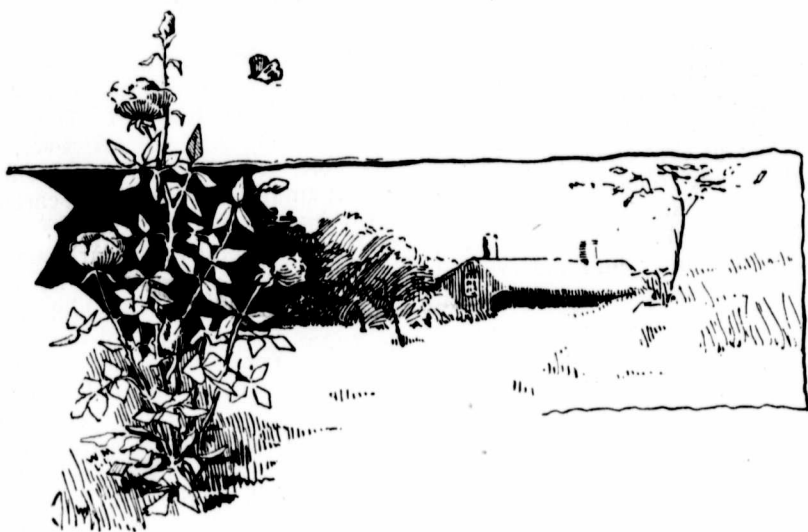




IN PURGATION.

By Frank Waters.

I had a vision of the holy ones

Who are not throughly crystal to the beam
Of Godhead in the Three Celestial Suns—

Whether in sleep or waking, show of dream,
Or bodiment of fact, which doth not seem,
But is itself to fullness, matters naught ;
For truth is still an entity supreme.

Whether it take an outward garb of thought,
Or stand in Edenwise as first the Master wrought.

Methought the air with voices of the dead—

As mortal language names them—quickened through ;
And, where I looked, behold ! unfolding spread

A flowering beauty, wonderful to view,
In many petalled glory, where the dew
Of God's great love did drench, a fiery rain,
Each living petal with a flame that grew
In purging agony through every vein
Of holiness not free, as yet, from earthly stain.

For every leaf, a separate saint of God,

Bore beauteous features of the lost and loved
Whose mortal seed beneath the churchyard sod

Men sow for resurrection, while, unmoved
By any time or distance, stands reprov'd

The spirit in its olden habitude,
(But with a wider vision) ; since, ungrooved

In years or space, the soul in self-wrought mood
Hath dwelling evermore, fulfilled to ill or good.