)  
Open and usher to the heavenly mansion,  
Be thou my God.

Aught, aught of mightiest, best I see, conceive,  
or know,  
To break the stagnant tie -, thee, thee to free, (Soul.)  
Be thou my God.

All great ideas, the races' aspirations,  
All heroisms, deeds of rapt enthusiasts,  
Be ye my Gods.

O Time and Space,  
Of shape of Earth divine and wondrous,  
Of some fair shape I viewing, worship,  
Of lustrous orb of sun or star by night,  
Be ye my Gods.

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the  
 little that is Good steadily hastening towards immortality  
 And the vast all that is called Evil I saw hastening to merge  
 itself and become lost and dead.

Hasst never come to thee an hour,  
 A sudden gleam divine, precipitating, bursting all these  
 bubbles, fashions, wealth?  
 These eager business aims - books, politics, art, amours,  
 To utter nothingness?

Youth, large, lusty loving - youth full of grace, force  
 fascination,  
 Do you know that Old Age may come after you with  
 equal grace, force, fascination?  
 Day full-blown and splendid - day of the immense sun,  
 action, ambition, laughter.  
 The Night follows close with millions of suns, and  
 sleep and restoring darkness.

Earth to Air. L. A. Coonely.

A little worm on branch of gray,  
Began his work one summer day,  
He planned and built, he wove and spun,  
Until his tiny house was done.

He laid the walls with leaf-green sails,  
He set the roof with golden nails;  
He wove a sheet of softest lace,  
And in its folds himself found place.

He slept; and in the dark of night  
Upon his sides grew wings of light.  
The shining house became a veil,  
And gone was every golden nail.

Thus 'till the thin walls of gauze I spied  
The rainbow wings he had not tried,  
They cradled close and folded tight  
His velvet body strong and light.

One sped the hours till sleep was done,  
Wide swung the doors to life's new sun.  
He woke! he longed his wings to try,  
And found himself a butterfly!

No longer measuring slow his way,  
No longer shut from light of day,  
He does not toil with creeping things  
But floats with birds on happy wings.

Dear symbol of immortal years,  
 Thy lesson banishes our fears;  
 For we when done with earthly things,  
 Shall find, like thee, our angel wings.

### Perfection in Division

Some flowers bear violet on their bosoms, and some blue,  
 Some love a hue

More tender, and know

Some are as white as snow.

If all the colors slept upon one breast

Our eyes would ask for rest.

Some birds have gift of song,

Others of wings so strong

They rule as kings; some going by,

Flush nature's heart with crimson dye,

Or blue or gold; and some

With just a chirp of gladness come.

If all bird's wings were strong, or red

Or all birds' songs said

Each to each the same on hills, through vales below

There would be tears, I know.

Some human lips part singing; some with eyes,

Some spirits weep or smile from out their eyes;

Some eyes are blind,

Some eyes are strong to loose or bind

And some but cling;

Some spirits are so strong of wing,

With such a sweet control



Preaching from soul to soul;

And others never try  
To rise and fly.

If all lips sung or cried,  
Or wings of spirits tried  
The same broad flight  
Lips would fade white.

Gifts are divided. Some hands hold

A weight of gold.

Some just a child;

Some, aere where the sun hath smiled.

God never made

A hand without a gift - tho' gifts do fade,

As some so many hold that they forget

The gift, God set

High toward the Throne, and so

Bend down too low.

### A Rebuke.

"Why are you so sad? Sing the birds,  
The little birds, -

"All the sky is blue;

We are in the branches, yonder are the herds,

And the sun is on the dew."

"Everything is happy," sing the happy little birds,  
"Everything but you."

Fire on the hearthstone, the ship is on the wave,  
Pretty eggs are in the nest -

Yonder sits a mother smiling at a grave  
 With a baby at her breast,  
 And Christ was on the earth and the sinner he forgave,  
 Is with him in his rest.

"We shall droop our wings," pipes the thistle in the tree,  
 When everything is done  
 Time unfurleth yours, that you soar eternally  
 In the regions of the sun."

"When our day is o'er" sings the blackbird in the leaf,  
 "Yours is but begun."

"Then why are you so sad" warble all the little birds,  
 "While the sky is blue,"  
 Brooding over phantoms, and weeping about words  
 That never can be true."

"Everything is happy" trill the happy, happy birds,  
 "Everything but you."

What is the voice I hear?  
On the wind of the western sea?  
Sentinel! listen from out Cape Clear,  
And say what the voice may be:  
" 'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people  
proud and free."

And it says to them, Kinsman, hail!  
We severed have been too long,  
Now let us have done with a sworn out tale—  
The tale of an ancient wrong;  
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and  
be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,  
And blood of the self-same clan  
Let us speak with each other face to face,  
And answer as man to man;  
And loyally love and trust each other as none but  
free men can.

Now fling them to the breeze—  
Shamrock, thistle and rose;  
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with these—  
A message to friend and foe,  
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever  
the war-wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake  
Thee, wherever we come, we twain,

The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake;  
 And his meance be void and vain,  
 For ye are lords of a strong, youngland and we are  
 lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gate:-

"We severed have been too long."

But now we have done with a worn out tale -

The tale of an ancient wrong;

And our friendship last long as love doth last  
 and be stronger than death is strong.

Alfred Austin

### Cuba Libre.

Comes a cry from Cuban waters,  
 From the warm, dusk Antilles,  
 From the lost Atlanta's daughter,  
 Drowned in blood as drowned seas -  
 Comes a cry of purpled anguish,  
 See her struggles! Hear her cries!  
 Shall she live, or shall she languish?  
 Shall she sink, or shall she rise?

She shall rise by all that's holy!  
 She shall live, and she shall last,  
 Rise as we, when crushed and lowly  
 From the blackness of the past.  
 Bid her strike! Lo, it is written  
 Blood for blood and life for life!  
 Bid her smite as she is smitten,

Stars and stripes were born of strife.

Once we flashed our lights of freedom,  
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes  
Till she could but scorn and heed them,  
Reach her hands and try to rise,  
Then they stabbed her, choked her, drowned her,  
Till we scarce could hear a note,  
Ah, these rustling chains that bound her,  
Oh, these robbers at her throat!

And the kind that forged these fetters,  
Ask five hundred years for news,  
Stake and thumbscrew for their betters!  
Inquisition! Banished Jews!  
Chains of slavery! What reminder  
Of one red man in that land,  
Why, these very chains that bound her  
Bound Columbus, foot and hand!

She shall rise as rose Columbus  
From his chains, from shame and wrong,  
Rise as morning, matchless, wondrous,  
Rise as some rich morning song,  
Rise a ringing song and story,  
Valor, love personified.

Stars and stripes espoused her glory,  
Love and liberty allied.

Joaquin Miller.

## The Wreck of the Maine

Peaceful she lay, swaying light on her cable,  
 Soft toyed the wind with the smoke from her pipes,  
 Fathoms below stretched her hull staunch and stable  
 Proud from her peak floats the stars and the stripes,

Out from the face of the harbor reflecting,  
 Light answer light, springing up here and there  
 Night draws her curtain 's' heads unsuspecting,  
 No danger presaging from ocean or air.

Piped to his hammock, for duty is over,  
 Rests the brave seaman on board of the Maine,  
 Dreaming of childhood, of home or of lover,  
 God guard the sleeper who wakes not again!

Bursts on the stillness, a crash and a shudder,  
 Flash, as of thunderbolt, rending of steel;  
 Trembles the monarch from stem-post to rudder,  
 Turret and magazine, stanchion and keel.

Lurid the flame from the bombs wildly flying,  
 Shapes more like specters than men dimly seen,  
 Down, bleeding—down go the living, the dying,  
 Down in the deep with our proud navy's queen.

Not in the smoke and the din of the battle;  
 Not from the stroke of a foe in the strife;  
 But, with the armor-plate wrenching and rattle,  
 Torn and dismembered yet quivering with life.

Who can be witness without some misgiving?

Where rests the blame for the brave that are gone?

Clasp ye the standard more firmly, the living!

If for their blood other blood must atone!

Calmly secure, with attention unflagging,

Curbing the word that might spring from her mouth,

Strong in her millions, nor boasting nor bragging,

Columbia keeps watch at the gates of the South!

John Ireland.

### My Captain.

O Captain, my Captain! Our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies

Fallen, cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells,  
Rise up - for you the flag is flung for you the bugle trille  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths for you the shores a -  
For you you crowding

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Hear Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You're fallen, cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
 My Father does not feel my arm he has no pulse nor will,  
 The Ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed & done,  
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.  
 Exult O shore and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread  
 Walk the deck my Captain lies  
 Fallen, cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

## The On-March

So, progress is no swift release from error,  
 No sudden sun that banishes the night;  
 Through weary cycles, Man, the burden-bearer,  
 Grope in the dark and struggles toward the light.

It is not in death-throes where the battle rages,  
 And nations heap the winnows of their slain,  
 That Progress leaps across the darkened ages,  
 And truth frees all the bondmen of the plain.

And from the fields where armies meet despoiling,  
 No love-born carole hush the cries of wrong;  
 But through the yearning years with anguish toiling  
 Man makes himself the instrument of song.

So, where the timid thinker works and wonders,  
 Where man and God in fellowship unite,  
 There leaps the thought to majesty that thunders  
 Through endless ages with unceasing might.



Some see, enraptured at the dream of duty,  
In grave speech frame a precept or a law;  
And years long after, mankind live in beauty  
The gorgeous glories that the prophet saw.

Some teacher from his closet tells the nations  
The words of truth, the deeds that men should do,  
And they through sorrows and deep tribulations,  
Toil fiercely on to prove his lessons true.

Man's mind is greater than his brawn or bullet;  
His thought far faster than his labor stands;  
Men's hopes are higher than the world, and rule it;  
Their hearts are stronger than their helpless hands.

Development, unwearied, outward courses  
Through deepest darkness with resistless tides;  
Brain-throbs and heart-throbs are the deathless forces  
That lead us, lift us, where the day abides.

Still up and onward, up and forward surges  
The toiling race near drawing to the goal,  
While truth with whips of angel-anger urges  
The craven one to prove a master soul.

Quote not the Past! Its regal courts were rabble,  
A puny herd of more than worthless things;  
The world moves upward through their beastly babble,  
The tireless toilers are the only kings.

Yes, man himself, the fruit of long endeavor,  
 Grows from the smallness of his ancient youth,  
 And shall, at last perfected, stand forever  
 An angel shaped and fashioned to the truth.  
 Freeman C. Miller.

## The Little Peach.

A little peach in the orchard grew,  
 A little peach of emerald hue;  
 Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew  
 It grew.

One day passing that orchard through,  
 That little peach dawned on the view  
 Of Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue -  
 Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw -  
 Down from the stem on which it grew  
 Fell that peach of emerald hue  
 Mon Dieu.

John took a bite and Sue a chew.  
 And then the trouble began to brew -  
 Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,  
 'Tis true.

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
 They buried John and his sister Sue,  
 And their little souls to the angels flew -  
 Boo-hoo.

What of the peach of the emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.

Scien.

Eugene Field.

### Our Babylon - James G. Clark

Our the bowers of Babylon are rare,  
And the tinkling fountain's play  
Over gardens hung in the drowsy air,  
Where the careless youth and maiden fair  
Are dreaming the year away;  
And the kings of Babylon are bold -  
For the realms before them fall -  
And they rule the world from thrones of gold,  
While the people's lives are bought and sold  
Like the herds in the butcher's stall.

Oh the towers of Babylon are strong,  
And their dungeons damp and deep,  
And the rich rejoice in the reign of wrong  
And the princes join in the reveler's song  
While the toilers work and weep;  
But stern and still, like a troop of fates  
Round the city's roar and din,  
The invading host of the conqueror waits,  
In the midnight hush outside the gate  
As the feast goes on within.

Oh the walls of Babylon are high,  
 And their arches grim and low,  
 And the birds of commerce scream and fly,  
 While the proud Euphrates wanders by  
 In its dark relentless flow;  
 But the river that rolls in Mammon's pride  
 Shall the people's servant be -  
 By the tiller will shall be turned aside,  
 And the channel surge with a grander tide  
 Than the pulse of the Persian Sea.

## The Voice of the People.

James G. Clark.

Swing inward O gates of the future!  
 Swing outward ye doors of the past  
 For the soul of the people is moving  
 And rising from slumber at last;  
 The black forms of night are retreating,  
 The white peaks have signalled the day,  
 And freedom her long roll is beating,  
 And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered  
 And trod down the wounded and slain,  
 While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,  
 And men poured their life-tide in vain  
 The day of its triumph is ending,  
 The evening draws near with its doom,  
 And the star of its strength is descending  
 To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

Though the tall trees are crowned on the highlands  
With the first gold of rainbow and sun,  
While far in the distance below them  
The rivers in dark shadows run  
They must fall, and the workmen shall burn them  
Where the lands and the low waters meet,  
And the steeds of the New Time shall spurn them  
With the soles of their swift-flying feet.

Swing inward, O gates! till the morning  
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,  
Till the life and the love of the New Time  
Shall conquer the hate of the old;  
Let the face and the hand of the Master  
No longer be hidden from view,  
Nor the lands be prepared for the many  
Be trampled and robbed by the few

The soil tells the same fruitful story  
The seasons their bounties display,  
And the flowers lift their faces in glory  
To catch the warm kisses of day.  
While our fellows are treated as scattle  
That are muzzled while treading the corn,  
And millions sink down in life's battle  
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the sea plead in vain that the River  
May return to its mother for rest,  
And the Earth beg the rain clouds to give her  
Of dews they have drawn from her breast

Lo! the answer comes back in a matter  
 From domes where the quick lightning's glow,  
 And from heights where the mad waters utter  
 Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers who gather  
 In fields where they never have sown,  
 Who have stolen the jewels from labor  
 And builded to Mammon a throne;  
 For the snow-king asleep by the fountain,  
 Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,  
 And descend in his rage from the mountains,  
 Bearing terror, destruction and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,  
 And the scepter be swept from his hand,  
 And the heart of the haughty be humbled,  
 And a servant be chief in the land—  
 And the Truth and the Power united  
 Shall rise from the graves of the True  
 And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted  
 In the might and the light of the New.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,  
 Whose lips never uttered a lie,  
 And his prophets and poets have read it  
 In symbols of earth and of sky;  
 That to him who has revelled in plunder  
 Till the angel of conscience is dumb  
 The shock of the earthquake and thunder  
 And tempest and torrent shall come

Swing inward, O gates of the future!  
Swing outward, ye doors of the past,  
A giant is waking from slumber  
And rending his fetters at last.  
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,  
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,  
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,  
And rule in the realm he has made

## Great God is near

God is trying to speak to me and I am trying to hear,  
But the angry roar of an angry sea  
Has told my soul that it is not free;  
And my strange, imperfect ear  
Has only caught, on the breast of day,  
The strain of a song that is far away,  
So I sit and listen and humbly pray,  
For God is near.

God is trying to speak to me and I am trying to hear  
The sea that held me has gone to sleep,  
And still is the voice of the cruel deep,  
No longer shall I fear.  
I have found the chord that is true and right,  
The chord of Promise, and Love, and Light,  
That comes to banish the curse of night.  
Great God is near.

God is trying to speak to me and I am trying to hear  
 Away with the gold that is won by death  
 Of mind and body. (O Nazareth!

O living, breathing tear!

Away, away with the realists' hand,  
 Away with the tyrants that slave the land,  
 For the heart must sing and the stars command.

(Great God is near)

And soothe and comfort the voices of pain,  
 Man's Eden must return again,  
 And the Christ that suffered must live & reign.

(Great God is near)

And hush and silence the battle's din,  
 And lift forever the mists of sin  
 That veil the wealth of the God within.

(Great God is near)

And strive, O strive to be brave and true;  
 The world is dying of me and you  
 And the deeds undone that we both might do.

(Great God is near.)

God is trying to speak to me and I am trying to hear.

O pray that we may not grow too weak  
 To hearken one when he tries to speak  
 Through prophet, saint, and seer.

And love His image that fills the eyes  
 Of men and women that seek the skies;  
 For the soul must die if it will not rise!

Great God is near.

Boletta Ryan



## Solitude.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell.

To slowly trace the forests' shady scene;

Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,

With the wild flock that never needs a fold;

Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean

This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold

Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores  
unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,

And roam along, the world's tired denizen,

With none to bless us, none whom we can bless;

Mansions of splendor shrinking from distress:

None that with kindred consciousness endued

If we were not, would seem to smile the less

Of all that flattered, followed, sought, & sued;

This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

Byron

## God in the Night.

Deep in the dark I hear the voice of God  
 He walks the world; He puts His holy hand  
 On every sleeper - only puts His hand -  
 Within it benedictions for each one -  
 Then passes on; but ah! where'er He meets  
 A watcher waiting for Him, He is glad.  
 (Does God, like man, feel lonely in the dark?)  
 He rests His hand upon the watcher's brow -  
 But more than that, He leaves His very breath  
 Upon the watcher's soul; and more than this,  
 He stays for holy hours where watcher's pray,  
 And more than that, He oftentimes lifts the veils  
 That hide the visions of the world unseen.  
 The brightest sanctities of highest souls  
 Have blossomed into beauty in the dark.  
 How extremes meet! the very darkest crimes  
 That blight the souls of men are strangely born  
 Beneath the shadows of the holy night.  
 Deep in the dark I hear His holy feet -  
 Around Him rustles Archangelic wings;  
 He lingers by the temple where His Christ  
 Is watching in His Eucharistic sleep;  
 And where poor hearts in sorrow cannot rest,  
 He lingers there to soothe their weariness,  
 Where mothers weep above the dying child,  
 He stays to bless the Mother's bitter tears,  
 And consecrates the cradle of her child,  
 Which is to her her spirit's awful cross.  
 He shudders past the haunts of sin - yet leaves  
 Ever there a mercy for the wayward hearts,  
 Still as a shadow through the night he moves,

With hands all full of blessings, and with heart  
All full of everlasting love; ah me!

How God does love this poor and sinful world!

The stars behold him as he passes on;

And arch His path of mercy with their rays;

The stars are grateful - He gave them their light,

And now they give Him back the light He gave.

The shadows tremble in adoring awe;

They feel His presence, and they know His face.

The shadows, too are grateful - could they pray,

How they would flower all His ways with prayer!

The sleeping trees wake up from all their dreams -

Were their leaves lips, ah! me, how they would sing

A grand Magnificat, as His Mary sang.

The lovely grasses and the fair-faced flowers

Watch their Creator as He passes on

And mourn they have no hearts to love their God,

And sigh they have no souls to be beloved.

Man - only man - the image of His God -

Let's God pass by when he walks forth at night.

Father Ryan.

"Lest we forget."

God of our fathers, known of old -  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line -  
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine -  
 Lord God of hosts be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget - lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies -  
 The captains and the kings depart -  
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget - lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away -  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire -  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget - lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe -  
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law -  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget - lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tub and iron shard -  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,

And guarding call not Thee to guard -  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.  
Rudyard Kipling.

### Confessional.

God of our sires who hither fled  
Across a strange and stormy sea,  
Who suffered exile, toiled and bled,  
To make themselves and children free -  
God of the Pilgrims, smite us not!  
We have forgot! We have forgot!

How runs the story? Far away  
We hear the epoch-opening gun  
Fired by our minute men at bay  
Upon the green at Lexington!  
But, far and faint, we heed it not -  
Lord God of Hosts, we have forgot!

The bill of rights our fathers signed  
And sealed with shot and saber-stroke,  
Their just appeal to all mankind,  
Their prayers sent up through battle-smoke,  
Their faith humane without a blot,  
Lord Christ forgive! - we have forgot!

Ah, if where sunset islands lie  
The brave brown men their blood shall spill,  
Shall strike for liberty and die  
Slain by the heel of Bunker Hill

Though wilt remember, wilt thou not?  
 Though we, thy people have forgot!

We have forgot! A Roman lust  
 Profanes our ancient holy things;  
 We trample justice in the dust;  
 We have the rabies of the kings -  
 The scarlet rage of gun and sword!  
 Have mercy on thy people, Lord! Amen.  
 Dr. Howard S. Taylor.

For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 Tennyson.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfills himself in many ways.  
 Let one good custom should corrupt the world.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
 prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what air men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friends?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
 Tennyson.

Just be Glad.  
O heart of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so!  
What we've missed of calm we couldn't  
Have, you know!  
What we've met of storm and pain,  
And of sorrow's driving rain,  
We can better meet again,  
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour  
We have known,  
When our tears fell with the shower,  
All alone!  
Nere not shine and shadow blent  
As the gracious Master meant?  
Let us temper our content  
With his own.

For we know not every morrow  
Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And quit our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.

## A Weary World.

This is a weary world, quoth I,

A weary, weary world!

But the sparrow sings,

And the butterfly wings

And the clover grows,

And the lily blows, —

All in this weary world.

This is a weary world, quoth I,

A weary, weary world!

But song and stars

Pass prison bars;

And faith you'll meet,

And love you'll greet, —

All in this world.

Adèle Gleason.



## God of the Open Air.

Thou who has set thy dwelling fair  
With flowers beneath, above with stary lights  
And set thy altars everywhere, -

On mountain heights,

In woodland valleys dim with many a dream;

In valleys bright with springs,

And in the curving capes of every stream, -

Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings  
Of morning, to abide

Upon the secret places of the sea

And on fair isles, where the tide

Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,

Waiting for worshippers to come to thee

In thy great out-of-doors, -

To thee I turn to thee I make my prayer,

God of the open air!

From the prison of anxious thoughts that

From the fetters that envy has wrought,

From the noise of the crowded ways and

the fierce confusion,

From the folly that wastes its days in a

world of illusion

(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes  
there)

I would escape and be free in the joy  
of the open air.

These treasures of the humble heart  
 In true possession, owning them by love;  
 And, when at last I can no longer move  
 Among them freely, but must part  
 From the green fields and from the water clear,  
 Let me not creep  
 Into some darkened room and hide  
 From all that makes the world so bright  
 But throw the and dear,  
 But throw the windows wide  
 To welcome in the light;  
 And, while I clasp a well-beloved hand,  
 Let me once more have sight  
 Of the deep sky and the far smiling land—  
 Then gently fall on sleep,  
 And breathe my body back to nature's care,  
 My spirit out to thee,  
 God of the open air.

Dr. Henry van Dyke.

## Work, Life and Love

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—  
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all that live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done, in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hour,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

Let me but live my life from year to year  
With forward face and unreluctant soul,  
Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal;  
Not mourning for the things that disappear  
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear  
From what the future veils; but with a whole  
And happy heart, that pays its toll  
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,  
Through rough or smooth, the journey  
will be joy;  
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,

New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,  
 I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,  
 Because the road's last turn will be the best.

Let me but love my love without disguise,  
 Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,  
 Nor wait to speak till I can hear a cue,  
 Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,  
 Nor bow my knee to what my heart denies;  
 But what I am, to that let me be true,  
 And let me worship where my love is due,  
 And so through love and worship let me rise

God love is but the soul's immortal thirst,  
 To be completely known and all forgiven.  
 Even as sinful souls that come to Heaven:  
 To take me, love, and understand my worst,  
 And pardon it, for love, because confessed,  
 And let me find in thee, my love, my best

Henry Wain Dyke

## A Poet's Prophecy Fulfilled

The Scottish poet, Charles Mackay, in 1871, when William the 1<sup>st</sup> was proclaimed emperor of Germany, wrote a poem the prophecy of which, long delayed, has now been fulfilled. The poem is now attracting world wide attention, and is as follows:

### The Kaiser's Crown.

(Versailles, Jan. 18, 1871)

The wind on the Thames blew icy breath,  
The wind on the Seine blew fiery death,  
The snow lay thick on tower and tree,  
The streams ran black thro' sordid and sea;  
As I sat alone in London town  
And I dreamed a dream of the Kaiser's crown

Holy William, that conqueror dread,  
Placed it himself on his hoary head,  
And sat on his throne with his nobles about,  
And his captains raising the wild war-shout,  
And asked himself, with a smile and a sigh,  
"Was ever a Kaiser so great as I?"

From every jewel from every gem,  
In that imperial diadem  
There came a voice and a whisper clear -  
I heard it, and I still can hear -  
Which said, "O Kaiser great and strong,  
God's sword is double-edged and long!"

"Aye," said the emeralds, flashing green —  
 "The fruit shall be what the seed has been —  
 His realm shall reap what his hosts have sown,  
 Debt and misery, tear and groan,  
 Pangs and sob, and grief and shame,  
 And rapine and consuming flame!"

"Aye," said the rubies, glowing red —  
 "There comes new life from life-blood shed;  
 And tho' the Goth o'erride the Gaul,  
 Eternal justice rides o'er all!  
 Might may be Right for its own short day,  
 But Right is Might for ever and aye!"

"Aye," said the diamonds, tongued with fire;  
 "Grief tracks the pathways of desire.  
 Our Kaiser, on whose head we glow,  
 Takes little heed of his people's woe,  
 Or the deep thoughts in the people's brain  
 That burn and throb like healing pain.

"Thinks not that Germany, joyous now,  
 Cares naught for the crown upon his brow,  
 But much for the Freedom-wood, not won —  
 That must be here ere all is done —  
 That gleams and floats, and shines afar,  
 A glorious and approaching star!"

"Aye," said they all, with one accord,  
 "He is the Kaiser, King and Lord;  
 But kings are small, the people great;

And Freedom cometh, sure, the late —  
"A stronger than he shall cast him down!"  
This was my dream of the Kaiser's crown!"

## Lay down your Arms

Lay down your arms, the long dark night is past  
The dawn has opened with the sun of peace;  
Hushed is the strife, as, in a stricken world,  
All conflicts cease

Lay down your arms, no more shall fire and sword  
Sow the red soil and claim the last dread cost;  
Yet what we rendered in the bitter fight  
Shall not be lost.

Lay down your arms, the cause is surely won,  
The world is free by dominance of right;  
And never more shall brutal power exult  
Unsup by might.

Lay down your arms, and heal the broken hearts,  
Repair the ruins and still the mourner's tears;  
Rebuild the walls that fell before the riot —  
Of tragic years.

Lay down your arms, accept the sacred care

Of them who sacrificed that we might live;  
 Is there for them a recompense too great  
 That we can give?

Lay down your arms, and learn anew the faith,  
 That justice, truth, and honor must prevail;  
 Great be the cost, yet now we surely know—  
 God does not fail.

By Major H. V. F. Carey in the English Review

## Happy Thoughts

Happy thoughts and tender  
 That's the way it's done;  
 Every good to render  
 From dawn to set of sun.

Sunny thoughts and joyous  
 That's the way it goes,  
 Life's burning arid desert  
 Blossoming like the rose.

Loving thoughts and trusting  
 In the Father's care  
 Knowing that His bounty  
 Spreadeth everywhere

H. V. F.



## Where Are You?

The die is cast, debate is past  
Gone is the long, uncertain night;  
We stand at last, in space vast  
In realms of clear, lit wrong and right.  
Pray, where are you?  
What is your view?  
What will you do?  
This is no time to analyse,  
Or on old wrongs to dogmatize,  
Or, supercilious, criticize.  
It is an hour to emphasize,  
To avert conscience, push the will,  
Draw inspiration deep, until  
The climb of purpose mounts the hill  
And finds the goal.

What is that goal? Revenge? No! No!  
'Tis deep salvation for our foe.  
'Tis justice for the weak laid low.  
'Tis peace on all the winds that blow.  
'Tis taste of joy all men should know.  
I ask again, pray where are you?  
In dreams, or unto duty true?  
The fields of service are not few.  
Here at your don they lie in view.  
Be loyal, zealous, help things through.  
Edward H. Glorton

# De Profundis

All thro' the winter of my discontent  
 My soul looks upward from its deep dejection;  
 And in the process of its keeping Lent,  
 Thou knowest Lord, I long for resurrection.

Full conscious am I of my ill desert,  
 I know how searching is divine inspection;  
 But thou canst heal me of my every hurt  
 With the great pity for my imperfection.

Grant me to rise from folly, frailty, sin,  
 Help me to tread the path of thy selection;  
 Let Easter morning on my soul begin  
 To shed the sunlight of the resurrection.

May life be lifted beyond fog and gloom  
 To keep on high a heavenly connection;  
 And in the radiance of th' upper room,  
 To know henceforth the joy of resurrection.  
 Easter 1920 H.S.B.

## On Voyage

Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east or blow it west  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;  
A thousand flutes from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas;  
What blows for one a favoring breeze  
Might dash another with the shock  
Of doom upon some hidder rock.  
And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds to waft me on my way,  
But leave it to a higher Will  
To stay or speed me, trusting still.  
That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with me,  
Through storm and calm and will not fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within His sheltering heaven at last.  
Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,  
My heart is glad to have it so;  
And blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Miss Caroline N. Mason.

The hope of the human race does not lie in the "Progress of the Intellect," or in the conquest of fresh powers over the realms of nature nor in the improvement of laws, or the more harmonious adjustment of the relations of classes, nor in the glories of art or the triumphs of science. That which will constitute the blessedness of man will be the gradual dying out of his tiger passions, his cruelty, and his selfishness, and the growth within him of the God-like faculty of love and self-sacrifice, — the development of that holiest sympathy where in all souls shall blend at last, like the tints of the rainbow, which the eye beholds around the great white throne on high.

Frances Power Cobbe.

It is by thinking about and doing our duty that happiness comes — because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe. The heart and mind thus brought in contact with the creator.

Thackeray.

Twenty-five years of the civilized life of to-day is a long period of time, for we measure life by accomplishment rather than by years. "That life is long which answers life's great end." The life of the present age is illuminated with knowledge, refined by art, literature and music stimulated with incentives to noble living, and glorified by hope, aspiration and love.

Mary A. Livermore

The benefits of devotional meditation are: To give insight into that remote and hardly visited region, one's own soul; to bring out some spiritual process into the clear light of consciousness; to bring comfort to the saddened heart; to vivify some torpid belief; to give strength in temptation and a stimulus of joy that may "tide us over shoals where the thought of duty alone would hardly carry us"; to localise Deity that the soul may give a deeper and more loving affirmation of its obedience.

To attain a ripeness of spiritual growth we must have a solitary place in which to retire, in which to make the acquaintance of ourselves, and the discovery of God.

Awakened feeling should, to fulfill its purpose, give rise speedily to a determination of will; to a greater deepening of the permanent loves and hates of the nature, to inward action, and its resultant outward action.

Frederic Palmer.

Only the spiritually minded can be said to be alive; for the true thoughts are the only thoughts that live and never see death. They are the thoughts of the God within us.

And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by and a great, strong wind rent the mountains and break in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; after the wind an earthquake but the Lord was not in the earth.

quake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire a still, small voice. Let us listen for this voice and God will speak and our strength shall be renewed.

How can one acquire mastery over his baser nature? Mighty problem!—How change the brute into an angel! Can any other but one's own self effect this purification, this splendid conquest, in comparison with whose glory the greatest victories of war, sink into insignificance. There must be first the belief that this conquest is possible, then knowledge of the method, then practice. Men only passively animal become brutal from ignorance of the consequences of the first downward step. So, too, they fail to become god-like because of their ignorance of the potentiality of effort. Certainly one can never improve himself who is satisfied with his present circumstances. The reformer is of necessity a discontented man—stirring after something better. A man who thinks well of his habits, his physical, mental and moral state, is in no mood to begin to climb the ladder that reaches from the world of his littleness to a broader one.

Great results are achieved by achieving little ones; constant dripping of little water-drops wears away the hardest rock. You and I are so many aggregations of good and bad qualities. If we wish to better our characters, increase our capabilities, strengthen our will power, we must begin with small things and pass on to greater. So you

wish to control the hidden forces of Nature, and rule in her dominion as a king-consort? Then begin with the first pettiness the smallest flaw you can find in your self, and remove that. It may be vanity, jealousy, antipathy for others, self-sufficiency and inordinate fondness for dress. It matters not; if it stands in the way of your perfect and absolute emancipation from the rule of this sensuous world fluck it out and cast it from thee.

Henry T. Clcott.

In action a theosophist is taught self-examination, coolness concentration and intrepidity in every thing he does. He is taught that Deity is everywhere; that the simplest act of his life should be done, in the light of the divine done thoroughly with a happy face, a loving heart. We cannot escape the consequences of our thoughts and actions, they react upon us in this life or the next.

Magie. White & Black.

Nothing is permanent but the real ideal, the truth. But where can we find the truth? if we seek deep enough in himself he will find it revealed, each man may know his own heart.

He may send a ray of his intelligence into the depths of his soul and search its bottom, he may find it to be as infinitely as the sky above his head. He may find corals and pearls, watch the monsters of the deep. If his thought is steady and unwavering he may enter the innermost Sanctuary of his own temple and see the god.

ness unveiled. Not every one can penetrate into such depths, because the thought is easily led astray; but the strong and persistent searcher will penetrate veil after veil, until at the innermost center he discovers the germ of truth, which awakened will grow into a sun that illuminates the interior world.

Such an interior meditation and concentration upon the germ of divinity which rests in the innermost centre of the soul, is the only true prayer. The true worship of the living God requires a great effort of will. It consists in continually guarding the door of the sacred lodge, so that no illegitimate thoughts may enter the mind, to disturb the holy assembly whose deliberations are presided over by the spirit of wisdom.

The ancients looked upon the human mind as a great alambic, in which the contending forces of the emotions may the heat of holy aspirations and by a supreme love of truth. The purified elements were made to ascend to the supreme source of law, and descend again in showers of snowy whiteness, visible to all because they rendered every act of life holy and pure. They taught how the base metals - meaning the animal energies in man - could be transformed into the pure gold spirituality, and how by attaining spiritual life - allegorically represented under the "Elixir of Life" - souls could be rendered immortal having their youth and innocence restored.

The truth still lives. It resides on the top of a "mountain" called Faith into the eternal



Law of Good. It shines deep into the interior world of man, and sends its divine influence into the interior world of man, into the valleys, and wherever the doors and windows are open to receive it, there will it dispel the darkness, rendering men and women conscious of their own god-like attributes guiding them on to the road of perfection.

The voice of Truth is ever calling men to life, whose echo is the power intuition crying in the wilderness of our hearts, baptizing our soul with the water of hope, and pointing out the true spirit which coming to consciousness in our hearts may baptize us with fire and knowledge.

Love is power. Love is a restoration of life & health. The universal panacea. The sun is continually transferring his life, his love and his will to this globe. There are thousands of people sick because the sun in them has grown cold; that cannot form that firm resolution which is necessary to set the will at their own centre in motion, so that its vibrations would induce life and health.

To recognize the purity of the divine spark within us is true adoration. True prayer means self-sacrifice; a giving up of the low upon the altar of the high.

The light of the spirit enlivens matter, the more matter is attracted by sensuality and concentrated

by selfishness the less penetrable to the spirit will it become.

If we seek for the truth in the outward expression of a form instead of looking for it in the principle we will be led into darkness instead of being led into the light. He who has grown to recognize the true god in his heart needs no illusion of form. He carries the temple of the eternal God in his own soul and worships it without ceremonies and rites.

Every man and woman, however, can feel within their souls the presence of the divine spirit, even if they cannot see its light. This is the beginning of that true spiritual consciousness to which we should cling at all times. Even the most devout worshiper, as long as the divine Spirit has not awakened in his soul, will merely feel the beauties of the spiritual realm, in the same sense that a blind man may enjoy the warm rays of the sunshine, without being able to see the light; only when the process of spiritual regeneration is fairly begun will he be able to see the sun of glory in his own soul. Then he will become self-luminous in the light of the Truth, a state in which man actually knows that he exists as an eternal, self-existent and immortal power in God.

The brain is the most highly developed instrument for the manifestation of mind. It performs the intellectual labor of the organism, acting as a center of attraction for the collection of ideas, as a workshop for their transformation from and as a focus from which they are reflected again into the astral light. But

for the power of performing intellectual labor the highest manifestation of God in man is not yet obtained. If we wish to know the wisdom and majesty of God, we must prepare ourselves to be fit receptacles of His love.

To accomplish this we need not seek to accomplish anything by our own power. All selfish efforts are useless. All we need is to throw away the obstacles that hinder us from seeing the light of truth and which consists of our own selfish thoughts and desires.

What is all the science of this earth compared to the self knowledge of the regenerated man.

He who has succeeded in merging the elements constituting his soul with that divine and ethereal higher self will feel its power in his own heart. This principle baptizes the soul with fire, and who receives this baptism of fire is ordained a priest and a king. He who is full of its influence is the true "vicegerent of God". This principle fills his person with a peace, attracts the hearts of men to him and sheds blessings upon every one.

Every man is a Christ in whom the "Son of God" becomes manifest.

As men and women become conscious of the divine presence they become aware not merely of their own individual evils but of the sufferings of humanity as a whole; they begin to suffer with and for each other, they recognize in the Christ principle the universal link that

binds them all together into one harmonious whole by the power of infinite love.

Jesus may have been the most perfect incarnation of the spirit of truth that ever existed, but the truth existed before the person was born, and it is not the belief in a person that can save mankind from evil, but recognition of truth, of which the outward form can be nothing else but an external expression. Those who believe in the still living eternal spirit of Christ are his true worshippers; they who do not follow his words, but believe in his person, worship only a form without life — an illusion.

Frantz Hartmann

Selfishness looks forward eagerly to position, fame or wealth, and murmurs at God's justice, as it counts the hours of labor, if it does not realize all that it was led by the spirit of greed to expect; but love counts the hours too short in which to serve the Master. The question of recompense is not thought of, the one desire being, — "How and in what way can I best further the interests of thy kingdom, O Lord?" To these the vision of God in his loveliness constitutes such a blessing that they would gladly lay down their lives in his service. Every deed, every thought is consecrated to God, and as they work in humility they advance in holiness and love. This is the polishing of the mirror that reflects more distinctly the divine image; the cleansing of the eye that it can behold more clearly the divine glory; the enlarging of the soul that it may receive more copiously of the divine fulness.

Flaming Sword.

# The Future of the Race.

Ella M. Castle. F.S.

When the slowly awakening womanhood of this age comes to a full realization of the grandeur of woman's mission, her aspirations will become so continuous and exalted that her mind will absorb the surplus which now descends to the body; and man, led by woman, will realize that the life force, now wasted in pleasurable indulgence, may be utilized in the brain to create an overwhelming might of intellect, which will carry humanity to heights of attainment undreamed of.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? The spirit of the man that goeth upward is the spirit of the body which ascends to become thought through the brain, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward, is the spirit of the brain, which descends for sensual gratification through the body. It is possible to overcome this tendency toward sensual gratification. Surely this points to an age when at least a portion of humanity will realize that the life of celibacy is the higher life; and certainly there must be a law and purpose of such a life.

Men have reasoned that the refusal to gratify the sensual desire is but the blamming up of a passion which intensifies because of the very check placed against it. This is true. The law is not to resist the desire once created, but to resist the tendency toward creation of the desire,

in the very citadel of life, the point of seminal generation in the brain that presides over and regulates the functions of procreation in the body. Instead of resisting the desire on the plane of sensuality, change the current of the mind by directing it into the channel of holy aspiration. This is what Christ taught, when he said, "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good." If we fight an unholy desire it vanquishes us. We must overcome it by elevating the thoughts above its plane. When Hercules fought Antaeus, every time the earth-born giant was thrown to earth, he sprang up with increased strength, so that the oftener Hercules threw his foe, the greater became the strength of that foe. But when held above the earth from whence he derived his strength, it was easy to crush out his life in the more refined element. If the mind lives on an exalted plane, all sensual desires may be overcome, for it is only when the mind descends to a lower state that these desires flourish.

## The Psychology of Crime.

Henry Wood. Extracts.

Every outward manifestation is a harvest. No full-fledged or overt act takes place that is not the lawful sequence of previous incubation, nourishment and growth.

A material photograph may be destroyed in an instance, while an immaterial one, printed by the imaging faculty, may remain for a lifetime, often forcing its way into the consciousness

unbidden. —

When the wise man uttered the familiar aphorism, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," he expressed not merely a moral maxim but a scientific truism. What men mentally dwell upon they become or grow like. Thought, even when centered upon a non-entity, in proportion to its intensity and continuity, confers subjective realism. Not by chance but by law, each mental delineation leaves its distinctive hue in the grand composite which makes up character. The undisciplined thinking faculty, has a sponge-like absorbability of the medium which surrounds it, and only by systematic idealism can it be trained to close its avenues against discordant and depressing environment. Thought projected in specific directions soon forms its own channels, which are rapidly deepened by habit. When turned upon the pure the true and the beautiful, these positives soon cast out their negative opposites.

The quality of thinking determines consciousness, and consciousness forms character. Character is therefore nothing more nor less than a habitual quality of consciousness. It is often supposed to consist of action, but it is that which is back of action. Any demoralization which comes from without does not come direct, but from the sympathetic vibrations of corresponding unisons within. Action is often temporarily modified from motives of outward policy, but its constant effect is to become a true copy of

the inner pattern

The scientific way to destroy evil is not to hold it up and analyze it in order to make it hateful, but rather to put it out of the consciousness. To the degree that one does not see it, to him it becomes non-existent, because there is nothing to arouse its vibrations within.

We are modified by every picture thrown upon the mental canvas. We cannot immerse the consciousness in the turbid waves of crime without taking on some of its slime and sediment.

Reform will come only so fast as the necessity for more ideal mental pictures is appreciated.

The real world we dwell in is our thought world, rather than the material objects that surround us. The color of all outward environment depends upon the glasses through which we view it.

The human consciousness is like an endless corridor in a picture gallery, each visitor executing and hanging his own work of art. His preference is determined by the character of those before which he lingers.

Many things can be known only by being felt, all vital forces are fundamentally unknown.

Idleness and improvidence are the most fearful accusations against society.



## To Write or not to Write.

Who knows what his gifts are until he tests them? Is not that which is commonly called genius largely intensity of feeling, emotion, thought, activity? Who can say that true greatness does not in a great measure spring from culture, and that high endeavors are not the secret of glad success?

Genius is energy quite as much as insight; and insight is quite as much dependent upon tireless activity as upon Divine gift. Power of attention, forceful habits of industry, wisdom in seeing and promptitude in seizing opportunity, patient perseverance, courage and hopefulness under disappointments, are the forces that win.

Alice K. Mylrene

To write is as much art as to paint. Given a palette of colors, a hand of brushes, a fresh canvas, and good working light, one has the material.

The thing is to show others what is clearest to your inner consciousness, — what you see, feel and love.

Tone, delicacy of touch, crispness of handling, breadth of treatment and composition, are separately quite as important. To comprehend all and use them is art.

H. M. Sylvester.

Not to write directed to those whose brains are teeming with ideas, whose crowded thoughts want air and recognition, would be a cruel mandate. Seldom has a young writer, in whom the 'divine spark' has been implanted, been swerved aside from a course

known to him as the right one. Through the thorniest of paths, the weariest of climbings, he will go on until the voices of the dissuading ones are a mere echo from his attaining height. A musician will melodize into song; why may not a writer - indite words?

All men know not like expression; yet there is something sacred in the outpourings of a mind, - in the voicing of a God-given attribute; and minute dissection will find therein some beauty, as in a gem lowly lying at our feet.

Edmond Picton

No reform, moral or intellectual, ever came from the upper class of society. Each and all came from the protest of martyr and victim. The emancipation of the working people must be achieved by the working people themselves.

Wendell Phillips.

One thing is certain; if the new is to come into existence, and the old to disappear, two great things must combine, - a world-kindling ethical idea and a social influence which is powerful enough to lift the depressed masses a great step forward. - The victory over disintegrating egotism, and the deadly chilliness of the heart, will only be won by a great ideal which appears amidst the wondering people as a stranger from another world and by demanding the impossible unhinges the reality.

There may be phrases which shall be palaces to dwell, treasures houses to explore, a single word may be a window from which one may perceive all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. Sometimes a word will speak what accumulated volumes have labored in vain to utter,

T. W. Higginson.

There is a reality that reposes in a thoughtful tranquility of life, there are measureless riches to be got from the inexhaustible mine of habitual contemplation.

G. C. Hill.

When man fails, God interposes to save the race from destruction. Thus it has ever been in every age and thus it ever will be. Nineteen hundred age, when the civilized world was steeped in Paganism and corruption, when the Roman Empire was tottering and the wealth of her provinces was owned by a very few, when barbarism stared the race in the face and the savage race of the North were pressing down upon the proud Roman to absorb and dissipate his power Jesus Christ, the Son of man baptized the race, gave it a new impetus saving it from dissolution. To day the state of civilization is blacker.

C. J. M.

The great day is ever near those who "agonize for improvement." To the thinking mind free from prejudice hence receptive to wisdom, it is evident we will not have long to wait before the evils we so greatly deplore will be consumed by their own intensity. Prophecy now proves to us that the human race will soon pass fully into its great phase of maturity, when the whole character of man will be transformed, brought into complete unison with the spiritual forces and life of the universe. He will then be able to yield full obedience to the perfect law and thus counteract all forces that tend to destroy his organism. He will thus become a Master of Life.  
 H. C. Blue.

The conscience which makes us mortify our flesh with all its affections and lusts and which often mars our happiness and embitters our pleasure, upbraids us with reproaches and stings us with remorse, that voice that hushes our cry for happiness, which will not endure a single selfish plea, but demands unquestioning obedience, and bids us fall down in the very dust before the Majesty of Duty, — we all in our secret hearts adore this power, whether or not we obey it as we should. At least we pay to it the homage of our inmost souls, and feel how great and grand it is to be its slave.

I venture to lift up my voice to God, when I address that Being, there comes to my soul "clear shining", and I see things plainer and clearer than before. I appeal to him in sorrow, I feel his presence to endure. I pray to him in weakness, a new manhood comes over me, I feel that wondrous power that over-arches worlds, and I feel that I have in me somewhat of his strength. I appeal to him in temptation, he answers according to that immemorial prayer, "deliver us from temptation". My gladness is greatest and richest when it flows up and out in thankfulness and adoration to the source to which I trace it.

Showing but of one really divine manifestation on earth, — Humanity as taken collectively, humanity with its god-like intellect, its latent promises and spiritual hopes, hidden away under a thick crust of selfishness and materialism we know of no better form of worship, no higher offering to the divine principle than that whose oblations are laid on the altar of humanity. With our hands upon that altar, we must all strive to call out those divine, deep-hidden intuitions of mutual help, tolerance and love.

Noble minded men and women hold aloft the higher principles and possibilities of the human family; leading boldly and fearlessly forward, out from the shadowing influences of the wily priest, toward the higher and broader fields of personal enlightenment, where a reason for the hopes and aspirations

of our being is a scientific possibility.

The new epoch will not conquer unless it be under the banner of a new idea which sweeps away egoism, and sets human perfection in human fellowship as a new aim in the place of reckless toil, which looks only to personal gain. It is no new discovery, this reassertion of the essential unity of the race of Brotherhood as a principle to be elevated above all accidental or historical distinctions. It is on the contrary, the one vital ethical result out of religious thought. Is it therefore a truism too barren or abstract, to form the basis of practical association? is it nothing to extricate it from the diversities of dogma in which its significance is buried, to renew it in the hearts of men and women of all sects and creeds as the vow and obligation of their lives. The conquest of selfishness and prejudice in all their forms, national, <sup>social</sup> and sectarian, is the aim which grows in every individual mind out of a living sense of human fraternity. Its application on the wider scale of law must be self-developed. The world is not to be improved by a fanatical impulse. Many practical problems which seem insoluble to individual thinkers can find their solvent in an altered disposition of mankind.

Little do we stop to think how the poverty or pain of poor man can in any wise be attributable to the prosperity of his shrewder neighbor. But there are facts underlying the social and business world which, when the full blaze of the philosophy of Jesus is turned upon them, will be found as levers and

fulcrums, crushing out the abilities and opportunities, and keeping back the just claims of multitudes of humble, helpless men and women.

### Competition.

So long as mankind clings to the competitive system there can be no equitable distribution of labor or the products of labor. The reason for this is manifest, competition involves contention which is born of selfishness. Competition is theft. It implies an immoral and unjust advantage taken of one member of society by another, because it involves the principle of might instead of right. If I take advantage of the physical or mental weakness of my neighbor for the sake of personal benefit I am clearly an oppressor from the stand point of moral law. This is what men are doing every day, under the competitive system, and must do as long as that system obtains. High import and internal revenue, taxes, a specie basis currency, all monopoly and hypocrisy, whether in church or state spring from this cause. In the church men are constantly contending for personal aggrandizement. This is ecclesiastical competition. In the state is evinced every form of machination and cunning to gratify personal ambition, this is political competition. In the commercial the scramble for wealth is ever on the increase, and men applaud when their commercial enemies bite the dust of poverty.

As a grain of dust falling into the more refined mechanism of a watch will stop it, that in the grosser mechanism of a locomotive would have no effect upon its action, so the evils which did not affect our coarser ancestors, are real impediments to the living action of the more spiritual lives of our day generation.

L. A. Mallory.

### Extracts.

And what is true of the individual character is true of past history. All a man's past may be a motor power to aid him in his future. His blunders, his errors, his sins, as well as his successes and his victories, ought to add force to his life. Paul was educated to be preacher of liberty because he was educated in the school of the Pharisees. Augustine was educated to be a preacher of purity because he was educated in the atmosphere of sensualism. Beecher was educated to be a preacher of the love of God because he was educated in a New England theology, which thought that God was wrath. We do not know truth, until we have seen error; we do not know liberty until we have seen the prison; we do not know righteousness until we have wrestled with temptation. The whole progress of the human race has been just this; a progress up through temptation and wrestling into a higher life, into a larger life, into a virtue which is better than innocence, into strength that comes by temptation, that comes even by falling.



What is sin? Not the deed that is done, not the outward thing, but the spirit and the motive that it springs out of. It is not what I have done that is sinful. It is that which is within me that prompts to sin. —

The sun is kept alive by the matter that is cast into the sun but not destroyed, and out of that blazing orb, that gathers into itself all the matter that comes within its reach, there issue forth the rays of light that vivify and illumine the earth. God takes our very vices and out of them makes radiance and light and warmth-giving. — Rev. Lyman Abbot. D.D.

It is not meant that we should go through life acting as if the world were a life-boat, to be used merely for snatching as many folks from destruction as possible, and for taking them safely to heaven. This world is God's university or school, where men begin at zero, and are to unfold and come to manhood as the object of God's decrees and providence.

Our real life begins with the waking of our consciousness, at the moment when we perceive that the life lived for self cannot produce happiness. We feel that there must be some other good. We make an effort to find it. These are the first throes of the birth of the new life. This new life only becomes manifest when the man once for all renounces the welfare of his animal

individuality as his aim in life. Self-renunciation is as natural to man, as it is for birds to use their wings instead of their feet. This new human life exhibits itself in our animal existence just as animal life does in matter. Matter is an instrument of animal life not an obstacle to it, and so our animal life is the instrument of our higher human life and should conform to its behests. Love is the only legitimate manifestation of life. It is an activity which has for its object the good of others. When it makes its appearance, the meaningless strife of the animal life ceases.

New Order.

### Through the Gates of Gold.

There is harmony and order behind all the apparent chaos and disorder.

Life is sensation, not to feel is not to live. The thing to be done is to exchange the coarse sensation for the subtle and finer.

The best way of solving the enigma of existence would seem to be to grasp that existence firmly, with confidence, no fear or wavering. Nothing can be gained by trying to stultify it, or maim it. There is a science of living as there is a science of chemistry let us try to find it out, by scientific methods.

Nirvana, the name the name the Buddhist gives to the goal of mankind, is surely not nothingness. Nothing simply is not. I am something; therefore what I am at last to attain to must be

something; the only question being what the nature of that something may be. Now that I think of it there something idiotic in the idea, current in some quarters of the Occident that the Buddhist's Nirvana is annihilation: such an idea certainly proceeds from fault in the logical strata of the cerebrum of those who entertain it. It is life we are being led up to, not death; more life and fuller.

The great crime is indolence. You must not haste, but - you may not rest. Sloth is death; effort alone is life.

It is not sufficient merely - not "to sin". One must live entirely free from even the slightest desire to sin. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Do thy duty but do it free from reference to self.

---

## Reincarnation

Not a new idea. New to 19<sup>th</sup> century Europe indeed, but Europe is not the whole world and there are other centuries of progress in the thought of the world, beside that of 19<sup>th</sup>, to be recorded.

The very first thing a European must do is to get for ever rid of this petty prejudice of locality and time. At least make an effort to widen his mind to the width of the world and think of himself not as a European

but as a man. At a certain stage in the evolution of man, certain self-conscious, intelligent Entities, enter into - are incarnated in the human form.

Do not think of your body as your self. Say not "I am hungry." "I am cold", but my body is hungry, my body is cold. Learn to regard your body as a mere appendage, necessary but secondary in importance.

The human brain is an instrument, played upon by a player - "the thinker". The Thinker re-incarnates, the animal man does not.

There is no such thing as personal immortality. 'E'en the proud little skull full of only matter must 'e'en with all its pride go the gate of the bone and flesh. When a man dies the thought forms which he has created and gathered around him consolidate and when the time comes for him to reincarnate this thought form takes form.

Our brothers across the Atlantic are face to face with many of the same problems as ourselves. The old social order is being found unequal to a developing sense of the meaning of civilized life, and many earnest hearts are seeking new applications of the essential truths of Christianity to the life of the people. From one teacher after another on either side of the ocean comes a voice striving to make clear the lines along which social progress should be sought, lines which even those, who repudiate the name of Christians, more and more

confess are just the carrying out of <sup>the teachings of</sup> Jesus of Nazareth.

The world is not ready yet to accept the simple deductions from the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man which would indeed make it the Kingdom of Heaven; all that we dare hope is that here one and there another, will in faith and love regulate their conduct with the help so freely given of God in harmony with these great principles. Many a mistake comes from lack of knowledge; hence the mission of such teachers of Social Ethics to-day - and would that we had more of them - to give us a broader outlook, a firmer faith, a surer step as we meet in daily experience the problems of Social life.

While our brothers of the Republic escape some forms of the difficulties we encounter, and we some of theirs, owing to our different political history and development, many of the pressing questions of to-day are identical. Which country, I often wonder, is going first to fight its Armageddon against the Antichrist Mammon?

Extract from *Christianity and Social Problems*  
Lyman Abbott.

If we go back to the first century we can hardly fail to see that the burden of Christ's ministry was far more sociological than either ecclesiastical or theological. . . . In his life-work he was more than a social reformer, he was a social revolutionist.

The result of a narrow conception of God is always a narrow conception of humanity.

and a narrow conception of righteousness. Christ assailed this three-fold narrowness.

"All is spirit," "All is one eternal good," undoubtedly express the ultimate conviction of the metaphysician.

The metaphysician aims to establish confidence in the reality of spiritual existence. No human being who fully realizes the truth concerning his real existence, can fail to turn his feet towards lofty paths and make of his daily life a glorious anthem of praise. Care may vex and annoy his neighbor, may even lay a hand on him, but they cannot reach the inner temple of the spirit where he lives his real life.

Age does not touch him though physical power wane. The Spirit of the Eternal knows no greater degree of youth, vigor and freedom; for the spirit of man was fashioned like the Spirit of God. The holiest aim of his life is to open the eyes of his fellow-men to a consciousness of their glorious heritage as children of the Infinite.

His own spirit daily increasing in realization of its destiny, strengthens, and and is constantly purified by the influence of the thought-life in which it exists.

## Methods of Self-Help. Loomis

It is through the negative action of your natural faculties that every undesirable circumstance and condition in your life have been attracted to you; and it is through the positive and affirmative action of those same faculties that you will become able to gradually and rapidly enlarge the circumference of your life and its environments. As you progress you will no longer place your dependence on the pursuits and negative powers of mere bodily activities. You will understand that it is your thought force and the occult powers of your loving thoughts which give you your true possibilities of advancement.

You will in time thoroughly rely on the action of your thought forces to accomplish everything in life which you undertake. You will realize that even during your sleeping hours these forces are active and move and move thoroughly organizing and so connecting themselves to the source of power within yourself.

It is the deeply interior currents thus reached within yourself which connect you with the persons, events, circumstances and things both far and near which can best aid you in accomplishing your objects and purposes in life.

Your interior spiritual powers will then act on them that they will be drawn to you on the vibratory currents thus formed by those interior thought forces. The times of real activity are the times of repose, for real action is of the mind rather than of the body. The mind should be given plenty of time to thoroughly organize its forces, for it is only when

is organized that they act with great power.

If you would build within yourself those bulwarks of human character and truth, which true self-trust demands, you simply must gain a deep insight into the permanent laws of your being.

"God is all and within all." The way to become re-visited, or to exercise power, is to become more closely in touch with the fountain of life and power within, from which flows the Divine ether of Truth's natural forces.

You must build your own "mansion in the skies". You must suffer the bondage of limitation until by the use of your thought faculties you create new conditions and thus gain your own freedom.

The occultist is only a trained thinker. He exercises his vibratory or magnetic powers through thoughts. Do you ask how, when and where to begin in exercising your inherent powers? Begin where you are, and now; do not put it off a minute. Is there not some bondage, perhaps of illness, poverty or ignorance that you are suffering to day? Can you not at least silently voice your own heart's cry for liberation and thus make your bondage just a little easier to bear? I say, arise in the might and majesty of that Divinity within, which is your power to think. Refuse to longer drag in the dust that inherited power which makes of you a free man instead of a slave. There is no bondage for you except ignorance of how to use your natural faculties.



## How to Create Opportunities.

Man's position in the world should be that of master and not slave. His power to think will enable him in time not only to "subdue the earth," but to control every living thing, and even death itself. True mastery may be called a science, because it is governed by fixed principles, as exact and eternal as are the principles of mathematics.

Truth is always simple. It is our webs of error that are so complex.

One of the very simple things which has deeply occult meanings, is your thought. It is continually creating for you opportunities and circumstances, good or bad. When you thoroughly understand your thought powers you may create for yourself unlimited opportunities and thus bring into your outward life, the embodiment of your highest ideals, your noblest ambitions and aspirations, and your heart's deepest cravings.

Self-knowledge enables man to awaken his latent potentialities and master his fate. The buffetings of fate are only for him who ignorantly drifts. The process of mastery is comparatively simple. First of all, man must realize that those inner vibratory potentialities are actual realities now, and not mere fictions.

The whole ocean of Truth is the soul's natural heritage, and it cannot be permanently satisfied with that which is contained in one little "well."

Man's spiritual health would soon suffer when he ceases to have an appetite for Truth. It is the very soul of those vibrations which compose the body

and personality, and it is only natural that they should solidify and die, unless constantly held responsive to new thought infusions.

New thoughts of truth awaken the vibrations of Truth's eternal life, and may be used as a means of prolonging life.

Vibration is activity. Vibration is the life of the body, and therefore, inactivity is its death. Real activity is the activity of man's thoughts and interiors. Mere bodily activity tends to exhaust.

Truth is Infinite and man's power to think, makes it possible for him to comprehend it. It is knowledge - self-knowledge - which enables man to rise in his majesty, and peer over the highest mountain of ignorance, thus causing it and its fictions, to fade into their native nothingness.

The reason every heart expands and grows under the belief in, and desire, for its own omnipotence, is that the heart is inherently omnipotent.

The Occultist's power consists in his ability to uncover the Love principle within himself by uniting his thought consciousness with its interior principles, - with the higher self.

He who drifts with the general currents of fate, is subject to its uncertainties, but he who by thought methods, manufactures for himself the undercurrents of the events desired will have the satisfaction of reaping a generous harvest. Even every desire is a thought which has vibratory power, hence the importance of centering on desires that will be permanent.

## A plan of Self-culture. Loomis.

Powerful action is the result of deep thought.  
To control your moods is to master your fate.  
Man's very life as well as his mental powers  
arises from the fact that he is attached to this  
great central law or dynamo of vibratory power  
which is "all and within all."

To come through concentration into closer touch  
with this law within yourself enable you to a-  
waken its interior forces within others. The  
wonderful power which may be acquired through  
thought concentration arises from the fact that  
through it man attaches the thought conscious-  
ness more and more closely to the higher self,  
or in other words, to that interior law or prin-  
ciple which is the source and cause of all motion  
and all power.

To cultivate spiritual love is to cultivate organ-  
ization and concentration. Perfect love is that organ-  
ization of magnetic currents where each part or  
current bears its true and natural relation to every  
other part. Your real self forever rests in this in-  
terior paradise of God. Self-culture is only a  
matter of finding that self.

We should form the fixed habit of drawing  
daily and almost hourly, on that interior reser-  
voir of eternal life which through thought con-  
centration is ever available to us.

Each and every individual has some great  
power which if discovered and developed would lead  
him to that abundant success which is the right

of one and all. The life attainments of each one of us are but meager when compared with that which is possible for every soul.

## Thoughts on Spiritual Healing.

Charles Brodie Patterson.

The true office of individual minds in their action upon others is to present truths, not to try to enforce their acceptance. We should never use our wills to force another to do, or to refrain from doing even that which would be best for him. Spiritual treatment has for its object the presentation of eternal truths, leaving the patient to receive or reject, as he may choose.

Every thought that enters the mind of man must to some degree affect his life, either for good or the reverse. All true suggestion, then, must have for its aim the presentation of the truth and nothing but the truth.

Evil is overcome only by good. It is only as the heart of man becomes fixed on the eternal realities of life and truth that evil disappears; and it is only as the sunshine of God's love enters the mind of man that the unreal shadows of life vanish.

The mental scientist stands fairly and squarely on the affirmative side of life, declaring that God is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. In God we live, and move, and have our being.

37  
There is a spirit within man that when recog-  
nized is perceived to be one with the universal  
spirit. He is one with the universal Soul of things.  
This is what spiritual treatment seeks to bring about -  
the recognition of the indwelling Spirit of God; the  
becoming at one with God; the human will dis-  
appearing before the Divine Will; the light shin-  
ing in the darkness becoming a living flame,  
so that soul and mind and body are enlight-  
ened thereby. It is a knowledge of this truth  
that brings the absolute freedom of life, where-  
by a man becomes a law unto himself, disclos-  
ing in his own life God's perfect image and like-  
ness. The health, strength, and perfection of life  
can come only in this way.

By realizing that good is an eternal reality and  
that evil is only the negation of good.

Spiritual treatment is sowing the seed of God's  
word in the mind of another. The spiritual  
healer should realize that he is one with all  
life - one with the life of God and one with  
the life of man; for it is such realization that  
brings rest and peace of mind and health and  
strength of body.

# What I want for Christmas.

[93]

Robert Ingersoll

If I had power to produce exactly what I want for next Christmas, I would have all the kings and emperors resign and allow the people to govern themselves.

I would have all the nobility drop their titles and give their lands back to the people. I would have the pope throw away his tiara, take off his sacred vestments, and admit that he is not acting for God - is not infallible - but is just an ordinary Italian. I would have all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests and clergymen admit that they know nothing about theology, nothing about hell or heaven, nothing about the destiny of the human race, nothing about devils or ghosts, gods or angels. I would have them tell all their "flocks" to think for themselves, to be manly men and womanly women, and to do all in their power to increase the sum of human happiness.

I would have all the professors in colleges, all the teachers in schools of every kind including those in Sunday schools, agree that they would teach only what they know, that they would not palm off guesses as demonstrated truths.

I would like to see all the politicians changed to statesmen - to men who long to make their country great and free, - to men who care more for public good than private gain - men who long to be of use.

I would like to see all the editors of papers and magazines agree to print the truth and nothing but the truth, to avoid all slander

misrepresentation, and to let the private affairs of the people alone.

I would like to see drunkenness and prohibition both abolished.

I would like to see corporal punishment done away with in every home, in every school, in every asylum, reformatory and prison. Cruelty hardens and degrades, kindness reforms and ennobles.

I would like to see the millionaires unite and form a trust for the public good.

I would like to see a fair division of profits between capital and labor, so that the toiler could save enough to mingle a little June with the December of his life.

I would like to see an international court established in which to settle disputes between nations, so that armies could be disbanded and the great navies of the world allowed to rust and rot in perfect peace.

I would like to see the whole world free - free from injustice - free from superstition.

This will do for next Christmas. The following Christmas I may want more.

## The 'Jinin' Farms. Eugene Field.

You see, Bill an' I wuz jest like brothers; wuz raised on 'jinin' farms; he wuz his folks' only child, an' I wuz my folks' only one. So nat'ril like we growed up together, lovin' and sympathizin' with each other. What I knowed I told Bill, an' what Bill knowed he told me, an' what neither on us knowed - why, that warn't worth knowin'!

If I hadn't got over my braggin' days, I'd allow, that in our time, Bill an' I wuz jest the sparkiest boys in the township, leastwise that's what the girls thought; but to be honest about it, there wuz only two w' them girls we courted, Bill an' I, he courtin' one and I t'other. You see we sung in the choir, an' jest as our good luck would have it, we got sot on the sopranos, an' alto, an' bimeby - oh, well, after goin' around with them a spell - we up and married them, an' the old folks gin us the 'jinin' farms, where we boys had lived all our lives. Lizzie, my wife, had always been powerful friendly with Marthy, Bill's wife; them two girls never met but what they wuz huggin' an' kissin', an' carrin on like girls does; for women ain't like men - they can't control themselves an' their feelin's like the stronger sex does.

I tell you it wuz happy times fur Lizzie and me, an' Marthy and Bill - happy times on the 'jinin' farms, with the pastures full w' fat cattle, an' the barns full w' of grain an' hay, an' the twin cottages full of love and contentment! Then, when Cyrus come - our little boy, our first an' only one! Why, when he come, I wuz jest so happy an' so grateful



that, if I hadn't been a man; I guess I'd have jest hollered - maybe cried - with joy. Wanted to call the little tyke Bill, but Bill wouldn't hear to nothin' but Cyrus. You see he'd bought a cyclopedy the Winter, we was married, an' had been readin' in it uv a great foreign warrior named Cyrus that lived a long spell ago.

"Land uv Goshen," Bill," sez I, "you don't reckon the baby'll ever get to be a warrior?"

"Well, I don't know about that," sez Bill. "There's no tellin'; at any rate, Cyrus Ketcham has an uncommon sound for a name; so Cyrus it must be; an' wen he's seven years old I'll gin him the finest Morgan colt in the deerstrick."

So we called him Cyrus, an' he grew up lovin' an' bein' loved by everybody.

Well, about two years, or say eighteen months or so after Cyrus come to us, a little baby girl came to Bill and Marthy, and uv all the cunnin', sweet little things you ever seen, that little baby girl was the cunnin'est an' sweetest! Looked jest like one of them foreign crockery figgers you buy in city stores, all pink and white, with big brown eyes here, an' a tiny, weeny mouth here, an' a nose and ears you'd have bet they was wax, they was so small and fragile. Never durst' hold her for fear I'd break her; an' it like to skered me to death to see the way Marthy and Leggie would kind uv toss her round, an' tot her - and pat her - so on the back when she was colicky, like the wimmin folke sey all healthy

babies is afore they're three months old.

"You're going to have the namini of her" sez Bill to me.

"Yes," sez Marthy, "we made it up atween us a long time ago that you should have the namini wv our baby like we had the namini, of yourn".

Then, kind wv hectorin' like - for I wuz' always a powerful tease - I sez: "How would Loleopatzy, or Venus do for a name? I've been reading the cyclopedy, myself, I'd have you know."

An' then I luffed one on them provokin' luffs of mine. Oh I tell yer I wuz' the worst feller for hectorin' folke you ever seen! But I meant it all in fun, for when I suspicioned they had int liked my funnini, I sez: "Bill" I sez, an' Marthy, theris only one name I'd love above all the rest to call your little lambkin', an' that's the dearest name on earth to me, the name wv Lizzie, my wife:

That jest suited them to a "T", an' always after that she was called little Lizzie, and it sot on her that name did, like it wuz' made for her, and she for it. We made it up then - perhaps more in fun than anything else - that when the children grew up, Cyrus and little Lizzie, they should get married together, an' have both the farms, an' be happy an' be a blessin' to us in our old age. We made it up in fun perhaps, but down in our hearts it was our prayer jest the same, an' God heard the prayer an' granted it to be so.

They played together; they lived together; they tended the deestrick school an' went huckleberrin'; they wuz' huskin's and spelling bees, an' choir meetings, an

skating, an' sliding down hill. Oh, the happy times of youth! An' all those happy times our boy, Cyrus an' little Lizzie went lovin' by together.

What made me start so— what made me ask of Bill one time: "Are we getting old Bill?" That wuz the "Thanksgivin'" night when, as we set round the fire in Bill's front room, Cyrus came to us holdin' little Lizzie by the hand, an' they ask us could they get maad' come next "Thanksgivin'" time? Why, it seemed only yesterday that they wuz chicks together! God, how swift the years go by when they are happy years!

"Reuben," sez Bill to me, let's go down cellar an' draw a pitcher wv cider."

You see that bein' men, it was n't for us to make a show wv ourselves.

Marthy and Lizzie jist hugged each other, an' laffed an' erid— they wuz so glad. Then they hugged Cyrus and little Lizzie, an' talked an' laffed. Well, it did beat all how them wimmin folks did talk and laff all at one time! Cyrus laffed, too, an' then he said he'd go out an' throw some fodder into the steers, an' Bill an' I— well, we went down cellar to draw that pitcher wv cider.

It aint' for me to tell wv the meller sweeten wv their courtin' time; I couldn't do it if I'd try. Oh, how we loved them both! Yet once in the early summer-time, our boy Cyrus, he come to me and said: "Father, I want you to let me go away for a spell."

"Cyrus, my boy, go away?"

"Yes Father; President Lincoln has called for soldiers. Father you have always taught me to obey the voice of duty. That voice summons me now."

"God in heaven, I thought, you have given us this boy only to take him from us!"

But then came the second thought: "Steady, Reuben, you are a man! be a man! Steady, Reuben; be a man!"

"Yes mother, say I - yes mother - it will break her heart!"

"She leaves it all to you, father."

"But the other - the other, Lyus - little Lizzie, ye know!"

"She is content, say he."

A storm swept through me like a cyclone. It was all Bill's fault; that warrior name had done it all - the cyclopedy with its lies poisoned Bill's mind to put this trouble on me and mine.

No, no! a thousand times no! These were coward feelings and they misbecome me; the ache in the heart or mine had no business there. The better part of me called to me and said: Pull yourself together, Reuben Ketcham and be a man!"

Well, after he went away, little Lizzie was more to us in ever before; was at our house all the time; called Lizzie "mother"; was contented in her woman's way, willing to do her part, waitin' and watchin', and prayin' for him to come back. They sent him boxes of good things every fortnight, mother and little Lizzie did, there wasn't a minute of the day they wasn't thinking an' talkin' of him.

Well, you see, I must tell it in my own way; he got killed. In the very first battle Lyus got killed.

The rest w<sup>o</sup> the soldiers turnt to retreat, because there wuz too many fo' em on the other side. But Cyrus stood right up; he wuz the warrior Bill allowed he wuz going to be; our boy wuzn't the kind to run. They tell me there wuz bullet holes here, an' here an' here — all o<sup>o</sup>er his breast. We always knew our boy wuz a hero.

We can thank God ye wuzn't at the joinin' farms when the news come that he got killed. The neighbors, they wuz there, of course, to kind w<sup>o</sup> hold us up an' comfort us. Bill an' I sat all day in the woodshed, holdin' hands an' lookin' away from each other so; — never said a word, jest sot there sympathizin' an' holdin' hands. If we'd been wimmen, Bill an' I would have cried an' beat our foreids, an' hung round each other's neck like the wimmen folks done. Bein' as we wuz men, we jest sot there in the woodshed, away from all the rest, holdin' hands an' sympathizin'.

From that time on little Lizzie wuz our daughter — our very daughter — all that wuz left to us w<sup>o</sup> our boy. She never shed a tear; crep' like a shadow round the house an' up the front walk an' through the garden. Her heart wuz broke. You could see it in the little lambkin's eyes an' hear it in her voice. Wanted to tell her sometimes, when she kissed me an' called me "father" — wanted to tell her, "Little Lizzie, let me help yer bear yer load. Speak out the sorre that's in yer broken heart; speak it out little one, an' let me help yer bear yer load."

But it isn't for man to have them feelin's, least-  
wise, it isn't for him to tell w<sup>o</sup> them; so I held

my peace and made no sign.

She jest drooped, and pined, and died. One morn-  
in in the Spring she was standin' in the garden, an'  
all at once she threw up her arms - so - an' fell upon  
her face, an, when they got to her all that wuz left  
to us of little Sizzer wuz her lifeless body. I can't  
tell you what happened next - wuz the funeral an'  
all that. I said this was in the Spring, and so it  
wuz round us, but it was cold an' winter here.

One day mother sez to me: "Reuben, sez she,  
soft like, Marthy an' I is goin' to buryin' ground  
for a spell. Don't you reckon it would be a good  
time for you to step over an' see Bill while we're  
gone?"

"Maybe so, Mother," sez I.

It wuz a pretty day. Cuttin' across lots, I thought  
to myself what I'd say to Bill to kind wuz comfort  
him. I made it up that I'd speak about the time  
when we wuz boys together, wuz how we used to slide  
down the meetin'-house yard together, an' go huckle-  
berrin' together, wuz how I jumped into the pond one  
day and saved him from bein' drowned. --- An then

No, no; I couldn't go on like that I'd break down.  
A man can't be a man more than jest so far.

Why did mother send me over to see Bill? I'd  
better stayed to home, I felt myself chokin' up.

The nearer I got to Bill's the worse I hated  
to go in. Standin' on the stoop I could hear the  
big clock tickin' solemnly inside - "tick-tock, tick-  
tock," jest as plain as if I wuz sittin' inside wuz it. The  
door wuz shut, yet I knew jest what Bill wuz doin';  
he wuz sittin' in the old red easy-chair, lookin' down

at the floor - like this. Strange, ain't it, how some-  
times, when you love folks, you know just what they're  
doin' without knowin' anthing about it?

There wuzn't no use knockin', but I knocked three  
times - so - Didn't say a word; but only just knocked  
three times. Didn't hear no answer - nothin' but  
the tick uv the tall clock, an' yet I knew that  
Bill heard me an' down in his heart he wuz  
sayin' to me to come in.

I opened the door, kearful like, an' slipped in.  
There sot Bill, just as I knowed he wuz sittin',  
lonesome like, sad like, his head hangin' down;  
he never looked up at me; never said a word -  
knowed that I wuz there all the time, but never  
said a word, an' never made a sign.

How changed Bill wuz - oh, Bill how changed  
yo wuz. There wuz furrors in yo face an' yo  
hair wuz white - as white as - as white as mine.  
Looked small about the body, thin an' hump-  
shouldered.

Just two ole men, that's what we wuz, an'  
we had been boys together!

Well, I stood there a spell, kind uv hesitatin'  
like, neither uv us sayin' anthing until bimeby  
Bill he sot uv mad a sign fow me to set down.  
Didn't speak, didn't lift his eyes from the floor;  
only made a sign like this - in a weak  
tremblin' way - that way all - an' I sot down,  
an' there we both sot, neither uv us sayin' a  
word, but both settin' there an' sympathizin' as  
hard as we could, fow that is the way with men.

Bimeby, like we'd kind er made it aforehand, we hitched over closer, for when folks is in sorer an' trouble they like to be clost together. But not a word all the time, an' hitchin' closer and closer together, why bimeby we sot side by side. So we sot a spell longer lovin' and sympathizin', as men folks do.

All at once - for we couldn't stand it no longer - all at once we turned and groped with our hands, faces turned the t'other way - groped with our hands, till we found an' held each other fast in a clasp of tender meanness.

Then God forgive me if I done wrong - then I wisht I wuz a woman. You bein a woman I could er cried, "Come Bill, let me hold you in these arms; come let us weep together; an' let this broken heart er mine speak through these tremblin' lips to that broken heart of yours, Bill, tellin' ye how much I love ye an' sympathise with ye!"

But, no! I wuz not a woman; I wuz a man, an' bein a man I must let my heart break; I must hold my peace and make no sound.



## Christian Science. Mark Twain

The Christian Scientist believes that the Spirit of God (life and love) pervades the universe like an atmosphere; that whoso will study Science and Health can get from it the secret of how to inhale that transforming air; that to breathe it is to be made new; that from the new; that from the new man all sorrow, all care, all miseries of the mind vanish away, for that only peace, contentment and measureless joy can live in that divine fluid; that it purifies the body from disease, which is a viscious creation of the gross human mind, and cannot continue to exist in the presence of the Immortal Mind, the renewing Spirit of God.

The mind contains a whole reservoir of potentialities that can be utilized to immense advantage in the prevention, relief and even cure of certain diseases - i.e., those of a nervous character. The tapping of that reservoir is possible through suggestion or through auto-suggestion - as foreshadowed, perhaps by accident, and yet possibly by the intuition of genius, in a notable passage of Shakespeare:

### Macbeth.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Reye out the written troubles of the brain,  
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
 Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
 Which weighs upon the heart? "

Doctor.

Therein the patient  
 Must minister to himself.

It is because so wide and gracious to us are  
 the possibilities of the future, so impossible is  
 a return to the past, so deadly is a passive  
 acquiescence in the present, that to day we are  
 found everywhere raising our strange new cry  
 "Labor and the training that fits us for  
 labor." - Olive Schreiner

## The Destructive Power of Monotony.

L. Franklin Leavitt M.D. Extract

Let it be known in the direst emergency there is no occasion for hopelessness.

Right thinking is capable of raising within one a spirit calculated greatly to soften the harshness of the situation, in stilling a calmness of soul and a sense of power that will ultimately transcend conditions and effect a peaceful delivery. Let one fall back upon the eternal energies within. There should be a firm assertion of one's own self as a controlling power. There is a way out - an honorable happy way - and the subliminal, rightly affirmed and trusted will find it.

Let all whose physical energies have been sapped by dreary monotony and whose spirits are breaking to a fall know that such a moment is one at which the Ego can be strenuously asserted with assurance of good result. Driven to desperation, such a soul in such an environment should rise in its nobility and affirm its heaven-given privileges and powers. Let it say "I can and I will be strong in demanding what is after my constitution" with all the calm strength of a soul's great nature and then go right on. But it is not to go on in the old way of dejection and fear, but as best it can in the new way

of "faith". This being done hard conditions will soon begin to change. Walls of environment which look like adamant are found as soft as putty when touched by the magic wand of resolution and faith. But how effectively to muster these forces is a problem the inexperienced cannot readily solve. It is a time when one should seek wise counsel and await the guidance of the Higher Self.

There are those who have been at the very verge of despair over a monetary growth to intolerable proportions under ordinary mental attitudes, who have been led directly thro' a hard imprisonment to happiness, health and freedom by a new order of thinking. Accordingly, I say to all similarly situated: "Be strong and of good courage". Nothing can stand before the face of unwavering faith when backed by absorbing desire.

---

Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall find rest.

## Extracts

If we are asked what to increase the intensity of life means, it is to enlarge the range of activity. To act is to live; to increase action is to increase the fire of inward life. The worst of vices would be from that point of view, laziness, inertia.

Thought is one of the principal forms of human activity, it is, so to speak condensed action, and life at its maximum development.

## The Selfish Rich Man

The gold that with the sunlight lies  
In bursting heaps at dawn;  
The silver spilling from the skies  
At night to walk upon;  
The diamonds gleaming with the dew  
He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold dug from the mud,  
Some silver crushed from stones,  
The gold was red with dead men's blood,  
The silver black with groans.  
And when he died he moaned aloud;  
"They'll make no pocket in my shroud."  
Joaquin Miller

# The Angel of the Resurrection.

I know that thou wilt come when time is right,  
 Open my eye and I shall cast aside  
 Gloom and sorrows, and then return to light  
 And be as one who lives, and never dead.

Wilt follow thee, Oh, Thou Most Holy One,  
 Out from a tomb, even as the spring-time sun  
 Breaks thro' a shell and suke the warming sun  
 Upward and outward as it finds a field.

I know that I will live again, and Thou  
 Wilt have for me a form, a world, a bliss;  
 A farther duty show and wilt endow  
 Me with existence in the Easter Kiss.

Surely I go my present path, assured  
 This one short phase has no disturbing fears;  
 I was, I am, I have enjoyed, endured—  
 Thou measurest not by this star's petty years.

Thou'lt oft restore me to a higher stage,  
 Create in me a more perfected aim,  
 Awake me from calm rests in any age,  
 To play a part that never is the same.

Thou leadest up the pathway of the stars  
 On thro' a millions worlds. In this I see  
 Perfected truth, and so no doubting man  
 The purpose that my God works out in me.  
 Elizabeth Cherry Hair

# The Angel's Anthem

There was music on the hillside and singing  
in the glen  
And anthems heard in meadows  
when Christ was born to men.  
The King slept on in blindness,  
the troubled in his sleep;  
The High Priest's ancient wisdom  
held no such love in keep.  
The Trader and the Merchant  
so bound by gain and rule  
And all the learned scholars  
who founded school on school  
The Consul and the Soldiers,  
their eyes were sealed that night,  
And only on the Shepherds  
there burst the wondrous sight.  
The Shepherds heard the singing  
that charmed the listening air;  
The Shepherds saw the glory,  
the Shepherds were aware;  
There was music on the hillside  
and singing in the glen  
And anthems heard in meadows  
when Christ was born to men.  
Harry Kemp

# I Have Come

I have come, and the world shall be shaken  
 Like a reed at the touch of my rod,  
 And the kingdoms of time shall awaken  
 To the voice and the summons of God;  
 No more thro' the din of the ages  
 Shall warnings and chidings divine,  
 From the lips of my prophets and sages,  
 Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;  
 Ye have kept back from labor its meed;  
 Ye have challenged the outcasts to battle,  
 When they pled at your feet in their need;  
 And when clamors of hunger grew louder  
 And the multitude prayed to be fed,  
 Ye have answered with prisons or powder  
 The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches  
 And the mocking of steeples and domes,  
 To join in the long weary marches  
 Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;  
 I share in the sorrow and crosses  
 Of the naked, the hungry and cold;  
 And dearer to me are their losses  
 Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler,  
 I will laugh at your dungeons and locks,



The tyrant shall yield to the toiler  
And your judge eat grass like the ox;  
For the prayers of the poor have ascended  
To be written in lightning on high;  
And the walls of your captives have blended  
With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered  
And the prisoner and serf shall go free;  
I will harvest from seed that I scattered  
On the borders of blue Galilee;  
For I come not alone, and a stranger -  
Lo! my reaper will sing thro' the night  
Till the star that stood over the manger  
Shall cover the world with its might.  
James G. Clark

## A Disciple's Prayer

At sunrise pray: "Now, Lord, thy day begins;  
 Receive my thanks; grant strength; wash out my sins;  
 My feet must stumble if I walk alone;  
 Lonely my heart till beating by thine ear;  
 My will be weakness till it rest in thine.  
 Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine;  
 My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree,  
 My life is lifeless till it live in thee."

At sunset this: "Now, Lord, thy daylight fades;  
 Guide thou my craft amidst the gathering shades;  
 I thank thee that thou steerest my frail bark,  
 O faithful Pilot! in these waters dark;  
 The waves have bared their threatening fangs  
 But 'Peace, be still!' Thou speakest. Now  
 I drop mine anchor in the silent sea;  
 Through the long watches I am safe with thee!"  
 Frederic Lawrence Knowles

## Summer Sun

Great is the sun, and wide he goes,  
Through empty heaven without repose,  
And in the blue and glowing days,  
Now thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closed still the blinds we pull  
To keep the shady parlor cool,  
Yet he will find a chink or two  
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic - spider-clad  
He, thro' the key-hole maketh glad.  
And thro' the broken edge of tiles,  
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around  
He bease to all the garden ground,  
And sheds a long and lingering look  
Among the wye's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,  
Round the bright air with footing true.  
To please the child, to pland the cow,  
The gardener of the world, he goes.

# Choice Gems of Thought.

To strive at all involves a victory gained over sloth, in-  
ertness and indifference. — Dickens.

Theology deals with matters of opinion, that which  
touches the outer rim of being, and hence it can  
be reported. Love and the anxieties and hopes  
that spring therefrom are central and are hard to speak  
of.

If truth be not the Lord made manifest  
In mercy, love, and justice, what is it  
But empty breath that stirreth up a strife  
And setteth man against his brother man.

He alone can believe in immortality who feels  
the resurrection in him already.  
B. W. Robertson.

The Lord gets His best soldiers out of the highlands  
of Affliction. — Spurgeon.

But we will take  
Our toils upon us nobly! strength is born  
In the deep silence of long suffering hearts;  
Not amidst joy.

The erroneous religious systems are at the bottom  
of all its mischief. Given a false religion, all  
the issues of life from thence are corrupt.  
Vicarious atonement, predestination, the heaven

for the few and the hell for the many run  
through all our social and economic system.  
Without a better religion their case is hopeless.

Home, if it is to be the shrine we love to call  
it, demands not only a pure priestess, but a  
priest as pure, to keep its sacred altar bright.  
Frances C. Willard.

We can lend wings to our souls, if we will  
but tie ourselves to the Supreme will.  
H. L. Morris

I look upon the simple and childish virtues  
of veracity and honesty as the root of all that  
is sublime in character.

Emerson.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than  
to choke them by gaining virtue.

Ruskin.

My experience of life makes me sure of one thing  
which I do not try to explain, - that the sweetest  
happiness we ever know comes not from love, but  
from sacrifice, from the effort to make others happy.  
O'Keilly.

The highest gift to be earnestly sought is the power  
of resistance, the strength of will which, spite of all  
subtleties of metaphysics, is a force that withstands

and sometimes triumphs over opposition, and in that triumph finds the earnestness that can declare: "I am a soul, a living spirit. I am matter housed, matter served, but not matter ridden."

J. L. Jones

If you would increase your spirituality, increase your power of love, seek earnestly the gift of love. To love anything or any body is so far to love God, for he is love. The love of the infinite is in the heart that has a tenderness for flower, beast or child. It takes a great soul to be a great lover. The only way to increase the joys of love, is to expand the powers of the spirit.

J. L. Jones

There are some spirits which must go through a discipline analogous to that sustained by Elijah. The storm struggle must precede the still small voice. There are hearts which must be broken with disappointment before they can rise into hope. Blessed is the man who recognizes his Father's voice in the undertone of the tempest and bares his head and bows his knee as Elijah did.

Robertson.

The chief aim of all should be to cultivate fraternal relationships in the world; to eliminate as far as possible, purely selfish interests from the relations of men — in other words to teach and propagate the doctrine of Christ, to love one's neighbor as one loves himself. All that there is to religion that has

any value to it is contained in that principle.

To put more faith in lies and hate  
Than truth and love is the true atheism.

Lowell

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,  
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,  
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth;  
But good, once put in action or in thought,  
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down  
The ripe germs of a forest.

Lowell.

Nor is he far astray who deems  
That every hope, which rises and grows broad,  
In the world's heart by ordered impulse streams  
From the great heart of God.

Lowell

A one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

Lowell

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel song, —  
To-day the Prince of Peace is born.

The Infinite sends his messages to us by centuriated spires,  
and the unboastful beauty of simple Nature.

Lowell.

The unswerving current of nature whirls, withes and  
struggles muddily onward, while in its mid-current the  
snow-white lilies bloom in stainless safety.

Lowell.

Without thee I were naked, bleak and bare.  
As yon dead cedar on the snow cliff's brow;  
And nature's teachings which come to me now,  
Common and beautiful as light and air,  
Would be as fruitless as a stream which still  
Slips through the wheels of some old ruined mill.

Lowell

One of the greatest hindrances to spiritual life is des-  
pair, one of the greatest incentives is hope.

Sydney Abbott.

There is a greatness in unknown names, there is an  
immortality of quiet duties. To live well in the quiet  
routine of life, to fill a little space because God wills  
it, to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties,  
little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when  
the heart is breaking - who does this, his work will  
follow him. He may not be a hero to the world,  
but he is one of God's heroes.

Canon Farrar.



We talk of human misery. How many of us derive from human life one tenth part of what God meant to be its natural blessedness? How many of us drink the deep draughts of joy which every pure heart may drink out of the river of His pleasures? Sit out in the open air on a summer day, and how many of us have trained ourselves to notice the sweetness and the multiplicity of the influences which are combining for our delight? How many of us ever watch the pageant of the clouds, or take in the meaning of a starry night; or so much as see the sunrise.

Canon Farrar.

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.

Ibid.

Oh, to be honest, true, noble, sincere, genuine, pure, holy to the heart's inmost core! Is not that heaven? Is it not a state rather than a place? Is it not a temper rather than a habitation? Is it not to be something rather than to go somewhere? If we desire heaven, we must seek it here; if we love heaven, we must love it now. Heaven means holiness; heaven means principle.

Ibid.

Circumstances are not in our power; virtues are.

Ibid.

We often do more by our sympathy than by our labor.  
Ibid.

Altho' a friend may remain faithful in misfortune, yet none but the very best and loftiest will remain faithful to us after our errors and our sins.

Ibid.

The eternal things are all around us. The pure, the peaceful, the loving, the earnest heart, that is heaven now.

Ibid.

Each biography is but a fragment of history; each soul but an epitome of the world.

Ibid.

We cannot rightly carry out any true or noble object in life in a spirit of despondency. A depressed life, - a life which has ceased to believe in its own capabilities, its own sacredness, its own mission - a life which contentedly sinks into querulous egotism or vegetative aimlessness, - has become, so far as the world is concerned, a maimed and useless life.

Ibid.

No good deed dies; be it a rejoicing river, be it but a tiny rill of human nobleness, yet so it be pure and clear, never has it been lost in the poisonous marshes or choked in the muddy sands. It flows inevitable into the great river of the water of life, which is not lost, save - if that be to be lost - in the infinite ocean of God's Eternal Love.

Reverence the highest; have patience with the lowest.  
Let this days performance of the meanest duty be thy  
religion. Are the stars too distant? Pick up the pebbles  
that lie at thy feet, and from it learn the all.

Margaret Fuller.

Generations perish, like the leaves of the forest  
passing away when their mission is completed;  
but at each succeeding spring, broader and higher  
spreads the human mind unto its perfect stature,  
unto the fulfilment of its destiny, unto the perfection  
of its nature.

Longfellow.

But when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every  
object from personal relations and see it in the light  
of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science  
with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God  
go forth anew into creation.

Communism can only be made successful where  
each heart beats with a high, religious, unitary  
purpose; where the individual member, laying  
aside all selfishness, makes the Golden Rule, not  
alone his ideal of life, but his daily practical guide.

Conduct is the mouth-piece of character.

Phillips Brooks

The more I think of it, I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion — all in one. — Ruskin.

## Be Alive

If you wish to accomplish anything in the world, you must be alive — very much alive — alive all over. Some people seem half dormant. They impress you as partial possibilities — as people who have discovered a small part of the continent within themselves. Most of it remains undeveloped territory.

A man who does things is one who is alive to the very tips of his fingers. He is alert, always on the watch for opportunities. He does not give idleness time to dissipate him. He fights against that common malady known as a "tired feeling," and conquers it.

The real time to work is when indolence most tempts, is most fertile and ingenious in expedient and argument. You do your best work then if you will. The true moment at which to call upon one's self to take any new step in virtue is at the fainting-point, when it would be so easy to drop all and give all up; when, if you do not you make of yourself a power. — J. H. Ware

## Resisting Power

Doctors tell us, in these days of germs and toxins, that the thing that counts most in a case is the "resisting power" of the patient. Some men or women <sup>can</sup> pass through an epidemic, or even be inoculated with its peculiar poison germs, and yet shake off all infection, unharmed. Others, apparently just as healthy, succumb to the first contact with disease, and sink under it in spite of the best nursing.

"Resisting power" is an individual affair, and many surprises come to doctor and nurse as the frail-looking patient pulls through, and the robust-seeming one dies. Medicine can only aid the "resisting power;" they can never take its place. It determines in the end life or death in every case. Is there not a moral parable here? Is not the important thing in every soul its "resisting power"?

Every soul must fight out its battle alone. Advice, help, sympathy are all outside things. Our struggle with moral sin is our own struggle, and the wisest teacher, the tenderest friend is powerless to fight for us. How much of it have we? are we strengthening our souls daily to resist evil? Are we determined to resist it, always to the uttermost? If not, when the temptation comes, with its subtle infection, it will find in us its easiest victim, and destroy us at its will.

Have you seen him to day?

I can never forget these words, and the strange thrill they awakened in my heart, as they fell from the lips of one who surely sees Him each day, and carries with her always the light of the vision in the shining of her face.

I had watched her face, as she stood before a great concourse of people to whom she was asked to speak. It was not beautiful, as the world counts beauty, but its look of quiet peace and radiant joy, such as all the happiness of the world cannot give or its sorrows take away, filled my soul with longing.

As she began to speak I listened, every nerve awaking, hoping to learn the wonderful secret. She read us the "Vine chapter" St. John, and spoke of the necessity of our abiding in the Perfect Life if we would live ourselves.

Yes, I knew this; I had tried to "abide," and yet at times there was a vagueness, an unreality about it all that broke the completeness.

"Have you seen him to day?" she went on. Ah! there it was! the secret of it all - those eyes had "seen," the heart must "abide" then. No wonder the face glowed with peace and joy, that its radiance near blinded our eyes and made our hearts hungry.

She had seen him. I asked the question of myself - I had gone into my closet of prayer, had told him my desires, asked pardon for my sins, but, had I seen him?

I had left my message, but had I waited

for an answer? Had I spoken with him face to face? Oh, what had I missed! I had run heedless, into the day, with its duties, its temptations, without the vision that would have lightened and made clear my way. I had been trying to show the world a Christ I had not seen myself.

Have you seen him to day? seen him in all his beauty, his holiness, his helpfulness and yet in his humanity? He waits to welcome you.

### What to learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your business.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things.

Learn to avoid ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. Other people have their own.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile.

We shall all be tempted, but the effects of the temptation depend upon ourselves. Throw into the same flame a lump of clay and a piece of gold; the clay will be hardened, the gold will melt. The heart of Pharaoh hardened into perfidious insolence; the soul of David melted into pathetic song. Bear temptation faithfully, and it will leave you not only unscathed, but nobler.

Dean Farrar. X

What fairy palace we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity, bright memories, noble histories, faithful sayings; treasure houses precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us - houses built without hands, for our souls to live in!

John Ruskin

Never was a sincere thought utterly lost, Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to quiet and accept unexpectedly.

Emerson X

The successful man makes opportunities the 'be-hindhand' man waits for them.

The longer you mean to be a christian without being one, the worse your chance of christianity becomes.

Phillips Brooks.



If we stop to think about it.

It is sometimes urged that prayer is mysterious. So is everything, if we stop to think about it.

Matter is a mystery; nobody knows what matter is. Force is a mystery. Gravity is a mystery.

Nobody knows what takes place when we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of coffee. Whether the change is mechanical or chemical. We know just one thing that by dropping the sugar into the coffee, the coffee is sweetened.

We know that by dropping a prayer into a day we sweeten the day. How this is brought about we do not know. Who has sight so keen and strong that it can follow the flight of song, or the flight of prayer? Why should we not be as reasonable and practical in our religion, as we are at the dinner table?

Rev. Charles S. Jefferson.

The soul seeks not; it draws and attracts all good; indeed is all good. Thy lot or portion of life is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it. It is the restless mind that seeks afar for that which is ever near - Truth and bliss. It is in our quiet, silent and non-seeking moments that we are sought by the great God, and united with him.

Each hour is a resurrection hour to the aspiring soul.

Peace of mind must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness. You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness. You must keep it pure and throw no stones into it if you would keep it quiet.

Ruskin.

That flesh-bound volume (man) is the only revelation that is, that was, that can be. In that is the image of God painted; in that is the law of God written, in that is the promise of God revealed. Know thyself; for through thyself only canst thou know God.

Ruskin.

Oh lift your nature up:

Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
The sins of emptiness, gossip, spite and  
slander die;

Better not be at all than not be noble?

Tennyson

A good lesson for all to practice is to take some special aspiration into the silence, and there realize its fulfillment with all the intensity of your visualistic ability.

When a man becomes wise enough to recognize his own divinity, that he is as indistructable a principle as a law of mathematics; that no accidents in life, no friction no difficulty can touch the divine part in him; and when we recognize the truth of being, that he is a part of the infinite creative principle, he will not show signs of mental and physical decrepitude when he should be in the prime of all his powers.

### Not our own

There must be something solemn and sad in partings. They remind us that there is nothing in this world which we can call our own; that all that God gives us is his, not ours; lent, not given. At the best, we, like our fathers are only dwellers in tents. Here and there, by some sweet well, under some spreading tree, on some green spot - we linger for a time; but the evening comes at last, the stars come out the encampment is broken up and we must move away. And very soon we shall have made our last stay of all; the sky will flush with the crimson of its last sunset; the last long shadows of the twilight will lengthen round us; the last farewell will be sighed

forth from weary lips. After that our tent will be moved no longer; for then we hope it will be pitched for the last time under the walls of the heavenly city and the sun shall go down on us no more. —

Garrar.

To weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love; to prize health a contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do — to choose in each case what is best on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved; to put my whole self into all that I do, and indulge no single desire at the expense of myself as a whole; to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one; to treat others as I would be treated, and myself as I would my best friend; and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men to love one another. — William De Witt Hyde

The Spirit is the essential - to feel that, think of that, trust that, then grant it freedom to do its work.

It must be matter of habit to turn first to the Spirit for guidance, for information on any point. There must be a deep undecurrent of thought, ready to well up into consciousness the moment the Spirit is there.

The Spirit knows the way. It will lead us to those whom we can help, to new friends, new opportunities, greater truth. It is adequate, it is abundant, it is loyal and constant. The practice of the presence of God.

## Mizpah

The Lord watch between me and thee when we  
are absent one from another.

Gen. 31: 40

Go thou thy way, and I go mine -  
 Apart yet not afar;  
 Only a thin veil hangs between  
 The pathways where we are,  
 And "God keep watch tween thee and me," -  
 This is my prayer  
 He looks thy way, He looketh mine,  
 And keeps us near,

I know not where the road may lie,  
 Nor which my way may be;  
 If thine will, lead thro' parching sands  
 And mine beside the sea;  
 Yet God keep watch tween thee and me,  
 So never fear,  
 He holds thine hand, he claspeth mine,  
 And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame, purchase, be thine,  
 And my lot lowly be;  
 Or you be sad and sorrowful,  
 And glory be for me;  
 Yet God keep watch tween thee and me,  
 Both are his ear,  
 One arm round thee and one round me  
 Will keep us near

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,  
But since this may not be  
I'll leave thee to the care of Him  
Who care for thee and me.  
"I'll keep thee both beneath my wings,"—  
This comfort, dear,  
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,  
So we are near.

And tho' our paths be separate,  
And thy way may be not mine,  
Yet, coming to the Mercy Seat,  
My soul shall meet with thine.  
And God keep a watch 'tween thee and me,  
I'll whisper thee,  
He blesteth thee, He blesteth me,  
And we are near.

Julia H. Baker

Whoever you are, now, I place my hands  
upon you that you may be my poem.  
You have not known what you are, you  
have slumbered upon yourself all your  
life.

There is no endowment in man or woman  
that is not tilled in you.  
No pleasure waiting for others but an equal  
pleasure waits for you.

Kipling's Tribute to Cecil Rhodes,  
 Read at the burial of the "Empire Builder"  
 in the Matoppo Hills, Africa.

When that great Kings return to clay,  
 or Emperors in their pride,  
 Grief of a day shall fill a day, because its  
 creature died.

But we - we reckon not with those whom  
 the men Fate ordain  
 This Power that wrought on us, and  
 goes back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led beyond  
 our quest or reach,  
 The travail of his spirit bred cities in  
 place of speech:

So huge the all-mastery thought that  
 drove; so brief the term allowed.  
 Nations, not words, he linked to prove  
 his faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth across  
 the lands he won: -

The granite of the Ancient North, great  
 spaces washed with sun.

There shall he patient make his seat,  
 (as when the death he dared,)

And there await a people's feet in the  
 paths that he prepared.



Then till the vision he foresaw splendid  
and whole arise,  
And unimagined empires draw to council  
neath his skies.  
The immense and budding Spirit still  
shall quicken and control.  
He was the land, and dead, his soul shall  
be his soul.

## The Balla Lilly

Like some ethereal form in robe of white  
We watched it slowly climb the emerald stair,  
Until at last, unfolded sweet and fair  
It crowned the stem, a coronet of light.  
The ample leaf with surface burnished bright,  
Drank in the moisture of the balmy air,  
While root and stem gave strength the bloom  
Then beauty and perfection met our sight.  
Thou chaste exotic, "Lily of the Nile"  
The jewel-cup of Flora's fragrant bower,  
In thy deep center blooms a bar of gold  
Rare pearls and dew glint diamonds dot  
And in thy matchless mould is found no quail,  
We call the queen among the flowers.  
Martha J. Anderson

# The Union

You that have gathered together the sons of all races,  
And welded them into one.

Lifting the torch of your Freedom on hungry faces  
That sailed to the setting sun;

You that have made of mankind in your own proud  
regions

The music of man to be,

How should the old earth sing of you, now, as you  
legions

Rise to set all men free?

How should the singer that knew the proud vision  
and loved it,

In the days when not all men knew,  
Gaze, thro' his tears, on the light, now the world  
has appeared it;

Or dream, when the dream comes true?

How should he sing when the Spirit of Freedom  
in thunder

Speaks, and the wine-press is red;

And the sea-winds are loud with the chains that are  
broken asunder

And nations that rise from the dead?

Flag of the sky, proud flag of that wide communion,  
Too mighty for thought to scar;

Flag of the many in one, and that last world-union  
That Kingdom of God in man;



Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;  
 Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;  
 Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
 No quails before the loudest thunder shock,  
 She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
 And e'en it shall be done, sometime, somewhere.

---

### The Lark Ascending

He rises and begins to sound,  
 He drops the silver chain of sound,  
 Of many links without a break,  
 In chirp, whistle, slur and shake,  
 All interwoven and spreading wide,  
 Like water-dimple down a tide  
 When ripple ripple overcush  
 And eddy into eddy whirl;  
 A press of hurried notes that run  
 So fleet they scarce are more than one,  
 Yet changefully the trill repeat  
 And linger ringing while they fleet....

As up he swings the spiral stair,  
 A song of light, and pierces air  
 With fountain ardor, fountain play,  
 To reach the shining top of day,  
 And drink in everything disclosed  
 An ecstasy of music turned.

George Meredith

## After Harvest

In the mellowing light  
Of the goldenest days that precede the gray  
days of the year,  
We sing Thee our harvest song and we pray  
Thee to hear

In the midst of Thy might:

Labor is given us  
Let us give thanks!

Not for what we have  
(So might speak a slave),

Not for the garnering  
Gratefully we sing,

But for the mighty thing

We must do, travelling!

For our task and for our strength;

For the journey and its length;

For the dauntless eagerness, ...

For these, for these! O Father

Let us give thanks!

For these, O Mighty Father,

Take Thou our thanks.

Shaemas O'Sheal

## Lyric of Action.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood  
 O'er the past that is withered and dead;  
 What tho' the heart's roses are ashes and dust?  
 What tho' the heart's music be fled?  
 Still shine the grand heavens o'er head,  
 Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,  
 "Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth  
 Are a burden too heavy to bear,  
 What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste  
 Of a jealous and craven despair?  
 Down, down with the fetter of fear!  
 In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,  
 With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,  
 From his throne to life's nethermost fire,  
 "Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn  
 Of the soul that repents and aspires.  
 If pure thou hast made thy desires.  
 There's no height the strong wings of immortal may  
 Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,  
 Unbound by the past, which is dead!  
 What tho' the heart's roses are ashes and dust?  
 What tho' the heart's music be fled?

Still shine the fair heaven's orb bright;  
And sublime as the seraph that rules in the sun  
Became the promise of joy when the conflict is won!  
Paul Hamilton Hayne.

### That Scattereth Increaseth

Is thy cause of comfort failing?

Risk and show it with another,  
And thro' all the years of famine

It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,

On thy handful still renew:

Scanty fare for one will often

Make a royal feast for two.

Too the heart grows rich in giving;

All its wealth is living grain;

Seeds which milder in the garner,

Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?

Do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden -

God will bear both it and thee

Numb and weary on the mountains,

Wouldst thou sleep amid the snow?

Shape that frozen form beside thee.

And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?

Many wounded round thee moan:  
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,  
And that balm shall heal them on.

Is thy heart a well left empty?

None but God its void can fill:  
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain  
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power?

Self-entranced its strength sinks low;  
It can only live in loving,  
And by serving love will grow.

Miss Charles

We have ourselves - that inner self which  
is trying to break thro, Have you never listened?  
Have you never let it speak to you? Have  
you never let it tell you your own power?  
Have you stifled something? which might  
have a real contribution to life? - fear.



## To the Ideal.

Ah, what avails it thus to dream of thee  
Thou life above me! and aspire to be  
A dweller in thy air serene and pure;  
I make, and must this lower life endure.  
Look no more on me with sun-radiant eyes;  
Mine deep so dimmed, in vain my weak sense tries  
To find the color of this world of clay, —  
Its hue has faded, its light died away.

In charity with life, how can I flee?  
What most I want does it refuse to give,  
Thou who hast laid this spell upon my soul,  
Must be henceforth to me a hope and goal.  
Away, thou vision! Now thou must be wrought  
Armor from life in which may yet be fought  
A way to thee, — thy memory shall inspire,  
Altho' thy presence is consuming fire.

No one who may not linger in the halls,  
And fair domains of this ancestral house,  
Goes forth to labor, yet resolve these walls  
Redeemed, shall see his old age cease to roam —  
So exile I myself, thou dream of youth,  
Thou castle, when my wild thoughts wandered free  
Yet bear a heart which, thro' its love and truth,  
Shall earn the right to thro' its last with thee

To work! with heart resigned and spirit strong,  
Subdued by patient toil Time's heavy wrong;  
Thou Nature's dulled as her brightest rays.  
We will march onward, singing to thy praise.

Yet when our souls are in new forms arrayed  
 Like thine immortal, by immortal aid,  
 And with forgiving blessing stand beside  
 The clay in which they toiled and long were tried,—  
 When comes that solemn, undetermined hour,  
 Light of the soul's light! present, be thy power;  
 And welcome be thou, as a friend who waits  
 With joy, a soul unsphere'd at heaven's gates.

Ellen Sturgis Hooper, 1812—1848

This Banner Over Me  
 Surrounded by unnumbered foes  
 Against my soul the battle goes  
 Yet, tho' I weary, sore distressed,  
 I know that I shall reach my rest.  
 I lift my tearful eyes above,  
 This banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,  
 Tho' flesh may faint upon the field;  
 He waves before my fading sight  
 The branch of palm, the crown of light.  
 I lift my brightening eyes above,  
 This banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle dust may dim,  
 His veil of splendor curtain Him;  
 And in the midnight of my fear  
 I may not feel Him standing near,  
 But, as I lift my eyes above,  
 This banner over me is love.

Gerald Massey

The Faith of Christ's Freeman  
Our faith is not in dead saints' bones,  
In altars of vain sacrifice;  
Nor is it in the stately stones  
That rise in beauty towards the skies.

Our faith is in the Christ who walks  
With men to day in street and mart;  
The constant Friend who thinks and talks  
With those who seek Him with the heart.

We would not spurn the ancient law,  
The prophet's word or psalmist's prayer;  
But lo! our Leader goes before,  
To morrow's battles to prepare.

His Gospel calls for living men,  
With ringing blood and minds alert;  
Strong men who fall to rise again,  
Who strive and bleed with courage quit.

We serve no God whose work is done,  
Who rests within His firmament:  
Our God, His labors but begun,  
Toils evermore, with power unspent.

God was and is and e'en shall be;  
Christ lived and loved - and loves us still,  
And man goes forward, proud and free,  
God's present purpose to fulfill.  
Thomas Curtis Clark.

## For Larger Lives

In heaven they say is undisturbed and perfect  
peace; and yet

Along our heart-strings, even there, a tremor of regret  
Must sometimes wander into pain, if memory survives  
A grief that in this good, great world we lived no  
larger lives.

God moves our planet gloriously among the starry  
spheres,

And nobler movements for our souls, through  
these our mortal years,

In widening orbits toward Himself eternally  
He planned,

We creep and rust in tread-mill grooves - we  
will not be made grand.

He sent us forth His children, of His inmost  
life a part,

His breath, His being, each a throb of His  
deep Father heart;

He shaped us in His image, sure to flood  
His worlds with day;

Alas! we stifle down His light and deaden  
into clay.

Meant to be living fountains - not little  
stagnant pools,

Stirred aimlessly from shallow depths, wallowed  
round with petty rules,

Drying away to dust at last, to Him we  
might ascend.

And with the river of His life in crystal  
freshness blend.

To share His freedom—sons of God! there is  
no higher aim

Can kindle any human hope to an im-  
mortal shame!

It is the keenest shame of these mean,  
fettered lives we lead—

We choose the weights that drag us down,  
refusing to be freed.

Yet souls that ruin immortal heights un-  
clogged, with self must move!

The only thing that we can take from earth  
to heaven is love!

To make us great like Thee, O God! Thy  
spirit with us strive!

Enlarge our lives to take Thee in! Oh,  
give us nobler lives!

Lucy Larcom

## Longfellow's Advice.

Longfellow gave a young friend this advice: "See some good picture - in nature, if possible, or on canvas - hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem, every day. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself." This is good counsel for any Christian who would learn the lesson of gladness. To this may be added: Take into your heart every day some cheering word of God. Listen to some heavenly song of hope and joy. Let your eye dwell on some beautiful vision of divine love. Thus your very soul will become a fountain of light and joy, and gladness will become more and more the dominant mood of your life.

## What is to Come.

What is to come we know not. But we know  
That what has been is good - was good to show,  
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.

We are the masters of the days that were:  
We have lived, we have loved, we have  
suffered. . . - even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the  
flow?

Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe -  
E'en tho' it spoil and break us! - need we care  
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow.  
O'er the gold weather round us mellow slow:  
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare  
And we can conquer, tho' we may not share  
In the rich quiet of the afterglow  
What is to come.

W. E. Henley

# Responsibility

No stream from its source  
 Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
 But what some land is gladden'd! No star  
 ever rose  
 And set, without influence some where! Who  
 knows  
 What earth needs from earth's lowest creature  
 No life  
 Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its  
 strife,  
 And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!  
 The spirits of just men made perfect on high—  
 The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne  
 And gaze into the Face that makes glorious  
 their own—  
 Know this, surely, at last! Honest love,  
 honest sorrow,  
 Honest work for the day, honest hope for  
 the morrow,  
 Are these worth nothing more than the hand  
 they make weary—  
 The heart they have sadden'd— the life they  
 leave dreary?  
 Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice  
 of the Spirit  
 Echo: "He that overcometh shall all things  
 inherit!"

Lytton



## I Cannot Forget

I cannot forget that my God has been good

The sorrow my portion oft be,  
His mercy and love in remembrance I hold,  
A rainbow of promise to me.

I cannot forget in His guidance to trust

Who wisely hath pointed the way,  
I know I am safe as I look to the hills  
For heavenly assurance each day.

I cannot forget that my God has been good,

When joy and rich blessings are mine  
The music of gratitude rises anew  
With praise for the Giver Divine.

I cannot forget that my life I have pledged  
God's glorious work to defend,

With purpose unerring I press toward the goal  
My psalm with heaven's music to blend  
Canterbury Shakers

## Beacons

Our home together by the fells we knew  
 And the blue beaks of England in the spring,  
 And we had sires who also heard the bells  
 Somewhere along the English meadows. We  
 Measure one cause, one spirit, and one word  
 And in one pilgrim faith have done our part  
 In the slow world's devising. Some queer grain  
 Of oak out of our soil moulded alike  
 The Mayflower, the Revenge. The East has dream  
 Lotus and temple and the circled fingers  
 Building in contemplation. The sun returns  
 Yet to the south with Mediterranean song,  
 And Provence bears the old Athenian gift.  
 And still is heard the praise of troubadours  
 Which is for service: from the Siberian fields  
 A sobbing and a moving in the night,  
 When a great lineage communes with the earth  
 Till grief is beauty and the wise revelation.  
 So from the soul life inherits well,  
 Stillness, and flight, and faith. And we  
 the West  
 Whose tides from Kent to California move,  
 Shall we not be the new adventures?  
 America, you were in Shakespeare's word,  
 And Milton's, half a prophecy. You were  
 In Ironsides when Cromwell took the field,  
 Drake fared for you, and Nelson is your blood.  
 And England little fens and pools and hills,  
 Green friendliness of pasture in the dusk,  
 White thorn where thrushes nest, gray  
 thatch, stone,

What excellence of you was there that day,  
When an unnoted sail put out to sea  
From Plymouth to the England of a dream?  
At Yorktown did your nobler heart lament  
Among the lost or beat with Washington?  
And has not Lincoln in your proper tongue,  
Your Chronicle retold of Runnymede?  
Then pledged upon a happier covenant  
Than furnished old crusades, with none to fear  
Of arms or treasons, having for our faith  
To covet not an acre of the world.  
Shall we not be the new adventurers?  
Come — let us get our gospel now by heart.  
One man in grief sets a whole world in  
tears;  
No man is free while one for freedom fears  
John Drinkwater

One all extending, all preserving soul,  
Cements each being, greatest with the least;  
Made beast in aid of man, and man in aid  
of beast;  
All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;  
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.  
Pope.

## Trees and Grass

Whose will may have the flowers,  
 Mine all the tree and grass!  
 Scent there may be in the blossoming-bowes,  
 But oh, when the breeze pass  
 Thro' purling leafy tops of the tree  
 That ripple against the sky,  
 Their murmuring makes it good to live,  
 To take whatever life has to give;  
 And good at last to die.

Whose will may have the flower-  
 Lily or wilding rose.  
 Common the grass may seem in house  
 Enspelled by love of those,  
 But, oh, the flowers are little of earth,  
 The green grass covers it all-  
 A couch to be for my head to day,  
 And, when to-morrow I'm gone away,  
 A cool clean winding-pall.

Whose will may have the flowers  
 Mine all the tree and grass.  
 Beautiful care on the one earth downe,  
 But, oh, what peace can pass  
 Thro' the blood and breath and hearty mind-  
 And into the soul of me,  
 When I lie down with the grass and trees,  
 And know God never needs strive for these,  
 But merely lets them be.  
 T. Gale Young Rice

## Ocean of Night.

Wash me again, ocean of night,

Clean of the care of day.

For I am soiled in heart and sight,

By the fume and fret and fray  
Of the griefs of men and the wrongs of men  
And the sins of men who stray.

Bathe me, O night, and lift and lave me  
Let no assailing stay.

Wash me again, cleanser of ear,

Then let the winds of sleep

O'er me blow, with opiate air,

And all my spirit steep.

From the heart of earth and the heart of space,

And the heart of God let sweep

Healing, O night - a strong tide, stealing

Into my soul's last deep.

Cale Young Rice

## The Humblebee

Burly, dozing humblebee!  
 Where thou art is clime for me;  
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
 Far-off heats the seas to seek,  
 I will follow thee alone,  
 Thou animated toudid zone!  
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
 Let me chase thy waving lines;  
 Keep me nearer, me thy heaver,  
 Singing o'er shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
 Jay of thy dominion!  
 Sailor of the atmosphere;  
 Swimmer thro' the maze of air,  
 Voyager of light and noon,  
 Epiranean of June!  
 Wait, I pritheer, till I come  
 Within earshot of thy hum, -  
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind in May days,  
 With a net of shining haze  
 Silvers the horizon wall;  
 And with softness touching all,  
 Tints the human countenance  
 With the color of romancer;  
 And infusing subtle heats  
 Turns the sods to violets, -  
 Thou in sunny solitudes,  
 Rove of the underworlds

The queen silence dost displace  
With thy mellow buzzy bass,  
Hot midsummer's petted crows,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days and solid banks of flowers;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,  
In Indian wildernesses found;  
Of Syrian peace immortal liqueur,  
Finest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsway or unclean  
Hath my insect nerve seen;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple sap and claffodils,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern and agrimony,  
Blow, catch-fly, adder's-tongue,  
And brier-rose, dwelt among;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human see,  
Yellow-breched philosopher,  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
When the fierce northwestern blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,

Thou already slumberest deep;  
 Woe and woe thou canst outleap;  
 Woe and woe which torture us,  
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous,  
 Ralph Waldo Emerson

---

Every man is responsible for the development of his capacity to see God. The door does not open automatically by some biological process.

Jesus teaches that God consciousness is the rock upon which His Church must be founded.

When a morally alive man capitalizes the reinforcing will of the Heavenly Father, life is lifted to a new plane of efficiency and joy.

The spiritual experience of finding God for oneself is the essential matter.

A person is an autonomous possessor of marvelous creative powers of thought and action. Is it a small asset of the race that one person, Jesus, has exploited the resources of personal existence on the grandest scale and offers his findings freely for the blessing of men.

Herbert A. Youtz.



Peace Does not mean the end.

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving;  
Joy does not mean the drying of our tears.  
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving  
Up to the Light where God Himself appears.

Joy is the mine that God is ever pouring  
Into the hearts of those that strive with Him,  
Opening their eyes to vision and adoring,  
Strengthening their arms to warfare glad and grim.

Bread of Thy body give me for my fighting,  
Give me to drink thy sacred Blood for wine;  
While there are wrongs that need me for the righting  
While there is warfare splendid and divine.

Give me for light the sunshine of Thy sorrow,  
Give me for shelter the shadow of Thy Cross,  
Give me to share the glory of to-morrow,  
And gone from my heart the bitterness and loss.

Canadian Churchman

## Aid in Thanksgiving

Alone dear Lord of all my nights and days,  
 I cannot sing thy goodness, far too vast  
 For my weak utterance. Set me humbly cast  
 My single tribute; let the mornings raise  
 My anthems for me; let the storied past  
 In varied hallelujahs nobly massed  
 Exalt the infinite glory of thy ways.  
 Where'er the blossoms glad in loveliness  
 Reflect thy beauty, or the bird's bright song  
 Has holy skill the Father's love to bless,  
 Or where the shining stars thro' ages long  
 The soul of worship silently express,  
 Grant me a lowly place in that thanksgiving  
 throng.

## Do you fear the Wind?

Hamlin Garland

Do you fear the force of the wind?  
 The slash of the rain?  
 Go face them and fight them,  
 Be savage again.  
 Go hungry and cold like the wolf,  
 Go woe like the crane.  
 The palms of your hands will thicken,  
 The skin of your cheek will tan  
 You'll grow rugged and weary and swarthy  
 But you'll walk like a man.

## Faith

Lord give me faith! - to live from day to day  
With tranquil heart; to do my simple part.  
And with my hand in Thine, just go thy way.

Lord give me faith! - to trust if not to know;  
With quiet mind in all things Thee to find;  
And child like go where Thou wouldst have me go.

Lord give me faith! - to leave it all to Thee.  
The future is Thy gift; I would not lift  
The veil Thy love has hung, twist it and me.  
John Oxenham

## A Fir-Tree Prayer

"Dear God, I am not wise, I'd rather be  
 For one bright day of shining ecstasy  
 A Christmas Tree,  
 Than left forever on this quiet hill  
 With naught but sun and starlight to fulfill  
 My destiny.

"I am not wise, dear God, for I would wear  
 A thousand tapers lit to make me fair,  
 And, in that radiance bear  
 Rejoicing - one frail harvest of delight,  
 My robe of tinsel marvelously white,  
 Bright toys and glittering angels bending me,  
 A Christmas Tree.

"Lord God, forgiveness! - Yet I ask to be  
 This fragile thing of mortal revelry,  
 For merriment and laughing children's glee -  
 To lose the gracious heritage I know,  
 The strength of winds, the gentle ways of snow,  
 Rain-scent and robins, and the stir of dawn,  
 Acorns of solemn loveliness foregone,  
 My birthright lost, please God - a Christmas Tree!  
 And only death for Immortality  
 Ann Page

## “Waiting”

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder  
heights.  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

The tree which moves some to tears  
of joy is in the eyes of others only a  
green thing which stands in the way.  
Some see Nature all ridicule and de-  
formity, and by these I shall not  
regulate my proportions; and some  
scarce Nature at all. But to the eyes  
of the man of imagination Nature is  
Imagination itself. As a man is, so  
he sees.—*William Blake.*

We have committed the Golden  
Rule to memory; let us now commit  
it to life.—*Edward Markham.*

## THE CONTINUING CHRIST

BY W. RUSSELL BOWIE

**F**AR, far away is Bethlehem,  
And years are long and dim  
Since Mary held the holy Child  
And angels sang to him:  
But still to hearts where love and faith  
Make room for Christ in them,  
He comes again, the Child from God,  
To find his Bethlehem.

Beyond the sea is Galilee,  
And ways which Jesus trod,  
And hidden there are those high hills  
Where he communed with God;  
Yet on the plains of common life  
Through all the world of men,  
The voice that once said, "Follow me,"  
Speaks to our hearts again.

Gethsemane and Calvary,  
And death and bitter loss,  
Are these but echoes drifting down  
From a forgotten cross?  
Nay, Lord, for all our living sins  
Thy cross is lifted up,  
And as of old we hear thee say,  
"Can ye too drink my cup?"

O Life that seems so long ago,  
And yet is ever new,  
The fellowship of love with thee,  
Through all the years is true.  
O Master over death and time,  
Reveal thyself, we pray,  
And as before amongst thine own,  
So dwell with us today!

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

## Morning Bird

This is the way of a bird;  
Awaking, hesitant third,  
Searching for notes with an eye  
On the open volume of sky,  
Then, not quite ready to sing,  
All of him turns to wing;  
Launching his body where,  
On a long, smooth bank of air,  
He can slide and tail-spin and float.  
Now he remembers his throat—  
A quibble, a vowel, and note  
Follows note like links in a chain  
Of white summer rain.  
Spray after spray is upthrown  
(Little hosannas of tone  
From a mind that has never known pain)  
Till the morning service is done;  
He and his song being one,  
Whether he's heard or unheard.  
This is the life of a bird.

Louis Untermeyer

## The Deathless Tale

Had He not breathed His breath  
 Truly at Nazareth;  
 Had not His very feet  
 Roamed many a hill and street;  
 Had Mary's story gone  
 To Time's oblivion;  
 Had the sweet record paled  
 And the truth not prevailed;  
 Dormant and bleak had been  
 This transitory scene,  
 And dark, thrice dark our earth  
 Unknowing of His birth.

The flowers beheld His face,  
 The stars knew His white grace.  
 The grass was greener for  
 His humble stable door;  
 The rose upon its stem  
 Redder for Bethlehem.  
 And we, are we not wise  
 To cling with avid eyes  
 To the old tale, and be  
 Moved by its memory?  
 Unutterably dim  
 Our bright world, lacking Him.  
 Charles Hanson Towne



## New Vistas

A day will come, in not undreamed of years,  
When men shall wake with singing on their lips.  
Their toil will bloom with hope, uncurbed by fears;  
They will not labor to the tune of whips;  
They will not close their days as battered ships!  
Then all shall be as gods, Olympus-born  
And joy shall grace each heart. No beauty drips  
From summer dawns, so from the fields of corn  
Shall gladness be shed forth on all the sons of morn.  
Then lust will die, and gold will lose its lure,  
No soul will gloat while others starve for bread.  
The law of love will prove the ample cure  
For all earth's ills, now meekly harvested.  
Each man, a king, in pride shall lift his head,  
And every child, still bright with heaven's gleams,  
Shall play in Eden-gardens, tenanted  
By fauns and elves. By softly flowing streams  
We men of earth shall find again our long lost dreams.

Thomas Curtis Clark

One day in seven, however, those who love God must still love to keep for the peace and freedom of wholly spiritual meditation and communion. In this busy world there is need to have a stated time when material interests shall be laid out of thought entirely and attention be given to the joy of converse with our heavenly Father.

## No Sparrow Falls

No winged thing that down the heaven's face  
 Falls like a tear from out the aeon's eye,  
 Shall go unheeded to its dusty place,  
 Its elegy is written in the sky.

No feathered breast that, pinched against the ground,  
 Stir in its anguish the enfeebled wing,  
 And forces with its breath a gasping sound,  
 Shall be forgotten in the Reckoning.

How then shall I who tread with earth-bound feet  
 The ever lessening circle of my days,  
 Unleash my learning and my small conceit  
 To hound Creation's old omniscient ways?  
 I am content to cast my lot with these  
 Whose wings awake the still Eternities.

Gilbert Maxwell

## Music in the Dark

The cadence of the falling rain  
Rings joyous in the night;  
It slants upon the window pane  
In silver drips of light,  
The wet streets giving back again,  
The windows, gleaming bright.

The dry earth drinks in thirstiness—  
I shall streams run as before,  
To climb, with slow and steady press,  
The dwindling river shore.  
Bringing a hope to fill and bless  
The lives of men, once more.

So, with a thankful prayer, we mark  
The rain's glad music in the dark!  
Ethel Knapp Behrman.

## Anticipation.

How can I call the old days best,  
 Or covet youthful dreams? All things  
 Once mute now have a voice for me,  
 The very silence sings.

The commonest wayside paths become  
 More beautiful as I grow old;  
 The autumn leaves are deeper red,  
 The sunsets have more gold.

I think to-morrow I shall hear  
 A yet unheard diviner strain:  
 Or find some naked half-blown flower  
 Born of an April rain.  
 Hugh Robert Ora.

## People who Pray

It is significant that the people who disbelieve in prayer are not the people who pray. Most of the great men through the centuries have been men of prayer. Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Gladstone. Does this evidence mean anything? Gandhi is not alone in his belief in prayer. These men testify that the practice of prayer has given them mental composure and strength of determination; that it has been a source of encouragement and illumination. It has been the battleground on which they fought out the struggle with themselves and gained control. Is not this value enough?

Years ago Professor William James wrote in a magazine article that prayer for help in daily work so composes the mind that work will be better done irrespective of any supernatural help given in answer. Dr. Ghylop, superintendent of the Royal hospital in London, has declared that for mental distress of all sorts prayer is the best therapeutic. As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, dis-

## The Coming of the Trees

"Let trees be made, for Earth is bare,  
Spake the voice of the Lord in thunder.  
The roots ran deep and the trees were there,  
And the earth was full of wonder.

For the white birch leaned, the oak held straight,  
The pines marched down the mountain;  
The orchards bowed with their blossomed weight  
And the elm rose up like a fountain.

The palm stood proud as Aaron's rod  
The willows billowed slowly;  
So came the trees at the call of God,  
And all the trees are holy.

Arthur Guiterman

My Rosary of Friends  
Always when the old year ends,  
I clasp my rosary of friends,  
And pause to breathe a thankful prayer  
For every bead of friendship there.

And always first I count the old,  
Each one a bead of shining gold.  
Worn smooth by constant burnishing  
Of joy that old-time friendships bring.

And there are others shyly new,  
Out of the blue shadows farthest blue.  
Like homing birds these hearts have flown  
To find dear lodgment in my own.

Friendships are life's best gift to me -  
Oh, may I guard them tenderly -  
And closer hold each heart God sends  
To bless my rosary of friends.

Marie Barton

To Sister Amelia Calver.

Come on the great adventure!

Dear sister and friend!

How her love for the soul of beauty,  
Her faith in the grandeur of duty,  
Came to an end?

How she loved every furried and feathered  
Life from God's hand!

How the roses would glow to meet her!  
The lilies would smile to greet her!  
I see her stand

Even now in the shine and shadow  
Of the Berkshire Hills,

Sistering keen with soulful pleasure  
To the Bobolink's airy measure

Or the oriole's dainty thrills.

Come on the Great Adventure!

Ah! great indeed!

Always the lover of beauty -

Always in service of duty -

To souls in need!

Not an end but a wonderful beginning  
This Adventure shall be!

The grass and flowers are springing

The birds their joys are singing  
From hedge and tree!



And you, dear friend, have left them!  
I see you stand

When the Elder Brother meets you -

For the heart of Mary greets you

And Martha's skillful hand.

Grace Hda Brown. April 30, 1929

## The Hour of Prayer

Lord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;  
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower.

We kneel - and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise - and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear;  
We kneel: how weak! - we rise: how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
On others - that we are not always strong?  
That we are ever overborne with care!  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, while with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength, and courage, are with thee?  
Trench

## The Deeper Sight

When the outlook is dark it is time to replenish the stock of faith. From out of the mists of obscurity has come this utterance of some brave spirit.

The outlook now might be considered dark. Old barbarities, that we thought had been outgrown, have returned to the world. The gun butt is crashing against the door in other lands. We are faced with stubborn troubles in this country. Man apparently has again come to one of the steep places in his destiny.

But man has encountered steep places many times before. The past is one long range of them. They have been surmounted because some people had faith that they could be. "Man's history, in respect at least of all that does him credit, is the record of difficulties conquered," declares Dr. L. B. Jacks in his *Challenge of Life*. This is a heartening book, but only for the resolute. In each trial, he feels, there are "spiritual forces waiting to befriend us if we stand to it manfully."

Faith is that deeper sight which discerns "the evidence of things not seen." It led man and woman to strive for fairness, justice, tolerance and freedom before these things were. It is the invisible comrade which mankind cannot afford to lose in the endless struggle for a better life. The out come of the present troubled period may finally be summed up in words, according to your faith be it unto you Matthew ix. 29:

## Extracts

Recognition of the unlimited resources of Spirit will supply needs that the human mind deems unattainable.

Acknowledging our heavenly Father as the source of all good, supplies not only our temporal needs but also permanent spiritual joys. Truly the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

Thou art my hiding place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with wings of deliverance.

Living a true life means for the human being the achievement of rich and comforting spiritual adjustment to the intangibles and imponderables which rule and always have ruled the world.

An incorrigible belief in the ultimate emergence of the saving grace of spiritual strength.

His heart is still indomitably young and eager to learn.

He who would look time in the face without illusion and without fear should associate each year as it passes with new developments of his nature; with duties accomplished, with work performed.

Each of us reflects from God the spiritual ability to discern the omnipresence of good, and

our health, happiness and prosperity depend upon the degree to which we claim and exercise this ability.

---

Perhaps we do not always realize that it is our obedience that gives the message its authority in our thought and enables its power to act in our experience.

---

What human heart but knows a wilderness experience. But not the bitter experience itself should stand out as all important. What kind of a soldier am I? is the vital question. A well-loved writer who had learned in such warfare to maintain an attitude of gratitude, thanks God for the pleasures he has enjoyed, and prayed, "Now, when the clouds gather and the rain impends - permit us not to be cast down in the hour of darkness, but let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness"

---

As we understand the nature of true prayer we have positive faith in its inevitable results. All true scientific thinking emanates from divine Mind, and is endowed with the majesty, power and victory which belong to omnipotence.

---

The Scriptures consistently show the detrimental effect of mortal evasiveness of things spiritual.

## Extracts

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint. "By waiting upon the Lord," by spiritual thinking and the conscious reflection of God, comes the spiritual strength which is the true, the present and the only comfort.

Steinmetz predicted that some day the natural scientists will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which have hitherto been scratched, and when that day comes the earth will see more advancement in one generation than it has in four.

The thought of God as love awakens the individual to the availability of those spiritual qualities that make for tranquility, health, assurance, vitality and trustworthiness.

The Christian Scientist turns naturally and normally to the source of all being, for that which is great and good. In sickness he turns to the one Physician for health and healing.

In tragedy and sin he seeks help of this loving Father for comfort and salvation.

And this brings us the observation that liberty under whatever name or sex is primarily a matter of thought. Its loss is presaged by assaults of mental lethargy, indifference, grossness. Its attainment is a matter of individual moral courage, mental stamina, spiritual trustworthiness. It need not be surrendered to a dictator, nor is it assured by a democracy. It is a jewel which must be earned to be enjoyed.

### Keeping young

Now we may all keep young in looks as well as in feelings. The only thing we need to remember is, that it is just as practical and possible to capture the feelings as it is the looks! How? Well we follow where attention and interest lead. Watch your thoughts, your state of mind, see whether it constitutes an undefeatable young-in-spirit attitude or something quite the opposite. This is how we succeed in finding new horizons in ourselves that we can make up to with joy. Your face is your fortune. But your faith is your fortune too. It is. It is.

## Extracts.

Christian Science gives to humanity the comfort of knowing that man is the spiritual image and likeness of God, and that right now we may know and prove that no material circumstance can hinder us from demonstrating this spiritual fact, thereby bringing into our present experience happiness, health and holiness. And so to every one who is honestly seeking for Truth can come the fulfillment of the promise voiced by the Psalmist (107: 29, 30: "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still, then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth unto their desired heaven."

And the urgent force in the least of seeds was used to illustrate the power that men and women might possess.



