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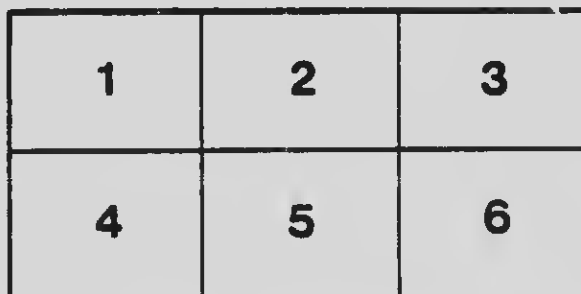
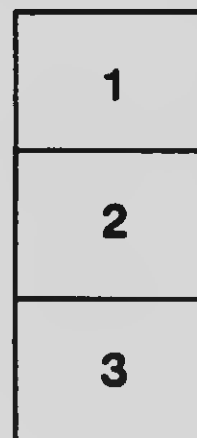
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FRONTISPIECE

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TWILIGHT LITANIES

AND

OTHER POEMS FROM THE IVORY TOWER

IN TWO BOOKS:

- I.—TWILIGHT LITANIES
- II.—STOPPED FLUTES AND UNDERTONES

With an Essay entitled: "CHRIST AS POET"

BY

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

Author of "Preludes", "Songs of the Makers of Canada",
"Insulters of Death", "The
New Apocalypse." Etc.

FOREWORD by Rev. Dr. William Foley

COVER DESIGN and FRONTISPIECE by P. E. Covey

"He walked the ways of city streets,
Rapture-led,
Such simple joys appealed
From hyway, field:—
A little child, a flower,
A quiet hour—
Star-high his head,
His prism-soul reflected living beauty—
Thus God appoints the poet-teacher's duty"

TORONTO:

Wm. Tyrrell & Co., Limited

1920

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TO
L. V. L.

Loyal Friend,
Patient Counselor,
Constant Guide,
Mild Admonisher,
Gracious Reprover,
Admirable Exemplar,

TO WHOM I, Least Deserving
Of Favor, Am Most A Debtor
For Spiritual Possessions
That Are Beyond All Price,
Ineffable, and Ineluctable.

* *

IF I had every gift of that Great Florentine
Who sang the inward loveliness of Beatrice,
So gifted, I could not achieve a single line
To hint what your still unimagined beauty is.

NO right of Art have I to sing the Litany
Of your clear spirit's fleckless, unexampled graces;
But I stand chiefest Witness of their potency
To draw men gladly unto God's white temple-places.

TO your weak-winged, low-flighted Poet, then, be kind!—
Mark his high theme; ignore the poor artificer;
And in this volume, for its casket, see enshrined
A Gift of Self from your devoted homager!

L'ENVOI

DEAR FRIEND, I could not give you any goodlier thing,
If you were Queen of all the Earth—and I were King!

—J. D. L.



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FOREWORD

By Rev. Dr. William Foley,
Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

WE take much pleasure in hoping that this book of Poems will sing its way into the hearts and minds of many readers.

Every true poet who is conscious of his responsibility and aware that his fire-touched lips must make poetic art subservient to spiritual life, is a Teacher. And he is also a factor in the formation of both individual and national character.

This book is another proof that Dr. Logan is not only in the forefront of Canadian men-of-letters, giving generously of his stores of ripened genius, but also is a teacher, guiding us to the domain of Beauty and Truth. The book is both solace and refreshment. The lines, with their tenderness, vigor, and color, echo the lesson that has been taught through the ages—that we must lose ourselves to save our souls:—a lesson not much heeded by the versifiers who wander among the dank growths of low ideas, but one that has given enduring value to English literature.

Men now, as in times past, seek the Holy Grail, and find that only eyes which mirror the purity and grace of unsullied hearts are privileged to see it. Despite cynicism and pessimism that appraise life by the standard of selfishness and amusement, the Ideal of Divine Beauty has still a potency of attraction; and, purging civilization of the sordid, invests it still with saving dignity.

These poems are rooted in realities,—neither mere exhibitions of prosody, nor jingling imitations, but truths garbed in pictorial beauty. A superb specimen of good craftsmanship and sane thinking, the book is a notable contribution to our national literature.

WM. FOLEY



PREFACE

THE book in hand is the fifth volume of verse that I have published. The first of these books ("Preludes") was a trying out of my poetical wings; the second ("Songs of the Makers of Canada") was a sounding of the national note—and, as a London (England) reviewer said by way of compliment, "Dr. Logan is the first of the later Canadian poets who does not throw Kipling in our faces"; the third and fourth books ("Insulters of Death," and "The New Apocalypse") were devoted to signaling the spiritual values of the late war. None of these, except the poem "Timor Mortis" (in the first book of war verse) which declared a profound change in my metaphysic of Idealistic Monism, and the title poem, "The New Apocalypse," of the second volume of war verse, was at all significant. The poems in all of them might critically be appreciated as respectable magazine verse.

The volume in hand, however, is significant; if not as poetry, then, indeed, as spiritual history. The verse in the book divides into two "books" (I—"Twilight Litanies." II—"Stopped Flutes and Undertones.") and has for a theme the Loss of Religious Faith, and the Restoration of Faith, through Spiritual, or, as I prefer to call it, Mystical Love. On the nature and morally dynamic value of Mystical Love in relation to Poetry, I have something special to say.

My real Alma Mater was the literatures of the ancient Greeks and the ancient Gaels (Irish). My chief teachers were, as Cicero calls them, *dei philosophorum*, Plato and Aristotle. From the *Republic* of Plato and the *Poetics* of Aristotle I learned that *poetry* is essentially a *metaphysical* function. In the popular view of modern races, and in the view of the philosophical Teuton and Sassunach, poetry is a function of play; or a pastime. In the view of the modern man and the school philosophers, metaphysics is the negation of poetry. In the view of the ancient Greek and the ancient Kelt or Gael, pure poetry is the highest metaphysical function, because, first, the ultimate object of both poetry and metaphysics is Reality, and because, secondly, poetry is the pro-

foundest and most beautiful apprehension of Reality—imaginatively expressed in human speech. The indubitable truth is: we all are metaphysicians when we function on the universe with the faculty of abstract thought; we all are poets when we function on the same universe with the heart and the imagination; and our vocabulary for the one differs from that for the other precisely as the geometrical formula "the square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle—the sum of the squares on the other two sides" differs from the apocalyptic splendors of a summer sunset. If, then, in technical prose writings the metaphysician uses difficult scientific terms (which, after all, are only Latinized slang) to express his *conception* of the universe and to *describe*, according to short-hand formulae, the *behavior* of the universe of mind and matter, is he thus naturally or inevitably debarred from using, if he have the gifts, socialized and beautiful imagery, form, color, and verbal music to express his imaginative and spiritual *sense of divinity* everywhere and in all things in the inner and outer world, and thereby to *refresh, solace, sustain, and exalt the soul of man, which in essence is of the Soul of the universe*? Did not Cleanthes, a pantheist, in his "Hymn to Zeus", write pure poetry; and did not Lucretius, a materialist, in his "De Rerum Natura" accomplish the loveliest hexameters in Latin literature? Recall, too, the moral and religious burden of Dante's exalting cantos in his "Divine Comedy"; and that great Song of Sorrow wherein Tennyson, in our own day, commingled entrancingly science and religion, faith and love, death terrene and life everlasting. On the other hand, consider that assiduous clergyman, Edward Young, who in his "Night Thoughts", despite their verbal religious sublimation, accomplished very doubtful poetry. Imaginative Vision of metaphysical Reality and Artistic Treatment of theme—imagery, form, color, music: these first go to the making of indubitable and ineluctable poetry.

Let us now observe the deeper relations of love and poetry and metaphysics. The three have their seat and inspiration in the deepest function of our nature, namely, in the idealizing faculty or imagination. The greatest thing in the world is love, because its ultimate object is the Heart of the Universe—Immortal Love or the Deity. The loving faculty, that it might *feel at home* in the world, first peopled the universe with spiritual presences—with divinity. If we

stifle the faculty of love, we kill not only poetry as a mere mundane exercise, but also the very soul of religion. For religion is only a natural lively sense and acknowledgment of divinity in the world; and pure poetry is only the emotional expression in rhythmic form of the supreme reality and power of the religious ideal. The poetic faculty reasserts perennially against all rationalism, doubt, or cavil, the supremacy of spirit everywhere—in the heart of man and in external nature. Kill the poetic imagination, which is the faculty of love, and we kill Immortal Love itself, which is God. Cultivate and sustain the faculty of love, and we transform a world of brute matter in motion into the fair, green Garden of the Eternal Spirit.

Now, Plato and Aristotle taught me that Poetry, whenever it is not mere verse-making, or somorous rhetoric, or verbal luxury for the sake of choice sensation, is pure Ecstasy of the Spirit. The noblest ecstasy is excited by the perception of Spiritual Beauty in another. Spiritual, or Mystical, Love is the poignant longing for the companionship of the person in whom is incarnate the tri-unity of Inward Loveliness, Goodness and Truth, which we distinguish as the Beauty of Holiness. This person may be human, or divine. In either case, Spiritual Love becomes a Creative Power and a Saving Grace. The Poetry that expresses the vision and the love of the Ideal Person as an inspiration to holiness, and also the Lover's patient realization of holiness and his loyalty to the Ideal, is religious ecstasy. Blessed is the Poet to whom God has vouchsafed the gift of the Vision and Love of Holiness; for he shall be saved; and though his verses perish, as indeed they will, yet will the Wings of his Great Longing transport him to the Heavenly demesne, and he shall see God, who is Immortal Love, and the beauty of Holiness in all its ineffable glory.

The book of verse in hand—"Twilight Litanies"—is both a proof of such an exalting experience, and a memorial to it and to the redemptive or saving grace of mystical or spiritual love. It is of no logical import whether the object of the mystical love be human or divine, or an Ideal, that is, an imaginative concretion of human and divine attributes in a real or conceived person, the book in hand is a spiritual history of ineffable experiences, expressed in imagery, color, music and form, to the best of the author's ability, in obedience

to Plato's conception of the poetic function, to the author's conscience, and the intrinsic beauty and dignity of the inspiring subject.

How unworthily of my function I have wrought, I am signally conscious. If, however, I had fancied that I had absolute poetic genius, that I could write absolute poetry, and if I had so aimed to write, I should deserve, for my arrogance, the most scathing criticism. Therefore, I refer all critics, friendly, impertinent, or rancorous, to my "Postlude" (last page of verse) for their pragmatic, though not aesthetic, standard of judgment as regards my attitude both to my gifts in versification and to the worth of the verse itself. The truth is that the book in hand has an implied *pedagogical* aim. The people of my homeland (Nova Scotia) are chiefly of Gaelic origin (Irish, or Highland Scots), and the land itself is almost as lovely in natural magic as the green Isle of Erin and in the majesty and mystery of earth as Scotland. Now the Gael is a poet by nature. For a quarter of a century I have been calling to the young Gaels in my homeland, which is by nature the home of poets, to realize their spiritual birthright, but I have called unavailingly. What I say to them is a sort of *a fortiori* argument. Frankly but modestly I say:—"If I, who am by temperament and practice a professional metaphysician (in the ordinary narrow sense of the term), can achieve a respectable body of verse, how much more (*a fortiori*) should you young Gaels, who are, by gift of racial genius and by dwelling in a land which inspires poetry, fitted to be natural poets—how much more should you become authentic poets. Your country has natural magic, the beauty and majesty of earth, and it has, besides, unequalled romance of event and character and democratic civilization. These form the inspiration and materials of poetry. Therefore, observe, feel, cultivate your natural imaginative genius, practice assiduously the technic of versification, and write with a conscience and an aim". The chief fault of Canadian poets in general, I may note in passing, is a lack of the artistic conscience. They "turn off" verses, and immediately rush them into print. They will not take the time to select the inevitable word, the unique image, the best form of rhythmical structure and flow. But on all these things I shall remark no more.

According to my custom, I include in the book in hand

an essay ("Christ as Poet"). Frankly I say that those who do not care for the verse in the book, may find some instruction or entertainment in the essay.

I am indebted for my "Foreword" to Rev. Dr. William Foley, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, Nova Scotia. The imprimatur of his fine mind and warm heart is high warrant for the publication of the verses in this book. I am quite unworthy of his compliments. Notwithstanding my unworthiness, his imprimatur is a notable reward, and in itself an added spiritual distinction that enhances the literary contents as such.

To my compatriot, Mr. Percy E. Covey, I am indebted for the beautiful mystical cover design, the Holy Grail and its Light which compelled, and still compels, the Knights of the Spirit unto the never-ending Ideal Adventure, and also for the lovely frontispiece. Mr. Covey's art is itself a finer poetry than the verses which his cover design and frontispiece enhance. He is a true artist and I am proud to have him as an associate in the finer things of the Spirit.

Halifax, N. S., September 30, 1920.

J. D. LOGAN



BOOK I.
TWILIGHT LITANIES

PRELUDE

LAUREL

To a Patron and Lover of Minor Poets.

*QUODSI me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*—Hor: Ode 1; Bk. I.

COULD I sound such clear master-chords as you send
cadencing
From your sphered harp, I'd gain the world's most precious
guerdoning.
Vain thought! Yet since you count me Poet, naught my
prospect mars;
And laurelled with your praise, my lyric brows shine as the
stars!

**For G. S. L.

CHRISTOBEL

A Trifoliate Coronal of Sonnets
To the Ideal Incarnate.

IN VAIN I strive to frame fit Litany
Of all the Wonder that you wake and are:
The exquisite image fails from earth and sea
And sinless shining of the chastest star.
The rose-shot dawns that rouse the birds to sing,
The amethystine twilights that warm the dew,
The sun-laced lawns, and every lovely thing,
Are only mean and meagre hints of you.
I can but simply name you — "Christobel,
Flower and Beauty of Christ" — within a phrase
Adventuring my parvitude to tell
The wonder of your matchless mind and ways,
And how this life for me is paradised
By you whom I have crowned and canonised.

II

BEHOLDING your rapt Otherworldliness,
I have discovered that you are to me
As secret vesperal remembrances
Of Christ's dear, human, holy radiancy:
I glimpse you gleaming on the Hills of Light,
Triumphant on the Pinnacles of Prayer,
But where you move serene, divinely white,
I hardly ever hope at last to fare.
So I have raised your Altar in my heart,
And have prepared my lyric liturgy
With which to celebrate alone, apart,
Your sweet grave beauty and its mystery;
And I will be in all things, great and least,
Forever your rejoicing, patient priest.

III

IN CLOISTERED inward times of wistful dreams
I've seen a silver ship, swift as a dove,
Speed past the Sunroads to the Land where streams
The River of Immortal Life and Love.
Some hour you'll board that ship and sail away
To walk the lawns which Christ's Most Radiant tr. . .
Yet when He wills for you that fated day,
I'll neither sink nor be disquieted.
Nay, I will cleave to my remembered light
Of you, and keep my soul — till Christ shall send
His star-prowed barque to bear me past the night
To you and all the blest unending end.
Oh, then what bliss, when I, Love's Prodigal,
Achieve you on the Heavenly Littoral!

**For M. G. A.

CONSECRATION

NOT ONE of all Earth's wise, or strong, or great
Do I desire for my soul's avatar —
Not Sage, or Soldier, Prince, or Potentate
Is now, or shall be, my life's rapture-star.

Unmarked, uncrowned, within an olden town,
A Little Valiant Lady shyly goes
Where speech is strident, and the sun blinks down
On homes that never saw a star or rose.

Sweet-faced is she, with Mary's modest mien,
And in her heart abides not any fear;
Rude men desist from brawls when she is seen,
And hardened women melt when she comes near.

She knocks at doors the city warder shuns;
And when, gift-laden, she has entered there,
Her words are wine to suffering little ones,
Her gifts seem answers to unproffered prayer.

And she wins men from sin and selfishness —
Constraining them to love of Christ and kind —
By sweet example of pure deeds that bless,
And rare revelation of the Christlike mind.

And once Christ sent her to a sordid street,
And, seeing, I repented my soul's state;
But she knows not with how devoted feet
I walk her ways — and worship at her gate.

Oh, never a day henceforth shall pass for me —
Until I go to my low lethal place —
But my life's rapture-visions star shall be
The Little Valiant Lady, with Mary's face.

**For C. L. L.

MY POET

To Donna Innominata.

WHEN Time arrests the rush of Day,
And Eventide brings sweet release
From toil, ineffable the happiness and peace
That bide for me:
For then I haste away
To meet with earth's invisible choice company.
Soon as I'm cloistered with my books
The Poets hail me from their hiding nooks,
And with a winningly constraining grace
Admit me to a humble place
Amid the Lyric Choir,
And on their poet-pinions lift me heaven-higher.

I

The Old Blind Bard of Chios wins me joy
With heroes' clash, and crash of battle, on the plains of Troy.
In all the tragic lines of Aeschylus reverberate
The awful tones of God, far-thundering the sinner's fate.
I hear the nightingales of Sophocles
Chant of the Night of Life; and sad Euripides
Release, on winds of beauty,
The minor music of Woman's Love in dread conflict with Duty.
Or with Theocritus I move to meads and groves Sicilian
And hear young shepherds fluting with the sylvan pipes of Pan.
Soon breaks the voice of one whose heart I know too well —
The Florentine whose feet had trod the searing ways of Hell,
Ere he found Heaven in the bitter bliss
Of Love for his true spirit's bride, immortal Beatrice.
Next, England's mighty Master of the Tragic Company
Declaims the diapason of man's guilt-wrought destiny.

Now Burns lilt forth his simple, sensuous lays
Of Love's sweet ecstasies, of Life's unequal ways.
The lark-voiced Shelley beats his lyric wings
Upon the void of his impossible high imaginings.
Last, Alfred Laureate recounts in beauteous song
How Lancelot led gentle Guinevere to secret wrong.

II

Within that happy sanctuary
Another poet, unknown and nameless, sings to me
A music lovelier than issues from earth's Greater Choir —
A music answering my inmost being's ultimate desire:
When wakes the morn *My Poet* chanteth clear
The sweetest matins of Good Cheer;
And when the night encircles round
I hear *My Poet's* voice resound
Like silver vesper bell's upon the stilly air,
Recalling me from world-distractions unto evening prayer.
Of all God's goodliest gifts to me, first do I choose
MY Poet's dear, serene, and sunny Muse!

**For D. C. D.

A NEWS-LETTER FOR AN ABSENT POET

TO JOYCE KILMER:

Lately God's Singing Soldier on Earth,
Now a Lyric Knight in Our Lady's Choir Invisible,
C/of Riley, Field & Co.,
Poets' Lane,
Garden City,

PARADISE.

DEAR Vanished Lyrist of life's humaner things:—
One of those sad half-poets — you know the kind —
Is spilling verselets round in which he libelously sings
That you are dead!
But all your friends here have opined
That you, belike, have spirited
Yourself away
To spend a happy holiday
With Riley, Field, and all the other Singing Boys who tread
The lanes and lawns of Paradise:
Your absence gives your friends no grave, disquieting sur-
prise;
They're confident of their surmise
That you've gone on ahead
Of them, and that they'll overtake you — in a little while.
Besides, you are not wholly gone away;
For I have heard the Lyric Lads this side of Heaven say
That in the volumes which you left behind —
The dear memorials of your fellow-loving heart and happy
mind —
Your brave, companionable spirit clearly shows,
And every word upon the pages glows
With your infectious smile.

I have some news for you, which this brief note conveys,
And which you'll much enjoy while reading it upon the
unseen ways:—

There is a winsome lady, a poet-friend of mine —
The gentle daughter of a vanished soldier, too —
And she speaks well of you:
She reads, entranced, your tender songs — repeats them line
by line,
But most admires your picture-poem, "A Blue Valentine."
Now, this fair lady I sometimes meet
At her home on Reginae Via — which is my "Main Street;"
Her soul, good poet, I would have you know,
Is whiter, purer than fresh-falling snow;
And sapphire-blue are her two eyes —
Translucent dainty orbs dropped from cerulean skies,
And set within a face, sweet and serene:—
And on her finger is a ring, empearled and sapphirine.
But you'll rejoice the more when I confess
This secret — just between us two —
That this rare lady sometimes wears a gown of blue;
And when she dons this fetching dress,
She is unparagoned for human loveliness.

**For A. S. D.

SHIPS OF PEARL

A Twilight Revery Before a Portrait.

MY THOUGHTS are little ships of pearl —
Moonbeams for masts, star-gleams for sails:
And one by one they bear me far —
To windless ports whose cool, pellucid waters curl
Along the shores that fringe the paradisal vales
On irised islands where God's Gardens are.

Upon what strange and constant quest
Sail forth my shining pearl-keeled ships
That bear me north and south, and east and west ? —
I know that in God's paradisal places
The flowers that grow are as my Love's most winsome graces:
The fairest lilies there I'll find,
Immaculate symbol of my Love's chaste mind;
And roses red that match her sweet rubescent lips,
And marigolds that emulate her dusk-gold hair,
And violets, blue as her eyes which are the lair
Of unalloyed content
And thoughts that holy are, and innocent!

So when I look, as now, upon my Love's reflected face,
Enshrined within its secret templed place,
I send my magic argosies,
Swift-borne by every dream-stirred breeze,
To faery-gardens on God's paradisal isles
Where I, with Beauty's self, haunt Beauty's daintiest bowers,
And pluck, for sweet remembrance, all the flowers
Of my Love's graces, deeds, and thoughts, and smiles.

O Little Thought-pearled Ships,
Here by my Love's dear shrine, with only God to be
The witness of my soul's eternal loyalty,
I, who forever am denied her living lips,
Before her imaged form in new-pledged fealty bow,
And press my pure, devoted kiss upon the stainless brow.

**B. B. C.

MY STAR

SOME DAY — in God's good time, I know —
The 'call' will come, and you will go
Upon the far, inevitable journey — Oh! some day
Quietly and smiling 'Farewell!' you'll slip away:
And friends, remembering the sweet, constraining grace
Of all your thoughts and constant charities, will say:—
'What human loveliness of priceless worth
'Has passed, and left this turmoiled earth
'For us a lornlier sojourning-place!
'Alas, O World!' these earth-illusioned ones will cry —
'If whom humanity most needs, must be the first to die!'
And I, too, being humankind, shall weep
With them — yet I shall keep
Within my soul a secret solace, and be content
To wait my 'call' to go the way you went.

Oh, I shall have you always closely near!—
In little children's laughter I shall hear
Your voice; on tortured features wherein others only trace
Unsightly lineaments, I'll see the glory of your saintly face;
Or where red roses bloom, I'll scent your presence there,
Pervasive as church incense, and holy as a prayer;
And every lily, immaculately white,
Shall be your spirit transfigured on my inward sight;
And even when I tread dear byways that your feet once
went,
Of you the very dust shall vocal be, and eloquent!

So shall I wait — nor fear Time's mortalest shocks,
Surmising sure Death's deepest, darkest Paradox:—
When you shall die, you will not pass into eternal Night;
You will but journey to the chastest stars — to light
My way, till I, in God's good time, mount up to shine near
you who are

My Morning and my Evening Star!

**For M. G. A.

FACES

To Theodora of the Secret Shrine.

GOD fashioned a vision-face for only me —
Ovalled with the same soft loveliness of linear grace,
And sweetly lightened with the same serenity
And same Godhood benignity
That frame and sanctify Madonna's mild, divinely-patient
face.

THEODORA — Gift of God! — so I apostrophize
The angel-visitant that greets me first soon as the Morn's
shy light
Lifts up the lids that gently canopy mine eyes,
That hourly counsels and sustains me through each rude,
assoiling day,
And mantles me with peaceful benediction when I lay
Me down for dreamless slumber in the night.

Oh, it were sacrilege in me — unpardonable imagining —
Should I think, even for a twinkling, to compare
My Lady's vision-face with others that all men have held
most fair!—
More sweetly-winning than was Esther's to her great, im-
perious King,
My Lady's face inpels my will to instant love of every holy
thing;
Aspasia woke in Pericles his splendid empire-dreams,
My Lady's face begets in me the highest beatific gleams;
If Portia was the strength and stay of Brutus in despair,
My Lady's face makes me as valiant as St. Michael over
Lucifer;
All inspiration Dante drew from sight and memory of his
Beatrice,
My Lady's face inspires me wholly, too,—and brings me utter
bliss.

A solace, guide, support, and refuge — and my life's constant
star,
My Lady's face is lovelier than all other lovely things that are!
Yet all my epithets and reverences are but vainly told,
And far too falteringly and faultily unfold
The meaning of that angel vision-face
God fashioned secretly for only me —
Its beauty, thrall, and potency
And all its unction and its spirit-purifying grace.
But this I know — the face God fashioned secretly for me
Is most like that of Mary when I kneel before her sanctuary!

**For L. V. L.

POUR LA CROIX ET TOI

A Prayer for Prayer.

I DO not ask for any gift of love,
Nor long-desired requiting glance or smile:
I only plead that when you kneel awhile,
You keep for me a sure remembered place
In your pure prayers, and send my name above
For Christ's sweet pardon and transmuting grace.
Were I vouchsafed an earthly Advocate
So nobly eloquent and consecrate,
I could not outcast be, nor yet forsaken:
But all my days flame-freaked with irised dawns should
waken.

I strive far from the shining pinnacle
Of your sheer standards of the good and right,
Unfit to be your lowliest acolyte!
Yet humbly thus to serve I fain aspire —
I who too oft aspired, and too oft fell
Below my soul's most ultimate desire.
Oh, promise me a part in your pure prayers:
So shall I mount on them, as altar-stairs,
To where you stand, by holy living called,
And reach your side — some day — redeemed and coronaed!

**For L. E. de M.

THE CHERUBS' HYMN

A Litany in Honor of "Notre Petite Soeur
Des Enfants Pauvres," and Commemorating
the Anniversary of Her Nativity.

LO, in the volume of God's Saints on Earth —
Gold-casketed on Heaven's Ivory Throne —
Are writ in starry script the times of birth
Of whom God loveth as His dearest own.

The Golden Book is pleasing to Christ's sight,
And oft His Mother, wistful, peepeth in;
But most the cherubim drink sweet delight
From names the Holy Clerk hath writ therein.

The Saints hail those in whitest radiancy,
The Martyrs, those in carmine amulet;
But all the cherubs laugh in holy glee
And hymn a name : starry sapphires set.

The Angels hark with wondering surprise
That Heaven's Halls so strangely thus should ring;
But Christ smiles sweet into His Mother's eyes
To hear the theme the choiring cherubs sing:—

" *HAIL dear returned Nativity
Of her whose hours are shyly spent
In deeds of patient charity
And ministries benevolent!*

" *She walks, unseen, drear city ways —
Christ's Sister of the hopeless poor:
She brings them gifts to make their days
Less squalid, lonely, and obscure.*

" *A Stoff is she to fallering feet,
Heals broken hearts with ready balm:
A tender Shepherdess, and fleet,
She seeks and succors Christ's lost lambs.*

" *Where little children lonely lie
In pain, or miss maternal care,
Her hands soothe like a lullaby,
Her voice stills like a vesper prayer.*

" *Sad Magdalens who contemplate
Her lilies of chaste womanhood,
Cry: ' Mary, Mother Immaculate,
' Help me to gain Christ's Saving Rood!*

" *And men who mark her free largess
To poor and ill and sad and spent,
Resolve to win their happiness
By gifts as free and kindly sent.*

" *So treads she squalid city parts,
Sweet with her winsome sanctity:
Her love is light to darkened hearts,
Her deeds a holy litany;*

" *Her thoughts are chaste, her mien demure,
Her speech is gentle and refined,
In graces virginal and pure
She is Exemplar to her kind."*

Thus sang the cherubim in clear acclaim,
Before the Heavenly Congregation, met
For her returned Nativity whose name
Within the Book in sapphire stars is set.

**For L. O. R.

COMPANIONS THREE

A Revery at Vesper Chime. To G. C.

FAR from my sight, friend of my dearest friend,
I am companioned by you day by day:
For you've a vicar here with whom I spend
Communing hours, and she delights to say:—

' Within a far-off town a lady dwells;
' Her graces winsome are, and manifold;
' Her face is Beauty's self; her eyes, love-wells;
' Her mind and heart the rarest fancies hold.

' But most she wins by angel offices:
' She spreads her bounties freely everywhere:
' She is unmatched in lovingkindnesses —
' The unexpected answer to a prayer.

' Life's simpler joys to her are heaven-sent —
' God's cool green woods invite to sweet retreat:
' The vaulted blue above; below, content
' That comes of kinship shared with all that's meet.'

Your vicar smiles at me while she recites
Your virtues — till I'm quite beneath her spell;
And when I look at *her* in the half-lights,
I see *you* sitting there, all smiles, as well.

L'ENVOI

DEAR FRIEND, sojourning in a far-off place,
You'll surely understand now why I say:
' Although I do not meet you face to face,
' I am companioned by you day by day.'

**For G. and L.

THE JOY-MAKER

A Lyric of the Spirit Radiant. To A.

EARTH smiled to read your happy horoscope,
Prophetic of the sprightly soul to be,
And all the elfs of Gladness and of Hope
Danced merry rounds at your nativity.

With which one of the Graces you're most seen,
Or which one on you constantly attends,
I cannot say; for I must choose between
Good Cheer, and Love, and Loyalty to Friends.

Your wit and smiles dispel the frowns of Care;
Your loving services charm ills away:
Oh, what a radiant face the world will wear,
With you, Dear Friend, to cheer us day by day.

For A. E. M.

ST. THERESA'S BOOK-MARK

A Rhymed Paraphrase, Written in a Copy of Father
Lasance's 'Manual.'

O CHRISTIAN, still thy soul — let not
The spectacle of sin, the sound of mourning
Perturb thee, or affright thee. For our human lot
On earth is but a portion of the everlasting Whole,
And all our temporal days are but a brief sojourning
Along the rude roadway of Time that has its goal
Upon the paradises of Eternity.
But let these holier thoughts at all times solace thee:—
Although the way be dark and rude,
Yet all things pass and change; but God alone
Remains immutable; and He is good,
And His love will atone
For all thy tribulations, and will supply thee strength.
So stay thyself on Him when thou art tried;
He will be always at thy side,
And thou shalt neither faint nor fear, but see at length
That this Life's good and evil but foreran
The consummation of Love's perfect plan.

**For L. E. de M.

A ROSARY OF RENUNCIATION

A Quatrain, Written in a Copy of Father Tabb's
Poems.

I HAVE a Rosary no other can possess —
Its beads are Prayers to Love's renouncing eyes.
I count them over when I ask the Christ to bless
And guerdon me with Virtue's lonely prize.

****For C. C. C.**

DISCOVERY

(With Riley in Tir-nan-og)

PIPER on reeds more sweet than those of Pan,
Singer of youth, and joy, and jollity,
With you I went to Tir-nan-og — a Man,
And found again ' the eternal Boy ' in me!

**For L. O. R.

TO A SHY POET

AS SWEETEST flowers which no delighted eyes behold,
Parade their fair and fragrant forms to a vain end;
So rarest thoughts which fairest minds in secret fold,
Live to themselves, unblest, till they are fitly penned.

Disclose, shy poet, the nature-gleams that haunt your mind,
Make vocal all the ecstasies that wake your heart,
So will you paint earth-wit^heries still undivined,
And sing new songs more sweet than those yet born of art!

**For F. O. G.

THE MUSIC-MAKER

To a Friend of Little Children.

An Epistle in Verse to Farmer Smith (*pseud.*), President of the Rainbow Club, Philopaidist, Publicist, Essayist, and Poet, and Author of "Rainbow Chats in Prose and Rhyme," "Sir Always Glad: Knight of the Golden Pot", "Rambles in Sunnyvale", "Cheerups for Cherubs", etc. The Epistle contains a Postscript to Farmer Smith from the Children's Poet, James W. Riley, formerly of Indiana, but now of Heaven, in which he says that to put joy and laughter into the hearts of little children is to be God's best music-maker.

DEAR Farmer Smith,—

HERE'S news for you that's hard to be believed:
It's good news, too — in fact, I've just received
A letter from our friend Jim Riley, and
He sends regards to all your Rainbow Band.
He writes: 'I've lots of chums where I'm now staying —
'Bright, white-faced angels, singing, dancing, playing
'All the time upon
'God's shining Heavenly lawn.'

Then Jim subscribes this kind P. S.:

'To my best Friend on Earth, F. S., —
'What sweeter music, Farmer, can there be
'Than little children's laughter, children's glee?
'I'm proud to state that many a girl and boy
'Enthroned you as their Fairy Prince of Joy.
'A Farmer, you? — You Fakir!
'You're God's best Music-maker.'

Now, wasn't it nice of Jim to write on your birthday,
To let us know that he's not dead — but just away!

**For L. O. R.

RAINBOW ROW IN HEAVEN

Verses for Children.

THERE'S a very wise man — an astronomer —
Who delights to say: ' Let me tell you, kind sir,
' Of the worlds I discovered, the unseen stars,
' In the infinite leagues that lie beyond Mars.'

So I listen, entranced, till he has his say
About Luna and Mars and the Milky Way,
And the greater glories of still farther lands
That are found with telescopes made by hands.

All the while I have gleams — which I secretly keep —
Of a land into which no lenses may peep —
An invisible land that glistens more clear
Than the starriest rays from the starriest sphere.

And often in spirit to that land I wend,
To meet there with many a dear little friend;
And I find them, all radiant, as I should know,
In the corner of Heaven, called Rainbow Row.

Oh, how sweetly they smile, how clearly they raise
Their glad childish voices in holiest praise;
And the Christ beams His love; the Angels admire
The hozannas that ring from God's Rainbow Choir.

Many friends have I now who passed to Christ's side,
But I miss most the dear little friends who died;
Yet often we'll meet when in spirit I go
To the corner of Heaven, called Rainbow Row.

**For F. S.

THE QUEST

(Before Watts' Painting, "Sir Galahad.")

THY wistful gaze, O silver-armored Knight,
Is fixed upon the far-seen scarlet light
That gleams above the earthly pale —
The crimson blazon of the Holy Grail.
Thy vision and thy quest can never be my part
(Christ's Grail appears but to the wholly pure in heart).
Yet I, too, have a quest, most high and mystical —
To reach the King within the City Celestial.
The way is long and dark, the heights are cragged and sheer;
And stumblingly I move, oft fall, oft faint from fear;
But ever is my yearning, striving spirit sustained
By faith, Christ's promise, and the prayers of one who gained
The Great Appointment with the Lord of Life for me;
And these my constant comfort and my strength will be
Until — I trust — at last achieving, I shall stand
Before my King; and Christ take my unworthy hand,
And, smiling His compassionate, assuring grace,
Draw me unto my undeserved apportioned place
Within the Heavenly company — where I may humbly hail
The shining, white-souled Knights who found the Holy Grail.

****For M. G. A.**

DULCE PRAESIDIUM ANIMAE

I HAVE a consecrated rendezvous,
High-alcoved from the rude world's impious view,
Where never sensual disquietude, or even breath of sin,
Can enter in:
— A little closeted retreat it is,
And on its walls glow graven Images
Of Christ, the inseparable strong Brother,
And Blessed Mary, the comforting, mild Mother,
And Militant Saint Michael, the Christian warrior's paragon,
Terrible with his great sword and flaming morion.
Before the effigies of these most holy three,
In that calm, cloistered place,
I am vouchsafed sustaining grace,
Immeasurable and free.

I
When beats the sun of passion on my head
That went too confidently forth, too weakly helmeted,
I creep back, broken, from the fierce Satanic trials,
To my home-cloister, peaceful and soul-stilling as cathedral
aisles,
And there before Christ's effigy I kneel,
Tell forth the futile gains, recount each self-wrought loss:
Then Christ steps from the Cross,
Comes to me while ashamed and penitent I bow,
And soon I feel
His dear hands, white as lilies, cool as dew, soothe my hot
brow;
And He speaks gently: ' Brother, rise, be of good cheer;
' I, too, was tried; I am thy helper and always near.
' Absolved, forgiven, fight on, fight on, fight on,
' Who strikes with Me, and strikes again, may count the in-
ward victory won.'
And I who kneel there craven-bowed,
Rise reassured, and with Christ's strength endowed.

II

If I have been too prodigal of love, and felt the bludgeon-
pain
Of men's coarse ingrate fingers rending my heart atwain,
I turn and contemplate
The Image of Christ's Mother, Mary Immaculate:
The mild benignity of Her sweet face
Is soothing balm and healing grace;
But all the agony is instantly undone
When inwardly I hear Her whisper: ' Son, dear human son,
' These arms, which oft comrest
' My God-begotten Suffering One,
' Shall harbor thee if thou choose Me for mother,
' And Christ for thy strong elder brother.'
And I, a man, but yet a child, bruised and distressed,
Forget my wounds, as if to Mary's warm maternal heart
close-prest.

III

Upon my cloister wall next I behold
The Image of Saint Michael, majestic and star-aureoled.
I mark the Holy Hero head the hosts of Heaven, and expel
Jehovah's adversaries, and cast Satan headlong down to Hell.
' Saint Michael, strong protector of the Christian warrior,'
I pray,
' Be my Great Captain, and give me strength to slay
' The dreadful dragons that beset my daily way.'
Forthright the Image on my cloister wall
Sends back the sure-supporting answer to my call:
Saint Michael's sword flashes, his eyes flame battle-light,
And I, beholding, am emboldened for the never-ending fight.

For C. and M. M.

VITA NUOVA

Dante to Beatrice.

LIGHT of my life, unworthy of thy slightest glance,
I follow thee in secret whereso'er thou goest;
But thou, alas, never knowest
How in thy presence I swoon into a trance.
The ebon of the night is in thy soft, swart hair,
The glory of the gentle stars glints in thine eyes,
And, like the valley-lilies' perfume, faint and rare,
Thy low, meek speech steals on my soul with magical surprise.
Dear as thou art unto mine outward sight,
Thou'rt dearer in my heart-sealed dreams
Wherein I see seraphic gleams
Of one fair vision, immaculate and bright,
Suffuse my couch, and become a prayer.
Oh, holy, holy would I be when thou art there:
I stretch mine arms to hold thee close, but lo,
Thy form fades from me in gradual and slow
Retreat, as if in beckoning.
My Spirit's Spouse and my Salvation, I would cling
To thy white hands, till I am brought
Into the realm of that New Life I long had sought
Unwittingly in this soul-scarring world. At last
I wholly give myself to thee: lead thou me past
The gates of Hell; and speed my wayward feet above
All earth-seductions to the Paradise of Perfect Love.

**For B. B. C.

Flute of God

Oh, those drained the cups of ecstasy! —
Awake upon a high-fens hall
Where I have watched God's swarthy spill
Apocalyptic splendors to infinity;
And on the wide, high-welling sea
Where I have seen mad Ocean spend
Its awful energy
In towering titanic-waves — and on end,
While my steel-sinewed ship would lunge
Into the whirling water's vortex, and remain
Leap to the crest; and once more plunge,
Defiant, down the waves' abyss,
And leap up triumphing and free again,
Scorning the snarling hiss
Of Ocean's angry at the impudence
Of its voracious violence;
And in a sun-shot, flowered field
Where I have lain concealed
And suddenly later heard
The wild, swift winging
And the wild, sweet singing
Of a glad, free bird

But with the loveliest note
That issued from the Thrush's throat,
For wildly welling sea,
Nor sunlit splendors ever showed
My spirit to such transports of pure ecstasy
As you — Sweet Flute of God! — awake in me!
Oh, when I hear
By music absolute
Of your beloved voice I stand entranced to mate:
I am blest beyond all power of uttering; —
There is no Autumn, and no Winter, on the ground,
But only Spring is near,
And pure, supernal gladdening!

For L. K. L.
XX Sept. 20/110.

Fac-Simile of Original Manuscript in Author's Handwriting
and Autograph.



FLUTE OF GOD

OH, I have drained the cups of ecstasy! —
At eventide upon a high-faned hill
Where I have watched God's sunsets spill
Apocalyptic splendors to infinity;

And on the wide, high-weltering sea
Where I have seen mad Ocean spend
Its awful energy
In towering titan-waves — end on end,
While my steel-sinewed ship would lunge
Into the whirling waters' vortex, and amain
Leap to the crest; and once more plunge,
Defiant, down the waves' abyss,
And leap up triumphing and free again,
Scorning the snarling hiss
Of Ocean angry at the impotence
Of its voracious violence;

And in a sun-shot, flowered field
Where I have lain concealed
And suddenly have heard
The wild, swift winging
And the wild, sweet singing
Of a glad, free bird.

But not the loveliest note
That issued from the thrush's throat,
Nor wildly weltering sea,
Nor sunset splendors ever stirred
My spirit to such transports of pure ecstasy
As you — Sweet Flute of God! — awake in me.
Oh, when I hear
The music absolute
Of your beloved voice I stand entranced and mute;
And I am blest beyond all power of uttering:—
There is no Autumn, and no Winter, in the year,
But only Spring is near,
And pure, supernal gladdening!

WHAT OTHER BOON

WHAT other boon than You — and Love — shall I,
When I must pass to silence, surely crave?—
What other comforters above the grave?—
Not solely those sweet prayers of priests nearby,
Nor that remembrancer of Christ's redemptive death —
The hallowed Crucifix — upraised before my sight,
Nor low-tone litanies and candles' peaceful light:
Nay, not to ask for only these will I employ my ceasing
breath,
As if forgetful of my finitude's most wanted cheer.
They are for my stained soul's absolving when I hear
The dread inevitable Call,
And for my soul's safe wafture when the swart, unwelcome pall
Forever cloaks mine eyes from Earth's pervasive thrall.
But at my final passing let there be
Vouchsafed these gifts of joy and solace temporal:—
One look at that illimitable Sea
Which, years ago, first nursed and cradled me;
And at the Sun when he has reached the Western Gate
And, like a royal lover, radiant and elate,
Beams glorious, and, with a king-like bow,
Upon the waiting hills' broad dusky brow
Imprints his golden good-night kiss;
And shortly ere the death-mists veil mine eyes, let this
Be my last boon from Earth — my last sweet taste of Earth's
delight —
To wait the coming of the quiet Stars, and watch the Night
In silence shepherd them as sheep,
And at the Dawn's first stirring fold them in — and me —
for sleep.

**For L. V. L.

SUB CRUCIS UMBRA

Mary, with the Babe Jesus Asleep in Her Arms, has a Presentiment of Christ's pierced hands, and Supplicates Jehovah.

JEHOVAH — Lord — how sweet my First-born lies,—
His dear head pillowed softly on my breast,
His wearied eyelids folding wearier eyes,
His little hands and feet from play at rest.

His little hands!— Hear me, Jehovah, hear,
While now I pray for Him, lest come the worst:
For all my days are cankered with a fear,
And all my nights with ghastly dreams are curst,

Wherein I see my Jesu's hands are rent,
And from His brow a bloody sweat roll down,—
God of His fathers, save mine Innocent
From death upon a Cross, and scorners' Crown!

The horrid phantom came last night, and I
Snatched at His little hands, and in my moan,
Thinking I heard my Jesu's plaintive cry,
Awoke, but He slept on; and I, alone,

Pondered upon His doom. Have mercy, Lord!
And blind mine eyes against this phantom sight,
Till He be grown a man; and let me ward
His going and His coming, day and night.

But should that awful hour of scathing scorn
And bitter hate and lonely death be His,
Lord, grant that I may comfort my First-born,
And on His dear dead hands leave my last kiss.

MATER DOLOROSA

MARY, MOTHER OF SORROWS! my heart is rent,
And my poor faith is almost spent!
Here at Thy shrine on bended knee
I pray that I may clearly see
The way he went.

Is my lost only one with Christ — at rest?
Oh, lift the veil of darkness lest
I hug too close my whelming loss,
And soon unmindful of the Cross
Heed not God's test!

MARY, MOTHER OF SORROWS! my painful plight
Needs Thy sweet solace and new sight
Into the ways of Him who trod
The wine-press of the Suffering God
To bring me light.

Lonely I watch as Thou at Calvary
Beside the rending Cross when He,
Thy Holy Son, obeyed and gave
His life — a sacrifice to save
Humanity.

MARY, MOTHER OF SORROWS! give me release
From this sad thrall of Love's decease;
Tell Thine own Son my cruellest cares,
And Thou, with Thy unceasing prayers,
Win me Thy peace!

IF I WERE GOD

'IF I were God', said one whom Nature mocked —
'The world anew would I in love create:
'Benignant aspect sea and sky should wear,
'The hounteous earth the fruits of gladness bear —
'If I were God!

'If I were God', said one whom Hope forsook —
'The world anew would I in love create:
'No more should men attempt too high emprise,
'And blindly stretch vain hands unto the skies —
'If I were God!

'If I were God', said one whom War had wracked —
'The world anew would I in love create:
'From human brows should fall no bloody sweat,
'Nor hearts heroic taste the Long Regret —
'If I were God!

To them the Man of Sorrows: 'Peace, O son!
'Begrime not thus thy speech with earth's foul dust:
'Each night I pray in thy Gethsemane,
'Each day I drink thy Cup of Agony —
'And I, O son, am God!

MUTATIONS

Four Sonnets of Spiritual Vision and Conflict.

To Rev. Dr. William Foley.

I—AMOR MYSTICUS

GOD-SEEKING in high realms of Holy Thought,
I win perpetual Sabbath-peace: no noise
Of nether-strife mounts up to mar the joys
Of my unwearied quest for Truth God wrought
In mysteries of which the World dreams not.
Lost days I served Self-love, which only cloy
Or turns to dust. But now my heart employs
The hours for Truth forsworn and God forgot.
Stern task! Yet is my spirit glad and hale;
And I, submissive to the chastening years,
Henceforth will keep, without regret or fears,
The ways which lead unto the mystic vale
Where only to the pure in heart appears
Far-off, encarnadined, the Holy Grail.

II—TIMOR MUNDI

MY SECRET dread is not that I may see
My spirit mocked by the All-searching Light,
And left uncrowned beneath a starless Night —
That Thoughts which my soul treasures sacredly
And sweet new Songs of tremulous melody
Which thrill my heart, expectant on the height
Of Love, will speed, like ghosts in speechless flight,
Into the void of Unreality —
Not this my secret dread, but that some day
The World may woo my will from ceaseless strife
With her — procuress to the Lords of Hell;
And I, at last, yield to the Temptress' spell,
And find alone in her seductive sway
The sweetest witchery of mortal life.

III—GUBERNA ME, O DOMINE

LORD, guide me as a star immutable
That beacons with clear unremitting ray
The storm-tossed sailor on his homeward way,
Lest I forget Thy power invincible
And proffer Thee no prayer that Thou wouldst quell
My fretful fears—for only Thou canst stay
The wild resurgent roll of Life, and lay
Its winds and waves to rest. For I would dwell
In unimpassioned peace — my barque made fast
By yon eternally unruffled Shore
Laved by Thy gracious love — and hear no more
The dissonance of dreadful tumult past.
Lord, show Thy countenance, my Faith restore,
And bring my weltering barque — safe Home at last.

IV—FIDUCIA CERTA

I THOUGHT to build my House of Life a whole
Of Beauty — perfect as my happiest dreams;
I see but ruins, in faint-flickering gleams,
Of pillar, architrave, and frieze, and scroll.
For I prayed not to Thee, Soul of my soul,
To blind my sight to that which only seems
And check my foolish heart whene'er it deems
Its wisdom wise and marks no heavenly goal
Of mortal life. But now I lift mine eyes
To Thee, O God! whose thoughts and ways transcend
My finite fleckered lights. Through Faith's surmise
I know Thy larger love; and I commend
My will to all Thy fathering plans comprise,
And lose my days in Love's diviner end.

PER ASPERA AD LITORA COELICA

(To the Memory of Jennie Leech Logan)

Thine eyes . . . shall behold the land that is very far off.— Isa.33;17.
Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28;20.

O SOUL, frail voyager to that far Shore
Which lies for thee across the seas terrene,
Know'st thou what ravening waves shall roll between,
What strident gales of sorrow, harsh and frore,
Shall blow from every frigid zone, before
Thy ship shall pass beyond the tragic scene
To that fair Land — the Heavenly Demesne —
Where dwell Gods own Redeemed, for evermore
At rest with Him who suffered death, and rose
Victorious o'er the grave? O Soul, why fear
The waves' tumultuous roar? Thy Pilot knows
How frail thy mortal ship, and calleth clear,
Across the blackening wastes: 'Lo, I, thy Lord,
Am with thee, and the comforts of My Word!'

MEDITATIO MORTIS

Ad Matrem: E. G. Logan

Dear beauteous Death, the jewel of the Just.—Vaughan

Nothing so marks the hrutalization of our age as its sentiment towards the grave and hural. Death is regarded as an inevitahle happening; and after "the last sad rites," which have often the vulgar ostentation of a social function or the coarseness of a low wake, the Dead are hurried away to be imprisoned in a stone-and-steel vault, as if otherwise their lonely ghosts might issue forth at night and stalk the earth, or in a modern cemetery which is hardly distinguishahle from a public park. There is seldom now the slow, mute procession to some sequestered spot of Nature's handicraft, where the Dead are tenderly laid down to rest forever "in Earth's soft arms reposing" (as the Homeric poet beautifully phrases it). It is in this gracious mood that Henry Vaughan, the 17th century Welsh poet, thinks of our passing and its spiritual significance — "Dear beauteous Death, the jewel of the Just," and the Homeric poet, in like mood, regards our hural place in earth, not as cold, senseless, unfeeling clay, hut as our last earthly resting place, wherein we sleep as tired children in the soft, warm arms of a mother.— J. D. L.

WHEN I go home again —
And be it soon or late —
I shall not bide
By glade or moor or glen,
By field or fen,
Where now the lone bird calls
At eventide
Unto his mate:—
'I weep,
'I wait;'

Or by the sounding shore,
Or yet by towering hill,
Beneath the moon:
Whose organ-voices o'er
The burdened soul resound
In solemn tune:—
'Be strong,
'Be still.'

But there where green graves lie,
And all Life's panoply
Turns fast to dust
Oft shall I stay
To mark the way
Of mortal man, and wonder why
The increasing years increasing travail bring:
And trust
To hear from out the invocal clay
A spirit-voice reply:—

*' Though Death seem King of kings
' And layeth low both great and small,
' Fear not his coming, O weary heart,
' Fear not all
' Nor weep!
' Still giveth He His Own Beloved sleep
' Who willeth all things best:
' Abide His times, O weary heart
' And in the sweet asylum of the 'omb
' Thou too shalt soon
' Find rest.'*

So shall I duly tread,
Beyond unwonted ways of men,
The dear sequestered Gardens of the Dead,—
When I go home again.

PROSPICE

New Year Verses of the Forward View

To Rev. Dr. William Foley

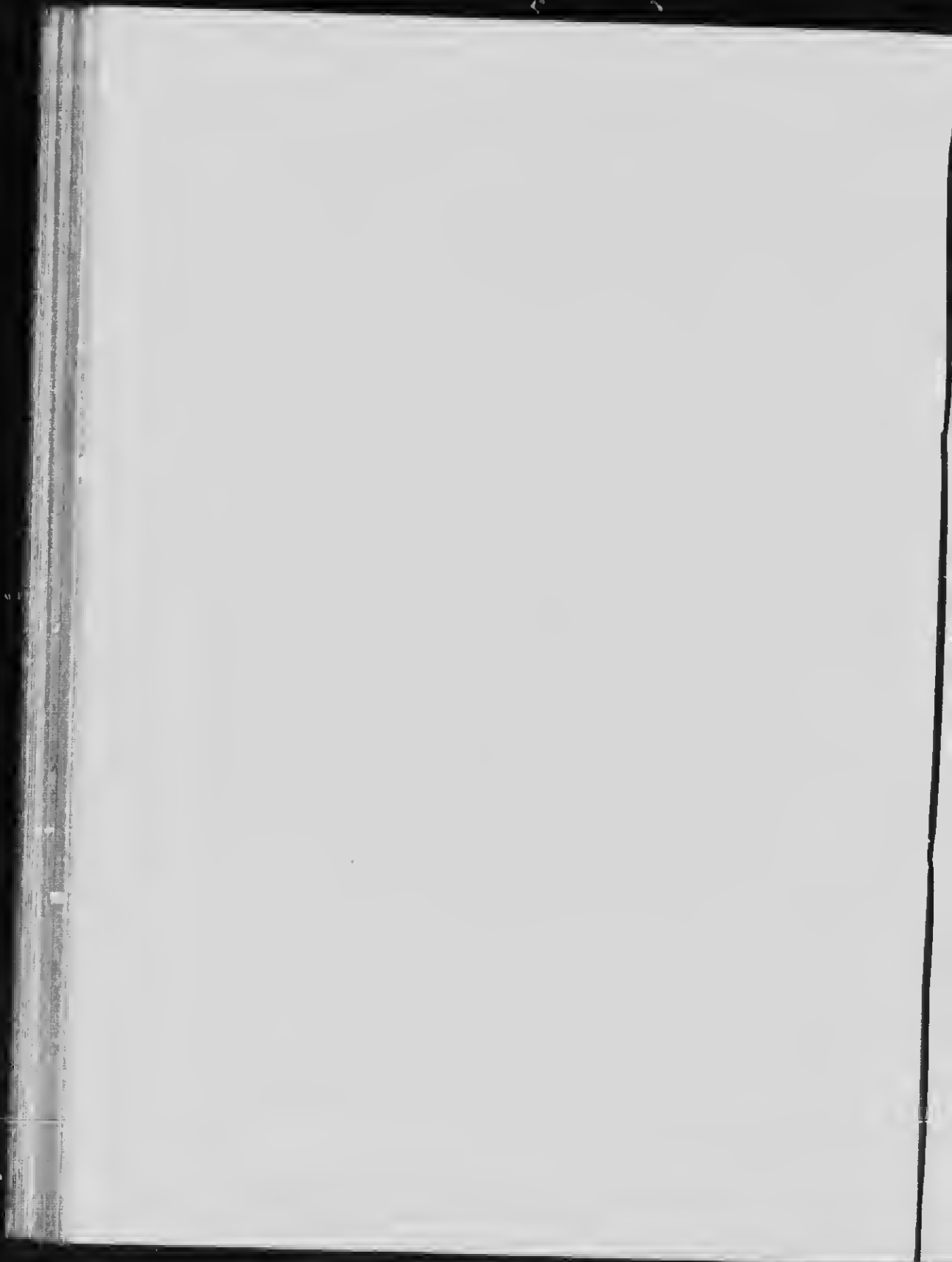
'The best is yet to be'.—R. Browning.

OH, HARK to me,
My Brother, hark to me,
On this glad first-born day of God's Redemptive Year;
And hear, My Brother, hear
What I have heard within the altared sanctuary!

Hast thou, by word and deed, offended Him
Whose holiness forever is the song of seraphim?
And hast thou Christ's sweet love and sovereignty denied,
And pierced again His sacred side?
Though thy past days be darker than the blackest night,
LOOK FORWARD hence — clear glows the light
For souls repentant and resolve for— Right;
The Christ shall guide and stay thee — if thou keep
Close to Him; and the saints of earth shall take thy hand,
And lead and counsel thee along the rude, rough land
And up the craggy, tortuous steep,
Till thou, at last, shalt stand
Upon God's mountain-top — thy goal
Attained; thy spirit purified and whole.

Know'st thou, My Brother, who speaketh thus to thee?
'Tis I, thy Better Self. Oh, hark to me —
Look forward hence — and strive: thy Best is yet to be!

After Mass,
New Year Day, 1919



BOOK II.
STOPPED FLUTES AND UNDERTONES

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE 'dialogue in sonnet-form' — "Stopped Flutes" — is an Interlude from an unfinished lyric drama, 'Broken Reeds.' In English literature there are but a few 'experiments' of, as they are called, 'sonnets in dialogue', the most notable of which is Edmund Gosse's "Alcyone". Mr. Gosse did not escape the criticism of William Sharp. The latter, however, overshoots his mark by observing that through "many minor flaws" Shakespeare's sonnets, though "magnificent", are not as admirable as they are imagined to be. Now, if the critics find many minor flaws in the poetry of the poetical gods, the logical conclusion is not that the gods have nodded and failed, but that the standards of judgment, of criticism, are unearthly and unreal.

William Sharp was a critic who worshipped formalism and history, and who was obsessed by the idea that he possessed an absolutely "correct ear". An ear so correct as to be pained, and sometimes insulted, by the most perfect work of the finest sonneteers, belies its function and impugns its worth; or else, like the vermiform appendix, it is a useless organ and a menace. To Sharp, no 14-line decasyllabic poem has any right to be regarded as a sonnet, unless it were in the Petrarchan or Shakespearian mould; all others, say with a Petrarchan octave and a Shakespearian sestet, were illegitimate. And yet with the fatality which belongs to critics who look through a monocle — with or without the gift of a "correct ear" — Sharp, in his justly notable "Sonnets of This Century", presents eight sonnets out of the first ten in forms which have no likeness to the Petrarchan or Shakespearian mould; and more, includes them without a word of criticism in the Notes to the volume. Thus does Sharp both disprove his own doctrine, and establish saner tests of the valid sonnet.

In quantity a sonnet is a 14-line decasyllabic poem; in quality it is a poem presenting two coordinate or contrasting phases (octave and sestet) of a single thought or emotion, with a unity which is felt to be inevitable; in music (arrangement of rhymes and in rhythms) it follows the same canon as Schumann laid down for tonal harmony: "Nothing is wrong in music (harmony)", he said, "if it sounds right". So every 14-line decasyllabic poem, conforming in structure to an octave coordinating or contrasting with a sestet, and conforming to a similar system of rhymes in the quatrains of the octave, is a good sonnet — if it sounds good. Moreover, it happens that Mr. Gosse was unfortunate with the wording of his sub-title. He described his "Alcyone" as a "sonnet in dialogue." It is not that, but "a dialogue in sonnet-form." This is a distinction with a real difference. For, harking back to pure music, we know that many compositions which are not sonatas are yet written in the sonata-form. From these points of view I feel justified in regarding my experiment, "Stopped Flutes," as a legitimate variation of the sonnet-form, with dramatic possibilities that are obvious. At any rate, used as an Interlude in a lyric drama, the form has, in my view, warrant enough to carry it out in a larger poem. — J. D. L.

STOPPED FLUTES

A Dialogue in Sonnet-Form: An Experiment. A Fragment (Interlude) from the MS. of the Author's unfinished lyric drama, 'Broken Reeds', the theme of which is the Loss and Restoration of Faith. See Introductory Note, opposite page.

Husband.—

SWEET Spouse, I wake from dreams of our lost lot—
Dear God-companion of Eden-days of bliss —
When Love breathed softly through the orifice
Of our pure souls, and with deft fingers wrought
Celestial cadences. We were as flutes —
Twin flutes, whose consonances clearly blent,
And piped of Peace to Faith's accompaniment,
Until the World's coarse puffings made us mutes.

Wife.—

Who held us once in His vast holy choir,
Who used us then as instruments of praise,
Reverberant of His glad Sabbath-days,
Again can fill us with the old desire.

Both.—

Breathe on us now, and wake in us, O Lord,
Immortal Love's long-muted master-chord!

MUTATUR TERRA

*'Because the rose must fade,
'Shall I not love the rose!'*—R. W. Gilder

O EARTH, that changeth as the changing moon,
Elate we tread thy Gardens of Delight,
But wis not Fate's frore breath must sometime blight
The Passion-Flowers that make our days seem June.
Mutatur Terra!— Soon, O Earth, too soon,
Thy gorgeous pageant dies: our rapturous years
Become a waste of foliage wet with tears,
And scentless of the sweet memorial boon
That ruddy Love gave Life. Then teach us, Earth,
By thy vicissitudes the more to prize
Thy gifts, which, fleeting, gain still dearer worth,
Ere we behold with sad reverted eyes
Thy glory of thy Gardens turned to gray,
And all the bloom of Life in black decay!

MONA LISA

A New Interpretation of Leonardo's 'La Gioconda', in the Louvre. The painter worked at it four years and then proclaimed it unfinished. Its meaning or 'lesson', like that of Hamlet, is one of the mysteries of art.

ALLURING, antique Image, potent now
As in the days when thy first regency
Compelled a wistful world to gaze on thee,
What boots thy Master's art thus to endow
These folded hands, this smile, these eyes and brow,
With their serene, elusive mystery,
Which Leonardo wrought in Italy
For Mona Lisa long ago? Art thou
A Sibyl, or a Sphinx with naught to tell,
Or Lady Beauty, whose eyes reflect the gleams
From Love's gay lances, bright as starry beams?
Nay, thou art She whom we wooed long and well —
The passionless Dark Angel of our dreams —
TRUTH unattained and unattainable.

NOSTALGIA

(1893-1913)

AFTER these many years,—
Should I return, expectant and elate,
To tread again my homeland hills and dales,
Wide-spreading meads and verdured vales,
And, by the sea, to scent the brine-wet air;—
Should I return, and find their fancied state
Annuled in disillusioned sight,
I would acclaim thee not a whit less fair,
After these many years,
O Land of My Delight!

After these many years,—
Should I go home, and, wistful for the smile
Of once familiar faces and the press
Of hands in gentle friendliness,
Pass lone and unrequited everywhere;—
Should I go home, and find them gone awhile
Before me into endless Night,
I would acclaim thee not a whit less fair,
After these many years,
O Land of My Delight!

After these many years,—
Should I, my Sea-laved Land, return to thee.
Not for thine Earth-wrought glories freely spread,
Nor tenure of my dear and dead,
Would I protest my love, with love's excess;
But I would choose thee from all lands that be
For thy commemorative light
Of rare and long-remembered loveliness
That gladdened vanished years,
Dear Land of My Delight!

WINIFRED WATERS

A Lyric of Eros Athanatos

WINIFRED Waters, when I look on you now,—
With the sweet peace of God on your beautiful brow
As you lie lily-white in your lone lethal bed,—
I will conjure your spirit, sit here at your head,
And talk to you, dear, whom I lost, and recall
Our vows when I swooned to the ineffable thrall
Of your eyes that once rivalled the jewels of night,
Of your kisses that dropped more delicious and light
Than the rose-leaves that perfume the drowsy June air,
Of the glorious gold in your hyacinth hair,
And the treasures of love that we pledged for the days
When our souls should discover Earth's winsomest ways.

O Winifred Waters, mellifuous name
That enamored my soul as rare music, I came
To the wells of Love's wine, and I drank there elate,
Then I joyed daily forth, till an untoward fate
Snapped the cords that enchain'd us, heart unto heart.
So I passed to the world. You, cloistered apart,
In the lonely-celled nunnery of unchanging grief,
Awaited Time's advent with his mortal relief,
Till you drooped like a sun-famished lily, and died.
But I am come, dear, at length, and here at your side
I commune with your spirit while I look on you now
With the sweet peace of God on your beautiful brow.
Lo, I kiss your cold hands; I warm them with tears,
And possess you again after long widowed years.

O Winifred Waters, I repledge you above
Your casket, and find there the Treasury of Love.

WIND O' THE SEA

O WANDERING minstrel, wild Wind o' the Sea,
That knowest the innermost being of me
Who love thy rude sport with the measureless brine,
And whose spirit is wayward and vagrant as thine,—
O wandering minstrel, sad Wind o' the Sea,
That learnest world-secrets by swift errantry,
Blow hither to me o'er the wide Eastern main
And tell what meaneth the poignant refrain
Of surges that moan like sad souls in their sleep,
And those shuddering shadows that darken the deep.
 Blow, wild Wind o' the Sea!
 Blow, sad Wind o' the Sea!
And speed with thy lay to thy lorn devotee.

Then the Seawind sang forth: ' I blow from afar
' The ocean's accompaniment to the war
' Of the beast and the god that dwell in thy soul,
' Forever at strife for the gain of the whole
' Of thy manhood's estate, of thy love and desire,
' So thou sink to the one; to the other aspire.
' And the deep, dark shuddering shadows', he shrilled,
' Are the planes of thy life which Destiny willed —
' The devilish depths of thy sensual hours
' When the beast in thy soul enthralls senses and powers;
' And the shadowy heights of thy consecrate days
' When the god in thy soul is lord of thy ways '.

Thus ruthlessly sang the wild Wind o' the Sea
That learnest soul-secrets by swift-errantry.
 Ah, wild Wind o' the Sea!
 Ah, sad Wind o' the Sea!
That revealest the innermost being of me.

HELIODORE FLED

(To the Memory of a Lost Ideal)

O WORLD that turneth as a vane that veers!
In what pure Isles beyond the sensual sight
Dwells Heliodore, whose presence was the light
Of Life's obscure probationary spheres?
We pledged her — fervently — our fairest years;
But she is fled; and, like the Eremite,—
Companion of the Caves and black-browed Night,—
We feed on Dust and drink the Cup of Tears.
Is there no boon upon the empty earth
For us, O World!— no other gift of bliss?
Ah, if of Love there be no second birth,
And for our longing lips no lips to kiss,
Grant us this saving boon — if nothing more —
Dear dreams of our first Love — lost Heliodore!

CHESSE

' Was it Huxley who compared the physician to a chess-player? The physician has opposite him an antagonist who must some day win the decisive game — that unseen player watches every move, he makes no haste, he plays fair; but while he makes no mistake himself, he inexorably exacts the full penalty for every mistake of the physician — and the physician does not (yet) know all the rules of the game ' .

WHAT boots thy vaunted Science when the Game
Thou playest, skilled Physician, is with Death,
Whose eye is ware, and never wearieeth,
While o'er the earth-form of the mortal frame
Ye two deploy, with subtlest strategy,
Your fateful forces in malign array —
Thou pledged to checkmate Death, and he to stay
Life's pulses with insidious atrophy?

Unseen, alert, thy grim antagonist
Employeth all the Game's uncharted laws;
Nor hasteth he the end, for long he wist
Thy finite vision had foredoomed thy cause.
Yet this thy Hope and Triumph:— Day by day
Death yieldeth more to thee his ancient sway.

IN THE GARDEN OF WEeping

I WALKED in the Garden of Weeping,
Where passeth the train of Hearts Broken:
Wearily their way they wended,
With heads bended,
Companions of Grief, seeking some token
That Love somewhere lay sleeping
In the Garden of Weeping.

But one there was, and one only,
Of that lacrymose train
Whose soul was darker than her dark tresses,
Alone she went, and lonely,
Crooning in minor strain
This song of Melancholy:—

' O happy Love — Love that blesses!
' O cruel Love — Love that stresses!
 ' Daily in my swart hair
' The Black Rose of Life I bind and wear
 ' For him, Fond Heart! who sought me,
 ' For him, False Heart! who forgot me.
' O cruel Love that leaves me ever reaping
 ' In loneliness
 ' The bitterness
 ' Of thy excess
' Here, unwept, in the Garden of Weeping!

WAITING

ALTHOUGH your lips, Sweetheart, are pale,
And your dark eyes are wet with tears,
I know that Love will yet prevail
Against the menace of the years.

I only ask, Beloved, now,
That you recall the summer days,
The starlight and the evening vow,
The eternal fating of our ways.

I do not ask as if in fear
That you may never come to me:
I only ask because I hear
A stranger call of destiny.

Oh, Heart of Mine, you cannot know
What Fate has hidden from us two;
Behind the veil of Chance I go,
And wait serene, Sweetheart, for you!

WALL STREET

*The police report twenty-five suicides to have occurred in the past week in the City. Speculation in Wall Street, and financial ruin by losses are alleged as the causes of increase in suicides.— News item in a New York daily paper.

THOU harlot, loathsome yet exceeding fair,
Procuress to the gaping jaws of hell,
Whose million-million victims by thy spell
Lie foully strangled in thy flaming hair,
Like flies enmeshed within the spider's snare,
Oh, by what wiles, satanic, subtle, fell,
Dost thou the avid human horde impel
To proffer thee their most perfervid prayer!

Thou art that darkest, deepest, foulest lie --
Half truth, half falsehood, a monster strong to thrall
The grasping, clutching beast in human kind.
So doth men's eyes consuming Passion blind
Until to Avarice a prey they fall;
And duped, and broken, gladly will to die!

TO A STREET ROLLER

A Sonnet of the Inanimate.

THOU awkward, raucous instrument of Man,
Always groaning as if thy work were pain,
Accomplishing thy task by force amain
And tortuous movements of Leviathan —
Who made thee, mindless iron monster, knows
What means thy lumb'ring shuntings to and fro!
Thou art no thing of beauty, planned for show,
Yet from thy work the fruit of beauty grows.

Thou art the symbol of the Life of Toil,
Wherein men, hopeless, strive alone for bread —
Whose only joy is sleep, whose only dread
Is of the morrow's wearisome turmoil.
As thou, so goes the Toiler, early, late —
A Thing, not Man, clutched by remorseless Fate.

ORGIA

'Of — it may reasonably be said that he achieved more reforms for Ireland than all other statesmen and lord-lieutenants who preceded him. Brilliant, beloved for nobility of mind and heart, and even great in strategy, he passed a victim of an insidious foe, but universally regretted — his name duly on every paper.

THROW back the shutters and the blinds: they keep
The demon darkness round;
The night hath flaming, lidless eyes,
And the hush frights worse than sound,
While poisons scald my blood and palsy sleep,
Throw back the blinds — and let
My soul forget!

Draw close the shutters and the blinds to keep
The scorpion daylight out:
The sun leers at me like a fiend
And, mocking, reels about.
While opiates drowse the sense and proffer sleep,
Draw close the blinds — and let
My soul forget!

Forget? Great God! I have forgot too well
The horrors of my sin:
And haunted now by ghosts of what
I was, and might have been —
In grief, remorse, despair, again I sell
My sodden soul, and plunge
Headlong to Hell!

NIGHT IN COBALT

A Christmas Eve Revery in a Canadian
Mining Town. Circa 1910 A. D.

O LITTLE town, uncouth, unkempt, unclean,
Sprawling, amorphous and invertebrate,
Upon the Northland's once unstained demesne —
Above thee, sorrowing, ten thousand starry eyes,
Patient and immaculate,
Survey thy squalid scene,
Thy sensual paradise,
Where Avarice — rapacious and insatiate
As some starved desert beast — malignly stalks
The elusive lairs of Earth's most baneful paradox.

Upon thy scene I witnessed frantic throngs adore
The gaunt, voracious mammon-god whom men name 'MORE';
From mine and mill heard harsh mechanical cacophonies,
And loud, coarse croakings from the god's fanatic devotees,
Duped by their falsely-luring dreams.
And when I looked aloft to view a holier sight,
Blanched were the clear, chaste gleams
Of stars that gem the North Canadian night.

O little town, unheedful, in thy lust for gold,
Of these pure warders of the human fold —
These sleepless shepherds, mute, yet eloquent
Of that long-past benign event
When Christ was born —
I would thy sons might lift their bleared batrachian eyes
And mark above the howling senses' wold
The Soul's apocalypse of Peace, which only Faith descries
Clear-charted in the sinless skies —
Then shouldst thou seem less unregenerate and less forlorn
Beneath the pure, unpassioned light
Of stars that gem the North Canadian night.

R. L. S.

Entered Elysium, Dec. 3, 1894

WHILE now the cadence of the Western year
Falls on the sad, senescent earth, and drear
December winds shrill forth their weird lament,
We turn from Nature's haunts for pure content,
And cloistered hearth-side, or in voiceless nooks,
With those great Dead who live again in books,
We dwell with Homer and with Mantua's Bard,
With Horace, Tully, Dante, Leopard,
With Shakespeare, Moliere, Goethe, Burns who wrought
Immortal lays of Love, and sweet-souled Scott.
But most, beloved Stevenson, this day,
When thy spent feet first touched the Elysian way,
We tread the soft Samoan hills with thee,
In far Vailima by the Southern Sea.

EARTH'S TRUE LORDS

To Rev. Dr. James B. Dollard.

'Tainig anam a n-Eirin'—A soul came into Ireland.

Whoever repeats the phrase 'The Fighting Irish,' perpetuates a vulgar superstition. Love of the fine arts is distinctive of the genius of the Irish race. It is noteworthy that the Irish flag is the only one that contains a device emblematic of the arts of Joy and Peace — a golden harp ornamented with the winged form of the Muse of Poetry and Music.— J. D. L.

NOT THEY who crown themselves the Kings of Man
By conquest and the ruthless sov'reignty
Of iron hands that hold the world in fee
To martial Night and Lust: nor they who scan
All Science-lore for subtle thoughts to plan
Destructive engines, or possess the key
Of Power's sway o'er others' destiny:—
Not Sasunnach and Hun, who know and can,
Are Earth's true Lords. But these shall never fail
Who serve the Arts of Joy and Peace: and men,
As in the Keltic prime, shall yet again
Exalt and laud the Kymri and the Gael —
Lords of the Spirit and the Inward Ken,
Who wrought for Love, and made his name prevail.

GO LEIGIDH DIA SIN

IGNACE PADEREWSKI

(I) — *Allegro Moderato.*

MY soul sang loud:—

Oh, where is he with the wizard wand
Who shall show to our longing eyes
The opal gleams of a gorgeous land
That basks under golden skies?

Oh, where is he with the Orphean lyre,
The magical music and clear,
Who shall lilt of the Land of Heart's Desire
That lies in a faery sphere?

Too long have we dwelt where half-lights reign,
And stopped our ears with dust:
Our souls are black with the smut of gain,
Confused with the din of lust.

Oh, where is he with the wizard wand
And the mystic Orphean lyre,
Who shall draw us away to the magical Land
And the Home of Heart's Desire?

(II) — *Andante Tranquillo*

THEN my soul sang soft:—

Behold, our waiting eyes have seen
A world not found by Earth's rude chart,
A Land where Beauty walks serene
In loveliest liveries of Art.

And there our hearts Life's dissonance
Have heard resolved in wonder-chords
By one who wore the countenance
And royal mien of Music's lords.

A sovereign of the sovereign Art —
A monarch of the realm of Tone —
He led us to the heights apart,
And left us ravished — but alone!

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

On Hearing His 'L'Après-midi d'un Faune.'

I HEARD one say: 'Long, long has Pan been dead,
' The mystic music of his pipes for aye
' Is gone, and, with their silence, that dream-play
' Of moods of ancient men, which in them bred
' A pagan peace, and over Nature shed
' The beauty of a superworld and day.
' Now dull is Life, and Earth turned ashen gray
' In grief for magic joys forever fled '.

And I replied: 'Nay, nay; now liveth one
' Whose music — strange, remote, unearthly, rare,—
' Is weird as light in glades that veil the sun,
' And soft as foam, fragile as gossamer.
' In him the ancient god re-lives as man —
' DEBUSSY, tone-symbolist — the modern Pan!'

JULIA MARLOWE

Greatest Living Interpreter of Shakesporean Feminine
Characters.

1888-1920

Thirty-two years ago, Julia Marlowe, then but a slip of a girl, not out of her 'teens, with admirable self-reliance and prevision of destiny began her extraordinary career as a 'star' in Shakesporean roles. To have watched her begin her career, with genius recognized, but hampered (though unthwarted) by conditions of the times and by negative forces, and to have seen her magnificently achieve single-handed, is a memorable experience by itself. Hers is a triumph of Art and of Womanhood. One honors oneself in memorializing in verse Julia Marlowe's compelling histrionism and indomitable spirit.—
J. D. L.

O RARE revealer of our Shakespere's mind,
When shall your like again on earth be seen?—
Lo, love-lorn Juliet, roguish Rosalynd,
Distraught Ophelia, Macbeth's haughty queen,
And all the sovereign Master's fairest train,
Incarnate in your clear embodiment,
Pass, one by one, before our eyes again,—
Divinely real, and nobly eloquent!

In retrospect we view the stretch of years
To that gray dawning of your perfect art.
We watched you strive; and, spite of lot and fears,
Achieve, and make the envious days unfold
Your due. We see you now set high apart,
And on your head the Victress' crown of gold!

CANADIAN PORTRAITS

JOHN BOYD

Journalist: Publicist: Poet.

A Verbal Portrait Penned on the Back of a Photograph of the Subject.

BEHOLD him!— every inch a Man! Large frame,
Firm-knit; limbed like an ancient warrior-Gael
Whose foes fall prone as grain before the hail;
Head boldly poised to front Life's puissant game;
Serene blue eyes that, calm and clear, proclaim
Him friend to all who love their human kin,
Or, flashing forth, betray the wrath within
At bigotry that fires the racial flame;
High, rounded brow, mild lips, small shapely hand
That show the waiting Poet who has conned
The face of Beauty — Love's twin vagabond —
And, ravished, roves her haunts, on sea, on land.
Behold John Boyd — true-bred Canadian,
Who stands four-square — and every inch a Man!

BEL CANTO

To Christie MacDonald: Prima Donna in
'The Spring Maid' and other Light Operas.

'We were playmates — you and I' — Old Song

HOW like the winsome warblers of the Spring
You seem when liting merrily and sweet,
As if you were the throstle or the lark
Come forth, impelled for sheerest joy, to meet
The roseate Dawn above the fleeing dark,
And wake the Morn with happy heralding.

I watched you in your childhood. Debonair
As those first flowers that deck the gladsome May,
And lightly as the gayest linnet sings
From his green-arbored haunt a matin lay,
You trilled forth free, infectious carolings.
Blithe were you then — but now more blithe and fair.

In all these passing years 'twas my poor part
To fashion words that chronicle the sway
Of Circumstance — but yours, with artless art,
To draw worn men aside from vulgar day,
And show them Joy in life eclipsing Wrong,
With your arch Witcheries and dulcet Song!

A MOHAWK WARBLER

Pauline Johnson (' Tekahaiiwake '), Who Joined
the Happy Hunt. March 7, 1913

LONE flute-voiced Lyrist, whose pure poesy
Is free and artless as the avian lays
Heard in Canadian woods in April days
When bird calls bird in clear antiphony,
Can litanies from one, your debtor, swell
The praise with which the world exalts your name,
Or add new glory to the fadeless fame
Won long ago by your poetic spell?

Nay, Mohawk Warbler, I must choose, content,
The better part. Unfit to be your peer
I listen to your lyric speech, and hear
Your magic music from the leafy lawns
Where I, transported by your ravishment,
Dream peaceful dusks, and greet ecstatic dawns.

JOHN READE

Flos Poetarum Canadensium Decusque.
1839-1920

Scribens est mortuus, so said Cicero of Plato, who died at the age of 84. Of John Reade, versatile scholar, audite journalist, tender and exquisite poet, and kind friend of young, diffident poets, who himself passed almost at the age of Plato, it too may be said, *scribens est mortuus* — 'he died pen in hand.'
— J. D. L.

RARE Melodist — whose last days, cadencing
In music only God's rapt Minstrels hear,
Were solaced and sustained by holy cheer
From memories the revenant hours rebring —
You first, in your pellucid poet's art,
Disclosed to us — the Later Lyric Band —
Where Beauty, garbed in glory, treads our land,
Or haunts the warded chambers of the heart.

Lo, one has brought us news — ah, bitter news!—
That you are dead, and we shall hear no more
Your linnets lilting from the avenues
Of love, romance, and chivalry of yore.
Nay, Friend of Poets, we hear you singing yet,
And with the Dead-Who-Live your place is set!

JAMES PITT MABEE

Ceased his labors for Good Citizenship,
and passed, May 6, 1912

HOW long, O Lord, how long, shall Faith beget
the world's great paradox—faith slain by trust
Too absolute, and love be downward thrust
Into the vengeful vortex of regret?
Abashed we stand before the scorners' brood,
Whom thou has left to mock us with despair.
Thou takest those who made our earth more fair
By righteousness and wise solicitude.

Behold one lieth now—in death's despite—
Whose deeds for thine own faithful were a star
That beaconed: 'Come, friends, yonder looms the
height;
'Begin we well; and though the way be far,
'Who girds himself undaunted, self-controlled,
'Shall stand before all men enaureoled'.

MULTUM DILEXIT

In Memory of William Dennis, Friend
Of Christ's Forlorn Little Ones.

WHEN Death appoints to meet your dearest friend,
Dread not the message of his mortal doom,
Nor say, as says the Fool: 'This is the end;
'For Love shall soon lie dead within the tomb,
'And Life lose all its ruddy bloom.'

Forbear to speak thus when you stand beside
The greenly-fronded sepulchre, new-made,
Of him whose soul's habiliments there bide
And only what is finite there is laid —
Within its lowly, last arcade.

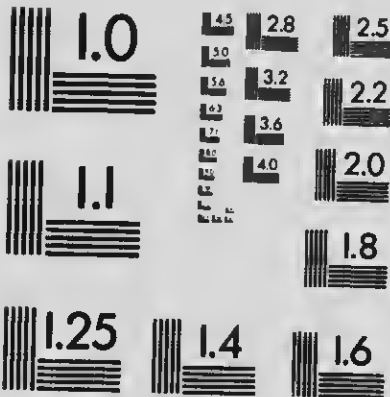
For all the infinite, the Mind, the Soul
Of Good and Lovingkindness that were he,
Remain, in Death's despite, forever whole,
And shall perdure, in love, in memory,
While Time rolls on perennially.

Of him say not: 'Forever dead!— farewell!
Ev'n Death shall die, but Love shall know no end.
Yea, God shall save him who toiled to excel
In love; and Christ all grace to him extend
Who was Christ's little ones' true Friend.



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ALLAN POLLOK

Dei Minister Fidus: Naturae Comes Studiosus.

Natus, October 19, 1829

Transitus in pacem, July 7, 1918

To the mind and character of Allan Pollok all that was peculiar to the imagined Greek moral quality 'Kalokagathia' could be justly applied. We have no epithet which quite expresses the Greek idea, except the phrase 'great-and-good'. Some men are great; some men are good; seldom appears a man who is both in one quality—great-and-good. Allan Pollok loved God. He achieved great things for his Church. He was the friend of sinners, of the outcast, and of forlorn children. He was pious companion of Nature, and loved especially the beauty of October, the month of his nativity.— J. D. L.

WHAT grace October days were wont to bring
To me when I, sequestered pensively
Within the Magic House of Revery,
Spent favored hours in conjured visiting
With you, Beloved Friend, now passed from sight;
Or when we fared together to behold
The earthly glories of the carmined wold
Suffused with God's illimitable light!

Such thoughts, Dear Vanished Friend, arise in me
When I observe that rare October's here
In rose-and-gold. Alas, its witchery
Has lost its wonted sweet, peculiar graces —
Since I await no more your call of cheer,
Nor walk with you to Beauty's trysting places.

THE IMMORTAL LEADER

Joseph Howe: 'Integer Civis: Justitiae
Judex: Dicendi Peritus: Vir Probus'.

A Reverie Before Philippe Hebert's Statue of Howe, Provincial Square, Halifax, Nova Scotia. With the other Latin legends, the sculptor should have included another, such as 'Poeta Suavis', or 'Vates Commodus'; but possibly Howe's poetical gifts are signalized, generically, in 'Dicendi Peritus'.— J. D. L.

I CANNOT live as he lived,— wise and pure;
I shall not pass as he passed,— aureoled;
Nor, while the fateful, pregnant years unfold,
Become, as he, the patriot's cynosure.

Yet, standing on this famed and storied spot,
I sense his spirit in the sculptured guise
Of his calm, godlike brow, his vatic eyes,
His lips that uttered deed-compelling thought,—

And, awed, I bow in humble fealty,
And crave, with secret hope, his benison,
That it may aid me keep, unswerving, on
The heights of thought, and speech, and poesy.

I cannot live his sacrificial days,
Nor pass to peace, as he, with laurelled brow;
Yet will I heed his presence here and now,
And tread, with him as guide, Life's larger ways.

THE INCOMPARABLE STATESMAN

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: Flos Rerum Civitatis
Gubernatorum et Oratorum Canadensium.

Occasional Verses originally published on the 75th anniversary (Nov. 20, 1916) of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier's nativity. The year 1916 was also Sir Wilfrid's 42 year in parliament. The verses are now republished as a Spiritual Portrait of a great and good man, who will be long remembered for his wise statesmanship and his noble, self-sacrificing patriotism.—J. D. L.

To My Uncle, David Logan

Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis et forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulctet.—
Vergil, Aen:d, Bk. I, Lines 151-153*

AS IN an Alpine range there stands apart
One mountain-peak, whose snow-capped head,
Straight sun-ward flung, looms loftiest
Among the illimitable rest
Of purple pinnacles, sublime and dread,
And from whose fadeless crest — dim-seen,
Immaculate and serene —
Shafts of glory in swift profusion dart,
Subdue the senses and hush the heart;
So in that far-famed Legislative Hall
Which crowns the heights of Canad's Capital,
Stood LAURIER these many, many years,
Alone in statecraft and in gifts of noble speech,
Clear as clarions that reach
Ears deafened by disloyal doubts and by unpatriot fears —
So stood he self-controlled, out-topping all his colleagues there.
Audacious, with the Seer's occult, sure, and rare
Clairvoyance of the Future that triumphantly shall be,
And, with the Prophet's tongue for poignant eloquence,
He read the horoscope of those man-caused events
That issued duly in a worthier Democracy.

And he remains what long he was
Before he saw assured the fruitage of his precience and his
cause:

Serene, unmoved amid all dissonance
Of legislative strife, he harks and waits,
Viewing, with inward calm, the surge of petty hates;
Or, soon as time brings round his own inevitable chance,
He rises, reverent and grave,
And, with compelling speech commands the rude concave;
All turn to heed; and they who mark him now
Behold the deathless star of statesmanship upon his brow.
And deathless too shall be
His mind, and name, and patriot loyalty.
For when at last
He shall have passed,
And know no more, forever, man, nor piace, nor clime,
Succeeding generations still shall hear,
Loud-ringing down the temple-aisles of Time:—
' HE HAD COMPATRIOTS, BUT NO COMPEER '.

**Then should some man of worth appear,
Whose stainless virtue all revere,
They hush, they list; his clear voice rules
Their rebel will, their anger cools.*

—Trans. by Conington

THE ABSENT LEADER

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: *Transitus in pacem*,
February 17, 1919

To William E. Donovan.

GOD of our Country's strong, courageous Pioneers,
Hast Thou laid up against us as unpardonable sin
That we beheld the Light Thou set'st before us many years
And, conscience-stified by the clash of race and creed, refused
to gage
The mission and the worth of him who, ere Death closed his
lips, had been
Our noblest Seer, Prophet, Statesman, Sage —
Our white-walled Tower of Truth and Sword of Living Flame—
All these in one, and always with a single patriot aim!

Now, for our folly Thou hast turned Thy face from us, O
Lord,
Else why have we no Helper in these days of direst need?
Lo, since our Light and Leader left us, Race and Class and
Creed
Have burst the bonds that once assured a diverse people
safe concord,
And only Mad King Anarchy is monarch of our hapless Land.
The raucous roll of Discord's drums resounds on every hand;
And, clamoring more stridently than vultures over carrion-
prey,
Race, Class, and Party welter in their nation-shaking fray,
The while on farm, in factory, in mine, in mart, we hourly hear
The scorning of the Plunderer, the mirthless laughter of the
Profiteer.
But in those Halls where oft Great Laurier spoke the saving
word,
Only the senseless, futile gibberings of obese hirelings are
heard.

Belike he stands to-day upon the forum of the Halls Elysian,
Clear-eyed, bright-browed, serenely wise, before his great
compeers —

Athenian Pericles, and Roman Cicero, and English Pitt,
Gladstone, and Bright —

Who were the Nestors of their peoples through their troublous
years —

And they, expectant, scan the white-wraith Vision,

And deeply drink the wonderful delight

Of eloquence from his clear-cleaving lips — swift words that
run

Like silver streams which spill from limpid fountains of the
Sun!

God of our Fathers, still our own God be,

And send us one, his like, to match these days of our dire
need,

That we, the loyal sons, may save our Fathers' vast, unequal-
led legacy —

This mighty Land, become the prey of Discord and of Greed.

Lord, if he weeps, deep-stirred by our impending awful fate —

Our dread, precarious, self-willed plight —

Oh, let his spirit, for our desperate need, by swift miraculous
flight,

Descend to our lorn Land again,

And be made fully incarnate,

To live once more our only Master over men,

To sound the call of Wisdom, loud and clear,

And raise the Standard of the Right, afar and near.

Or, Lord, annoint another who shall be, as Laurier, to his age,

The people's Sovereign, Statesman, Prophet, Seer, and Sage —

Their white-walled Tower of Truth and Sword of Living Flame

All these in one, and always with a single patriot aim!

POSTLUDE

PARADOX

ERE I have lived, and wrought, sufficient time
To crown my work — and earn the right to die,
The World will thus deride my name and rime:—
' Poor dupe! He thinks his songs ring heaven-high;
' They are as crackling sparks that briefly fly
' And cease; and shall be quite unheralded
 ' When he is dead!'

IF truly I achieve but merest noise,
Loud rimer and rude rimes must wholly die.
But I've a soft-voiced self; and it employs
A music milder than a muffled sigh —
A music made of Love's heart-beats — whereby
I still shall live, loved and remembered,
 When I am dead.

**For L. V. L.

*Haec carmina Ioannes poeta umbratilis contexit, quae
ad Domnulam Animosam habitantem domicilium
amoenum et hospitale in Via Regina misit, ut
eam oblectet colatque.*

E/

**AN ESSAY:
CHRIST AS POET**

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CHRIST AS POET

An Essay in Literary Psychology and Appreciation.

SAINTE MATTHEW was the "Boswell" of Christ! For inventing and employing a metaphor that, by anachronism and anti-climax, signalizes the relations of Christ and His disciple, the Synoptic writer, in terms of modern literary history, I shall, no doubt, be enfiladed by all sorts of critics. If not accused of irreverence, I shall be charged with writing in very questionable taste. Or, taking the strictly literary point of view as being in good taste as well as being culturally worth while, I shall be told that I have employed an anachronism so audacious and anomalous as to make it unwarrantable, and an anti-climax so impossible as to make it absurd. The anachronism, however, is used only for pedagogical purposes, and is therefore valid; but it is valid the more because St. Matthew, in a literary way more than the other Synoptic writers and even St. John, displayed, in the etymological sense of the term, an '*enthusiasm*' for the Master quite like Boswell's for Johnson, and 'hung on' the Master's words—the *ipsissima verba*—and reported them with the same kind of stenographic and *verbatim* accuracy as did Boswell with Johnson's 'talk'. For St. Matthew, as for Boswell, what was written was done under the inspiration of an intense admiring affection and worship, and must, therefore, be done with the mind as reverently accurate and veracious as the stylus or pen of the writer was finely pointed and his hand solicitous of legibility. At any rate, it is from the Gospel "according to St. Matthew" (whether that means that this Gospel was actually written by St. Matthew or by another writer who made a 'revised and enlarged edition' of the Aramaic *Logia* that is, *Sayings*, of our Lord, compiled by St. Matthew)—it is from this Gospel, pre-eminently, that we shall discover the *Poet* in the mind and heart and speech of Christ.

To that pleasant adventure in literary psychology, I address this essay. It is not, however, an essay in New Testament 'Higher Criticism', or even in Literary Criticism

as such. Rather, it is conceived as, to use Pater's term, an 'Appreciation', belonging to the department of *belles-lettres*. Still, it will contain elements of literary history and criticism, and, as I think, some novel orientating of the *differentiae* of prose (rhetorical and rhythmical), poetry, and *vers libre*. Really, however, the primary aim of the essay is to show forth that the true Poet who is earth-born, is kin to Him who was Poet as well as Prophet and Preacher; that, in short, on the genius and function of the authentic modern Poet (if he is true to his genius and function) is the imprimatur of Him who spake as never man spake.

In an 'Appreciation' of the genius of Christ, there can be no problems—no Synoptic Problems or other problems of New Testament Higher Criticism. Any one who has been a student of the Homeric Problem, or of the Platonic Problem, or of Old Testament Problems in Higher Criticism, knows that the Synoptic Problem—the dates, authorship, genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels—are *sui generis*, so far as conclusiveness in settling these questions is concerned: the more one investigates, the more does one find the inquiry become fatuous and futile; one only gets farther and farther away from true knowledge, and even from justifiable opinion, and ends in hopeless confusion. Still, there are certain *a priori* principles which must be accepted before the text of the Matthean Gospel can be employed as material or data from which to construe a literary appreciation of the poetic genius of Christ.

First, paradoxically, the very death of Christ is proof that his epoch was rife with ideas, or, rather, expectancies, of the fulfilment of the Messianic hopes expressed in the literature of the ancient Hebrews. The probability *a priori* is that the epoch of Christ, in which, as ardently wished for and expected, was to be fulfilled the hopes expressed in the beautiful, noble, and exalting Prophecies and Psalms of the ancient Hebrews, should have a literature—the 'Life' and 'Sayings' of Jesus—quite as poetical, as beautiful in matter and form, as that of the anterior ages in Hebraic culture and civilization: the Literature of the *Realization* of Hope would be as lovely as was that of the *Spiritual Desire* and *Hope* themselves.

Now, this *a priori* probability must have its own *a priori* grounds to make it more than antecedently plausible

The grounds are these two:—that the Christ or the Messiah, when He came, would necessarily, as the greatest Hebrew Prophet, Preacher, and Teacher, clothe His message—the greatest to be given to the world—in human speech not only consistent with the spiritual dignity of the message, but also made lovely or winning or compelling or exalting by all the means of perfected human (that is, Hebraic) rhetorical and poetical art; and, that, secondly, Christ's message, orally given, would be reported in written speech by one who had so profound an enthusiasm for the matter and form of Christ's message, and who was himself such a close student of the ancient Hebrew literature and so gifted in expressing himself poetically, that he would faithfully reproduce, in whatever language he wrote, whether Aramaic or Greek, an exact transcript of Christ's words, in matter matter and form. In other terms, the grounds for presuming, before investigation, that the Gospel literature would be necessarily as beautiful, noble, and exalting as the ancient Hebraic prophecies and psalms, that is to say, as poetical as the Old Testament literature, are, first, that by racial genius, training, and realization of the spiritual dignity and import of His message, Christ would become a Poet, and express Himself as a Poet; and, secondly, that amongst the Evangelists there would be one who, to use our anachronism, along with a B. Swellian enthusiasm for the mind and speech of Christ, possessed a fine sense of poetic beauty, and was able to employ it in what he wrote, whether in original composition or in faithful translation.

As to Christ Himself: inevitably—or at least more than probably—He would inherit the poetical gifts of His race, immemorably poetical both in thought and speech. Moreover, Christ was a scion of the House of David, and the poetical traditions of His remote ancestors would be—it is *a priori* probable—part of His education in the home. Further, conscious, as He was, from His childhood, even before that day when His mother, the Blessed Virgin, discovered the Child Jesus "disputing" with the Doctors in the Temple, and He answered her with, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"—conscious from His earliest childhood that He had a special and paramount Mission as Prophet, Priest, and King, inevitably Christ would diligently acquaint Himself with the Hebrew Scriptures, especially the Messianic

literature—the prophecies and the psalms; and thus, as it were, from childhood breathing the very breath of the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, would, when He Himself spoke, not only reproduce the thought or matter of the Hebraic prophets and lyrists, but also clothe His own words in the very form of the great masters of prophetic and lyrical literature. Finally, it is highly probable *a priori*—indeed it is practically certain—that when Christ essayed explicitly to train His disciples and to teach the people, instinctively He would adopt the method of the great Hebraic teachers of morals, the great preachers and prophets of His race, who were also poets, or would be acute psychologist enough independently to apply a method of teaching and preaching that would impress the minds and imaginations of His disciples and the people who heard Him. That is to say, it is to be expected, on our part, that Christ would deliver His message and doctrine in a form and manner that would compel what He said to impress the minds and hearts of His hearers so as to make it all as readily retained as it was attentively heard and absorbingly received; and this form would, for the most part, naturally be gnomic, rhythmical and poetical, after the heightened manner and impassioned expression of the Hebrew moralists, seers, prophets, and lyrists. In sum: the *a priori* probability is that Christ, by inheritance of racial genius, by training in family tradition, by self-cultivation in ‘the classics’ of ancient literature (prophecy and poetry), and by pedagogical instinct or acumen, as well as by realizing the value of the traditional method of the great teachers of the Hebrew people, would necessarily become a Poet and express Himself as a Poet. Nature, racial history, education, and unique and holy office would combine to compel Christ to speak with the beauty and impassioned utterance which is the essential manner of the supreme Poet.

As to St. Matthew, or the author of the Matthean Gospel: internal evidence from the text goes to prove that he was most passionately Hebraic in his sense of the Messianic character and function of Christ; that he was a ‘close student’ of the Hebrew Scriptures, especially of the Messianic literature; that he had his mind and heart packed with ‘the beauties’ of Hebrew prophecy and poetry; that more than any other of the Evangelists, not even excepting James, the so-called “brother” of Christ, and St. John (of the Apocalypse),

both of whom had the imaginative gifts of poets, St. Matthew had a distinct sense of poetical beauty and form, and the gift of poetical expression; and that more than any other of the Evangelists, he had an 'enthusiasm' for the literary form, and for the *ipsissima verba*, of Christ's discourses and sayings—an enthusiasm which, at any rate in impulse and degree, has its parallel in modern times in Boswell's *verbatim* appreciations and reproductions of the substance and form of Johnson's utterances. The *a priori* probability is, therefore, that St. Matthew, or the author of the Matthean Gospel, though writing in Greek, was, by racial genius, innate gift, scriptural erudition, and reverence for literary form and for veracity, especially or peculiarly fitted to render, with the nicest and truest expression, both the matter and the manner—the poetic beauty—of Christ's discourses and '*logia*' which he spoke in the Aramaic tongue.

The probability of the validity of this view may be raised to the *nth* power, that is, to practical certainty, by the following considerations, which I regard as conclusive. Of the sixty or sixty-five quotations in the Matthean Gospel, taken from the Old Testament (and there are practically as many in this Gospel as in those of St. Mark and St. Luke combined), the majority of them are quotations by Christ, whereas the inconsiderable few by the author of the Matthean Gospel are preceded by the formula, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet. . . ." Now, the significant truths are these: if Christ quotes from the Old Testament, it must be that He does so *faithfully*; and if St. Matthew renders, as he does, the Old Testament quotations of Christ with more faithfulness to the Hebrew originals and with truer 'transcript' of their poetical beauty than was done by the authors of the Septuagint, then, it must be believed, the Gospel "according to St. Matthew" must contain, as far as humanly possible, the authentic matter and form, the substance and poetical beauty of Christ's discourses and sayings. To my mind this is a conclusive argument for the reasonable belief that in the Matthean *Greek* Gospel we have, barring morphology, the nearest possible 'exact transcript' of the matter and the manner of Christ's original Aramaic thoughts and words. In this Greek Gospel we shall most vividly and truly realize Christ as Prophet, Preacher—and POET.

To see Christ as the actual Creative Poet requires on the part of readers of the New Testament the ability to see and feel the literary charm and beauty of the Matthean Gospel; and this cannot be done with nicety by any one who has not a knowledge of the formal structural principles (such as parallelism, antithesis, and climax) and the special laws of Hebrew poetry, and who has not the ability to read the Greek text of the Gospel and to discover in the 'running' text, which gives it all the appearance of prose, the parts that are poetical in form and those that are poetical in vision and imagery. These parts, which are not discoverable by the uninitiated, even in the Englished versions (Douay or King James') of the New Testament, are, however, nicely disengaged and articulated in such 'literary arrangements' of the Englished versions as Moulton's "Modern Readers' Bible", or Lindsay's "Literature of the New Testament", or Moffat's "New Translation of the New Testament." I may be able to assist the English lay reader to appreciate the latent as well as the actual poetical mind and speech of Christ by the following considerations.

Christ appears, by *implication*, as a Poet, by His employment of many *quotations* from the poetical literature of the Old Testament. I cannot here explain and illustrate the principles of Hebrew rhetorical prose and of poetry. But to the English reader, who will miss the elements of metre and rhyme even in the 'literary arrangements' of the quoted Hebraic poetry in the English translation of the Greek New Testament, I may point out that the nearest modern approach to the formal structure or architecture of Hebrew poetry is the 'verse-paragraph' in what is known to-day as '*vers libre*' (free verse). Now, just as order is the first law of Nature, so the order which is called rhythm, the rhythmical grouping of spoken or written words, is the first law of human speech. It is a psychological necessity. In impulse and aim, poetry is the conscious organizing of speech into rhythmical groupings, either for its own sake, or for the sake of the delight and joy in creating the beauty in it. In impulse and aim, prose is the conscious organizing of speech into practical groupings, which may be rhythmical and beautiful, or haphazard and unrhythmical. Now, it all depends on the *mood* of the speaker or writer, and whether he aims to communicate a practical idea or fact, or to awake a sentiment,

excite an emotion, free the fancy, or fire the imagination, how far forth prose shall be mere prose, or the rhythmical prose which is essentially poetry. It is a fact, however, that, in obedience to the instinctive tendency of speech to be rhythmical, readers will impose rhythm on the merest prose. So that the *ideal of prose* is not to get away from poetry but to approach it in rhythm and melodic flow.

It makes no difference, then, whether we take, for instance, the 'running' prose form of "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace, who saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth", or impose on these words the manner of 'free verse', thus—

How beautiful
Upon the mountains
Are the feet
Of him who bringeth good tidings,
Who publisheth peace,
Who saith unto Zion,
Thy God reigneth—

the truth is that the impulse, the mood, the aim of the speaker or the writer of them was poetical and the words are poetry; and it makes no difference whether they are regarded as rhythmical prose or as 'free verse,' the truth is that they are in mood, imagery, rhythm and melody indubitably poetry. Moreover, I must point out that they are *Hebrew* poetry as such, and not really rhythmical prose, or even 'free verse'. For they were not composed in the prose mood, but in the poetic mood; and 'free verse' is much more than rhythmical prose in irregular lines. The unit of 'free verse' is not the line, but something akin to the strophe of the Greek choral odes; and its rhythm and melody are not artificial, but natural—the inevitable rhythm and melody inherent in human speech, and "set free" by the composer of the verses. Still, as I said and hold, for the English reader 'free verse' will convey most approximately the beauty and charm of Hebrew poetry as we get it in the quotations which Christ employed from the Old Testament poetry or prophecy, as translated into our own tongue.

In the second place, to see Christ *explicitly creative* as a Poet, it is only necessary to observe His poet's eye for *color* in

Nature, His love and singular appreciation of the spiritual meaning of little *children* and of the heart of *woman*, His abundant use of picturesque *similes* and original *metaphors*, His immortal *parables*, His power of pathetic, almost tragic, *apostrophe*, the peculiarly oracular quality and form of His *maxims* of essential Christianity, and 'ow almost constantly, or at least when not merely conversing or merely explaining, He casts His discourses and sayings, even with regard to the lowliest of things, into the *formal structure* of traditional Hebrew poetry. In short, we can readily observe Christ, as it were, at work exercising the sense and the faculty of the Poet, employing the material of poetry, and applying the technical craftsmanship of the authentic poet who possesses the artistic conscience. It is an easy matter briefly to illustrate all this.

In the perception of Nature Christ's mind is richly pictorial; He has the poet's eye for color; He knows the field flowers of His native land, and loves their glorious beauty. Christ is a nature-painter with words. A remarkable instance of this quality of His poetic genius is found in the familiar verses from St. Matthew's Gospel, VI., 28-29:

Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow;
They toil not, neither do they spin;
And yet I say unto you,
That not even Solomon in all his glory
Was arrayed like one of these.

On the hills of Nazareth, where Christ spent His boyhood, grows a species of lily which travellers who botanized in the Holy Land tell us possesses a dark color akin to royal purple, and is incomparably beautiful; also native to the same district is the *anemone coronaria*, a species of wind-flower of gorgeous bloom. Either one of these field flowers would make a lasting impression on the senses and imagination of a boy naturally gifted with the poet's appreciation of color or beauty in Nature. Christ, like the poet, first draws on His past experience of color in Nature, and, next, attempts to wake in the imaginations of His audience His own appreciation of the beauty of flowers by an extraordinary double use of color-pictures: the color-beauty of certain field flowers outdoing the gorgeousness of King's raiment. In fancy the audience would form, with the most vivid realization, two

pictures of color-objects—the dewy, dark-violet of the lily on the hills of Nazareth, and the glory of the royal robes. The vividness of Christ's word-painting would be enhanced for His audience by His use of a verb-form which does not appear in the English translation, namely, "was not arrayed like one of these"; for the Greek verb-form in the text of the Matthean Gospel is in what is known as the "middle voice", and this middle voice form would cause in the minds of Christ's audience the picture of the great King meticulously selecting and "arraying himself" (middle voice action) in the most gorgeously colored robes that the art of the dyer could produce. And yet, says Christ, who had the poet's natural eye for color, which His audience had not, Solomon, with the aid of the toilers, spinners, weavers, and dyers, all of them the best in the land, could not apparel himself with the glory of color with which God and Nature have painted the little, lowly, unconcerned flowers of the field.

In the matter of these color appreciations on the part of Christ, it is worth while to note that the gems mentioned in the Gospels are pearls, and that these are mentioned only by Christ, and only twice. I consider this as additional proof that Christ had a *special* eye for color-beauty in Nature; for while all other gems are *artificially* made beautiful, pearls come from Nature (the womb of the crustacean artificer) perfect in beauty of form and immaculately lovely in sheen. Was it not the pearl that Gray particularly had in mind as the loveliest of gems to the pictorial imagination when he wrote—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear?

Surely! And Christ anticipates Gray, in the possession of a specially sensitive and appreciative eye for beauty of color in Nature. If anyone objects that the 'color' of the pearl is not really a color, I refer him to the occasion that gave to Hebrew literature, and thence to our own, the illuminating word "shibboleth" (O. T., *Judges XIII*, 4-6).

Christ's power to invent vivid, striking, picturesque similes and metaphors, as well as unique, compelling, illuminating parables, is another faculty and expression of His creative poetic genius. Only a poet could originate so vivid a metaphor

as Christ's "The *lamp* of the body is the eye", or so sublime a metaphor as Christ's "But I say unto you, Swear. neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool." Remarkably, even the slang of the underworld today has Christ's vivid metaphor, in the first instance, both as a noun and as a verb, as when it is said, "I spotted him, with my lamps", meaning "I saw him with my eyes", or "I lamped the cop", meaning "I saw the policeman, with my eyes." Christ's second metaphor is poetically sublime, because it pictures to the imagination the vastness of the Universe and the infinite greatness of God and the littleness of man. It presents to the moral imagination, in a twinkling of vision, the Immensities and Eternities. Only a genuine poet, essentially creative, could have invented the immortal parables of Christ, or His allegories. Even such great moralists, poetically visioned, as they were, as Plato and Marcus Aurelius, had to take the compass of many pages to point the truth in parables and similitudes, and then failed to achieve what Christ accomplished with a few short sentences that are comprehensible by the mind of a child. It was impossible for Plato to convey truth so succinctly, in short compass, as did Christ, for instance, in the parable of "The Pearl of Great Price"; and no secular writer of fiction, ancient or modern, has achieved a Short Story as simple, concise, and as dramatic and allegorically powerful over the heart and the imagination as Christ's tale of "The Prodigal Son"—the shortest and yet the greatest Short Story in world-literature.

Again: if I were asked to select the most humanly tender, and yet most poignantly pathetic, apostrophe, under the most simple and familiar similitude, in all literature, I should quote Christ's heart-broken apostrophe to the Holy City and lament over its unhappy fate—

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings—and *you* would not!

I need no more than remark the vividness and tenderness in the homely, familiar similitude, "as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings", and the forlorn sorrow in the phrase

"and you would not", made more moving in the Greek text by the distributive use of the plural person (*you*), conveying thus the idea that the whole people of Jerusalem were hardened in their hearts to reject Christ—His very own people, great and small, rich and poor, all against Him who came to them with the gospel of the Way of Life and of the New Kingdom of God on earth. Rather, however, note the moving power of the pathetic *re-iteration*, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem", if poignancy of heart-broken emotion is to be felt by the reader in Christ's apostrophe. It is a "cry" *de profundis*; and Christ once again turns to re-iteration to utter a "cry" *de profundis*, as He did in absolute loneliness and in desolateness of soul and spirit, when He died, calling, in His last words from the Cross on Calvary, to an un-answering universe—

Eli, Eli lema Sabacthani!—My God,
My God, why hast thou forsaken me?

It is to be noted, in this connection, that the word "sabacthani" is an Aramaic form, and, to the understanding reader, adds special poignancy to the tragic pathos of Christ's dying agony of spirit; for Aramaic was Christ's childhood speech, his mother-tongue; and now, dying, not the Hellenistic Greek of the day, but the speech that He learned, as a child, from His mother, the Blessed Virgin, comes to His tongue from the hidden, deep wells of His sub-conscious being. Reverting, however, to the apostrophe to Jerusalem, I submit that it is plain that in poetic expression of humanly tender, poignantly moving emotion, Christ was a master of genuine pathos.

It is hardly necessary for me to elaborate what must be obvious and familiar to anyone who knows the text of the Matthean and the other Gospels—namely, Christ's tender regard for children and His respect for and high sense of the beauty and nobility of the spirit of woman. Still, I must observe that the innate sense of the value of the Imperfect, the respect for weak and growing things, such as children, and the sensitive appreciation of the loveliness of the soul and spirit of woman, is a distinct mark of poetic faculty. It is a ready but valid induction that all poets have been inspired by these three:—the winsome beauty of field flowers.

the innocence and faith of children, and the spiritual graces of woman. Christ was inspired, as we saw, by the beauty of the lilies of the field; He gave beautiful and impressive expression of His love of children when He rebuked His disciples because they could not appreciate the spiritual meaning of the innocence and faith of the young, and uttered, for their salvation, this immortal poetic maxim——

Suffer little children to come unto me,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

As to Christ's attitude to the heart and spirit of woman, I observe that it was poetic, ideally beautiful and tender. His tender respect for woman, even for the forlorn Magdalenes, was unexampled; and His tender solicitude for His mother, which, even while He was on the Cross and in agony, He did not let cease, was a spiritual phenomenon by itself. Moreover, *Christ's own ideals were feminine*. As a man He lived a life inspired by love of the beautiful, the fine, the noble, the tender, the gentle, the kind, the forgiving, the helpful, the merciful, the pure and sweetly human in thought and feeling and deed. Now, these affections are peculiarly, if not singularly, the virtues of womanhood, and are born of the idealizing faculty, which is the faculty of love, which is, in turn, the faculty of creative imagination, which, in its turn, is the faculty of poetry.

Finally: we began by asserting that whenever Christ, in His sayings and discourses, was under inner compulsion to utter thoughts and to express emotions centering about the paramount ideas of His person, or mission, or the meaning of His life and death, the *a priori* probability was that in those moments He would become the Poet as such. Investigation of the form and quality of His discourses and 'logia', at any rate those in which He was concerned with spiritual matters of the very highest import, or was delivering the principles, laws, and maxims essential to the Christian life, show that Christ actually employed not only the imagery but also the very technical structure and special forms of Hebrew poetry; that is to say, Christ *practised the art* of the

Poet as such. I shall briefly illustrate. First, for an example of Hebraic parallel relation, consider Matthew, VII, 6—

Give not that which is holy unto dogs,
Neither cast ye your pearls before swine,
Lest they trample them under their feet,
And, turning upon you, rend you.

The English reader does not perceive the syntactical, that is, the logical relation of these lines as they are in the text, because the first and fourth lines are in parallel relation for the thought, and the second and third lines are in similar relation. We must rearrange the lines logically in our thought so as to follow the first with the fourth, and the second with the third, in order to ascribe the appropriate actions respectively to the dogs and the swine. Thus—

Give not that which is holy unto dogs,
Lest they (the dogs) turning upon you, rend you;
Neither cast ye your pearls before swine,
(Lest) they (the swine) trample them under their feet.

This form of poetic maxim is common in the Old Testament, particularly in *Ecclesiasticus* and *Ecclesiastes*, the so-called gnomic or wisdom literature of the Hebrews, and Christ must have been well acquainted with this literature; for not only are two of His parables enlargements of passages from *Ecclesiasticus*, but also Christ's so-called brother, St. James, is under many obligations to the same Old Testament book.

Or, consider Matthew VII., 7-8, as an instance of Hebraic Climax in poetry—

Ask and it shall be given you;
Seek and ye shall find;
Knock and it shall be opened unto you.

For everyone that asketh, receiveth;
And he that seeketh, findeth;
And to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

Note how this gnomic wisdom poetry is composed of two triple-stanzas, each a triplet with ascending climax—ask, seek, knock; and how each line corresponds with each, in one-two-three order in each stanza. The petitions in the

Lord's Prayer for material and spiritual necessities—daily bread, forgiveness of sins, and salvation from the tempter—show a similar triple climax. Indeed the Lord's Prayer is an outstanding example of the formal correspondence in structure, climax, and even rhythm, characteristic of Hebrew poetry, and technically employed by Christ.

For unique examples of Hebrew poetical antithesis in structure and paradox in thought, and of climax with refrain, consider the following passages from St. Matthew X., 34-39:

For antithesis with paradox, consider this—

Think not that I came to send peace on earth;
I came not to send peace, but the sword.
For I came to set a man against his father,
And the daughter against her mother,
And the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law:
Yea, a man's enemies shall be his own household.

For climax with refrain, consider this—

He that loveth his father or mother more than me,
Is not worthy of me.

He that loveth son or daughter more than me,
Is not worthy of me.

And he that taketh not up his cross and followeth me,
Is not worthy of me.

Here we have an ascending climax, in three couplets, closing, each, with a refrain: "He is not worthy of me". Then, like a coda in symphonic music, the thought of the two poems—the separating nature of Christianity, corresponding to the first theme in a symphony, and the absolute devotion required by Christ in the Christian life, corresponding to the second theme in a symphony—is 'bound together' by this sublime antithetic quatrain, with paradox:—

He that findeth his life,
Shall lose it;
And he that loseth his life for me,
Shall find it.

Fittingly, I fancy, I may bring to a close these 'Appreciations' of Christ as Poet by a general orienting of the formal structure of Christ's poetical picture of the Day of Judgment in Heaven, a picture which, in vividness, impressiveness, solemnity, and sublimity, surpasses anything, in rhetorical prose, or absolute poetry, imagined by Plato or Milton. I mean that section from St. Matthew (XXV., 31-46) which begins, "And when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the Angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and all the nations shall be gathered before Him", and which closes with the judicial sentence of the Son of Man, as Almighty Judge, on the Righteous and the Wicked: "And these (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous, into everlasting life."

Christ's picture of the Day of Judgment divides into four parts: (1), the Introduction—the Son of Man on the throne of Heaven and the people of the nations assembled before the throne of judgment and sentencing; (2), the Judging, with Reason, Responses, and Replies (vss. 34-45); and the Passing of Sentence and Awards (vs. 46). The second part itself divides into two parallel sections, both of which are formally constructed according to the principles of Hebrew poetry. Each of these sections consists of a triplet-line stanza, an announcing of the award, before the Judge gives the reasons therefor and the responses are uttered.

The first three-line stanza reads—

THEN shall the King say to them on His right:
Come ye blessed of My Father,
Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the
foundation of the world.

This is followed by three stanzas, one, in ascending climax, stating the Judge's Reasons for the Award; the second containing the Response of the Righteous; and the third, the Reply of the Judge, confirming His Award. The second three-line stanza reads—

THEN shall He say to them on His left:
Depart from me ye accursed
Into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and
his angels.

This is followed, as above, by three stanzas—Reasons, Responses, Reply. The picture concludes with a couplet of Happy Award and Awful Doom. The whole is indubitably both a highly artistic example of poetical architecture, and a vividly impressive example of poetical imagery, while, at the same time it exemplifies Christ's supreme mastery of all the technical principles and special devices of Hebrew poetry.

Whoever disparages, contemns, or denies the high office of the true poet, may be answered by pointing to Christ the Poet. And whoever denies or contemns the validity of the epithet "divine poesy", may be silenced by recalling and instancing the poetry of Christ the Divine Artist in words. Finally, to those who essay poetry, but who are not conscious of the high office of the true poet, and who work without an artistic conscience and a spiritual aim, let this maxim be taken to heart and practised by them:—*Be ye, therefore, perfect as poets, even as Christ the Poet was perfect!*



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