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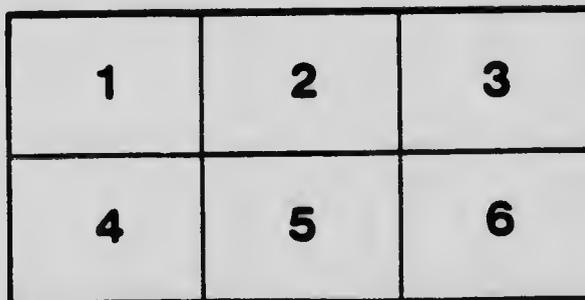
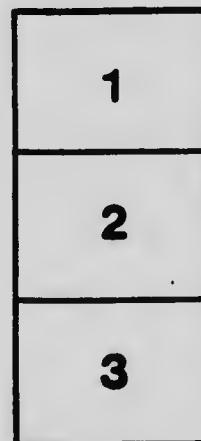
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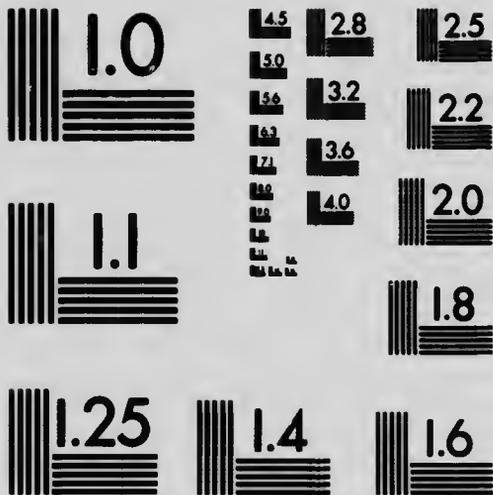
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A Trip to Venus

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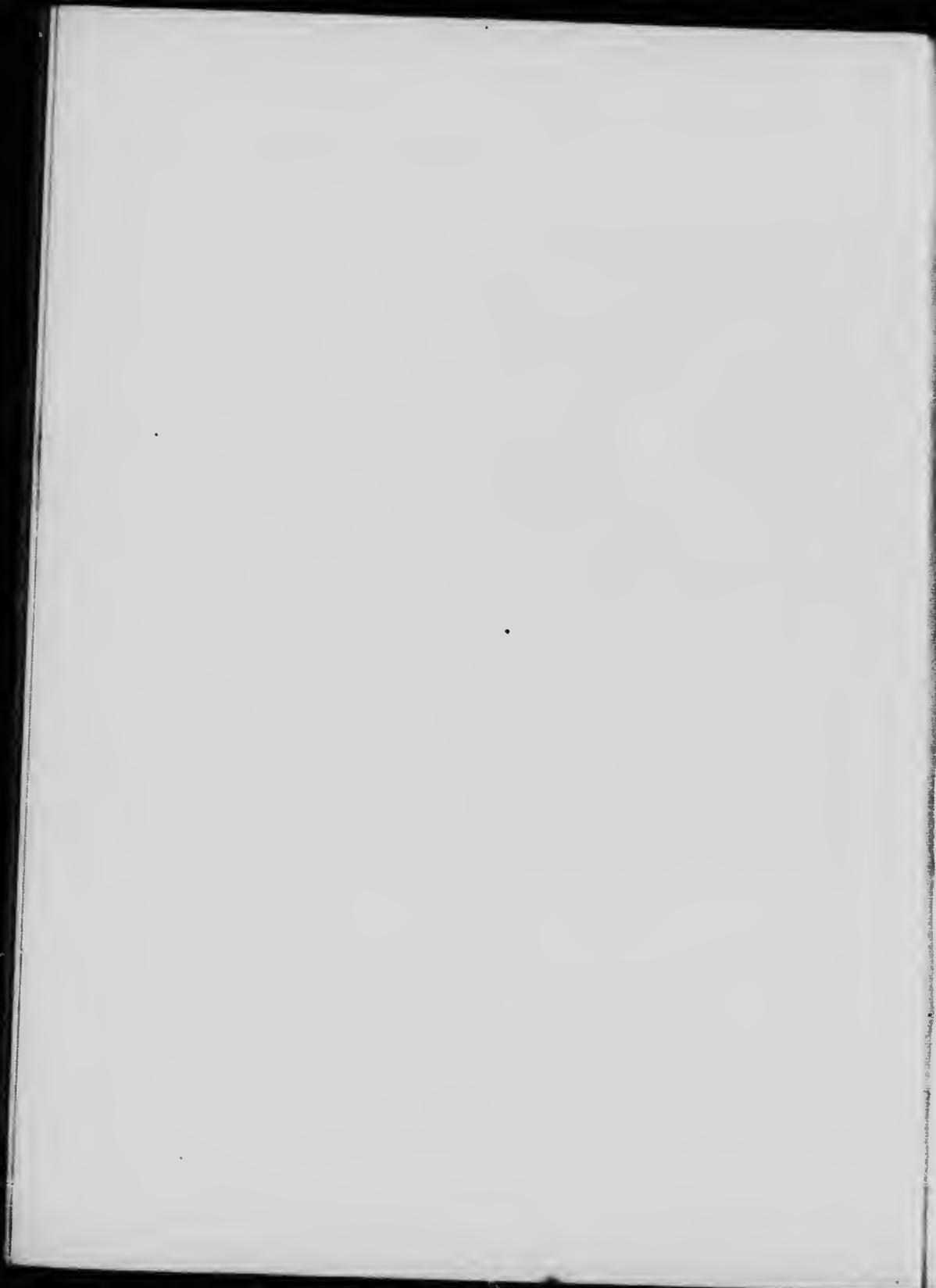
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A Trip to Venus

BY * * * * *
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A Trip to Venus



CANTO I

When but a little prattling boy
Who loved to play with glitt'ring toy,
I cried until mamma gave me
The small electric battery.

I hauled it up and down the floor,
Across and back, then out the door;
Its handles two, one in each hand
I held, and ran, while breezes fanned
My heated cheeks and tangled hair;
I skipped along and thought not where,
Until I reached a winding brook,
There sat I down in quiet nook
Where grass was high 'neath shady tree;
Still held I to the battery.

An Eagle with a hoary head
Alighted near, and plainly said:—
“Whould you not like with me to roam
And see the world, return then home?”
I asked how long he thought we'd be,
And if mamma I'd better see;
“Don't fear,” he said, “Twill all be right
And you'll be home ere falls the night.”

Down from his perch he quickly came,
(I wondered why he was so tame)
" You'd like to go, but wings you lack,
Just seat yourself upon my back."
Away he flew o'er plain and hill,
Nor tarried in his flight until
We neared a sparkling little lake,
And " Here," said he, " A rest we'll take."

I started toward the water clear,
He smiling said, " Don't go too near,
It is not cold, nor very warm,
But still may do you serious harm."
I ran, until behind a rock—
One finger dipped—Oh! what a shock!
That sudden, unexpected jar,
Turned bubbles each to flashing star.
I ran again th' Eagle's side,
" So you Electric Lake have tried?
You cannot dabble in it now,
But may, when I have shown you how:
By drinking water from the Lake;"
(I thought it must be a mistake)
" These herbs shall be your daily food;"
(His words I scarcely understood)
" You'll find a gourd 'neath yon green tree,
Take it and dip, dip cautiously."
His bidding done—and dipped the gourd,
But dreaded I the coming word.
" Now drink!" said he. How bright his eye!
I feared my time had come to die.
Tremblingly raised I to my lips

That which had burned my finger tips,
And flew my pulse with rapid beat—
But cool the water was, and sweet.
The explanation that he gave
Was that a great electric wave
E'er rolled within the earthen sphere.
And with it came the water clear.
"But when the water from the Lake
In non-conducting gourd we take,
We need no longer fear the draught."
He looked away--I saw he laughed.
Selecting near, a shady pine,
He said, "We'll now prepare to dine."
We gathered herbs, drew Adam's ale,
Then ate and drank. He told a tale.
"See yon bright star—it is a sun,
It and its planets are as one."
"And why not we?" I interjected,
"With our sun be, too, connected?"
"No reason why, the way is clear,
We may connect with any sphere,
But you must of necessity
Be charged with electricity.
And filled so with the fluid pure
That currents strong you may endure.
In smaller pool quite near the Lake
A bath each morning you will take,
And in this way you will acquire
That hidden force you now desire."

Each morning with the rising sun
To Electric Lake a race I'd run;

Not always would I be there first,
But from the Lake I'd quench my thirst
And plunge headforemost in the bay,
And splash and dive like ducks at play.
One morn methinks "'Tis now or never,
To swim the Lake I shall endeavor,"
And in I went—the shock I got!
It almost tied me in a knot.
But soon my muscles all relaxed
And seemed no longer overtax'd.
I floated 'round with perfect ease
Enjoying sun and balmy breeze.
Just then a swishing sound I heard—
Oh! there's my friend, that splendid bird.
"Hello! my boy, you there so soon?
I thought 'twould be another moon
At least, before you'd dare to take
A plunge into Electric Lake.
Now don your linen, we'll away,
Returning not till close of day."

Evening found us homeward bound,
Dragging along quite near the ground
A wire, so crook'd with kink and twist
It might be used by Russian linguist
If he should wish to telephone
To Spain, Japan or British throne.
The wire we stretched, and when 'twas straight
We, to its end, attached a weight
Which also we had brought that day
From peopled lands some leagues away.
The metal weight rolled down the bank—

It touched the wavelets—then it sank
Until it would no deeper go,
The water was so dense below.
The wire's upper end to float
We built a tiny wooden boat.
Electric force to concentrate
An instrument assists the weight.
With all complete, we launched our wherry,
It found the center in a hurry.
I wondered what would happen next,
But was not long to be perplex'd.
"Altho' the hour is getting late,
If you're not tired here we will wait,
For know just when our sister planet
May link with us, we surely cannot.
We sat there looking at the speck,
The magnet quivered on its deck!—
Then came a brilliant, ling'ring flash!
I waited for the thunder-crash—
It did not come—I sat dismayed
Watching the lightning as it played
Around the needle on the boat
Which we twain had set afloat.
"And now my boy, if you desire
We'll homeward turn, and there retire,
For we tonight good work have done,
THE EARTH AND VENUS ARE AS ONE."

Morning came. We sought the shore,
And viewed what never was before
Exposed to any human eye,
A line of electricity

Reaching from our mother sphere
To Venus, which now seemed so near.
“ And now that such a line exists,
Unobscured by clouds or mists,
What use is it to human kind,
And why was such a line designed ? ”
His searching eyes with question smiled :
“ You ask o’er much, being such a child.
But as you seem not over-bold
I think you may be safely told.
It now is but a slender thread,
But wait,” was what the Eagle said,
“ Until one year has rolled away,
(I much regret the long delay)
But while we pass once round the sun
A better work is being done.
Not only does this line unite
This troubled orb with Venus bright,
But in its grasp, through gravitation,
Some atoms find their destination.”
In some surprise, I asked him, “ Why
Do atoms, as thro’ space they fly,
When thus they’re checked in onward course,
Not dash to Earth with mighty force ? ”
“ If Earth, and Venus, and the Sun
Were linked, they all would act as one.
The link, or line would be as they,
Attracting all that came its way ;
Thus particles that might have passed
Are gathered in, and all held fast
Where e’er they touch the orbs or line,

And there remain thro' fleeting time.
Space now contains an ample stock
Of particles of ore and rock
To form a line from star to star,
Let them be near or distant far.
Within short time this line will be
Not only electricity.
MATERIAL, like we have here,
Will reach to either atmosphere.
Just to the ATMOSPHERE, you see,
For planets spin perpetually
And matter there finds firm restriction,
Dissolves through atmospheric friction.
Now what will all the people say
Who rise this morn at break of day,
And see upon the east horizon
The strangest light they e'er set eyes on?
Oh, some will say "'Tis natural gas,'
As by the line they swiftly pass;
Others, when from the sight 'tis gone,
" 'The foremost ray of Millenium Dawn,'
Loudly you'll hear throughout the land
" 'The Judgment Day is near at hand,
For, see! the gates now stand ajar,
And light streams forth to Earth and Star.'
But some there are, 'tis safe to think,
Who'll reason why, and slyly wink;
With instruments they'll operate,
Messages to communicate.
But let them try whate'er they will,
They might as well be sitting still;

The reason, now, I need not say,
But you will learn some future day."

Now from the ground I watch him rise,
And toward the little boat he flies;
When settled down upon its deck
He 'most submerged the tiny speck,
Not long upon the deck he stood,
For it was non-conducting wood,
But stepped upon the needle-bar
And gazed, as for a new-born star.
I played upon the pebbled shore;
Built castles without sash or door,
Climbed trees, ate fruit, and watched the birds,
Trying the latters' songs and words.
The Eagle! what's become of him?
Ah! he's there still, I'll take a swim.
He seems to like that baby-boat,
Perhaps it may another float.
My garb I piled upon a rock,
Not fearing more an electric shock
I jumped feet foremost from the bank
Into the lake, but scarcely sank.
Boldly I struck out toward my friend,
Surprising him I did intend;
So, silently on the boat I crept—
His eyes were closed—I thought he slept.
I caught the bar on which he trod—
Oh sorrow! 'twas a charged rod.
I pulled and tugged and shook the craft,
The Eagle flapped and swayed and laughed.
But seeing that I did not joke,

With sudden jerk my hold he broke,
But ere my hands were drawn away
A voice within my brain did say :
“ Well, if you start as you intend,
We’ll meet you somewhere near the end.
You’ll bring the boy?” the voice still said,
“ That’s, if you think he’s not afraid.”
I asked the Eagle what it meant,
But he, my questions to prevent,
Asked how I’d like to take a ride
Tomorrow, far across the tide.
We there agreed, no hesitation,
To go abroad, see every nation,
Returning when they all were seen
To this bright lake and foliage green.
I paddled back again to shore,
The faithful bird close hovering o’er.

Next day being fair with kindly breeze
We soared far out o’er western seas.
I shall not wait to tell you here
Of all we saw within that year
That we were absent from the Lake,
You know the world; much time ’twould take.
But, glad were we to sit once more
Upon the gem-bestrewn shore
And watch the ripples as they dance
Up to the rocks, and from them glance,
Then roll away in playful swells
To tumble-toss the pearly shells
That lay upon the burnished sand;
Jewels engraved by Nature’s hand.

Yet here could we not long remain,
I tried the Eagle to detain,
But, thoughtfully he shook his head,
"We must away at noon," he said.

Once more upon my flying steed,
To the course I gave but little heed.
I had learned to trust my grey-haired guide
And go with him whate'er betide:
"Onward, Upward," his motto seemed.
The Earth grew small, and then I deemed
It right that I, at least, should know
How far from Earth we were to go.
"Just look behind; what do you see?"
"Seems like the line but cannot be."
"It is the line," he said with mirth.
"We've spun around once with the earth.
Be not afraid," he kindly said,
As we drew near the golden thread,
"We'll soon be safe upon that rod
Where human foot before ne'er trod."
Nearer we came and still more near,
I knew that I should feel no fear
While with my never-failing friend,
Yet, wondered how it all would end.
But soon my doubts were all dispell'd,
My breath came free, my spirits swelled,
The noble bird all currents withstood,
Tho' they swerved and twir'ed, as in ebbing flood.
We landed safe, and ceased the wind,
The Earth beneath seemed straight behind;
Along the line our course we took.

But there was neither tree nor brook
To guide our way, or cool our lips;
The sun seemed darkened by an eclipse.

Could I be blamed, while in our flight,
For thinking this a startling plight?
No water, food, nor shelter near,
And oh, how scant the atmosphere!
Hour after hour went steadily by,
As steadily did the Eagle fly;
But stilled his wings and laughed aloud
When I said I saw a line-born cloud:
He told me that no cloud I'd seen,
BUT THE FANS OF A VENUS FLYING MACHINE.
Swiftly and smoothly it glided near,
And a voice that was music to the ear
Called sweetly from the flyer's side:
"Won't you people have a ride?"
The bird accepted with thanks sincere,
Though swift his flight we were not near
One-hundredth part along the line,
And it was now high time to dine.
Luncheon o'er, we now began
This winged aerolite to scan,
A curious bird no doubt was he;
The motive power, what could it be!
My tutor then came to my aid,
"Liquids of sulphur and nitre," he said,
"Are brought to chest by different road,
On coming together, of course, explode.
This drives a pump, much like a toy,
Which forces air into a reservoir.

This air, thro' pipes is carried on
To rotary valve. It drives a fan,
And the fan displaces more atmosphere
Than's required to float the gear."
But that which puzzled me the most
Regarded those who vied as host:
None but two children had I seen
To manage and guide the flying machine.
My instructor again was near at hand,
And said that in Sweet Venus' land
Much longer were the lives of men
Than earthly three-score-years and ten;
That these two slender, active boys,
Scarcely one hundred, avoirdupois,
With beardless face, and complexion clear
Were each then past their ninetieth year.
How pleasantly we sailed along
Listening to the fair youths' song,
And while sweet melodies they sing,
The old bird* rests each weary wing.
The singing ceased, the Eagle said:
"Venus is now not far ahead."
'Twas news to me but good the source,
The boys had changed the r former course,
Quite soon to be on Venus bright,
Already was that orb in sight.
The material line did suddenly end,
As we through Venus air did wend
Our way toward that fair blissful sphere
Where each to each is than self more dear.
While seated at the Eagle's side

I questioned him. He thus replied :
“ We’re nearing now a land of Truth
Where Self is waived in early youth ;
Where Freedom leads, as by the hands ;
Where Conscience guides, and Love commands.
Not fettered is the speech, nor bound
To follow in unchanging round,
But as the brooklets varying flow,
And as the changeful breezes blow,
So may all measure and all rhyme
Be led by subject, place and time.
But, see ! our voyage is almost done,
And ’neath us shines the rising sun.”



CANTO II

Is it the Soul or but the Mind
(Or are they one or intertwined)
That leaps with joy when tidings new
Of loveliness and grandeur, too,
Of harmony, of sights and sounds,
Which near and round us oft abounds,
Are born to it by senses true?
Spirit, or Mind, or tempered clay,
Let those who know the title, say:
That inner ME in heavenly spell
Seemed bound by tales those bearers tell
Of Venus' plains, and Venus' hills,
Of Venus' mounts, and Venus' rills,
And of the foliage rich and blue,
All starred with crystal morning dew
Which gladly from each leaflet stoops
To kiss the rose-bud ere it droops,
And moist' the silver-tinted grass
That glints and shimmers as we pass.
Oh! sweet the tones and true the trills
That echo 'mid the sun-tipped hills
As birds of plumage rich and rare
With songs of welcome flood the air
In greetings to the morning light
That swift pursues the fleeing night,

And bids to rest the moon so fair,
And all the stars till e'en, take flight.
Why could I not forever dwell
On Venus, bound by such a spell?
But let us now resume the tale,
Those scenes are swept as by a gale.
The waters of the pearly streams
Are pure as seen in poets' dreams.
And fountains shoot like sun-thrown beams
From many a high hill top.
From forests comes the dappled deer
To graze and drink. It knows no fear,
But comes, when human voice does hear,
With sprightly prance and hop.
No beasts of prey are to be seen,
Long since they all have captured been,
And placed so when their lives are passed
Of all their kind they'll be the last,
Excepting those in "Ancient Park,"
As docile as in Noah's Ark.

Now pass the hills, we view the plain
Of waving every herbs and grain;
Great rivers flow from source to mouth,
Now East and West, now North and South
To oceans swayed by gentle roll
From temperate zones to either pole.
From sea to sea are paved roads,
On which are hauled no wagon loads,
But motors, by a hidden power
Are driven many miles per hour.

Pneumatic tubes, to much avail,
Are used in moving Venus' mail,
And ships are being moved at sea
By lines of electricity.

On distant isle is built a lofty tower,
The mainland has a corresponding power;
From each to each a non-material line,
Electric—but understood by Him divine.
On leaving port for lengthy voyage at sea,
No steam, nor sail, nor mast do great ships know—
One simple wheel, revolved perpetually
By a latent stream, which through does constant flow.
The same which flows from the mainland's stately tower
To "Island Tower," within the surging main;
Nor do those ships e'er lose that faithful power,
Tho' indirect their onward course be ta'en.
Tho' stormy winds may wildly blow
And breakers white run high,
Though baffled ships, tossed to and fro,
Drive wide their destiny.
Though many vessels pass and meet,
Their courses intertwine,
Tenaciously to each in fleet
Still holds that wond'rous line.

Return to land: On reaching there
We find those lines most everywhere;
Our pumps no longer force in air
To reservoir, or valve, or fan:
When trip around the orb began
All stilled were they. We became aware

While speeding by that mighty tower
The wheel was turned by hidden power.
'Twas then our air pumps ceased to play,
But on we sped without delay.
How simply were the lands outlain,
From North to South, and East to West!
Some parts were used to produce grain,
And others, that which suited best.
The ways encircling the globe,
Were just one Venus' mile apart,
All mantled with that silvery robe,
To imitate does puzzle Art.
While those which stretch from sea to sea,
From pearly shore to shore,
Across rich, fertile country
Are miles apart, just four.
The dwellings, built with care and taste,
Of architecture grand,
Back from the ways, seem oft misplaced,
Those stately mansions stand.
The lawns in rear, beside, and 'fore.
With trees and blooms are dotted o'er.
And vines entwine the leafy border;
The whole design a sweet disorder.
The fertile fields, from lawn to lawn
(Each field almost four miles by one)
Are tilled of those who dwell near by,
To shirk his work not one does try.
Why should he shun a task so small
Thus meted out to each and all?
No—rather does he volunteer

To cultivate the plot in rear
Of each, his grand tho' small estate:
Within one mile are homesteads, eight;
The product of the different climes
Are shipped to all at season times.
Nor do those people seek for gain,
From such low practice they refrain.
Arrived where first we caught the thread,
"You'll come with us?" the two boys said.
Lightly we drop to sward so fair,
Mild pleasing odors fill the air.
From hay new mown, and flowers full blown
That breathe their fragrance everywhere.
We enter that gigantic tower
Where generates such useful power.
There, near a dial, a maiden stands,
Her eyes toward indicating hands.
The finger points—she holds two "grips"
And looks afar, nor moves her lips.
I sought for relays—there were none,
And spoke she not through telephone,
But messages that came and went
Were silent BROUGHT, and silent SENT.
The Eagle, ready now to go,
Ask'd, "Is there aught you'd like to know?"
"Why does she there so silent stand
With eyes on disk, and grips in hand?
No wires, or instruments I see
As used in Earth's telegraphy."

"The telegraphic system has here been long forgot,

And many other changes have been made,
But now they are uniting the human minds; while
thought

By sympathetic currents is conveyed.

These currents uncondensed, excepting by the air,
Do flow through every portion of the land,
And pass they, unobstructed, not for waters do they
care,

To points where looming towers stately stand.

No matter as to distance, may the way be short or long,
Let the mighty winds blow fiercely if they will,
And the clouds be driven madly by those gales so wild
and strong;

All unruffled do those thought-ways flow them still.

Not a dwelling on the planet, but they thro' do softly
wend,

As they circle in their never-ceasing way,
And no reason can be given why they'll cease until the
end,

Till the coming of that awful, awful Day."

To leave the tower he seems inclined,
Just why, so troubles my youthful mind,
These people are so good and kind,

But surely he must go.

Deep sorrow on his face is lined,
That borders on to woe.

My place I take between his wings,
And quickly from the ground he springs;
A course toward distant hills we take,
And settle soon near Venus Lake;

And there to sorrow he gives vent
That long within him has been pent.
His voice so mournful, sad and drear
Lends to his words aught else but cheer.

“O! beauteous Orb! Thou Sphere of Love!
Where true Benevolence reigns supreme,
Thy emblem is the gentle Dove,
“Good will to man,” thy people’s theme.
Could I but as in days of yore
Roam o’er thy hills where wild flow’rs bloom,
And ne’er return to Earth’s dark lower,
Where bayonets gleam and cannons boom.
But, must I from thy silvery plain,
Thy gentle rills, and shady bowers,
Where birds of tuneful note and strain
Sing sweetly to the opening flowers,
Depart to that ignoble place
Where man on man doth fall
And slay each other—What disgrace!
With bayonet, shell and rifle ball.
Ah, me! the day, the woeful day,
When reckless I my peace destroyed,
And journeyed to that land away,
That land where all but Self is void.”
His wings were drooped, his head was bowed,
He seemed a picture of despair,
He ceased at length to speak aloud,
His pain was more than he could bear.
I longed to cheer. What could I say?
My words would not one thought betray;

Undoubtedly his heart was sore.
I should have spoken long before :
“ Could I but mould one phrase of cheer,
Or suit it to thy cultured ear,
But—meagrely do words reveal
The joy or sorrow mortals feel.”
“ Ah! well,” said he, with cheerful smile,
“ The mind is sure the burning pile,
The word is but a smouldering brand
Swift carried by an Unseen Hand
To tindered soul, where'er they lie,
To rouse them 'most to realms on high.”
My feeble words, as scant and dim,
Had touched the tindered chord in him,
And broke that painful grieving spell,
The product of self-caused farewell.
To him my every thought seemed known.
“ And now that we are quite alone,
You wish to know where spirits are
Who from the orbs are flown afar.
Where from its cell the soul doth fly,
When spotted, too, it soars on high ;
As man believes, do pure ones say
' Depart from us ?' No, no, not they ;
But rather do they draw them near
With hands outstretched, eyes moist with tear,
With heads slight back and slight aside,
Chins raised, and lips with Cupid's vied,
Their graceful forms all forward sent,
With foremost knee so slightly bent,
Then all, with voices soft and low,

Do sigh the Stranger not to go.
When he through self-reproach is prone
To wander far from them alone,
Then all that heavenly throng doth weep
With sorrow unrestrained and deep.
Short views he thus this mournful scene,
Each form excelling beauties' Queen,
And every soul, though free and pure,
Would him enroll could he endure
Their love. But, no! that burning stain;
They plead with him to there remain;
Each word is but a parting knell:
With anguish sore he cries farewell.
Scarce does he spread his cheerless wings,
When from beneath sweet music rings,
A spirit from a far-off land
Is greeted by that heavenly band
Who's song no earthly chime could blend:
How meekly does the soul ascend!
O! vainly would the mortal try
To picture angels as they fly
And bear the tidings far above,
To Him whose every thought is love.
Then swiftly wing, the soul to meet,
To welcome Him, with love to greet;
List from their voices full and clear
Are echoed on from sphere to sphere
'Till every orb—no, all but one,
Takes up the chant, "Thou hast well done."
Then weave they Him a shining throne
Of beauties all to us unknown.

And on His brow they place a wreath
Of all the virtues here beneath.
Float they all then on ether light,
O! what a blissful, heavenly sight;
Reclining as on summer air,
As pure are they, as free, as fair.
Unfold they then each tapered wing,
They touch no harp, nor do they sing,
Yet harmony that fills the soul
Through all the heaven is heard to roll:
Not as the ancient mystic storm
Do they make music wild and drear,
But 'round the throne in lily form
They wing notes soft and sweet and clear.
Swiftly as a shooting star
Fly those who from the throne afar,
Their tones so high, so full and grand,
Are echoed back on every hand,
While music low, but sweet and clear,
Is heard from wings of those more near.
Then waft they Him upon His throne,
Who for such glorious future strove,
To heavens where sorrow is unknown,
Where all is peace and joy and love.
O! had I but the power and skill
To wield the oil and brush at will,
I'd frame each attitude and sound,
And waft them on the ether light
To orbs in Earth's depraved plight,
That they might, too, with truth and love abound."
The Eagle's words so stored my brain

With thoughts that I, too, might attain
To all these glories, free from spot,
That suffering sinners, I forgot;
But when they back to memory came,
Filled with remorse was I, and shame,
For in fancy could I hear that wail.
The bird relates another tale:
“On Venus many years ago
There dwelt a reckless, wayward boy,
And loved to roam he to and fro;
But still his parents' pride and joy.
Oft wandered he to mountain top
' Mid glacier, crag, and wild snow-slide.
Thence to the ocean would he drop,
Where came and went the briny tide.
O'er plain, thro' woods he rambled on,
And feared he not the beasts then wild:
The parents sought their much-loved son,
But never found that willful child:
For he grew tired of his sport
And longed his spirit, to be free,
Hark! was not that a gun's report?
What could it mean? What could it be?
The truth was that the soul had flown
To far beyond the shining sun,
But oft he rued, and had he known,
Such hasty act would ne'er been done—
Tho' loving arms would round him twine,
And he be placed on glorious throne,
But, spotted, he would there repine,
So fled from heavenly joys alone.

From sphere to sphere he swiftly sped,
To find one where he may abide,
But all was LOVE where'er he fled
Until the darkened Earth he tried.
He searched that globe from East to West,
From snowy, frozen pole to pole,
But could not find in all his quest
One undefiled, unselfish soul.
Ah! here he found what long he'd sought;
Tho' much disliked he to remain,
He must be pure, and free from spot,
Or joyful future ne'er obtain.
At will to roam o'er land and sea
Would not for willful sin atone:
Encased in clay he here must be!
The frightful thought 'most made him groan.
His first abode an infant swine,
And great was its unclean desire,
When warm the air with bright sunshine
To wallow in the dust and mire.
One stormy, bleak December day
A sharply armed man did come
And sought the filthy beast to slay;
The soul then lost its chosen home.
From form to form the spirit passed,
Avoiding that of human mould:
Preoccupied were all at last
Who dwelt in filth and field and fold.
When prisons there were none in herd,
He straightway flew to mountains high;
An Eagle's nest—a downy bird—

A few short years—and here am I.”
Can you imagine my surprise
When fully I did realize
That he, my tried and trusted friend,
Had fled the skies lest he offend?
To quiet be he seemed disposed,
And soon my heavy eyelids closed,
For we had traveled far since morn;
Now glittering stars the heavens adorn.
But when I opened next my eyes,
I saw with pleasure and surprise
Was over me a curious thing;
Naught was it but the Eagle’s wing.
Up thro’ his feathers went my head,
“I’ve had a funny dream,” I said.
“A boy was playing all alone,
When, carelessly he threw a stone,
It flew as if by mischief led,
Striking a man upon the head.
‘Well punished that bad boy shall be,’
And for the hazel rod sought he.
But when he would the switch have plied,
His only son imploring cried:
‘Papa, don’t whip him, he’s alone;
Would he have thrown it had he known?’
The father then was firm and stern.
‘My son, these naughty boys must learn
To never throw misguided stone,
For if they do they shall atone.’
‘But, oh, papa, he did not know
That you were there, you’re hidden so

Behind that clump of shady trees,
All tangled by both storm and breeze.'
Still unmoved the father stood.
'To overlook such action would
Encourage others as they play
To pebbles throw in careless way.'
'Yes, father dear, thou knowest best,
Still for the boy I'm sore distressed.
Some evil one hath him beset.
I'll take his place. I'll pay the debt.'
Then held he out his small white hands,
Pleadingly looks, but firmly stands;
And while each stroke draws blood in spurts,
He cries: "Papa, oh, how it hurts!"
But turning to the boy he said:
'You into mischief have been led;
These bleeding hands, scarred, bruised and sore
Have paid it all, please throw no more.'"
But how the Eagle's heart does throb!
Was that a choking, smothered sob?
Then why those long-drawn, peaceful sighs?
While moisture fills his kindly eyes
Does still the wildness of that beat—
"My happiness now is full, complete."
Those words came sudden to my ear;
I started, tho' I felt no fear.
His voice was mellow, mild, composed,
His drooping eyelids slowly closed,
And with his wing he drew me near.
"Your funny dream," he further said,
"Has me to peace unending led."

Age after age I vainly strove
By acts of charity and love
To rid myself of one dark spot,
But works alone could do it not.
Long I was blind, but now I see,
That Son has paid it all for me.
For my rash act he did atone;
I am no longer all alone."
And now I sorely grieve to see
The Eagle droop continuously.
Mournful I saw that we must part,
For I loved him with my childish heart.
The leaves scarce flutter on the trees,
And softly sighs the gentle breeze:
With muffled wings and tremulous note
The birds amid the branches float,
And silvery cloudlets veil the sun.
Again he hears that chant, "Well done."
"O! how you mourned," I hear some say,
"When your loved friend had passed away."
Did I wish back him who had flown
My grief would be for self alone.
His sheltering wings I gently fold,
And think of all the tales he told;
I lay to rest that mortal mould,
Its work has been well done.
I shudder, the air is getting cold,
Tho' high the morning sun.

* * * * *

Hark! Listen! I hear a call,
And softly murmuring waters fall.

Once more comes floating on the breeze
That loving cry—again the same.
And clearly do I hear my name
Echo among the azure trees.
I strain my eyes but see no form,
Tho' fair the skies and free from storm.
Again that voice! Who can it be?
Are angels calling, too, for me.
"Oh! here he is." 'Twas mamma who spoke -
The battery current was still unbroke,
When, 'neath the old elm tree I 'woke.



