

JUSTIN



AND OTHER POEMS,

By

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INSCRIPTION.

Day after day,
As I have wandered thro' the fields of life—
Gay, happy fields, bright with the sun and sky—
Flower after flower
Has bloomed beside my path,
And I have gathered them, a long-loved handful,
Which I offer now
To the unpitying, cruel-laughing world.
And some are gay,
Sparkling with joy and the bright sun of hope ;
And some are sad,
Dipped in the crimson of the setting sun,
Or blasted by the cold of winter winds ;
But all the roots
Are down, far down, within the spirit's depths,
Amid the voiceless shadows of the soul,
And each has sprung
From the warm life-blood throbbing in my heart.

October, 1885.



JUSTIN.

“ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο.”

DEDICATION.

O poor, sad hearts that struggle on and wait,
Like ship-wrecked sailors on a spar at sea,
Through deepening glooms, if, haply, soon or late,
Some day-dawn glimmer of what is to be,
Not knowing Christ, nor gladdened by His Love
And Life indwelling—to you I dedicate
These humble musings, praying that from above,
On you, being faithful found, the light may shine
Of Life incarnate and of Love divine.
Take then these thoughts, in loving memory
Of those dead hearts that brought it first to me.



POEMS.

Down by the sea, in infinite solitude
And wrapt in darkness, save when gleams of light
Broke from the moon aslant the hurrying clouds
That fled the wind, sat Justin, worn with grief,
And heart-sick with vain searching after God.
He heeded not the cold white foam that laid
Its hands about his feet, nor the tall grass
That sighed like lonely forest round his head ;
His heart was weary of this weight of being,
Weary of all the mystery of life,
Weary of all the littleness of men,
And the dark riddle that he could not solve—
Why men should be, why pain and sin and death,
And where were hid the lineaments of God.
No voice was near. Behind, a lofty cape,
Whose iron face was scarred by many a storm,
Loomed threatening in the dark, and cleft the main,
And laid its giant hand upon the deep.
One grizzled oak-tree crowned it, and the surf
Broke ever at its base, with ceaseless voice
Powerless to mar its silent majesty.
Sweet was the loneliness to Justin, sweet
Perturbèd nature, as in harmony
With the dark thoughts that beat upon his soul.
Nor speechless long he lay. The tide of grief,
O'erflowing the narrow limits of the mind,

Broke from him, and in burning words he cried :
 " O God, if God there be in this foul chase !
 O Fate, if Fate it be that drives us thus !
 O Chance, if it be Thou that mouldeth all !
 Stern Power, whate'er Thy name, that sit'st sublime
 Above creation, throned creation's Lord,
 With feet upon the spheres, whose flaming arms
 Scatter new worlds from age to age, to roll
 Thro' the dim cycles of all time, to bloom
 Into warm life—what iron law impels,
 Or wanton cruelty in the eternal deep
 Of mind supreme, Thee to send sin and death
 To prey thus on the creatures of Thine hands,
 Until the white skulls crumble back to earth
 From which they sprung ? O Chance ! O Fate ! O God !
 My soul is broken with the clang of worlds ;
 The universe is discord all to me,
 I see dark planets roll o'er human graves,
 I feel them quivering with the cries of souls
 I know no more. O Power, whose face is veiled,
 From man in Thine own greatness,—Thou, whom I,
 Thro' weary years have sought, but sought in vain,
 In every shadow upon every hill,
 In the sweet features of a child, or on
 The illimitable sea, in heat, in cold,
 And in the rain that clothes the earth with buds,
 And in the breath of things invisible,
 Till, worn and helpless, now I long for death,—
 Let me before I die hear some still voice
 (If such indeed there be), some undertone

That, flowing from eternity thro' all
The jarring voices that now rend the soul,
Shall blend them into one long harmony :
So let me hearing die, and dying rest."

He ceased, and, sweet as after day of storm
Flows the still sea at even—the winds and waves
Asleep in purple mists—a silence crept
Over the worlds and flooded Justin's soul,
And in the silence Justin heard a voice
And the warm throbbing of a human heart.
And thro' the darkness moved the form of Christ,
White-robed, with crown of thorns and those sad eyes
That saw His Mother weep beside the cross.
Then from innumerable throats arose
One glorious music, one great hymn of praise
From all creation, th' universal sounds
Of tireless nature,—thunders of the sea
On clouded crags where arctic winds at night
Tear at its foaming lips, a land of ice
And spectral suns ; the deep-toned mountains, too,
All shadow-clad in forests, send their voice
From caverns subterranean, where the newts
And blind-worms fear no day ; the lion's roar
On viewless waste ; the thundering cataract,
And huge leviathan. Nor only these,
But from the laughing groves and vine-clad hills
And valleys come sweet sounds, the notes of birds,
The hum of insects, when the meridian sun
Drives the glad reapers to their noon-day meal,

JUSTIN

By leaf-arched brook, and lowings from the fold,
In cooler evening, when the maidens ply
Their daily task ; the children's innocent mirth,
And angels' songs, cloud-wafted from the deep
Of heaven's blue ; and, fainter still, the sounds
Of far-off worlds and the orb'd universe.
But that which ran thro' all, and linked them all
In one long harmony—that undertone
Which made them music—was the voice of Christ
And the soft beating of His human heart.
A calm light stole on Justin, and a peace,
Unknown before, unutterable, deep
Within the spirit's depths—a new-born sense
As if his heart had eyes, and every eye
Saw God thro' all in His own loveliness.

The vision passed, and slowly Justin rose,
Unwilling quickly to disturb the peace
Which his strange dream had poured into his soul,
And the last accents of the voice that yet
Throbb'd in his heart and kindled all his love.
There was a stillness and a hush o'er nature,
The sweet expectancy of early dawn
That waits its king ; the wind had fall'n, the sea
And shore spoke but in whispers ; only birds
Felt not the universal awe, but from their nests,
Dew-sprinkled, woke with songs the sleeping woods,
Through which, a faded beauty, peered the moon.
Then, turning, Justin suddenly beheld
A man of years, with long dark robes and hair

Whiter than sea-foam in the moonlight seen,
Strewn on black rocks, who, seeing Justin rise,
Moved nearer to him, saying: "O my son!
For son thou art in this new faith whereto
I call thee, seeing thou wilt be born again
By water and the washing of thy soul
From its vain creeds, me hath the Father sent
(In His great mercy loving thee and all)
To be a witness to thee of thy dream,
To solve the mysteries thou could'st not solve
By thine own searching, and to lead thee now
To that dear Voice thou heard'st, and lay thine head
Upon the Heart that filled thy soul with peace."

So by the sea, among the frowning rocks,
They sat in converse, while the aged priest
Led Justin's spirit onward thro' the gloom
Of vain philosophies, as one who guides
An Alpine traveller up some dizzy height,
Where opening views expand at every step
Thro' lessening mist till Justin gazed at last
Upon a manger rude, and, sleeping, laid therein,
He saw the features of the Son of God.

"My Father," then cried Justin, "now my heart
Reads the bright message of my dream; I see
How vain and futile all philosophies,
But this the last which burns into my soul
With fire of love so wondrous; yet I see
How even they, with weak and tremulous hand,

Point toward the Christ and lead men up to Him.
I now descry His footsteps in dead years,
He guiding me unconscious, knowing Him not.
When first my limbs, full-grown in sinewy youth,
Felt the strong life within, my spirit glad
Moved like broad day enshrined in cloudless skies ;
No care I knew, no sorrow grieved my heart,
But all was joy, a throbbing, flowing joy.
I wandered thro' the forest and the wilds, 5/
On mountain height, above the birth of storms ;
I heard unmoved the thunder at my feet,
And tottering crags that filled abysmal depths
With shattered pinnacles, and voices dread
That made earth tremble to its central fire ;
I heard the lion's roar but felt no fear :
The many-fingered forests clapped their hands,
They breathed my life, the lions' were free as I,—
I felt all nature and myself were one,
Birds, beasts and insects, breathing flowers and trees,
And charmed life linked us in brotherhood.
I watched the rising sun from day to day
Surprise the world with glories ever new.
No clouds obscured ; the rosy hands of dawn
But lifted us to realms of joyousness
And deepening light. No thought of setting day
Saddened my heart, and in the silent eve
I saw the new sun, like a golden seed,
Hid in the crimson bosom of the old,
Full of fresh life and hope and songs of birds,
To wake the morn. The fish and I were friends ;

Their silvery shinings could no swifter pierce
The lucid depths and shallows than could I,
They were my brothers too, for they had life,
And life meant joy, and joy was brotherhood.
My comrades laughed, and called me 'king of fish,'
'Neptune, the king of fish,'—'Not so,' said I,
'Call me not king but rather friend of all!'
Thus passed the years, till one day in a wood,
As I lay dreaming by a moss-edged pool,
Whose twinkling eyes were laughing at the trees
That laughed in golden glories overhead,
While burnished beetles, green and amber-hued,
Skimmed o'er its waves, I heard a strange wild note,
Above the notes of birds, so beautiful,
It thrilled my soul, and made my pulses glow
With warmer life. The leaves were pushed aside,
And, stepping thro' the shadows, came a youth,
God-like in motion, tall and supple-limbed,
Drenched with the dappled sunlight and begirt
With skin of leopard clasped about the waist
With silver. Pendant from his neck there hung
A shell, such as Apollo found at dawn,
Sea-voiced and singing to the plaintive wind,
Careless who heard. This, when he held and struck
With skilful hand, gave forth divinest sounds,
Softer than the low humming of the bees,
And sweeter than the trill of nightingale ;
Or, stern and powerful, as his mood would change,
Like the loud voice that fills the midnight trees
And runs before the chariot of the storm,

Startling all nature, crying, 'Lo! he comes,
The Storm God comes!' or, shrill as winter winds
That wail at evening round the woodman's hut,
When close-drawn lattice and the blazing hearth
And meal well-earned make glad the hearts within
Of children and of sire. 'O youth!' I cried,
Gaining my speech at last, 'fain would I know
The art that can so charm the sense,—not birds
Or aught on earth so beautiful. Could I
But follow thee in all thy wanderings,
But hear thee play and drink my spirit's fill
Of those wild melodies, how would not joy
Grow more intense; after such wakening life
Were poor indeed, the common lot of beasts
And flowers, but man I see is higher;
(Tho' till this hour content). These strains have roused
Immortal sense within of something great;
Unutterable longings chafe the soul,
Dreams of the gods, and voices of dead years.
The liquid strains so thrilled me with their power
That, with expanded consciousness, I saw
The birth of empires, heard the rolling spheres,
Masts snapped at sea, and, in strange concourse blent,
The din of cities, cries of wasted hearts
Marshalling of steeds, ravings of fevered men;
While, over all the moaning of a sea,
And faint, a voice growing stronger, 'Is this all?'
If Music has such power, She, and not life,
Must be man's good. Oh, let me follow Thee,
Her worshipper, for She can satisfy.'

Then, with a smile like sunlight on his face,
He sang this song in answer, carelessly:

'O Soul, glad Soul, what wert thou, without song?

Morns never smiling, wilds without a tree,
A waste of voiceless twilight wide and long,
Dark rivers dying in eternal sea,
O Soul, sad Soul, *that* wert thou without song.

'O Soul, sad Soul, the rivers have to die,

Morn grows to eve, trees wither by the way,
Clouds hide the sun and tears fall from the sky,
But Music lives though earth should melt away.
O joy, glad Soul, she will not let thee die.'

"He scarce had ceased when such a pain convulsed
His features as the agony that comes
At death, and with one ringing cry he shook
An adder from his foot, then wildly fled,
With face distorted, blanched with deadly fear,
Eyes glaring madly, thro' the tangled glade,
Like some chased stag that hears the hounds behind,
Nor recks what lies before. I followed fast,
But swift as wind he fled. A river deep
And rapid flowed hard by, whose rocky sides,
Upheaven by some convulsion, frowning stood
To guard its narrow channel. There a cliff
Stretched half across the stream, and at its foot
The hurrying waters curled in many a fold
Of creamy white. Him, on the rocks I found
There lying, prostrate, racked with anguish sore,

And cold with coming death ; his foaming lips
Were bloodless, and his limbs, all stained and torn,
Writhed helplessly. I brought green moss and placed
For pillow 'neath his head, I laved his brow
And face and clotted hair, but, all in vain
I strove, for ever a wild look would come
In his dark eyes, and shade of ghastly fear.
Colder he grew, and silent, till at length
I thought him dead, and wondered, pitying him,
And his fair form so helpless on the sand,
As some white statue fallen from its niche,
Broken irreparably. A sudden thought
Flashed on my mind, the shell—the shell was there,
Still round his neck. If I could strike some sounds
Of that new power that had so swayed my soul,
What might not chance. For music should indeed,
If god of men, be master over death
And light up fire within the chilling breast.
I seized the shell and struck it : one low sound
Broke from it, dying among the cliffs and roar
Of current, soft as a child's moan in dreams.
But, ere I touched again, with a wild laugh
That made the forests ring and scared the owls
From their day sleep, and drove them hooting out
In blinding sunlight, suddenly he sprang,
Clutched with mad hands the shell and, crushing it,
Flung the white fragments in the waves below.
He saw them sink, then crying aloud, 'Tis vain,
'Tis vain, the shadow comes !' He fell back dead.
O death-cry in the roaring of the waves,

O death-cry in the stillness of the rocks,
O death-cry in the laughing of the trees,
The shadow passing by had fallen on me,
Never to rise. So thought I then. I broke
Into loud weeping thus that life should end,
In pain and loathsomeness, the fairest flower
Of nature dying unfruitful. Stygian dark
And horrors of the shades passed over me,
Cries of the Furies and the torrent's roar
Rang in my ears, and voices out of hell
Re-echoed: 'Vain, 'tis vain, the shadow comes.'
I hid the dead with moss, then turned and fled,
I cared not whither, so that I might fly
From the dark thoughts that drove me night and day
And sights of death that haunted me. All changed
The glorious world! and rapine, lust and death
Glared in each face, and blasted all but wilds
Where man was not. Then, Father, came the thought
That in that higher nature might be peace
Which music roused, but could not satisfy,
So sought I wisdom and the secret dread
Of life and death, nor knew I where to find.
I journeyed to the blazing East, and there,
In blinding simooms and a sun that scorched
League upon league of sand, I stood before
The stony monster that primeval hands,
Fraught with mad longings, shaped with giant tools
From mountain side. O passionless cold lips!
O smile of scorn! O glance of burning hate!
I placed my lips against its stony mouth,

On fire to hear, tho' hearing were to die,
The secret of the Sphinx. I heard the birth
And death of empires, heard the rolling spheres,
Masts snapped at sea, and, in strange concourse, blent
The din of cities, cries of wasted hearts,
Marshalling of steeds, ravings of fevered men,
While over all the moaning of a sea,
And faint a voice, growing stronger, 'This is all.'
And this was all ; and so I journeyed home,
Heart-sick, and with dark thoughts that gnawed my soul
As fire eats out a tree, when thunder-clouds
Darken the woods, and lightning blasts the stems,
With fruit half ripe. The unexpressed desire
For something further than the furthest star,
For something deeper than the lowest deep,
For something behind all, thro' all, in all,
Drove me to fathom all philosophy.
Thus long-time sought I God, not knowing, in fire,
In cold, in light, and, mole-like, closed my eyes,
And groped thro' nature, while the Truth I sought
Was at my door, His hand upon my latch,
And I too blind to see, for the dark shade
Of things material hung upon my sight.
O Father, I was fearful lest the truth
Should grind my soul to powder if I found ;
For what was I but man, and God, the God
Of this great universe, what should He care
For one worn heart among a myriad stars.
If I should find—what should I find, indeed,
But some great power my senses could not grasp,

A part of some vast whole I could not see,
And I no more to Him than breathing clay?
What link between the Maker and the made?
For men can draw no nourishment from stones
And things in nature save thro' beasts and flowers,
Which link the two, and so, methought, if God
Should be the God I deem Him, how can He,
The hidden force that blindly moves the world,
Soothe the fierce hunger in the soul of man
That craves for love? What sympathy between
The finite and the infinite? Life itself
Grew hard to breathe beneath eternal clouds,
No sun, no goal to cheer it. But I see
In this dear Christ the answer of my soul,
The pledge of God's great love, the link that binds
The Godhead and the manhood into one,
The undertone that makes one harmony
Of our existence, giving life and peace
And love for men where once a fruitless search
Thro' the blind forces of the universe
In weary years shut out the light of day
And dried the fount of love within the soul."

He ceased, and answered lovingly the Sage :
" Son, I perceive that now thy soul hath found
The peace it sought and in the rifted Side
A hiding place and shelter from the blast.
Now I perceive the Spirit, as at first,
Moves on the troubled waters of thy mind,
And from dark chaos bringeth light and peace.

And now in this still hour when every day
 On the dim altar lies the Son of God,
 That offering of which the prophet spake, *
 And feeds His children with their daily bread,
 Let us speak on of those high themes that lift
 The soul from out of the trammels of this life
 Up to the throne of God, and so, perchance,
 As on that country road at eventide,
 The risen One shall come with gentle voice
 And set our hearts on fire."

Thus they conversed,
 Unconscious of aught else in trance divine.
 And, as a mist rising from vale and hill
 Discloses fields, and further off the dawn
 On the broad sea, until there rolls unveiled
 The long full glory of the landscape, thus,
 As Justin sat, clearer his vision grew
 Of this new faith, until he saw the Christ
 Come towards him thro' the mists of dying creeds
 That once had shrouded Him. And thus they spake,
 And Justin learned how suffering here and sin
 Resisted were but powers to try the soul
 And forge it out more strong for this hard life,
 More bright for that hereafter, and that Christ
 Informing all the soul with His great love
 Can purge the thoughts and bend the stubborn will :
 For other creeds but touch the edge of being,

* Malachi i. 11.

But this new life breathes life into our life,
 For Christ hath trod our path before, and conquered all,
 In the cold desert and upon the Cross,
 With bleeding hands and feet.

Then, kneeling down
 Upon the cold, hard rocks, with lifted face
 Turned to the glimmering East he cried: "O God!
 Lord of innumerable worlds which move,
 Zone upon zone, thro' that thick night which hangs
 About Thy feet forever—Thou, whose voice
 From the dead earth can frame the souls of men,
 The lips that murmur praises, and the eyes
 That kindle into love—O Thou, from whom
 In the blind past flowed all the light and power
 That make creation circle round Thy throne
 Thro' all the ages—Thou, to whom alone
 All time is dead, and death is but new life
 That flows unseen thro' this great universe,
 Reframing all and springing in new forms
 More worthy Thee—O Thou, in whom all meet,
 The past, the present and the future—Thou,
 The centre of all time, the great I AM,
 Heart of eternity,—in Thee I find,
 O God, my God, the resting-place I sought,
 In Thee I find the answer of my quest,
 In Thee the satisfaction of my soul.
 I thank Thee Thou hast led me like a child
 To these sweet streams for which my soul hath longed
 Thro' all the past. And now I see anew
 How all creation, like some pyramid,

Built on a waste of ages as the sands
Of a great desert, doth on every side,
Step upon step, lead upward to Thy throne.
Inscrutable thy ways, O God, and yet
Thro' the thick clouds that hide Thy face there comes
A beam of light, the offspring of Thy love,
For in my dreams I heard a human voice
And the warm beating of a human heart
Throbbing thro' nature, and I saw far off
In the dim void the suffering face of Christ,
O Christ in God ! O God in Christ ! O God !
Pledge of the Father's love, O Fount of light !
Thine was the voice that stilled my fearful heart,
Thine was the heart that filled my soul with peace.
O Christ, the centre of humanity !
O God, the heart of this great universe !
O Christ in God ! thou linkest all to Thee
By thy torn side and bleeding hands and feet.
How can we fear, tho' long and loud the storm,
If thro' the darkness comes a human voice ;
How can we tremble, when our head is laid
Upon that breast where beats a human heart.
O Man in God, that bringest God to men !
O God in man, that liftest man to God !
Effulgence of the essence which, divine,
Without thee incommunicable were ;
Strong Light to light all mysteries, and Thou,
The perfect rest I sought through weary years
On trackless wastes—Behold, in faith and love
O God, my God, I come, I come to thee."

He ceased, and, slowly rising from his knees,
He saw the priest afar with tearful eyes,
And arms outstretched in thankfulness, and said
"I would be born again in this new faith,
My Father, by the washing of my soul
From its dark stains, for I am but a babe,
And would learn life anew." So, silent, moved
They to the shore, absorbed in thoughts too deep
For earthly speech, and silence fell awhile
Upon the earth in reverence to its God,
And sky and ocean, seemed to wait in awe.
There, by the long white ripples on the shore
The priest stooped down in that still hour, and took
A handful from the waves, the eternal sea,
That, like the love of God, flows over all,
Or height or depth, and levels all, and thus
Baptized he Justin in the Triune Name,
And on his forehead made the holy sign ;
And, as the water fell on him, the sun
Rose in full glory, and the sky grew bright,
And angels sang far off, for day had dawned
Upon the ocean and in Justin's soul.

Then spake the priest, " My son, in this calm sea
I read thy life, all stillness now and peace,
In the sweet morning 'neath the new-born day.
But, see, the wind now breaks it into waves
Which rising from their sleep, each tipped with light,
Make that long golden pathway to the sun.
So shall it be with thee : thy soul now yearns

To rest forever at the feet of Christ,
But suffering, pain and toil shall sweep across
Its stillness, and the strife of noisy tongues,
And persecution cold, and nakedness,
Shall break its surface, but each pain shall be
Bright with the love of Christ, and all thy life
Shall be a path to lead men up to Him."

So the priest parted, blessing him, and Justin
Rose from his knees and moved among all men,
And reasoned with them of the love of God
And his dear Christ, and led men up to Him
From false philosophies, until at last
His life set in the crimson of his blood
And rose in splendor near the throne of God.

CATHOLICISM.

“And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold under one shepherd.” John. x. 16.

Hast thou not seen the tints unfold,
From earth, sky, sea, and setting sun,
When all the glare of day was done,
And melt in one long stream of gold?

So down the dim-lit glades of time,
Age after age, things divers blend,
Each working for the same great end,
And in its working each sublime.

Was it in vain that Buddha taught,
Or that Mohammed lived and died?
Have they not, working side by side
In differing climes, God's purpose wrought?

O Christian sage! who lov'st thy creeds,
Think not the ropes that bind thee fast,
Like storm-tossed sailor, to the mast,
Can answer yet each brother's needs

And rail not thou at those half-known,
Who, groping thro' a darker night,
Have found perhaps a dimmer light
Than that thou sternly call'st thine own.

Would'st *thou* have spent, like them, thy youth,
Thy manhood, and thy weak old age,
In one long search thro' nature's page,
An unassisted search, for truth?

JUSTIN

Oh dream not the Almighty's powers
 Must ever work in one known way:
 Nor think those planets have no day,
 Whose suns are other suns than ours.

1882.

 HYMN.

“Behold I stand at the door and knock.”—Rev. iii. 20.

I heard a voice at midnight, and it cried,
 “O weary heart, O soul for which I died,
 Why wilt thou spurn my wounded hands and side?”

“Is there a heart more tender, more divine,
 Than that sad heart, which gave itself for thine,
 Could there be love more warm, more full than mine?”

“What other touch can still thy trembling breath?
 What other hand can hold thee after death?
 What bread so sweet to him that hungereth?”

“Warm is thy chamber, soft and warm thy bed,
 Bleak, howling winds are round the path I tread,
 The Son of man can nowhere lay His head.”

“Wilt thou not open To me? to and fro
 I wander, weary, thro’ the driving snow,
 But colder still that thou wouldst spurn me so.”

“I have a crown more bright than all that be,
 I have a kingdom wider than the sea,
 But both have I abandoned, seeking thee:”

“ Poor, weary heart, so worn and sad within,
 Oh, open to thy Friend, thy stay from sin,
 That I, with all my love, may enter in. ”

I heard a voice at midnight and I cried,
 “ O Lord, I need thy wounded hands and side—
 I need thy love,—Lord, enter and abide. ”

1882.

 LINES.

I sometimes think that had I seen Thy face
 In those old days when Thou wert with us here,
 Clothed with our flesh, a man as we are men,
 The very sight had filled my soul with grace ;
 I should have clung to Thee, and not again
 Moved from Thy side, no lurking doubt or fear
 Could drive me from so sweet a hiding-place.

So think I sometimes, and would almost pray
 That other age were chosen my faith to prove
 More near Thine own (if such a prayer might be),
 Full of Thy memories, but, no, each day
 Hath its own light, O Christ, and proofs of Thee,
 For there was one who saw Thy look of love,
 Yet, having wealth, went sorrowful away.

1884.

JUSTIN

HYMN.

Hail, sacred Feast, to weary mortals given,
 Pledge of God's love ! O Christ, we here adore
 Thee, the Slain Lamb, and Thee, the Bread from Heaven,
 Our life and peace, our joy for evermore.

Feed us, dear Lord, Thine own great love supplying
 Our lack of faith, our need of every grace ;
 Dwell in us richly, till, on Thee relying,
 We reach our home and see Thee face to face.

1884.

 "THE CROWN OF THORNS."

With each new day new cares will wait for thee,
 Trials and heart-aches, yet do thou not fear,
 But take them lovingly, and, weaving them
 Into a crown of thorns, wear and let be
 Forever on Thy head, a diadem,
 More royal than gold, the dearest token here
 Of that sad voice that whispers, "Follow me."

1884.

 RESIGNATION.

No selfish grief, no clamoring at our loss,
 Shall break the sacred stillness of the dim
 Dawn of eternity ; we leave thee here,
 Far from the winds and waves that round us toss,
 Where every pain is soothed and every fear,
 In the safe-keeping of the arms of Him,
 That saw His Mother weep beside the cross.

1884.

REQUIESCAT.

GENERAL GORDON.

O thou twice hero, hero in thy life
And in thy death—we have no power to crown
Thy nobleness, we weep thine arm in strife,—
We weep, but glory in thy life laid down.

There comes no voice from Egypt, none did stand
Beside thee fall'n ; as who the wine-press trod,
Thou wert alone ; thy face is hid in sand
And thy last moments in the ear of God.

Dying as thou didst, no stone can guard thy name.
No storied marble mark thy dust beneath ;
What need ? The whole world knows thee, speaks thy fame,
And all the world hath shuddered at thy death.

Hath shuddered,—yet the stroke that laid thee low
Shall wring men's hearts with envy, and new eyes,
Age after age, shall kindle in the glow
Of thy great life and life's self-sacrifice.

We cannot dream the days of glory passed,
That England bears no heroes in her age ;
Strong honor lives, and breathed in thee, the last
And greatest hero on her history's page.

Saint ! hero ! through the clouds of doubt that loom
O'er darkling skies, thy life hath power to bless ;
We thank thee thou hast shown us in the gloom
Once more Christ's power and childlike manliness.

"IN MEMORIAM."

THOSE KILLED IN THE NORTHWEST. 1885.

Growing to full manhood now,
 With the care lines on our brow,
 We, the youngest of the nations,
 With no childish lamentations,
 Weep, as only strong men weep,
 For the noble hearts that sleep,
 Pillowed where they fought and bled,
 The loved and lost, our glorious dead !

Toil and sorrow come with age,
 Manhood's rightful heritage,
 Toil our arms more strong shall render ;
 Sorrow make our hearts more tender,
 In the heartlessness of time ;
 Honor lays a wreath sublime—
 Deathless glory—where they bled,
 Our loved and lost, our glorious dead !

Wild the prairie grasses wave
 O'er each hero's new-made grave,
 Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us.
 But the future spreads before us
 Glorious in that sunset land—
 Nerving every heart and hand,
 Comes a brightness none can shed
 But the dead, the glorious dead !

Lay them where they fought and fell,
 Every heart shall ring their knell,

AND OTHER POEMS.

For the lessons they have taught us,
 For the glory they have brought us ;
 Tho' our hearts are sad and bowed,
 Nobleness still makes us proud,
 Proud of light their names shall shed
 In the roll-call of our dead !

Growing to full manhood now,
 With the care lines on our brow,
 We, the youngest of the nations,
 With no childish lamentations,
 Weep, as only strong men weep,
 For the noble hearts that sleep
 Where the call of duty led,
 Where the lonely prairies spread,
 Where for us they fought and bled,
 Our loved, our lost, our glorious dead !

1885.

 BRITISH WAR SONG.

MARCH, 1885.

“Wars and rumors of wars”—the clouds lower over the sea,
 And a man must now be a man, if ever a man can be ;
 “Wars and rumors of wars”—a cry from the flaming East,
 For the vultures are gathered together, and the lions roar over
 the feast.

War ! Shall we flinch ! Shall we tremble ! Shall we shrink like
 cowards from the fray,—
 Better all Britons were dead than their glory passed away ;

The clouds may be dark and lowering, the storm may be loud
and long,
But the hearts of our men are true, and the arms of our men
are strong.

From the thousand years of glory, from the grave of heroes
gone,
Comes a voice on the breath of the storm and a power to spur
us on :

A man must now be a man, and every man be true,
For the grave that covers our glory shall cover each Briton too.

THE POET'S SONG.

I hid in the world and sang,
And I sang so loud and long
That all the ages rang
With the echoes of my song.

I sang of the earth and sky,
I sang of the whispering seas,
I sang of the mountains high,
And I sang of the flowers and trees

I sang of the early spring,
I sang of the dawning day,
I sang, for I had to sing
As the young lambs have to play,

Till heaven and earth were ringing,
And all the people heard,
And they said, " We love his singing
For his song is the song of the bird."

AND OTHER POEMS.

ESTRANGEMENT.

Do you remember how, one autumn night,
 We sat upon the rocks and watched the sea
 In dreamlike silence, while the moonlight fell
 On you and me?

How, as we lingered musing, side by side,
 A cold, white mist crept down and hid the sea
 And dimmed the moon, and how the air grew chill
 Round you and me?

The mist and chill of that drear autumn night,
 When we sat silent looking on the sea,
 I often think has never passed away
 From you and me.

1882.

ON THE CLIFF.

I see the great blue ocean kiss the sky
 Far to the South, I hear the sea gulls wail
 Among the crags, while underneath the sail
 Goes swiftly by.

The sun looks down upon the twinkling sea,
 I hear the waters breaking far below,
 And all is joyous, save the cloud of woe
 That hangs o'er me.

The loving sky can ever kiss the sea,
 The ripple and the zephyr never part,
 Then why—oh, why—should thy sweet loving heart
 Be torn from me?

1882.

LINES WRITTEN ON FINISHING THE LIFE OF MIL-
TON.

I closed the book, but fancied still
 I heard, like distant music roll,
 The far-off echoes in my soul
 Of his great life. I listened till,
 Entranced, I thought that I could hear
 His grand old voice amid the gloom ;
 And in the twilight-flooded room
 I almost felt that he was near,

Thou didst not die, O Milton, when
 Thy life on earth had ceased to be ;
 They *never* die who pass, like thee,
 Enriching all their brother men.
 As often, on the edge of morn,
 Lingers one star, its fellows gone,
 Thou shin'st alone, and shalt shine on,
 An age of ages yet unborn.

1882.

ISOLATION.

A SONG AT SUNSET.

There's a lonely spot in the soul of man,
 More lone than the moonless sea ;
 And a gulf, that never a bridge can span,
 'Tween him and all that be ;
 And the lips we kiss, and the eyes we love,
 And the glory of golden hair,
 Melt like the stars in the mist above
 And shed no sunlight there.

There's a weary voice in the soul of man
 That cries for the great "to be,"
 Like the moan of the worlds when time began,
 Or the wail of the wind by the sea :
 And only the fall of the faded leaf
 And the sigh of the night in the trees,
 Can utter the spirit's lonely grief
 And the sorrow that no one sees.

1882.

TOO LATE.

THE DYING MAGDALEN.

Hope? What! Hope! you say there is hope for the long-lost
 one!

Hope! when the light is out; Hope! when the oil is done;

Hope! no, no, good lady, no hope for me at least;

No home for me but the clammy grave when life has ceased.

Hope! well, there might have been hope had my mother lived,
 but then

God struck her dead, and I was left alone among men;

God knows how I loved her, and shall I never see her again!

Is there no glimpse of heaven for those who are doomed to
 pain!

Oh, cannot she come and kiss me? Oh, cannot she pray by my
 side?

As she did long ago on that terrible evening before she died;

If *she* prayed God would hear her, and perhaps—but no,

I'm too old a sinner for mercy, there is nothing for me but woe.

You say that I yet could be saved if I sorrowed for my sin,
 That the Lord is at heaven's gate to take poor sinners in ;
 God knows that I hate my sin, but yet it cannot be,
 I've so often forsaken *Him* that He *must* have forsaken me.

Nay, do not pray for me, it's only mocking at God,
 Who knows but my tired heart *still* may rest beneath the sod
 For I always loved the sunny fields and the sweet, sweet flowers,
 And longed to be pure once again like them, in my better hours

But after I first had fallen the devil opened my eyes,
 And I saw that the *world* knew my shame, and I hadn't the
 heart to rise ;

So I gave up trying to be good, and sank down lower in sin,
 Tho' the thought of poor dead mother made me always hate it
 within.

Oh many's the night that I've wandered about thro' rain and
 snow,

Wandered about in the street, and didn't know where to go ;
 And I've often stood and looked at the river, so still and black,
 And thought how everyone spurned me, but something held
 me back.

I remember how once, when I stopped, half dead, one rainy day,
 To rest on *his steps* for a moment, the servants drove me away,
 Drove me away like a dog from the door of the man for whom,
 O God ! I had given up all in this world and beyond the tomb.

But do not weep, I'm not worth it, good lady, when I am dead,
 Ha ! ha ! I'm not frightened of Death nor the devils around my bed,
 There cannot be any hell deeper nor fuller of devils and strife
 Than the hell that burns in my heart, and the fire that eats out
 life.

AND OTHER POEMS.

A MOOD.

As some great cloud upon a mountain's breast,
Hanging forever, shutteth out the sun,
Its chilly fingers twining in the trees
And blighting them, so ever one dark thought
Broods o'er my life and makes my spirit droop
Beneath its baleful shade. A demon form
Is ever at my side, whose icy touch
Freezes my warmest thoughts and makes them hang
Like dull, cold icicles about my heart.
I feel his presence 'mid my fellow-men ;
I see his image in the restless sea
That gnaws the land ; and on the towering top,
Where everything is still, amid the rocks,
Worn bald by fleeting years, I hear his tread.
I see his footsteps in the lonely wild,
Where forests ever spring and ever die ;
But, most of all, I feel him near at night,
When all the world is shrouded in the gloom
Of dreamful Sleep,—so like his brother Death ;
I see his eyeballs on the glittering sky,
I hear his laughter ringing from the stars,
That look at me and say, " O helpless worm,
Upon a world of worms, dost thou not know
The dust thou treadest in was once like thee,
And laughed its laugh, and had its time to weep,
And now lies helpless, trampled on, forgot,
Scattered upon thy tiny globe which hangs
Chained to its sun in black infinity ?
That thou—thou, too—must soon be dust again,

Forgotten, helpless, trampled on, by those
That shall come after thee ? ”

I even hear

His voice amid the voices of my friends,
Harsh, taunting me with death, and dreams of death.
And, when I gaze in rapture on the face
Of whom I love, he casts a hideous light,
That lets me see, behind the sweet, warm flesh,
The lightless skull, and o'er the rounded form
The shades of death, aye dark and darker growing,
Until the life-light melts into the night.
Oh, would that I could break the cursèd chain
That binds this monster to me, for my life
Is like some gloomy valley that lies chill
Beneath a frowning precipice. And yet
The thread of gloom is woven in my being
And I am loth to rend it, for my thoughts
Have long been shaded by it. Ever since
I first could play, I used to watch the boys,
So joyous in their sports, and saw them men,
Grown chilly-hearted in a chilly world,
Grown weary with the burden of their life,
All restless, seeking rest yet finding change ;
And then I saw the gathering shadows lower
Upon the evening of their life, and then
They merged into the dark, and all was still—
Dust under dust, forgotten by the world
In ugly loathsomeness.

The demon still

Was at my side in after years, and threw

A shade on every friendship, as a cloud
Floats past the sun and dims the flowering fields.
Oft have I wondered at the woodland stream
That dances on, through dappled-lighted woods,
O'er mossy pebbles glinting in the sun,
Like eyes of merry children round the fire,
And never seems to think that it must tread
The misty fen, where every flower grows rank
Amid the lazy ooze, and sink at last
Beneath the boundless sea. O happy they,
Who thus go laughing on from year to year,
And never know the mystery of being,
And never start and shudder at the dream
That they and all mankind are dreaming—Life,
And strive to wake, but fall back helplessly;
Who fancy sunlight, when the sky is dark,
And never know that time, like India's snake,
Enwraps us with his gaudy-colored folds
Of changing seasons, till his dread embrace
Has crushed out life; who live, and laugh, and weep,
And tread the dust of myriads under foot,
And see men die around them, yet whose life,
The demon form that stalks beside my path,
The consciousness of never-ending change,
Has never darkened, as it darkens mine,
Beneath the shadow of the wings of Death.

March, 1882.

ODE.

What boots it to be great?

To live in royal state

And feast with kings,

Since now all things

One doom await?

What boots it to be fair?

Sweet eyes and golden hair,

And youthful bloom,

Since in the tomb

All foulness there?

To live in royal state—

That is not to be great,

Sweet eyes and golden hair—

That is not to be fair.

What is it to be great?

Content with thine estate,

To serve thy God and King,

In everything—

That is it to be great.

What is it to be fair?

Sweet modesty to wear,

To keep thine honor sure

Thy bosom pure—

That is it to be fair.

Much boots it to be great,

Much boots it to be fair.

THE SKY-LARK'S MESSAGE.

LONDON, 1883.

Sweet little upturned faces,
Poor little hands and feet,
Little eyes that are careworn and anxious
From hunger and want in the street,
Hear ye that sky-lark singing
Like an angel far away ?
'Tis bringing to you a message
From the Golden Gates of day.

Ah, little know ye of the meadows,
Poor little blistered feet,
Down in the smoke of the city,
Down in the noise of the street :
But it sings of a better country
Where tired little hearts can rest,
Of a sun that shines for ever,
And the love of a Father's breast.

O poor little weary spirits,
I would that ye knew its song,
For the world is very heartless,
And your journey may be long ;
And ye need such heavenly music
To cheer you in the night,
Little hearts that are now so noble,
Little souls that are now so white.

I would that ye heard it always,
 That sweet bird's voice within,
 When the heart is sad and lonely
 In the long, long struggle with sin ;
 Till a rest comes out of the sunset
 For the laboring hands and feet
 And a silence has fallen forever
 On the noise and the dust of the street.

A QUESTION.

O ye Wise of the Earth, *are ye wise?*
 "We can tell from a bone," ye say,
 "An animal's shape and size,
 And the size and shape of its prey."—
 "For such and such joint" say ye,
 "For such and such use must be."
 When I show that since time began
 The soul hath longed for the skies,
 Ye say "Death is the end of Man."—
 O ye Wise of the Earth, *are ye wise?*

1883.

ON DARWIN'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Muse, when asked what words alone
 Were worthy tribute to his fame,
 Took up her pen, and on the stone
 Inscribed his name.

LONDON, 1883.

SONNETS.

Shakespeare.

Unseen in the great minster dome of time,
Whose shafts are centuries, its spangled roof
The vaulted universe, our master sits,
And organ-voices like a far-off chime
Roll thro' the aisles of thought. The sunlight flits
From arch to arch, and, as he sits aloof,
Kings, heroes, priests, in concourse vast, sublime,
Glances of love and cries from battle-field
His wizard power breathes on the living air.
Warm faces gleam, and pass, child, woman, man,
In the long multitude; but he, concealed,
Our bard eludes us, vainly each face we scan,
It is not he, his features are not there,
But, being thus hid, his greatness is revealed.

1885.

AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

I stood in that strange show, the other day
On Baker street, where all the famous men,
Fair dames and murderers come to life again,
With clockwork breast and face of mimic clay,
To scare the young. Thrice in the long display,
Blundering, I thought wax flesh, then, with surprise
At being deceived, I turned with cautious eyes
And took for wax all those that thronged my way.

So in this age, methinks, when in the light
 Of fuller knowledge, forms that men have reared
 And worshipped, turn to dust, too hasty youths,
 Shunning the whirlpool jaws of credulous sight,
 Rush towards a Scylla far more to be feared,
 And take for shadows all too living truths.

1885.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

'Twas afternoon in Winter, and the light,
 Sloped softly up the walls, as day was done,
 In tremulous cloud-beams, while the westering sun
 Blazoned with saints the columns opposite.
 All sounds had died away, to left and right
 Was silence, tho' I seemed to hear again
 The spirit echoes of the last Amen
 Far in the groined shadowings out of sight.
 O silence strange, so deep, so vast, profound,
 Ten ages slumber in the dust beneath,
 And yet no voice,—no voice from those who trod
 These aisles before and lie so still around,
 Oh! is it that they lose all voice in death
 Seeing what they see, and being so close to God?

1885.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

Thy glory alone, O God, be the end of all that I say,
 Let it shine in every deed, let it kindle the prayers that I
 pray,
 Let it burn in my innermost soul, till the shadow of self
 pass away,
 And the light of Thy glory, O God, be unveiled in the dawn-
 ing of day.

1885.