

SONNETS

BY

PETER McARTHUR

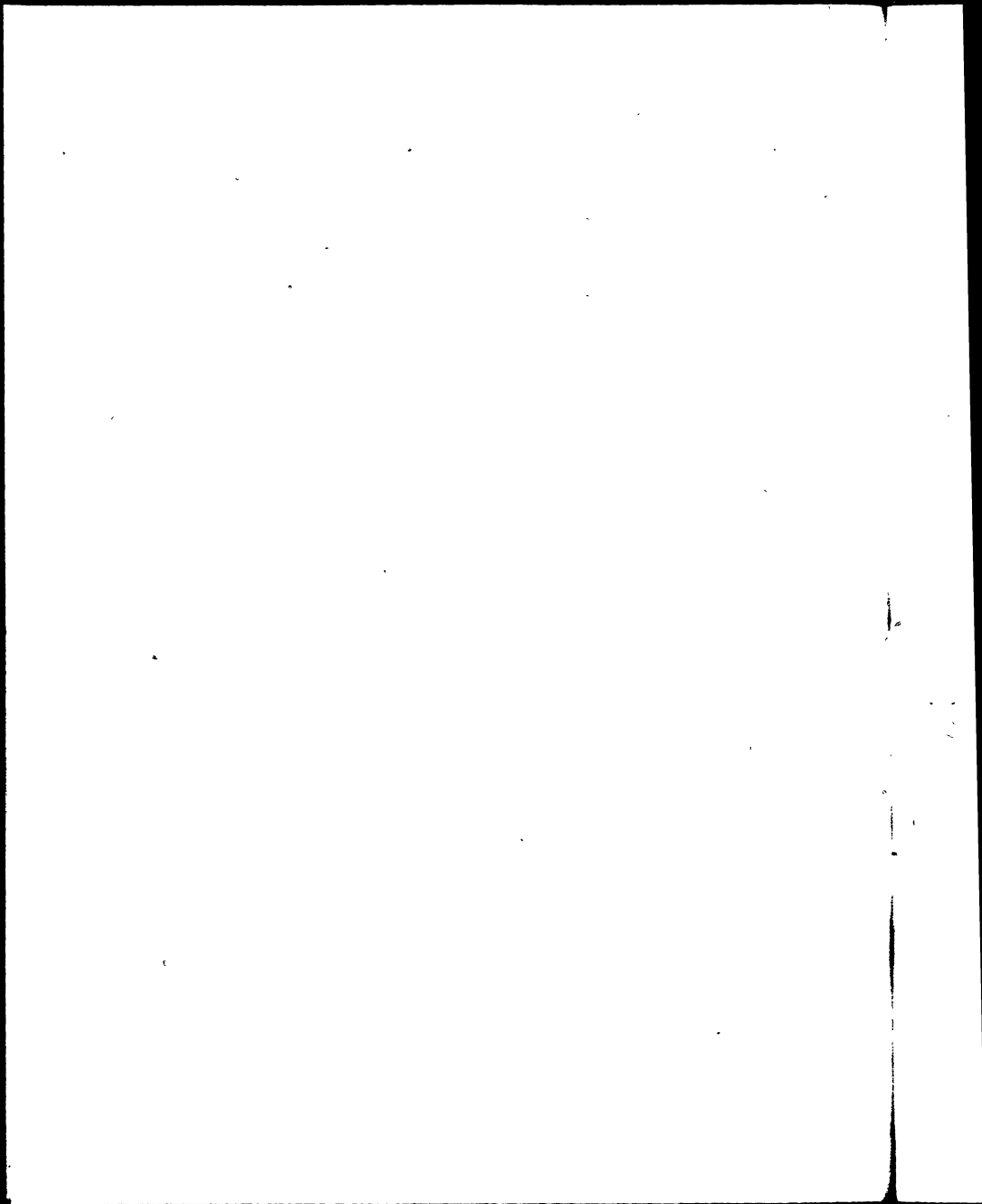


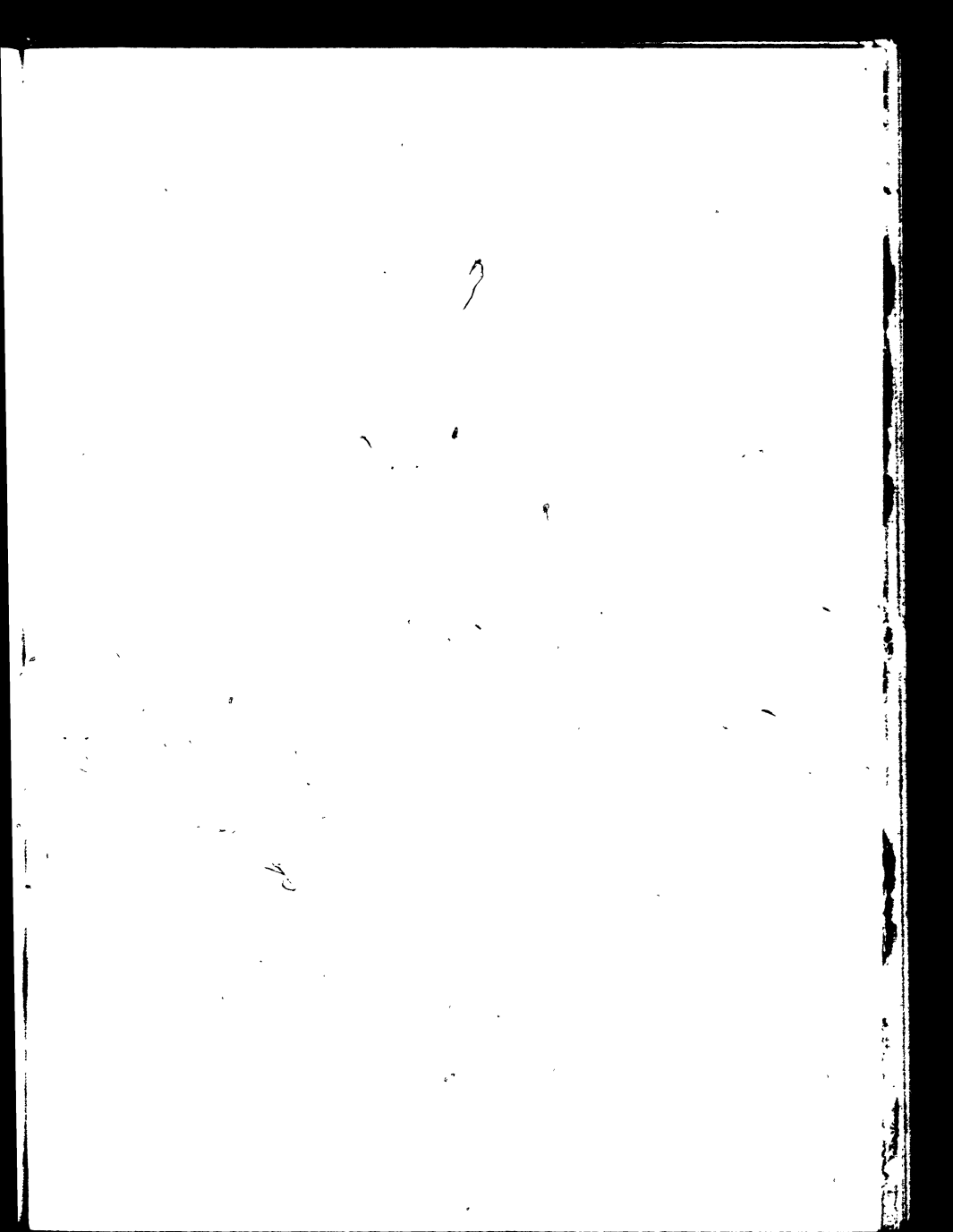
CHRISTMAS

1899

Wm. A. ...







SONNETS.

With Christmas Greetings

Peter M. Hartman



DEEPWOOD

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

*from the Library of Dr. Kest
1891
1957*

FIVE SONNETS

BY

PETER McARTHUR



CHRISTMAS

1899

170526

Copyright, 1899
BY PETER MCARTHUR

AUTOCTHON.

Hurled back, defeated, like a child I sought
The loving shelter of my native fields,
Where fancy still her magic scepter wields,
And still the miracles of youth are wrought.
'Twas here that first my eager spirit caught
The rapture that relentless conflict yields,
And, scorning peace and the content that shields,
Took life's wild way, unguarded and untaught.

Dear Mother Nature, not in vain we ask
Of thee for strength! The visioned victories
Revive my heart; and golden honors gleam:
For here, once more, while in thy love I bask,
My soul puts forth her rapid argosies
To the uncharted ports of summer dream.

FAITH.

Born of Thy will, it is from Thee I spring,
And naught is in me save what Thou dost give—
The light to see Thee and the strength to cling :
I am Thy vision, and in Thee I live.
To Thee I am not, yet I may become ;
Evolve from phantom to a living soul ;
Draw from Thy wisdom till, no longer dumb,
I rise through prayer to my immortal goal.
Springing from Thee, to Thee I shall return
And share the heritage Thou shalt provide,
With eye undimmed, Thy loving grace discern
And unprovèd in Thy peace abide ;
But while Thy mysteries enmesh me round,
Faith is the refuge that my soul has found.

LIFE.

Dear God, I thank Thee for this resting place,
 This fleshly temple where my soul may dwell,
 And, like an anchorite within his cell,
Learn all Thy love and grow to perfect grace.
Yet, while the veil still hides me from Thy face,
 Give me the light to know that all is well,
 With guiding truth my erring fears dispel,
Be Thou the rock on which my faith I base.

Thy guest, not captive, to my visioned goal
 I soar beyond the memory of strife,
 Upborne and shielded by Thy power benign :
Thou art the strength of my unfaltering soul,
 And from the vantage of this mortal life
 The freedom of the infinite is mine.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Not yet are deeds fruition of my thought,
Nor is this body symbol of my soul,
For evil ever in this life is wrought
That shuns the will and its divine control.
Surely I shall not be forever weak,
Halting and stumbling on the chosen way,
Blinded by the pure and perfect light I seek
Upon the threshold of eternal day.
I do not mourn discredit to my fame
Who smile at time and his confining shores;
'Tis this provokes the burning blush of shame:
The flesh still grovels though the spirit soars;
But my heart's anguish who can understand,
Or stay my folly with a guiding hand?

RETICENCE.

TO JAY HAMBIDGE.

We may not babble unto alien ears

The truth revealed, nor show to heedless eyes
The visioned beauty, lest with shame and tears

We mourn our folly—and with futile sighs.
For words are weak, and every form of sense

Wherewith in time we tell our hopes and needs.
To do a-right is to have recompense :

And highest thought is ever told in deeds.
And He, upon whose mighty arm we lean,

Is silent, save in works of love and power—
Most Merciful, enthroned in the Unseen,

He tries—yet shields—us in our mortal hour.
So faint not thou, for He who gave the will
The strength shall give, and shall Himself fulfill.

PRIVATELY PRINTED
BY HIS FRIEND
C. BOWYER VAUX

