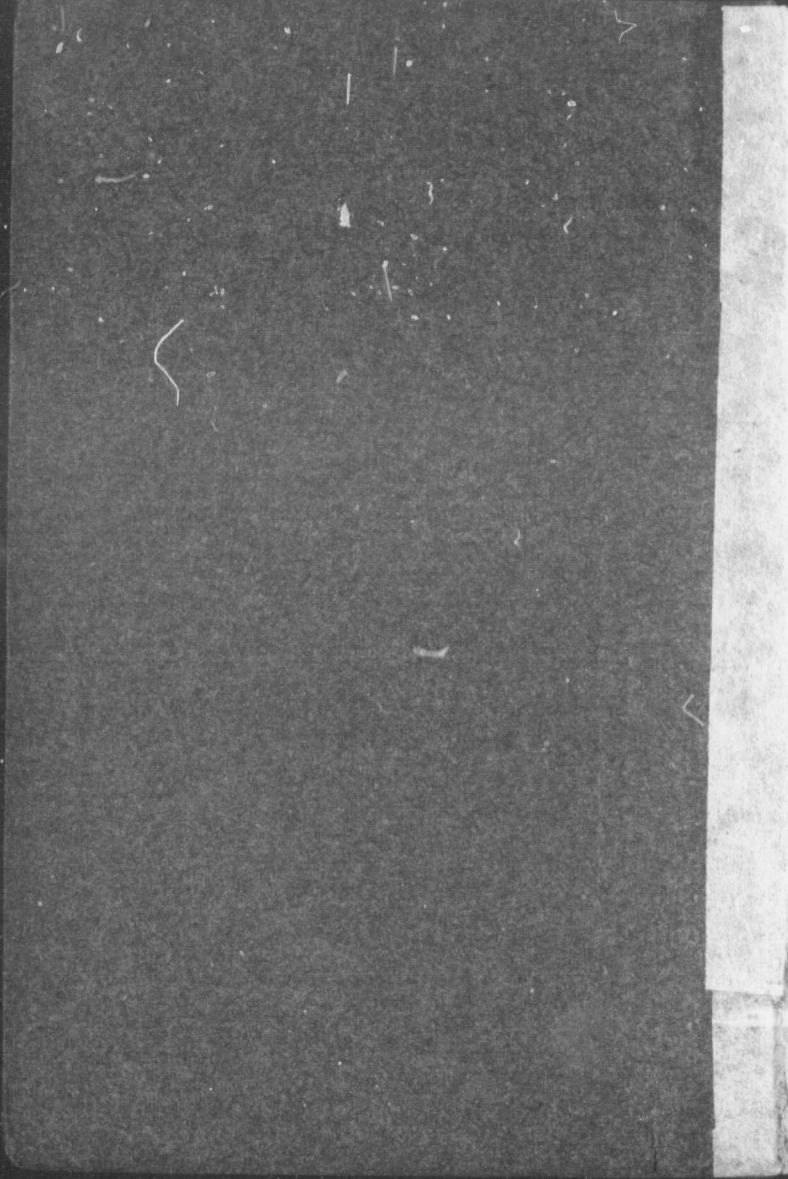


The Lilies

And other Poems

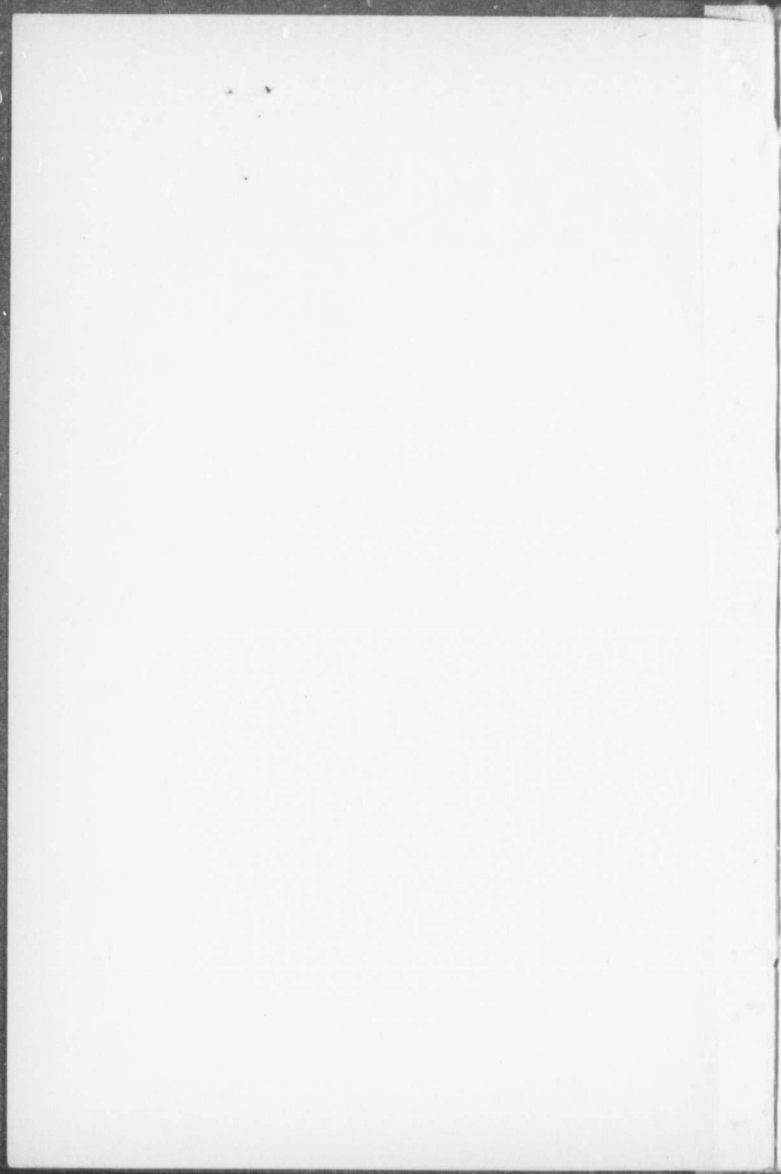
B. W. H. Grigg.





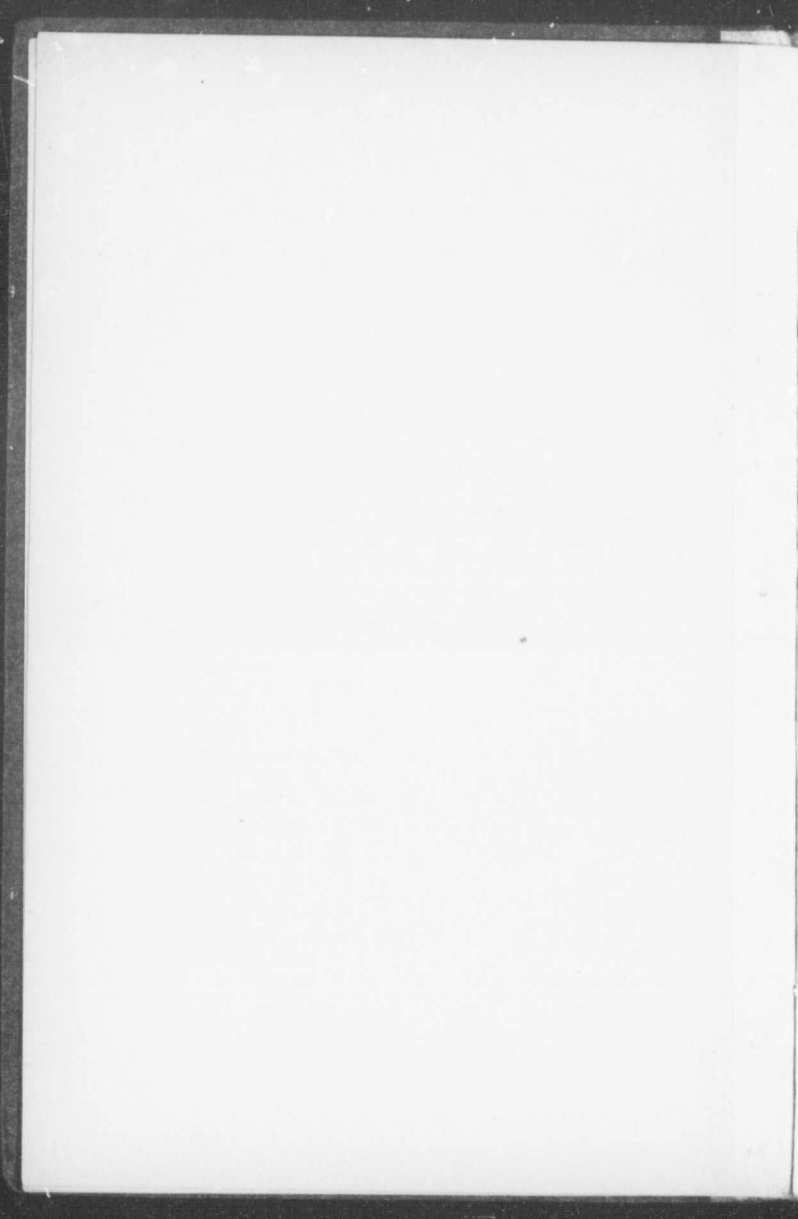
Probably a resident of Montreal
not in James list.

J. Darius Barnett, #37421.



PR 9250.025

The Lilies.



“Consider the lilies , , how they grow.”

—Matt. 6 : 28.

The Lilies.

No volume read by thee
In studious hours
Solves the deep mystery
Of May-born flowers!

Wov'n of stray beams of light
Wandering free—
Seamless and snowy white,
They humble me!

Such robes these lilies trail
As children do,
Who at God's altar-rail—
Stainless and true—

Their first communion wait :
O hearts of snow,
Would each sweet candidate
Were ever so!

Now their rare purity
Is undefiled :
Sins of maturity
Stain not the child :

So the priest's finger-tips
The wafer lays
Upon the awe-struck lips,
Silent with praise!

The Sixth Beatitude.

In the sky of clear sapphire that tints
With its color the tremulous sea,
In the purple hills vocal with hints
Of repose, age and deep mystery—

*The pure in heart
shall see God!*

In the peace of the night, starred and stilly,
In the moss-rose's fragrance and form,
In the deep golden heart of the lily,
In the tempest-torn soul of the storm—

*The pure in heart
shall see God!*

In the opaline clouds of the morning,
In the mystical moon's silver beams,
In the diamond-strewn sky, night adorning,
In the pearl-dropping cascades and streams—

*The pure in heart
shall see God!*

In the wonder of joy and of sorrow,
Of the first-and the last-coming breath.
In long nights when we pray for the morrow,
In the beauty of life and of death—

*The pure in heart
shall see God!*

Vespers.

Like angel-music heard in dreams,
Or liquid songs of lyric streams,
Are melodies of nightingales
At evening sung in English vales !

God these rapt choristers doth inspire
With songs more sweet than Orpheus' lyre
Accompanied. What praise more sweet
Than these rare vespers they repeat?

God and the May Grasses.

His Work.

Dew pearls thy trembling blades among,
Moist diamonds from thine emerald hung,
From God's own finger-tips were flung.

His Care.

One of a myriad : yet His love,
Showering and shining from above,
Its care from thee doth ne'er remove.

His Praise.

From human ears the measure fades,
Yet, quivering, lo, thy singing blades
Make music in the twilight shades.

His Service.

A patient lingering in the sun,
A simple duty, rightly done,
And earth's perfection is begun.

His Art.

On beds of azure, deep, afar,
Sleeps where no earth-born wind may mar,
The "flower of heaven," the flashing star :
The "stars of earth" the flowers, are seen,
Rocked in your beds of emerald green ;
Fit foil for flowerets fair, I ween.

His Compensation.

Swung by bronzed arms in meadows deep,
Scimitar-scythes that raze and reap
Ten-thousands in relentless sweep

Do God's behest : they put to sleep
The bleeding blades that peer and peep :
They lived in joy—a moment weep !

Have Faith—in God.

The golden sun now disappears,
 Passing the storm-clouds under,
And leaves the rayless earth in tears,
 The dark skies torn with thunder—
Yet we know that his light will beam again
 All the clearer shining after rain.

'Tis Winter and the vocal streams
 Are mute at the North-wind's breath,
The lyric Summer of our dreams
 Still with the stillness of death—
Yet we know, the Summer must come again
 With its radiant flowers and waving grain :

If, then, we have faith in things changing ever,
 Why not in their God—"who changeth never"?"

At the Seaside.

Billows that beat
Forevermore—
Musicful, sweet,
Upon the shore,

Rose far at sea
Then, rolling on,
Reached at last thee,
The sands upon.

Old memories,
Succeeding—repeating—
From the Past's far seas
Inflowing—retreating—

Roll ceaselessly round
Thy sleepless brow—
Lost in thought profound
On the shore called "Now."

The Lily.

My bridal eve—
I sleep, and dream
Of wandering by
A moonlit stream.
Wandering in that dream's strange
sadness
By the banks of old St. Clair,
Down the tide a white flower floated,
Than the moonbeams far more fair.
Drifting near
To the shore,
'Twould appear
O'er and o'er
Like a floating water spirit
With her arms divine extended,
Her white breast kissed by the moon-
beams,
Drifting as the current tended.
And nearer still
The shelving beach
It floated, till
I almost reach.
Floating, rocking with the ripples,
Petals snow-white all unriven,
Opened—cradled in the calyx—
To the starry eyes of heaven.
But an eddy—
Curse its deeds—
Lying ready
'Mong the weeds,

Whirled the fair ghost-flower seaward,
Till the sprite outborne did seem
Wrapt away in misty moonlight
Like the fading of a dream.

*My Lilian died
That very day,
Out on death's tide
Was borne away.*

Winds of Eternity lulling
That lily-white soul in her sleep—
Waves of Eternity guarding
Her heart in your fathomless deep—
Sleeping, sleeping,
Afar, afar,
Sleeping forever,
Outside the bar!

Sing lowly, ye winds of that ocean,
O winds of that infinite sea;
And cradle her softly, green billows,
But leave all her sorrow to me!
Sleeping, sleeping,
Afar, afar,
Sleeping forever,
Outside the bar!

Homesickness.

Learned without knowledge, without wisdom wise,
Is the lithe swallow who, with prescience rare,
Tokens of Winter in the purple air
Of Autumn feels—and to the Southland flies :
Where winter-long in the Brazilian skies,
The sun still warmly beams : safe resting there,
No Northwind steals upon him from its lair
Of ice, but changeless Summer 'round him lies !

'Mid disillusion, when Youth's golden dreams
Have vanished : when the trees of hope, all riven
Of leaves, stand naked by the frost-locked streams
Of Love : then to the isolate are given
Strange, sweet impulsions that suggest, it seems,
A flight to that dear homeland—our souls' Heaven.

Twilight.

Now drowsy fall the eyelids of the day,
Now nodding to sweet reverie he yields,
Now aimless Fancy wends her tortuous way,
Mid thoughts and dreams o'er Amaranthine
fields.

Now sighing Zephyrs fan Day's paling cheek ;
Now sleepy insects drone him slumber songs ;
Now darkling shadows of the night do speak,
And humid dew-mist to his brow belongs.

Now Gnome and Sylph, and all the fairy throng
In mystic incantation dance around
The twilight field—with merry tinkling song :
Wizard-and baleful witch-fires from the
ground

Fright the belated peasant with pale gleams,
And haste his feet across the saving streams.

The Prairies.

Far-stretching earthy seas ye seem that wave
Your wreathing billows to the western skies :
Your flowerets multi-formed of myriad dyes,
Seem stars sea-shadowed that your Maker gave
The mariner, to cheer and brightly pave
His wandering through the trackless deeps.

There rise

Your solid breakers ; and between them lies,
Deep green, an ocean's trough or dim-sunned cave.

Afar your surge sinks to eternal calm ;

Silent, soul-filling, infinite, sublime :

In vain, " deep calleth unto deep ; " I Am

Hath stilled, transfixed thee, ere all time—

Creative brooding o'er thy wastes—hath said

" Be still ! until the sea gives up its dead."

Let There Be Light!

Planet and Sun,
Ye move as one
 Flaming beacon evermore :
Your lights efface
The glooms of space,
 When on these their billows pour.

Your swaying lamps
Gleam through the damps,
 Chambers vast and caverns drear :
To shadowy wastes
The Light-God hastes,
 Jealous of a sable peer.

The Aeons wait
Your coming late,
 Candelabra angel-borne,
And aged Night
Yearns for your light,
 Waiting in his caves forlorn !

“ On roll ”—space calls—
“ Ye planet balls,
 With seraph forms attended,
And chaos line
In forms divine
 With orbits interblended !

“ The eternal calm
With spheric psalm,
 Your symphonies upbreaking,
The unfathomed deeps
Where Echo sleeps
 In the womb of Silence, waking ” !

