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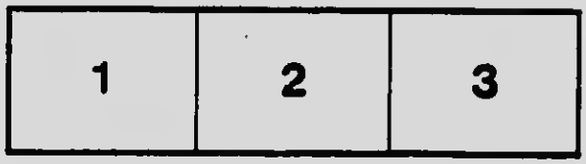

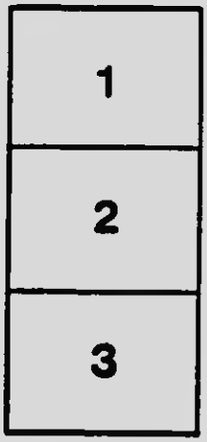

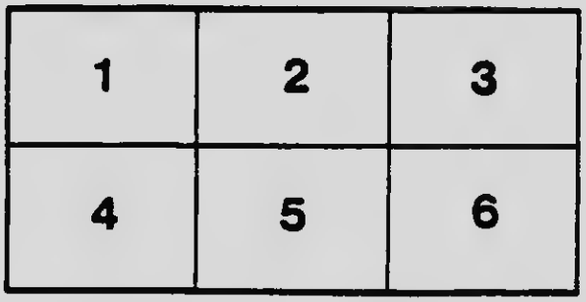

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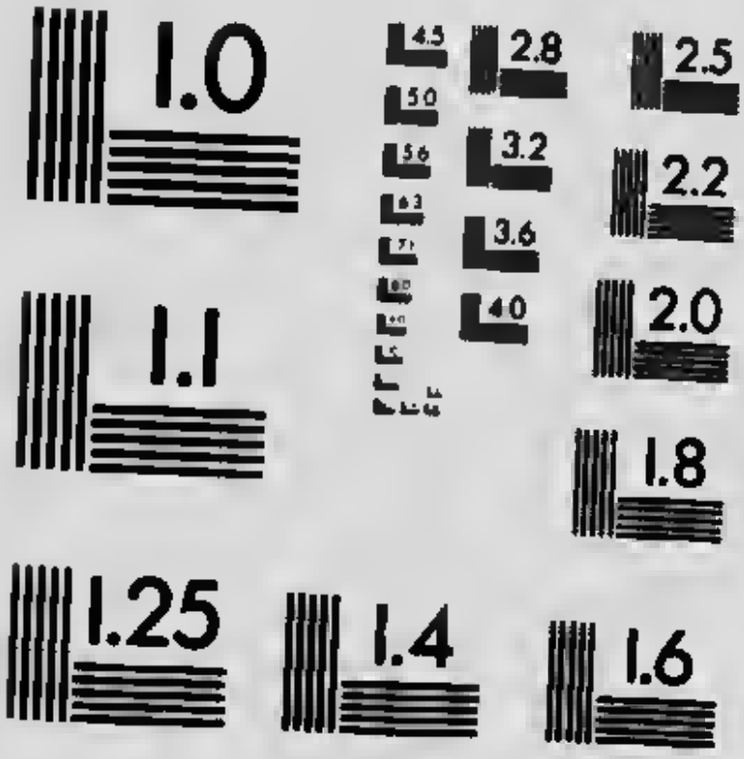

LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE

WALTON

LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
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LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE
THE IMMORTALS
AND OTHER POEMS

By ALBERT D. WATSON

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
KATHERINE HALE

TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD., AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
MCMXIII

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LOVE'S BIRTHDAY

Sweet day, sun-born, dew-kist,
Noontide of gold
And sunset amethyst,
Shades that enfold
The whispering light,
Hushed, star-eyed night—
'Twas such a day as this,
With glory-morn,
When, out of viewless bliss,
You, Love, were born.

Night's sun-expectant hush,
Earth's wonder-dawn,
Shy daybreak's beauty-blush,
The shadows gone;
All are bedight
With joy-thrilled light,
Nor is it strange, I wis,
This rare, sweet morn,
That on a day like this,
You, Love, were born.

Foreword

WHEN Poetry first walked out of the early woods of this world, there were brambles in her hair and the dew of wet grasses on her bare feet. She was the living embodiment of the earth-spirit, and the gods had wakened her from a long sleep. Through the ages of myth and legend she wandered, until with the coming of a new and strange religion she met Pain and Liberty for the first time. Then her heart seemed to stop beating and her step grew slow. Hereafter, throughout the middle ages, and almost until the dawn of the twentieth century, this spirit was a force at war with itself. Growing, like music and religion, out of the earth-ritual, having her first expression in pure paganism, Poetry was destined to develop a soul, which—in embryo at least—does not always fare happily with beauty.

Therefore the great masters of the past who came under the Spell, were forever trying to reconcile the earth and the sky. Milton, the magnificent apologist; Shakespeare, a frank materialist with his great bursts of etherealism; Dante, whose sky-worlds are so delightfully mediæval; all illustrate a world not yet awakened to the conviction that Robert Browning sounded so surely later on:

> All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
> Helps soul.

Then Walt Whitman came singing through the land the chant of the Universal Good, and God in everything: and after him arose a perfect flood of the new song in which Poetry found herself at last a being not more of earth than air, not less of God than man, but fashioned, like the earth which bore her, for the uses of evolution, to be new-created by the thought of men's hearts, passing from one revelation of truth to another.

So, happily, our writers still make odes

to lovers, but their highest song is dedicated to Love itself. Still are the legends of the gods immortal, but the mightiest theme is God.

It is in this newest and greatest guise that the spirit of Poetry has come very near and touched the lips of one of our Canadian singers, Dr. Albert D. Watson, of Toronto.

Many readers will recall "The Wing of the Wildbird," published in 1907, a book of lyrics in which those who possessed the seeing eye felt a present delight and beheld future possibilities, a promise that has been amply fulfilled in this collection of verse, whose very name suggests infinitude.

"Love and the Universe" is a theme exceedingly modern in its conception and treatment. It is a great dream of the possibilities contained in a spritual evolution which counts body, soul and spirit one force working together with God.

To be the Potter in increasing measure
Is man's predestined part.

And this, indeed, is the keynote of the entire collection; a clarion call to the forces of the spirit for the building up of life in perfect harmony with the laws of nature and of brotherhood.

Evolution and idealism, liberty and law, God and laughter, soul and body, the mating of these in perfect accord becomes the fabric of this poet's vision, a vision which he has set vibrating in clear song and has rimmed about with the wholesome and lovely colours of the woods, the waters and the sky.

A writer's special essence every reader must find out for himself. In this case it is especially unnecessary to "explain," but if one might attempt to put the poet's philosophy in the simplest possible words—and it is a simple philosophy in spite of the great underlying fabric of concepts, intuitions, emotions and convictions on which it is set—he would probably end by quoting four little lines in which Dr. Watson seems to have condensed the very heart of his sunny message:

Oh, for a love like the air,
So infinite, soundless and broad
That every child of the earth may share
The joy of the heart of God!

Yet, lest anything so elemental should confound the critics, one may also call attention to such dazzling stuff as:

On swept the ages till the suns decayed,
Till, bleached and bare, the dead bones of the worlds
Lay in the fields of heaven, till Mazzaroth
No longer flamed the zodiac with light,
But strewed with cosmic slag, ashes of stars,
The lonely waysides of eternity.

The reach of the work is indeed universally wide and deep, including as it does not only the cosmic note, without which no voice may carry, but in a series of monologues called "The Immortals," a remarkable insight into the lives and individualities of many of the world's great ers and saviours.

For those who love their woods and waves untamed by over much "mentality," there are lyrics which are bits of pure and beautiful atmospheric effect; for the lover, the lovesong, and for the patriot, his poem;

and finally, for all adorers of that great blossom, the rose of fourteen petals that even modern Poetry still wears close to her heart, there are sonnets, and I give you one among them called "God and Man," much as one might tender Dante's "White Rose of Light," saying nothing for fear of dimming such radiance:

God is eternity, the sky, the sea,
The consciousness of universal space,
The source of energy and living grace,
Of life and light, of love and destiny.
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered place
Amid the stars that move before His face
In robes of hurricane and harmony.
A light that twinkles in a distant star,
A wave of ocean surging on the shore,
One substance with the sea; a wing to soar
Forever onward to the peaks afar,
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,
A child of the eternal—such is man.

Katherine Hale

TORONTO, Ont.,
Aug. 12th, 1913.

LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE

I

I dreamed that I was God, the great All-Seeing;
    The ceaseless urge was mine
That fires the throhhing, hlood-red heart of Being,
    The Alchemist divine.
I saw and knew that lesser good is evil,
    The evil lesser good;
That love can change the hasest hell-upheaval
    To sweetest hrotherhood.

I heard the tramp of onward-marching nations,
    I saw their mirth and tears;
I felt the passions of the generations
    That thundered down the years;
I clashed as foe with foeman, fire-hearted,
    I heard the cannon boom,
And in the deep abyss of years departed,
    I found a nameless tomb.

And I was woman, felt her degradation,
    Marked how her wrongs hegan,
The justice of her claims, their violation;
    I saw her slave to man.
I felt the wounds of haughty condescension
    My tender heart annoy,
I was the fire beneath each cold convention,
    Of motherhood, the joy.

When souls oppressed with sense of sin knelt pleading,
I felt their bitter shame;
When priests with cruel creeds, my words misreading,
Blasphemed my very name,
My heart, misunderstood, was bleeding, breaking,
The penitent to show
How I was yearning, all things else forsaking,
To his relief to go.

I lived in superstition's dark dominions
And saw her cruel deeds,
The Calvaries of new and brave opinions,
The martyrdom of creeds;
I bowed my cosmic soul to wealth and fashion,
In commerce revelled now;
I wreathed with wisdom's halo of dead passion
My philosophic brow.

I was the ancient East, whose pomp and splendour
Went down in shame and lust,
And I the power from her base course to bend her
And trample her in dust;
But when the sunset cities, newly rising
Stood selfishly apart,
I was the modern East, the world surprising
With renaissance of art.

The separating prejudice of races,
The temper of their souls,
The North, the South, the colour of their faces,
Their pathways and their goals;

All these was I, the Spirit of the Ages,
    The meaning of them all,
I penned the word of doom on life's stern pages,
    The writing on the wall.

And Love was mine, the joy and power supernal
    To make the loathsome ways
That rise from out the deeps of gloom infernal
    With heavenly lustre blaze;
Hope, too, came fresh into the bright arena,
    And faith was born anew;
My soul illumined with divine arcana,
    To Godlike stature grew.

The government of men was on my shoulders,
    Their onward march I planned;
Mine was the wealth of earth despite its holders,
    The gold of every land.
I was the body and the soul of all things
    In industry and art;
For me the world had no more great or small things
    Since all were in my heart.

The cosmic plan was good whate'er appearance
    Might need my chastening rod;
My law was just and brooked no interference
    Or blame—was I not God?
For law was love-wise purpose everlasting,
    In cosmic sentence writ,
And duty the demand of love, outcasting
    All but the soul of it.

Yet man, allured by fame, or fortune's leading,
His brotherhood forgot,
And all the yearning of my heart unheeding,
My Love remembered not;
And thus amid the splendours of my heaven,
Reproach and wrong there were,
Injustice and oppression unforgiven,
And forms of life unfair.

Then all humanity, in love-surrender,
With all its blight and blot,
I poured into Love's all-consuming splendour,
The cosmic melting-pot.
Then slowly rose such majesty of feeling,
Such clear-eyed vision too,
That all the ills of life found perfect healing
And earth was made anew.

The party patriot quelled his petty passions,
The miser spent his hoard,
The proud of heart despised their futile fashions
And nations sheathed the sword;
For all was Love, the central soul of being,
The all-embracing stream,
The fountain-head of joy, the eye all-seeing—
Such was my wondrous dream.

Then, 'mid the mystery of the blue high spaces
And clouds of fleecy hue,
I came awake, and gazing on men's faces,
I found my dream was true.

The dream was true; ah yes, 'tis Love, my brothers,
Can make the earth anew;
Only as you give life in loving others,
Will they find heaven in you.

For as the wide and intricate, deep ocean
To other lands invites,
Life bears the soul with strong resistless motion
To Love's celestial heights,
And dares the darkness till the great confession
Of day shall break, reborn,
And bring the soul a new, divine expression
Upon the lips of morn.

For life can ne'er be sounded with a plummet;
The sum of all man's deed
Is less than man, and cannot reach a summit
That's higher than his creed.
'Tis only hope and faith can make man greater
By Love's resistless plan;
Not superman, not even his Creator,
Can drift apart from man.

Henceforth, I give free course to faith and freedom,
With justice banish strife,
Relieve the fallen, am as Christ to lead them
And love them into life;
Till earth, transformed by labour, joy and pity,
A home of comrade hearts,
Shall rise and shine in every land and city
With unexampled arts.

For whatsoe'er the cup of life containeth
Of evil, pain or strife,
The power of Love, long as the earth remaineth
A crucible of life,
Shall lift the soul aloft on mighty pinions
In heaven's ethereal sea,
To dwell forever in the bright dominions
Of Love's eternity.

I seek no Lethean stream of self-forgetting
To hide me in its wave,
No gem-oasis in its desert-setting,
No lotus-dream I crave;
But life athrill, unfettered and abounding,
Free as the winds are free,
Fresh as the vernal forest, breeze-resounding,
Deep as the blue-domed sea.

Let every soul beneath the star-strewn ceiling
For life's own sake be free,
Flame every beacon fire, set bells a-pealing
From hills of victory;
For as the eagle to his eyrie soaring
Along the crags of time,
In Love's high service every power outpouring,
All life shall be sublime.

II

I dreamed again, and lo, a solemn glory
Transfigured earth and sea;
The vibrant universe revealed a story
Of love and power to me.
Oh, never was such light on earth beholden,
Save when the sacred gleam
Bestirred the spirits of the seers olden
To mystery and dream!

I thought that haply angel hands had chanced
The door of some bright zone
Of heaven to ope so that to me there glanced
The radiance of the throne.
'Twas not as earth-light that must go unbending
Into the fields afar,
But all diffuse, it spread abroad unending
And circled every star.

Upon [illegible] consciousness was strange appealing
Of unseen presence borne;
I walked alert with glow of comrade-feeling
Through all the peaceful morn.
I knew a master hand the leaves were tinting
With gold and crimson tone;
A face of beauty all the earth was glinting
With glory not its own.

Where Neptune's breath the salty spray is sweeping
Across the silent seas,
The God of gods is found whose Will, unsleeping,
Moves the eternities.
I look into the blue serene above me
Where constellations roll,
And find e'en there a Power still to love me,
The keeper of my soul.

And where, invisible 'mid stellar spaces,
The soundless ether stream
Flows on among the worlds and shows no traces
Of life or death or dream,
Intenser vision, down the deep ways turning,
Is startled to surprise,
Emotion, will, and consciousness discerning
Throughout the far-flung skies.

But not in vastness only, I discovered
A Soul of love and might;
Above the dew-drop on the grass-blade hovered
The clear shekinah-light.
As in the daisy's or the rose's petal
God's praises never cease,
The noisome insect and the stinging nettle
Are temples of His peace.

For sorrow is a messenger of pity
That hasteth from the strife
To usher us, though joy hath fled the city,
To higher planes of life.

Greater than pain, they grow, who bravely suffer
Beneath affliction's rods,
And stronger are their thews, their sinews tougher,
Who wrestle with the gods.

Soul of the Universe! Expression waiteth
An ampler word than mine;
The noblest human utterance abateth
A splendour so divine.
No speech can e'er depict the radiant story
Of love and truth and law;
I would my words might even hint the glory
That there in dream I saw.

The Universe is God. There is no heaven
To bribe, no hell to affright;
Ills are by justice banished, good is leaven
To fill the worlds with light.
The Universe is Form and Light and Beauty—
All this in dream I saw—
Is godlike Strength, and great-souled Love and Duty,
Is firm but kindly Law.

The Universe is Truth, falsehood consuming,
Is Light, devils to chase
From out the minds of men, their souls illuming
With visions of God's face.
The Universe is Power. The gross things even
That all our spirits mar,
And all the elements they blend and weave in
To make them what they are,

Are wholesome symbols of our birth, agreeing
That God and man are one;
Are but the bonds that bind our outer being
In union with the sun.
Thus man the creature too is universal,
Awhile in bonds of sense;
His life on earth, at best, a time-rehearsal
Until his faring hence.

Babe at earth's mother-breast, soon to inherit
The larger life above;
One with the unseen Fountain of all spirit,
The universal Love.
So is our manhood, child of God essential,
Still kept in swaddling bands,
To grow to final Christhood all-potential,
Shaped by the Potter's hands.

To be the Potter in increasing measure
Is man's predestined part,
Co-worker with the Universe, and treasure
Immortal of its heart;
Sharing its fortunes, physical, eternal,
Rising to highest goal,
To live on spirit planes, august, supernal,
As comrade of the Whole.

The form of man—one with all outer nature
In heaven's wide orbits hurled,
One with the Universe in each clear feature
Of every swinging world—

Is but the emblem of his spirit forces,
    Which, now I clearly saw,
Are also one with his eternal sources,
    With universal Law.

I feed my soul on reverence and wonder,
    On mystery and art;
With starlight and with storm, with dew and
        thunder,
    I nourish my young heart;
Grow sturdy in the struggle, bold and fearless
    On universal seas,
In all vicissitudes of sorrow tearless,
    Patient on Calvaries.

So build my spirit out of things supernal,
    My food, love, light and dream,
My breath, the Infinite, my light eternal,
    The co-eternal Beam.
No more my soul gropes in the dark, unseeing,
    Or trembles in the night,
No longer turns to others; my own being
    Is love and power and light.

I pierce the mists before my sunrise drifting;
    My soul is dark no more,
My hope anew its radiant altars lifting
    On every life-lit shore.
Meanwhile the Universe new bodies finds me
    And calls me to resign
Each instrument of life that frees or binds me
    For one more subtly fine.

I hear each note of nature's music breathing,
Each song of mountain pine,
Each bird-voice with the whisp'ring winds en-
wreathing
Some prophecy of mine.
The resonance of cataracts o'er reaches
Of precipice and gorge,
The thunder of the billows on their beaches,
The glacier's downward urge,

The voiceless symphony of moor and highland,
The rainbow on the mist,
The white moon-shield above the slumber-island,
The mirror-lake, star-kist,
The life of budding leaf and spray and branches,
The dew upon the sod,
The roar of downward-rushing avalanches,
Are eloquent of God.

My eye sweeps far-extended plains of vision
And golden seas of light;
Upon my ear fall cadences Elysian,
Like music in the night;
But all the glories to my sense appealing
Can no such raptures win
As come with majesty and joy of healing
From love and light within.

These are the gifts of universal measure
That touch my joy-cup's brim,
These the sublime outpourings of His treasure
That make me child of Him.

LOVE AND THE UNIVERSE

The Universe for me is ever weaving
New bodies from the sun;
Still greater is the gladness of perceiving
That God and man are one.

No hostile force for evermore can 'fright me
Or prove me undivine;
The Universe can send no foe to fight me;
Are not its conflicts mine?
I feel the sweep of the immortal battle,
The storm-wind o'er the vast,
The lightning in my soul—the thunder's rattle
Blares like a northern blast.

How shall the Universe its own creation,
Life of its life, destroy?
How bring to nothingness or desolation
The soul of its own joy?
The echo of itself, not merely fashioned
Of clay, God's outer part,
But fibre of His being, love-impassioned,
The glory of His heart!

Drive on, then, Winds of God, drive on forever
Across the shoreless sea;
The soul's a boundless deep, exhausted never
By full discovery.
In storm or calm, that soundless ocean sweeping
Is still the sailor's goal;
The destiny of every man is leaping
To birth in his own soul.

The atmosphere and storms, the roll of ocean,
    The paths by planets trod,
Are time-expressions of a Soul's emotion,
    Are will and thought of God.
Victorious forever, faith is gleaming,
    For Love is ever true,
E'en though I had but dreamed that I was dreaming
    Amid the starlit dew.

BREEZE AND BILLOW

A fair blue sky,
A far blue sea,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The deeps of night o'er the waters free,
With mute appeal to the soul of me
In billows and breezes flowing;

The stars that watch
While sunbeams sleep,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The soft-winged zephyrs that move the deep
And rock my barque in a dreamy sweep;
The moonlight softly glowing ;

The glint of wave,
The gleam of star,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The surf-line music on beach and bar,
The voice of nature near and far,
The night into morning growing,

And I afloat
With canvas free,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
At one with the heart of eternity,
The fair blue sky and the far blue sea,
And the breeze o'er the billows blowing.

THE POET'S PRAYER

Oh, for a gale from the skies,
    And oh, for a wind from the sea,
To quicken the soul when emotion dies,
    With a breath of eternity!

Oh, for one luminous hour,
    One sweep of immortal flame,
To blaze a track into fields of power,
    Unmindful of fame or shame!

Oh, for a love like the air,
    So infinite, soundless and broad
That every child of the earth may share
    The joy of the heart of God!

Oh, for a flame of the light
    To show me my life's deepest need,
To waken my soul from its languorous plight
    And move to immortal deed!

Oh, for a courage that fears
    No thrust of adversity's lance,
Nor bends to the storm, but sturdily bears
    The frownings of circumstance!

Oh, for a gale from the skies,
    And oh, for a breeze from the sea,
To cleave me a path that my wing may rise
    On the winds of eternity!

MY STAR

Out in the lone night's moonless marge,
One star, not greatly bright or large,
Bends down to me and smiles afar—
My star.

One tree that morn with music fills
Swings out its strong arms to the hills,
And beckons, as it seems, to me—
My tree.

And oft in dreams, before my eyes,
The walls of a sweet home arise,
A lowly cot beside the foam—
My home.

And far, oh, very far away,
One soul shall come to me some day,
One heart shall yearn for human love—
My love.

And some day, by the mystic sea,
Beneath my star, near my lone tree,
Dear heart, my happy home shall be—
With thee.

THE DAFFODIL

A daffodil lay dying in the dust;
Some heedless hand had dropped or cast it down.
I found it, fair and fragrant, on the pavement lying,
A tender floweret in the cold dust dying.

Not on the wind-swept plain it grew,
Nor on the purple mountain;
Not in green vales by purling streams of peace;
Nor where, unconscious of its grace,
The wildflower blooms and nods,
Subtly contributing the forces of its soul
To fine evolvement of the cosmic dream;
But in its crystal home, my castaway
Drew sustenance and stature from the chemic soil.

With whispering beams, the lordly sun
Coaxed it to fair expression;
The mists and dews, the warm, enfolding air,
All made their mute, significant appeal.
The throbbing, rhythmic life transformed it
And transfigured, till matter, mould and hue,
With fragrant odours mixed in one compacted whole,
Burst into rare, gold-petaled harmony,
And lo,—the daffodil!

This green, cylindric stem, this shrivelled spathe,
These dewy petals, golden-lipt,
With delicate breathing, tell
How for a thousand, thousand years,
The universe, with tireless zeal,
Toiled to evolve and fashion
The frail, sweet image of a daffodil;

THE DAFFODIL

Tell how the forest fragrances,
Refreshing breezes from the far-off hills
And starry dews that cooled the lips of night,
Made infinite appeal of self-abandonment
To all the forbears of this flower,
Won them to dreams of opulence
And turned their hearts to beauty.

All this the flower told me
While I, upon the highway faring,
Held my treasure in my hand;
But since the stem severed its hold on life,
Shall I proclaim it dead,
And, moaning 'dust to dust,'
Commit to earth again?
There is no death, but ceaseless resurrection
To entrancing scores of unimagined harmonies.
Within my heart the daffodil still dwells.
I send it forth to every child-wise soul,
To every seer who dreams fair dreams with me.

MAY

Hear you the wild crescendo of the world,
    The riot of the happy birds a-wing,
The anthem of green things divinely mad,
And everything vociferously glad
    When nature's throat with rippling joy doth ring?

Feel you the meaning of the mighty march,
    The chorus of the wild, sweet nature-throng?
Then add the beauty of this wondrous morn
To memories of a score of Mays re-born
    And fill your soul with the stupendous song.

All portals open, break all barriers down,
    Enrich your heart with life's intenser day,
Till out of nature's elemental score,
Great cosmic organ-harmonies shall pour
    And thrill your soul with God's triumphant May.

GOD AND MAN

God is eternity, the sky, the sea,
The consciousness of universal space,
The source of energy and living grace,
Of life and light, of love and destiny.
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered place
Amid the stars that move before His face
In robes of hurricane and harmony.

A light that twinkles in a distant star,
A wave of ocean surging on the shore,
One substance with the sea; a wing to soar
Forever onward to the peaks afar,
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,
A child of the eternal—such is man.

EVANGELINE

Dream of the golden day,
    Wild wings a-flying,
Voices from far away,
    Faint echoes dying;
Gleam of the waters bright
    Jewelled with islands,
Glow of the mystic light
    Flaming the highlands;
        Wigwam and caribou,
        Paddle and birch canoe,
        And twilight hour with you,
                Evangeline.

Birds of the morn sail by,
    Their song-hearts bursting,
So too, my soul would fly,
    For beauty thirsting.
For nature's touch I yearn,
    Breath of the mountains;
I long the song to learn
    Of streams and fountains,
        Where banishment of care
        Makes every breath a prayer,
        And ever, thou art there,
                Evangeline.

EVANGELINE

Airily down the dark,
    Music comes streaming,
And drifting in my barque,
    Ecstasies dreaming,
I hear a weird refrain,
    As when, in childhood,
I caught some subtle strain
    From out the wildwood.
        Deep in their own deep sky
        The distant stars sail by,
        While we our paddles ply,
                Evangeline.

THE HILLS OF LIFE

Ere yet the dawn
Pushed rosy fingers up the arch of day
And smiled its promise to the voiceless prime,
Love sat and patterns wove at life's great loom.

He flung the suns into the soundless arch,
Appointed them their courses in the deep,
To keep His great time-harmonies, and blaze
As beacons in the ebon fields of night.
Love balanced them and held them firm and true,
Poised 'twixt attractive and repulsive drift
Amid the throngs of heaven. What though this
power
Was ever known to us as gravity,
Its first and last celestial name is Love.

Love spake the word omnipotent, and lo!
Upon the distant and mid deep, the earth
Was flung, robed in blue skies and summer lands,
Green-garlanded with leaves and bright with flowers,
While songsters fluttered in the rosy skies.

But sometimes moaning through the dark-leaved
pines,
Or sobbing down the lonely shores of time,
Or wailing in the tempest-arch of night,
Love moved unresting and unsatisfied.
The faces of the hills in beauty smiled,
The night's deep vault blazed with configured stars,
Fair nature throbbed through all her frame of light
And everywhere was Love's fine energy;

But fields and forests, flowers and firmaments
Had not attained to understand the throb
And thrill of life, so Love made human hearts
That mightily could feel and understand.
Made them his constant home, centre and sweep,
Channel and instrument of life and truth,
The word of God on earth, Love's other self,
The high ambassadors of truth and light;
And Love was free where Life was wholly true.

Love tenanted in earth and made it fair,
In brain and nerve and heart, and made them man,
Incarnated in him the Brahmic bliss,
And reached in him the central peak of life,
Swept from the dark abyss of base desire
Up to the glory of the formless good.

Love gave the light of life, the crowning grace,
The universal peace, the mighty calm,
Where will serene was dowered in holy joy,
With strength and freedom of the cosmic soul
That swept all barriers down.
Of all the dreams
That found in earthly form, in rose-fringed cloud,
Or billowy light, expression of their life,
None was so perfect, passing speech and thought,
As that which gleamed in the fair human face,
The noblest form of earth that Love e'er knew,
The unexampled glory of His heart.
'Twas from the eyes, Love gave to newborn man
His hospitable welcome to this life,
Awhile beneath the blue-pavilioned stars
To hide him in the secret of His thought.

Each soul's love-hunger was some time appeased
By tributary from another heart.
These onward went, serene, and deep, and strong,
As mighty streams, that, blended into one,
Concurrent now, pour all their wealth of shower
And storm down one resistless course,
Till both are merged into the common sea
Whose billows dash on every surf-worn shore
Beneath the stars.

But oft with vision dim,
Ere love had reached to life's meridian day,
Or man had plumbed the deeps of cosmic joy,
He worshipped at the shrine of fleshly form;
Adored alone the soul's white tent of clay,
Mistook the empty channel for the stream
And never in its deeps refreshed his soul;
In God's most fair pavilion, found not God;
Perceived not that the human face, though fair,
Is but the holy grail, the cup of life,
That to his lips brought Love's sweet sacrament.
The ministry of death had shown that form
Is evanescent,—only Love and light
Remain. Thus men had come by ways of death,
To gain the open fields of life. At last
The filmy veil of forms was drawn aside,
And on the soul, life's splendid meaning burst,
Revealing forms as but containers rude,
That God had used and Love had glorified.

The stream, unfettered longer by its banks,
Had reached the currents of eternal power,
To gain that sea whose only shores are heaven.

The soul had learned at last truth's final word:
That Love eternal is forever one,
Whether in crystal or the Soul of Christ.

No longer now were love-thrilled souls apart;
Star-distances might lie untracked between,
But never could transcend their love divine.
O'er all the space between them billows rolled
Elusive as those beams that make one day,
Throughout the fields of heaven.

All human hearts
In one sublime communion now were joined,
Knew themselves one, and one with very God
By unity with all that perfect is.
To joy of love, stern duty was transformed,
And all the lands were gardens of delight;
The song-bird nested safe among the hills,
And children laughed and played amid the flowers.
The man of honour now disdained to take
What all might not with equal service have;
All leisure was to uses consecrate,
And luxury debased the heart no more.
Love crowned each soul with some inspired art,
And into every life wealth richly flowed,
For Love was king, and rule of Love was law.

Then paled Orion and his mighty orbs
For, throbbing with a vibrant energy,
Love's far diviner billows swept in joy,
Through every fibre of the cosmic frame;
And life was cloudless in its constant faith
And souls were all aglow with perfect love.

On swept the ages till the suns decayed,
Till bleached and bare, the dead bones of the worlds
Lay in the fields of heaven, till Mazzaroth
No longer flamed the zodiac with light
But strewed with cosmic slag, ashes of stars,
The lonely waysides of eternity.

Then old, at word of Love, gave place to new,
And ancient fear and night no longer reigned,
For there no more was doubt, nor death, nor dark;
But Love made fairer realms, with nobler suns
And bluer skies and brighter firmaments,
And robed Himself in vesture of pure light.

In that new world where Love knew Love divine
One harmony through all the boundless heaven,
Each word was music, every pulse a prayer.
Then throbbing up the skies came silent chords
Writ in the angels' score, the song of life
Set to the cosmic key; and human hearts,
Filled now with vital strength and poise, lived love
And practised truth with far intenser glow,
Yet with heroic equilibrium.

. . . . . .

The ceaseless shuttle blends the fibres bright,
And weaves the purpose of Love's changeless heart,
The age-long substance of enduring hope,
Into the fabric of the perfect whole;
Love's form, the Universe; His method, life;
His home, eternity.

APRIL

Now April, slyly, to the dream-faced Year,
Tiptoes with mischief in her laughing eyes,
And sprinkles showers upon his frosty form
To wake him gaily with her mimic storm,
Or blows some vagrant snowflakes o'er his skies.

The drowsy Year wakes from his web of dreams,
Rubs eyes and yawns and limbers out his form,
While bird-songs drown the nocturn of the stars;
Blue rifts break smiling through the silver bars,
And crystal streams reflect the sunlight warm.

The snowdrifts turn their whiteness into tears;
Earth weeps in sunshine, laughs in fitful showers,
Doffs all her stately ermine robes of snow,
Bids them again to Thule's stormland go,
And gowns herself in grass and simple flowers.

SNOW LILIES

Along the shore, where night and storm, impassioned,
Are hushed to stillness by the day's decree,
The eddying waters icy rings have fashioned
Like coral circles in a southern sea.

Upon these breathing waters, gently floating
And mirrored clearly in the deeps below,
Each crown is gleaming in a hoar-frost coating,
A fairy wreath tipped with its jewelled snow.

Yon veil of soft, white mist is shining clearer
Where in the lake it answers to the skies,
As Love eternal, truer seems and dearer,
When seen by lover in a lover's eyes.

The winter morn unfolds with frosty splendour,
And all the forms of earth in beauty wake,
The trees with drooping branches bare and slender,
The fair snow-lilies floating on the lake.

THE CASTAWAY

'Tis not indifference at nature's heart,
But big and boundless generosity,
That casts the lonely waif into the street,
Flings the stray flotsam on the foaming sea,
Or whirls the wingèd seed upon the wind.

Nature is mother to the vagabond;
Her sacred herald to new empires, he,
The morning star of ages yet to be.
The storms that sweep him from his chosen course
And drift him into strange adventurous seas
Are God-appointed opportunities
Designed to point his prow to fair new strands,
To wider shores, to more ideal lands.

Each dire disaster is a new attempt
To turn some hero to his proper goal
Where he shall find reality, or die
Wrestling with angels in the fields of life
For heavens and harvests better than we see,
Immortal dreams of wingless victory.

THE COMET

Spectral, mysterious, flame-like thing
    Cleaving the western night,
Waking from chrysalis-dream to fling
Out of thy spirit's long chastening
    Far-flashing streams of light.

Tell us thy thought of the things that are;
    How doth the morning sing?
What hast thou seen in the worlds afar?
Tell us thy dream, O thou silvery star,
    Bird with the white-flame wing.

What though the glow of thy fading ray
    Dim and elusive seem,
Constant thou art to the sun's hright sway,
Faithful and true in thy tireless way,
    True in thy spectral gleam.

Rising anew from thine ancient pyre,
    Vapour and dust thy frame,
Still art thou Psyche, the soul's desire,
Wingless, save when from reefs of fire
    Mounting in shaft of flame.

THE LILY

Emblem of beauty and sorrow,
Twine with each wistful to-morrow
    The past with its memories teeming
    And all its dear innocent dreaming.
Go thou, O lily, and o'er her cast
    The drifting breath of the wind-swept hills;
    Sing her the music of forest rills;
Whisper a dream of the sacred past;
    Lie on her heart till the angels wake
    Her deathless love for the old time's sake.

Still to that love I am turning,
Though beyond reach of my yearning;
    And never the vision shall vanish
    Nor time nor eternity banish
That dream so splendid of love and tears
That still transfigures the lonely years.

Go, lily, go with my love, and lie
Close to her heart and never die;
    To her, with my love, I bequeath you,
Fair as the glow of the golden sky
When twilight falls and the breezes sigh,
    Sweet as the bosom beneath you,
Pure as the dew on the glist'ning sod,
White as the snowflake, perfect as God.

UNRENOWNED

Think not that the world's commanders
    Have won the heights alone;
We measure their matchless glory
    In deeds not all their own;
Though Phidias planned and ordered
    The Parthenon sublime,
Ten thousand helots fashioned
    That perfect dream of time.

Three hundred forgotten heroes
    Died in the fatal pass
Beside their immortal leader,
    The brave Leonidas;
And true as the great Columbus,
    Whose glory ever grows,
Was many a pilgrim father
    Whose story no man knows.

A myriad toilers founded
    And raised each stately tower
Of every immortal city
    That rose to fame and power;
And never was truly great heart
    But honoured with his own
The work of his faithful comrades,
    Disclaiming to stand alone.

UNRENOWNED

Then hail to the deathless army,
    The hero toilers all
Who dared the primeval forest
    And built the city wall,
Who fell in the battle of labour,
    Whose graves mark not the sod;
These, *these* are the pride of the ages,
    These are co-workers with God.

THIS VERY HOUR

If all the kind deeds never done
    Should blossom into flower,
The earth would be a paradise
    This very hour.

DREAMLAND

When evening folds the tents of day
    And camps behind the hills,
On wings of dream I soar away
    Beyond all earthly ills.

Above the curtains of the sky
    On phantom wing I soar
To where my eerie castles lie
    Far up the dreamland shore.

The cloud-veils o'er my sunsets laid
    With fringes silver-white
Blush into crimson-rose and fade
    Into the jewelled night.

I fold the drapery of the stars
    My blissful fields about,
And with oblivion's drowsy bars
    I shut care-demons out.

My palace is the open height,
    Beneath the stars I lie,
My couch is curtained by the night,
    My ceiling is the sky.

Rolls up the East at my desire,
    Aurora's radiant car;
Her steeds of flame and wheels of fire
    Bedim the morning star.

DREAMLAND

My southern landscape glows and gleams
With waters far and free;
Through verdant vales my mystic streams
Flow winding to the sea.

I clothe the north with fragrant woods
And court their dreamy shades,
Or find fit measure of my moods
In mossy everglades.

In storm I sweep along the deep
My dream-dominions o'er,
From craggy steep my torrents leap
And down their cañons roar.

'Tis day or darkness as I will
Among my hills of peace,
Whene'er I bid the storms be still
The winds and thunders cease.

I revel in the sunbeams bright
That gild my dreamland towers,
And breathe with ever new delight
The fragrance of the flowers.

I sail on effervescent seas
Beneath a star-writ scroll,
And scatter wheresoe'er I please
The sunbeams of my soul.

THE IRON STRING

Love is an angel's deathless wing,
A golden harp with an iron string.

In every heart, some deep desire
Burns ever on, a quenchless fire.

The sturdy arm is every hour
Made stronger by its use of power,

And souls grow finer as they plod
Along the stern high-roads of God.

The direst ills upon us wait
To usher through some lofty gate

That hope had never dared to try
Amid the hills of victory.

Like triple steel, love girds the will,
But keeps the spirit tender still.

The sweetest song has no refrain
More subtle than the minor strain.

Oh, hear the whirr of the deathless wing,
The golden harp with the iron string!

JUNE MORNING

Such fragrant air, how could I breathe yet sleep?
How could I hear the tuneful greybird sing,
Chaunting his sweet and simple, ancient rune,
How could I hear the choristers of June
Their joy, to gem the ling'ring silence, bring,
Yet, in the Lethean stream, my senses steep?

The lilacs clustered yonder, purple, white,
Challenge a rival sense. The violets burst
Out of the fragrant summer lands around
With breathings of a joy more sweet than sound;
Some far-off Pisgah dream, my soul athirst
Doth realise in this June-dawn delight.

The eye hath with the ear an equal boon;
The sweeping blue above the varied scene,
The flowers and forests and bright-plumaged birds
Beggar the lips with poverty of words
To paint the spreading hillsides far and green,
When all I see and hear and breathe is June.

CONSUMING FIRE

Glowing with fire of God,
A passion for his kind,
The artist chose those forms
That please men most,
And into them he flung
The splendour of his soul.
He touched the harp of God,
And from its strings
Waked sweeter strains
Than Orpheus drew
From his immortal lyre.
All cried: "Seraphic strains!"
"What perfect melody!"
"O witchery of art!"
For eye and ear were satisfied.
As perfect was his work
As 'twere for art's own sake.
So all forgot his theme
And praised its dress,
For each esteemed the pretty shell
More than the life within,
Stifled with beauty,
Strangled in its displaying.

Then did the artist's soul
Loathe all those forms, though beautiful,
With which his skill
Had veiled the face of God.

And thus he prayed: "O Love,
"Give me that subtler art
"That hides itself
"Behind Thy glowing face,
"Revealing what consumes its forms,
"Transfusing them with golden light.
"But if, perchance,
"Some form must needs appear,
"Let it be not too busy with itself
"To tell the flaming joy
"That fills it full
"Of God, and Heaven, and Love,
"All which are One."

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

This is the twentieth century measure of a man:
He builds his life with love and gladness
Into the structure of the universe,
Co-operating with all manhood true
To make humanity divine.
For he who doubts the earth and sky is infidel,
And he who is unbrotherly is guilty of all crimes.
To seize earth's gifts unearned is brigandage;
To hold for self what others may not win
By equal service to the commonwealth, is treason.
He who exploits his brother,
Grasping with subtle, selfish art
What the kind Universe bestows on all,
Is not yet man.
True manhood loves and labours for the common good,
Truth is its king, faith-keeping is its plan,
And Love, its final law.

KEPLER

O Thou whose ancient, all-disclosing light
    Brooded above the dark, primeval deep
    When first the firmament was fixed to keep
The waters from the waters; with new sight,
I trace the ample courses of Thy might
    Along its sunlit pathways through the steep
    Abyss of heaven; I see the planets' sweep
And hear the music of the spherèd night.

Lo, I have found the wondrous three-fold law
    That swings the balanced worlds. I stand in awe
    Of mine own vision, conscious of its worth
While motion gives emotion larger birth,
Nor fret for recognition; I can wait
As patient as the ages, calm as fate.

INSPIRATION

I am the fire that glows
    In every kindling dawn,
I am the wind that blows
    The great life-currents on.

I am the river-flood,
    The fountain and the sun,
The streams of red life-blood
    That in thy pulses run.

The human heart I urge
    To open, lustrous day;
To joy's intensest verge,
    I open wide the way.

My pinions soar afar,
    I move the living whole;
I am thy beck'ning star,
    The wings of thine own soul.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Weird armies wave their scimitars of light,
And sabres glimmer in the cloudless deep
While up the ebon battlements they sweep
With shimmering steel exultant to the fight.
They charge, contend, retreat with sudden flight,
Then press again the battle up the steep,
Till all the northern skies with lances leap
Around the flaming coronal of night.

But soon the legions and their splendours fade;
Each bright battalion in the lofty arch
In midnight's scabbard sheathes his blood-hued
blade;
The ranks from zenith to horizon march,
And where was camp and panoply of Mars
Is sable night, pierced by the jewelled stars.

ON BEACON HILL

The western fires are fading to their embers,
    The purples change to gray;
As summers fade into their bleak Novembers,
    So dies the light of day.

This evening, yon Olympic rifts are covered
    With snow-lines, just the same
As when the white drifts on the high lands hovered
    Before Vancouver came.

For ages ere Britannia's sons and daughters
    First reached this wondrous land,
All down the long, tremendous years, the waters
    Were breaking on the strand.

Nor are those wasted years, they are mute pages
    On which we trace God's thought;
He hath His purpose through unmeasured ages
    Which yet shall be outwrought.

O wide Dominion wrapt in sapphire setting
    Of hill and sky and sea,
Arise and scorn the lust of money-getting;
    The future pleads with thee.

VISTAS OF THE NORTH

Mackenzie's silent waters northward roll
    Where stately cliffs to sun-crowned ramparts rise,
    Weird palisades that pierce the Arctic skies
And guide the mighty river to its goal.
In that defiant sea that guards the Pole,
    The long-unconquered heart of mystery lies,
    Whence man imperious turns subdued, or dies
Unconquered in the onrush of his soul.

Where midnight suns fling out their level rays
    Across the ice-fields of the Boreal nights,
    Where noonday stars and glancing Northern Lights
Flood with their glory all the Arctic ways,
    Mackenzie pours its mighty waters forth
    Into the solemn vistas of the North.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

Nobler than solemn organ tone
    Or earth's sublimest art,
Deeper than ocean's mystic moan,
Love sings his ancient song alone,
    The music of the heart.

All down the immemorial sweep
    Of life's immortal way,
O'er sunny height or deathly deep,
Where Love and Light their strong course
        keep,
    'Tis everlasting day.

Oh, Love is strong to breast the wave
    On seas of circumstance,
And Love is bold and Love is brave,
Yet weeps beside the loved one's grave
    Upon the shores of Chance!

And Love knows neither bane nor blight
    Nor fears fate's stinging rod,
The soul, love-glorious in its might,
Becomes an avatar of light
    And girds the life with God.

O vision of the cloudless eye,
    O Deep beyond the deeps!
Thine is the reach of endless sky
And thine the flaming ecstasy
    While loveless vision sleeps.

USURY

Heir to the wealth of all the storied past,
A thousand generations pour their life
Into this heart of mine;
'Twere base indeed if these should be the last,
Life's standard bearing in some noble strife,
To advance the battle line.

Let life grow richer by its cost to me,
Till hope, too strong for dream of weak despair,
Seize each momentous goal;
No monster of chimeric mystery,
Or fabled horror with its deathful stare,
Palsy my dauntless soul.

Lord of this heritage of life and hope,
Dowered with what gifts the ages could achieve
By dint of toil and tears,
I, in my turn, with some new problem cope,
And gratefully the sure solution leave
For all the coming years.

TORONTO

Far o'er this widespread plain, whose fertile land
    Was once abandoned by an ancient sea,
    The stalwart Saxon, resolute and free,
With clear prevision bade a city stand.
Obedient to his eager soul's demand,
    These towers and temples rose, henceforth to be
    Time's fingers pointing to eternity,
By flaming thunders swept, by breezes fanned.

Toronto, now thine ancient billows sleep,
    But streams of life enrich thy festive halls;
In love and death behold a vaster deep,
    Where heart to heart across life's ocean calls;
A thousand eyes within thy homes may weep,
    Yet Love is king within ten thousand walls.

THE VOYAGE

Lift anchor, set sail, and swing out on the deep,
Where waters and winds everlastingly sweep;

Where ripples give place to the heave and the roll,
And sky and the ocean are merged with the soul;

Where thunders boom deep and the cloud-billows
form,
And fire blazes out of the heart of the storm;

Where salt vapours fly in the breath of the blast,
And currents and tides bear us on through the vast.

. . . . . .

Ah, life is a ship, and each thought is a sail
Full set to the breezes, emotion the gale,

And God is the blue sky, the thunder, the light,
Revealing His beauty or hiding in night.

Drive on, Breath of God, my own soul is the sea,
And I am a-sailing, a-sailing with Thee.

QUEBEC

1759 A.D.

Here cosmic floods and forces all conspire
    To call the earnest soul to life sincere;
    The silence thunders in his open ear
The diapason of a world's desire
To greet the Infinite. In mists of fire,
    The storm-gods wracked the seething terrene sphere,
    The splintered mountain rose in bold frontier,
A vestige of the old Plutonic pyre.

Lo, heroes, heroes meet in battle shock
And gaze on death, firm as the ancient rock!
Quebec doth wake the world this fateful morn,
Far o'er her plains is heard the echoing horn;
    Behold the soil, the seed, the rising sun,
    The tears, the toil, and our Dominion, one!

TWILIGHT

In the great wonder-gleam of the evening,
In the soft aureole of the light,
When the azure dies
And the emerald skies
Fade into the myriad night;

When I sit in the tower of shadows,
In the dream-time of day that is done
And the isles of mist,
By the daylight kist,
Are blushing adieux to the sun;

When the stars are beginning to tremble
And the dew-breath is sweet from afar,
The earth-spirit sings
And all animate things
One kindred, one brotherhood are.

THE LONELY PINE

Hail to thee, lonely, lofty pine,
    Graceful in feature and fashion,
Kist by the wind-gods with lips divine,
    Thrilled by an infinite passion!

Queenly soul of the green-robed race,
    Breathing thy sorrow and sighing
Dirge of dree to the soul of space,
    Down the wild hurricane dying!

Stately form on the open plain,
    Rock-rooted, sombre, defiant;
Moaning harp in a sky-roofed fane,
    Swept by a storm-breathing giant!

Piercing deep to the heart of all,
    One with the storm-wind and thunder,
Sun and mist and the wildbird's call,
    Majesty, glory and wonder!

THE WONDER-STAR

Now brightly in the sombre southern skies,
    Between Aquarius and the Hunter's feet,
    Above where earth and heaven in shadows meet,
Mira, the star of ancient mystery, lies.
But while we gaze in eloquent surprise,
    Her bright but transient splendours, all too fleet,
    Fade from our vision and no more we greet
The wonder-star with eager, earnest eyes.

O Star of Wonder! thine elusive light,
    A fitting emblem of all human fame,
Burns with meridian beauty in our sight,
    Then fades to dreams of splendour—and a name.
Thus for a day man's glory gleams afar,
Then dims to darkness like the wonder-star.

WEARY

I'm weary of the markets,
    Of walls and towers high;
I long for open spaces;
    I want to see the sky.

Oh, take me where the breezes
    Across the moorlands sweep
The fragrance of the forest,
    The odours of the deep!

I'm weary of the noises
    That desecrate the day;
I'm homesick for the stillness
    Of hillsides far away,

Where, 'mid the mighty silence
    Of nature, I should be
Companion of the mountain
    And comrade of the sea.

TOGETHER

I see your face, dear Friend,
    Beyond the mountains and across the years
Where memory lingers till the sunset hues all blend
    Their rainbow beauty in a mist of tears.

I see your radiant face
    Beyond the clouds that hide the years to come
In fields of circumstance and shadowlands of space,
    In guesses of the years and dreams of home.

I meet you in the light,
    Far, far above the marshlands of despair,
Where love eternal never glooms to sudden night
    And never sickness is. I meet you there.

More near than time or space,
    The barriers of dream all broken down,
Alone in God's great atmosphere, and face to face
    Beneath the firmament, we claim our own.

THE CRUSADER

(William Restelle Shier)

His calmness was self-mastery;
His soul was like the blue expanse;
His word was a white light.
The strength of fourscore years
Compressed into this youth
Surged not torrential,
But intense, serene and joyous,
Clear as the day and quiet as the stars.

His pen turned sable ink to sunshine
And focussed it in beacon rays
To show the light of comradeship.
His justice-loving soul
In great life-tides pressed joywards,
Holding the weakest child at the race-front
So princes, purple-robed, proud-born,
Should come not earlier to the goal.
He showed each comrade how to meet the foe
And make defeat impossible
Though fighting he should fall.

Some saviours bear perpetual martyrdom;
Some by their enemies are lifted up
To immortality. He, with too fragile frame,
Bore freedom's standard down the continent
And fell unhowed amid the fight
To rest, high-throned in many hearts,
Wholesome of memory.

THE IMMORTALS

Sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry. When life is true to the poles of nature, the streams of truth will roll through us in song.

EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination.*

Life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot in burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.

TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.*

A conscious thread within a fateful loom.

GARVIN—*The Fatalist.*

THE IMMORTALS

All men are essentially noble. Constitutionally, there are no common people. That we fail of achievement blinds us to our greatness. Our bodies are star-stuff; our spirits, flames of the infinite Light. The Universe and every being in it groans for expression on higher planes. Every true man, in his best moments, is a poet, an artist, a genius. When his vision is vivid, every man knows himself great, recognizes his own nobility, feels himself indisputably an Olympian. To him who walks erect, even the stars bow down.

No man stumbles to the mountain peak. Genius is not the result of chance. Achievement is won only at the sword's point. The brave soul, though blood-visaged, still pushes up the steep and wins to the light—or fails—but worthily, in either case. It is effort, not achievement, that matters. Alas! that it is the mastery of circumstance and not the conquest of self which wins our admiration. Achievement is but the bait with which the Universe lures the soul to

the expression of its own greatness, brings it to recognize itself as noble, and urges it to play well its part in the drama of the gods.

First-magnitude souls do not commonly express themselves in verse. They are not great talkers, they are great forces. They move with long-premeditated, decisive purpose. The strong emotions of the spirit flame out to large effect, impelled by deep conviction; nor can it be otherwise. Yet the greatest are at times irresistibly eloquent in relation to their own work. They are unquestionably poetic when stirred by a cause whose advocacy sets their tongues aflame.

As the poems in this collection are historic in character, the views expressed in them are necessarily those of the immortals concerned. If the utterances ascribed to the ancients appear, in some cases, to be too modern for the warrant of historic perspective, the explanation is that the author believes we commonly under-estimate the vision of these great souls. We must suppose they uttered many truths which their contemporaries failed through incapacity to receive and report. This is urged

especially in reference to the last monologue of the collection.

Ruggedness rather than fine artistry has been the aim in these monologues. Big souls defy everything but the fire in their own volcanic hearts. Robustness is ever ascendant; ultra-refinement is always decadent.

Any attempt to make the great undying speak in their own words and ways to these times would be an assured futility, even had one the astonishing conceit to think himself equal to the task. It seemed best, therefore, to use present-day language, except where the use of older words might lend a peculiar verisimilitude to the character, as in the case of Moses, or Alfred, or Elizabeth.

These are not the only deathless names of history, nor are they, in all cases, the greatest. They find place here because they appealed first to the heart of the author.

NOTE

If the tradition to the effect that Terah was a manufacturer of Babylonian idols be true, the fact must have had a profound effect upon the mind of the youthful Abram.

ABRAHAM

My father fashioned idols—'twas his craft—
And had ordained that I should learn his art;
So being his apprentice in some sort,
I, though I shame to say it, made gods too.
But finding images my hands had shaped
Lost, or discarded by their worshippers,
And thrown into the sludge of some foul ditch
Whose irrigant waters, trickling o'er the land,
Made their own little share of Accad thrive,
My speech unrobed my thought, directly, keen:
"Who made the maker of these gods?" I asked.
Then paused he in his tasks, impressively
To deprecate my quest, gave such retort
As prejudice of years doth sometimes give
To shafts of youth, whose clear-eyed innocence
Is oft esteemed a child's impertinence.

Yet do I think misgivings sometimes rose
When timidly he probed his hungry heart.
Be that at rest; he left the land of Ur,
Renounced,—no, that may be too strong a word,
How should I know?—ceased from his handicraft,
Making no more resourceless gods for men,
And died in Aram 'mid the hills of Heth.

Then came that voice as soundless as the light:
"Go, get thee southward, leave thy kindred here,
Take tents and camels, raiment, food and wine,
And I will bring thee to a pleasant land,
And make thy race like sand for multitude."

I saw no phantom shape, no sound I heard,
But life unveiled itself in vivid thought,
Distinct, imperative, and luminous.
I knew that Bel Merodach was no God,
That all the eidolons of Ur were nought,
For now mine eyes had seen Eternity,
The source, the truth, the worth and urge of all;
The soul of things, the light ineffable
That all the wide star-spaces floods with life;
This, *this* was God, and there was none beside.

So here I wait beneath the terebinths,
And see my sons innumerable rise,
All pledged and covenanted to one God,
To that all-searching, all-revealing Word,
Unseen, immutable, eternal, true,
To whose high purpose all the years shall bend.

If there be others in the latter days
Shall give to God some dear, familiar name,
To show Him holy or inscrutable,
To prove Him wise, almighty or most just,
Yet would I have those who shall hold my faith,
Who therefore are my sons, remember this,
The name that Abram chose for God was "Friend."

ALFRED

Thou hast most timely come
To England, Asser, for thy diligence
Shall bring the grace of letters to this land.
Thy learning shall the better find its course
When I have told thee of the dangerous floods
Through which we passed to the security
Of that rude peace which gives me leisure now
To use thy lore.

When late our fathers fared
Along the highroads of these inland seas
To win their doomèd weird of long renown,
Their lust of power kept Britain's lands abroil.
So dured the stress and storm, the surge and seethe,
Till Egbert, the Bretwalda, shaped that dream
That we name England. Then was peace.

But when those foam-necked cleavers of the wave,
The galleys of the Danes, came down the seas,
And 'gainst the overlords of Æthelred
Prevailing, smote the land, Wessex alone
Of these dominions bent not to the foe.
But fixed herself in island Athelney,
Impregnable. I ruled the Saxons there
With rugged kingcraft, choosing fittest men
For captaincy; and for wise governance,
The rightest laws.

I need not tell thee how
The Wessex arms withstood the battle's brunt;
Their bravery, let Æthandune attest.
I taught my sturdy yeomanry to fight,
And falling, how to rise and fight again;
To win by making failure victory.
And not by land alone we fought the Dane,
But built us ships to meet him on the main;
And so at last we won by land and sea
And made our stronger arms invincible.

But when the Dane surrendered to our power,
I made him over all the Danelagh, lord.
Well knowing that to mix the Norseman's blood
With ours would make a better, sturdier race.
And once it chanced that in the tide of war
The wife and sons of him who led the Danes
Were in my power as captives of our arms.
My clemency restored them to his heart,
And sought no ransom, knowing well indeed
That gentleness is mightier than might—
A word my mother taught me when a child.

Now all was peace and yet my heart was sad.
The Danish wars had made the Saxons strong
Against their foes, but rude and ignorant
And almost savage in the gentler light
Of those humaner arts of life and peace
That constitute the glory of our race.
Long, long ago, with Æthelwulf my sire,
I sought the home of classic harmonies
And saw the ghosts and glories of old Rome,
Despite time's scathe and ravage, noble still.

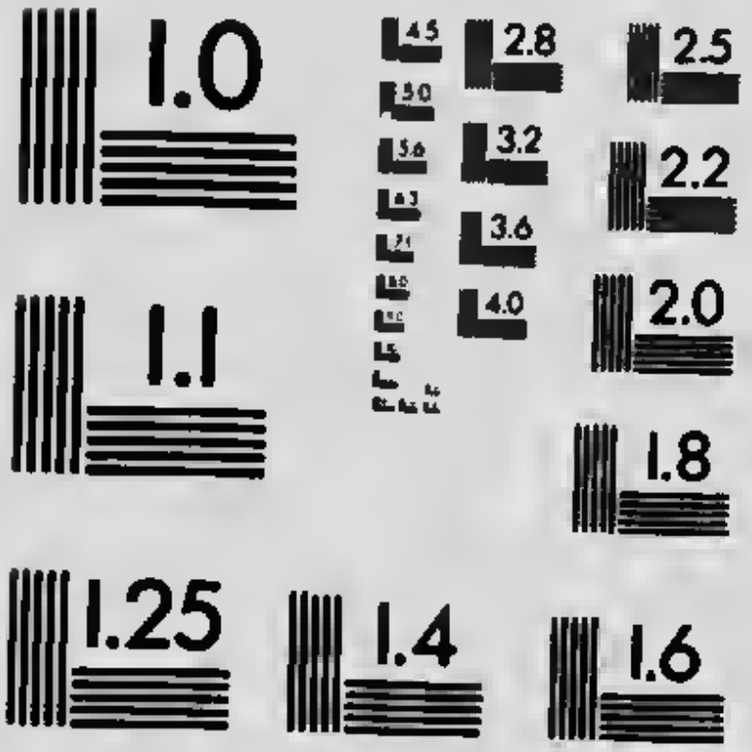
My heart was thrilled with dreams of Italy;
I felt the gulf 'twixt her and mine own land.
How far was Roman art beyond the hope
Of Britain! Not a thousand years could weave
Such mysteries of beauty into life;
Yet would I make the humblest British heart
A living spring of justice, strength and joy,
And teach the highest art, greatly to live.

Our ships were idle on the seas; in sooth
Here was a fleet of warships, but no war.
I freighted them with cargoes of new trade,
Thus, out of strife, won victories of peace
That shame war's triumphs, howe'er bright they be.
I sought for such as wrought each useful craft,
And failing here, I brought them from afar
To teach the arts of husbandry and peace.
The wasted villages were built again;
The priests proclaimed the ancient moot restored;
The caldormen of highest lineage spake
And gave their rede to freemen of the shires,
Who lent applause with clash of spear and shield
As in the days of old. The gleemen sang
The Saxon lays to time the festive dance,
And blue-eyed maidens passed the mead-bowl round
While wassail echoed through the timbered hall.

There were no Saxon letters in the land,
But late I traced on parchment what is done
In Britain now, most worthy to be known
In future days. To thee I give the charge
To keep this Anglo-Saxon Chronicle,
A fountain of our future history,
The first of books in our own language writ.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc
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Thus have I loved the higher ways of good
And reverenced that Power that holdeth all
With strength and kindness in Eternal hands.
Thy piety and learning shall have fruit
In England when our earthly lives have passed
Beyond the dark of death. Be thou, my friend,
Patient and diligent. It is my hope
That here thy heart may find a pleasant home
And high reward—the joy of usefulness—
And every hour, acquittal at the bar
Of thine own conscience.

Ah, if I might but find
Myself again some sunny afternoon,
Face turned to Florence, faring up that path
Beside the wall, crumbling and ivy-grown,
Where weeds and wildflowers choke the violets,
Bursting, where the chance waits, to sudden flame

There, from that upper room whose oriel eye
Looked from its cranny in the old home wall
Down o'er the land,—you, Sister, will recall
The charmèd place—we saw the quiet road
Winding away into the wider world.

My memory clings to every dear old spot
Her presence hallowed. There's a sacred haunt
In old Siena, where my fig-tree grows—
She called it mine—'tis in the garden there
At Villa Alherti. Beneath its shade
She often sat. See! down the water here,
Across the harbour where the tall trees stand
Beside the stream. 'Tis just ten years ago,
We spent one day together there. A day
Whose memory haunts me like a heavenly dream.
O Sister, Sister, how I want her still!
Yet near and clear I hear her whisper small—
I blush for music when I hear that voice—
Forbid me Italy, at least awhile;
For love gives reason sovereignty, the deed
Bends to the will, and life is balanced true.
Thus the will drives, and reason guides where love,

Greatest and best, doth call. Sacred meanwhile
I'll keep my constant dream of Italy.
Who knows but I may yet, ere many years,
Rest 'neath *her* fig-tree—let me name it so.

Sedan is fallen and the noise of war
Has reached our lonely hermitage at last.
Into your eyes alarm puts questionings.
We'll cross the channel, if you will, until
This war-spent France is peaceful once again.

You tell me England gossips of my fame,
Admits my murder-story is a poem,
Reads it—in part, no doubt—professes joy
In Caponsacchi and Pompilia,
So honours me with noble gifts and fine
Opinions. Though she gave me little heed
For many years, my heart forgives her now.
She had a truer poet in our home;
One, to my mind, with far serener flight
On more spontaneous wing. This, Englandfelt,
Enthroned a new Elizabeth, who grudged
Herself the greater fame that was not mine.

And, since you ask the meaning of it all,
Searcher of hearts was I. Each word, each deed,
Each lightest thought was label of a soul.
I pondered men and through their spirits peered,
Traced out their zig-zag courses, motives scanned.
My ardent soul assailed the public heart
To come at vivid life by every way
That winds conspicuous or obscure from out
Its deeps. I loved humanity, despised

Not fame; and yet, I trust I did not stoop
To win it. Many windows look on life;
I stood behind them all, and, looking through,
Discerned a manifold reality,
Disclosed to men their own true meaning; urged
To stand erect and plumb themselves, to mark
Their stature, pigmy or colossal; find
Their deeper roots, not in the earth and time,
Their richest fruitage, deeds that make love glad,
Their goal not in the grave.
As need was, first
I took all riddle-wise, as children do.
Life was ten thousand puzzles mixed, and seemed
Insoluble, therefore, for guessing at
Interminably, good. Could I but read
One line of what God had so dimly writ
Upon the page of life, might not the key
To all life's hieratic characters,
Therein disclosed, be mine?
One problem strange
That kept me guessing much and [illegible] was this:
Why are there riddles in our lives [illegible] all?
Doth God require obedience in the light
Of partial truth from him who knows no more?
Why is the parchment of the chart of life
A palimpsest whose deeper, truer guise
No eye can see except with labours vast
And pains to find the bright theophany?

I looked beneath the superposèd lines,
Half read, half guessed the hidden scriptures there,
And so this word deciphered: Time is not
A wedge that splits eternity; 'tis but
The upper wave, the spume, the rippling top

Of the deep ocean of eternal life,
That dures while all external things are done.
The soul of man, strong-rooted in the deeps,
Grows brave in conflicts, beautiful in storms,
Noble in tempests and magnanimous
In pain. Love chastens him who loves with toils,
Inviting him, by labours of a god,
Like God to grow—for only thus he can—
And makes it possible to live God's life,
To feel His everlasting calm, to find
One deep, eternal Love, else all's unknown.

If hellish tortures harred the downward road,
If mighty transports turned all hearts to heaven
With no endeavour, and no storm nor pain,
How could the spirit gain its fortitude,
Its strength and grace, its great-souled, god-like
power?
The soul that longs greatly to live must dare
Vicissitudes, and, with Promethean heart,
Challenge misfortune, pain. and tempests wild,
The wrack of nerves, and even death itself
For sake of love and life. Such is the cross
On which Love hangs undying, conquering all.

Life is the test of love, and love, of life.
Godlike endeavour is the way to God.
Life is the goal of life, and love, of love.
The only sin is not to try, the only good,
To live courageously, for life supreme
Is love, and going is the goal.
This much
I read in Love's great palimpsest. This much
Is not a guess.

CAESAR

Think not, Calphurnia, that dreams
Shall turn me from my course. The concrete ill
Is better than false fears. To-day we urge
The war in Parthia, and Rome hath need
Of a strong hand at helm. Her senators
Were once my bitter foes, but 'tis my way
To make my foes my friends, or else subdue;
It is the same, for still I make them friends.
Thy words are vain, though gracious their intent;
Not all thy portents, dreams and omens dark,
Or auguries adverse shall bend me from my course.
Could'st thou still love thy Caesar if he hid
With blanchèd face from suppositious fees
Imaged in dreams, a Caesar who would cower
At idle threat'nings of disastrous fate
With heart grown palpitant and fear-besieged?
He would himself despise, know himself fall'n,
If any dim, phantasmal enemy
Should cow whom neither Spanish cavalcade,
Nor Afric spears, nor chariots of Gaul
Availed to 'fright.
'Tis now ten years agone
Since Caesar's legions, having conquered Gaul,
To Britain sailed, but could not near the shore
In ships, so leapt full-armed into the sea.
The Britons met us with an equal zeal,

Engaged us fighting there, some to the knees,
Others to neck immersed. We gained the land—
Sore spent with wounds, with travail and hard
strife,—
But he who stood the first upon that strand
Was Caesar. On the frontier of the world
He stood in warrior-guise, Rome's latest word
Of conquest. Would'st thou now, divesting him
Of battle-gear, of soldier courage, too,
Cage like a wren this bird of stormy wing
And bid him dream of when he soared aloft,
An eagle?

Draw me not, for one brief hour,
From projects multiplex, which blend in one,
As rays of light are focussed in a lens
To burn in one bright point, for I would bind
With salutary law Rome's wayward heart,
Give strength and permanence to one great power,
The mother of a thousand lesser states
Autonomous, while they obey the law
That guides and guards the whole. 'Tis not a task
That brooks delay. It cannot be laid down
Upon demand of the least whim or dream
That pricks the timid heart with sudden fear.

The true Republic is no more. It was,
But now is done to death by those whose sons
Shall say for them, that Caesar wrecked the state.
These oligarchs both shameless and corrupt
Exploit the people in their own behoof.
Such is the stuff from which my hand must shape
A commonwealth whose every element

Shall justice know, whose wise laws shall constrain
In larger field than those of private gain.

"But can the thing be done?" Well may'st thou ask.
Can Caesar's hand mix justice with his power,
Give tendency beneficent to might,
O'erwhelm with wholesome law the incubus
Of wolfish greed, and stay the hands of those
Who rob the common purse? How Rome shall thrive
While these still live, even Caesar cannot guess.
Fear not for me, Calphurnia. I know
Trebonius, Cassius, Casca and the rest
Would tremble if they thought I deemed them foes,
But now as friends they meet me, level-eyed,
Imagining they hide their jealousy.
I know the measure of such souls, know well
Their inmost thoughts, their secret words,
And now they say of Caesar, "Once his debt
Was such that every Roman pitied him,
But now he is the richest of us all."
My hard-earned wealth and power they envy me,
Who gave those cavillers a pardon free
For deeds that proved them foes and hinted death.

Most promptly did I pay my debt, but they
Repay with lies my generous regard.
They dare not come to me as open foes,
Unless, like coward wolves, they pool their nerve,
Thus trusting, each, the courage of the pack.
Meanwhile, to forum, senate, campèd field,
I go to guide affairs imperial,
Unmoved by portents of the changeful skies,
By signs of stars and winds and migrant birds,
By mystic auguries or auspices.

When Caesar is no longer free in Rome
To go and come safe and not warily,
But must go guarded, better were it far
His ghost were free to comrade with the dead,
To walk amid the hospitable years
A friend and guest of fame. Be Caesar strong
Else bid him cease to be. Let not the famèd pass
For present weakness urge apologies,
But let him go forth free and masterful,
Walk ever thus untrammelled till he pass
Into the unplumbed deeps of history.
There nought shall oar the soul with boundaries
Or curb the mighty heart.

Farewell, farewell!
Weep not, Calphurnia, dost thou not know
That Caesar cannot die?

CHARLEMAGNE

Thy wisdom counselled lately, Eginhard,
That I should fix my power with permanence
By making Louis partner to my throne.
My heart accepts thy monishment, assured
The enterprise is valid for the state.
My son, too, shall, by new substantial cares,
Acquire the art of kingcraft and be not
Unskilful to administer affairs
With strong, impartial hand, when there shall be
No longer strength in mine. When next they meet,
I will submit this worthy enterprise
For the deliberation of my chiefs.

The letter that Haroun al Raschid sent—
Hast thou the answer yet? . . .
Ay? Read it then. . . .

Good! Eginhard. Thou hast most fittingly
My love and gratitude to him set forth.
Forward what thou hast writ as mine own word,
With such a gift as may befit my state.
I grieve that Haroun is a Mussulman
And pray to God the Caliph yet may find
For his great heart the comfort of the Christ.

A messenger from Spain! Ah! Then what news?
Ill have I borne the chastening of my pride
At Roncesvalles. The sting of dire defeat
Was like a poisoned arrow in my soul;
But Roland's death made ev'n a deeper wound.
We'll hear the messenger. . . . .

These tidings come
Most timely now. No balm could heal my heart
More than to know that Christ doth win the world
Beyond the Pyrenees.

Thou, Eginhard,
Hast seen how Heaven, by such weak hands as mine,
Orders the world. Threescore and ten my years,
King of the Franks, twoscore and seven.
When first I lifted eyes upon the world,
The ancient order was no more. The blight
Of turbulence and blood despoiled the lands,
Ravaged the field of Art and heaped its wrecks
Along time's centuried shores. The classic forms
Of cultured Greece, the noblest works of Rome,
Were whelmèd by a wild barbaric flood
That rolled and surged like seas of liquid fire
O'er all these Western lands. I built my towers
Against this pagan sea, rolled back the tide
Of wilder billows than the Hammer, Karl,
My grandsire, breasted with his arms at Tours,
Before he broke the Saracenic power.
But might of sword alone can never lay
A fadeless laurel on a nation's brow.
I filled the Saxon mind and heart and life
With mightier purpose than the battle's pride,—
The lure of letters and the love of Christ;
The one revealing larger life to man
In realms of art and beauty and great truth,
The other flooding life with love and faith
And living light. It is by these alone
That states endure, and peoples are made free.
I cherish for my own no better hope.

All else I leave unto thy faithful hand.
Until the dial next shall show high noon
Before my palace, may God keep thee safe,
Then we again shall meet, if so He wills.
But stay! I would that meanwhile thou should'st
send
Greetings to Egbert, King in Wessex now.
How well did Alcuin—peace to his great soul!—
Advise a truce with Offa, when estranged,
Because I gave Egbert asylum here
And all his friends. Not Mercia alone,
But all Deira doth accept the Christ
Most peacefully and with no cost of blood.
Egbert grows strong, at which I much rejoice.
This would I have him know, and add my hope
That he may bind and heal the British lands
Late torn by feuds, and that his hand may rule
A realm that shall outlast the pyramids.
Write this, and ere thou sendest it, submit
To me. Now rest thee and farewell.

NOTE

The world still crucifies its saviours and exploits its benefactors. Notwithstanding the fact that he had discovered a continent and added it to the empire of Spain, Columbus was arrested by the agent of Ferdinand and taken in irons to a Spanish prison under charges, of which he was both ignorant and innocent.

In this monologue, he is defending himself before Ferdinand and Isabella. The redress promised him on this occasion was never forthcoming. Even yet, we call the continent he discovered by another's name. Let us hope that this injustice may yet be remedied. Columbia is the only honest name for this hemisphere.

COLUMBUS

Think me not weak,
Though tumults rising in my breaking heart
Stagger my speech. Thanks to your majesties
That ye devote one sovereign hour to him
Who thought in continents for Spain and you,
And broke a thousand steadfast barriers down
To push your standard even to the shores
Of Darien. Hear ye him patiently,
Judge ye his cause, and say in Justice' name
That he deserves his chains, is weak and base
And criminal, and hath abused your trust;
Then will he don once more his iron gyves,
To all his most loved kindred say farewell,
Leave this bright world of hope, the broad, green
earth,
The sunny daylight and the friendly stars,
Go back to prison dark, count it his home,
And leave the estimate of life's avail
To time and generations yet to be.

I am as one that, mad with many wrongs,
Would proudly silent be, but that I trust
Your noble will, in face of such dire ills,
Bids fortune robe herself in juster guise;
I therefore freely speak in mine own cause:—
Ev'n from a boy, I lived with seas and stars;
I saw the sun above the Pyrenees
Go westward to the waters and afar,

O'er ocean, isle and continent, sweep on
Around the orbèd world. My fancy rode
Or ran wing-footed with Aurora's car,
As comrade of the light. I broke the bars
Of ignorance and superstition's night,
And saw the future argosies of earth,
Led by my caravels, abridge the deep,
Unite the continents, annul the seas
And subjugate the world.

I told my dream
To Europe. When the priests of science heard,
They said: "Here is a knave with mind askew,
With crazy plan to find the farther east
By westward sailing; turning from his port
To come where he would go." Thus many years.
But when your vision partnered with my zeal,
With compass, quadrant, astrolabe and ships,
I drove the old fear-goblins from the sea,
Flung wide the portals of the western main
And gave to men a new-found hemisphere.

Six times I crossed the deep and made the sea
A highway for the world. I stirred the soul
Of all true mariners. Already hath
Da Gama passed beyond the Cape of Storms
To India. Cabot of England, too,
Hath found north lands interminably vast,
And though I brought no wealth of gold to Spain,
Her empire in this new-found western clime
Shall give to her such dignity of power
That all the coming years shall hear and know
Your august names the better that ye gave

Your royal furtherance to one despised,
Of foreign birth.
And now detractors say
I smutched my fame, was cruel, tyrannous,
Incompetent. To such grave charge I turn:
Not claiming to be superhuman-wise,
But, given a convict crew, from wholesome law
A thousand leagues removed, and not inured
To hardness in strange lands, I ask you, now,
Was this my task an easy enterprise?
Was that a selfish act that saved the lives
Of those who gave the world a continent?
Doth prudence rule with softness in such case?
The ship's log shows, in inky phrase, the facts
Laid bare which vindicate my cause.
All these,
Ye both have seen and scanned. And yet, mark ye,
I ask no pity on this snowy head
So early whitened by unfriendly storms.
All such infirmities with life will pass;
But lies are virulent as leprosy.
Let wrongs, by falsehood done, go unredressed,
They leave for aye their drag of infamy,
Insult the memory of noble hearts
And plow the face of time with tears.
Some day
The truth shall break these subtle links of lies
And give an honest freedom to my fame.
Then those who knew them falsehoods from the first,
With those who bred these calumnies, shall sink
To everlasting infamy—their due.

. . . . . .

I thank your majesties. 'Tis sweet to know
Your trust unbroken. Pardon me the hope
That when my promised freedom is restored,
With power to do what human strength can do,
My toils shall bring a nobler fame to those
Who furthered my emprise, than had I won
Cipango's golden store or found a path
To India.

COPERNICUS

"Why not imprint the book?"
That have I now at last resolved to do.
But know'st thou not, good bishop,[1] how that he
Who serveth little maketh greatest haste,
And, having once discerned some shred of truth,
Is exercised thereby immediately
To reach the housetop and inform the world.
The highest themes engender large repose,
And fix in firm serenity the heart
That hastes not till its noble plans mature,
But, when the great dynamic hour is come,
Sweeps down with avalanche intensity,
To live in the immeasurable years
Where ages are but moments.

Truth needs not
That any man be else than simply true;
Therefore I hasted not when law I learned
But found not equity; and medic lore,
But saw results both late and dubious.
My proper science is theology,—
For I was canon in the Frauenburg—
But here, outside the art of kindliness,
Truth-labels on opinions pasted firm
Make up our creed. The priests of science too
Stamp dogmas with the seal of truth, and both
The church and science have their means to curb
Truth inconvenient.

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[1] Bishop Schomburg.

Of all the arts
My thought had tried, none seemed to me so sure
As Mathematics when she stately walked
The pathways of the stars. The spheral ways
Are large. Disposed to such high themes,
The soul is girded with a fine reserve.
The forces of the universal deep
Fell on my heart from out a thousand nights
While I ohserved the motions of the spheres.
My mind escaped the fetters of old creeds;
My heart was tuned to Empyrean tones,
While free imagination toured the sky
And mapped the planets' courses, till at last
I found myself on one of them, elate,
Circling the sun.

I see the earth no more
A centre of the planetary ways,
The fixèd hub of solar orhit-wheel,
But, moving silent in its cosmic path,
A little sister of great Jupiter.
New thought is often dang'rous heresy
Wheu older truth is safe, being the creed;
And yet my age hath reached threescore and ten,
And six-and-thirty years have passed since first
I saw the earth a little wanderer
Among the worlds. So now I am resolved,
Moved hy the urge of Bishop Kulm and thee,
To send the manuscript to Nuremhurg
To be imprinted there. My failing powers
Make instant furtherance of such design
Imperative, if I would see the book
Before I die.

COPERNICUS

The mighty hemisphere
Columbus sought and found is better known
To ev'n the very least geographer
Than ever 'twas to him who found it first.
So shall the key that I shall give to men
Unlock the golden gateway of the skies;
Shall make my thought a pilot through the deep,
And in the coming days a child shall know
The seas of light that float above the world,
The blue, mysterious, oceanic heavens,
More intimately than the Polish priest
Who first discerned how mightily the sun
Leads all his orbs, and blazes out their way
Through the stupendous deep.

NOTE

Cromwell probably knew that he was an impossible tyrant. He could not be other and perform the tasks which he had assumed. His achievements reveal him as one of the most able and useful rulers of all time.

The only divine right of any king is that which he uses in behalf of his subjects.

A wild storm raged in England on Cromwell's death-day.

CROMWELL

Say not to me,
"Cromwell, thou diest." Save thy timid breath.
Do not the wild winds noise it o'er the world?
Shall he alone who made God's word his guide
And put the yoke of England on the seas
Not know the face of death when all God's foes
Whisper and say, "The Lord Protector dies"?

Suppose ye he will tremble, gasp, turn pale,
At hint of death, which he so often dared?
Life's shuttle drifts across the web of time,
And if posterity see but one strand
Of purpose fair, or trace amid the woof
One feeble pattern to some worthy end,
Life was not vain. My sword my spokesman was;
It speaks no more, yet all the world doth know
It curbed the pride of kings.

Play not the role
Of simulated tears, but draw ye near,
For there are some words still Cromwell would say,
Ev'n though his sword be silent. Nearer still,
Lest nature's furious voice baffle your ears
With roaring winds and thunders pierced with fire.
The toils of state—these do not matter much;
But that the people love not righteousness,
Know not reality, bowing their souls
To musty precedents—that matters much.

That warders of the realm would still with words
The groans that from the battle's whirlwind call;
With paper promises and inky lies
Would heal the hurt of England, matters more.
That they whose thought showeth no real fact;
Whose words show something other than their
thought;
Whose office, tricked with gaudy trappings, struts
So loud with blare of brass they cannot hear
The voice of God; so big with littleness,
They cannot see the lawful rights of man—
That matters all.

This too remember well—
I learned it late: None but a tyrant makes
That good prevail that is not in men's hearts,
And tyranny is questionable good.
Therefore must all men learn by liberty,
And with what pain their doings on them bring.

Give these my words to those who care to hear;
My thanks to you that ye report them true,
And for your patience now. I cannot hear
Your words, nor can I more, so stand apart,
That, undistracted by the storms of state
Or any human presence, I may come
Before the King of Kings in hope and faith
For pardon of my sins.

NOTE

Elizabeth here unburdens her mind to one of her ladies-in-waiting.

ELIZABETH

I am too soon grown old.
The care of England through the troubled years,
While foes were plotting, courtiers flattering me,
Hath seared my heart and wintered my young blood.
My soul is sick of craft and sophistry.
Of those who sought the favour of the queen,
All came with protestations insincere;
Whose, then, the blame, if I am bitter grown?
Stoutly I stood for England while her foes
With fury rent the continental lands;
Held back the rage of warrior-hearted chiefs
Who urged me to a strife. I kept aloof
From that wild scene where Europe was aflame;
So, while our foes grew weak, England grew strong,
Without the cost of men, or ships, or gold.

Yet have I never lightly held in check
The fixèd will of Lords and Parliament;
But by concession held · throne secure
And England's welfare mine. I ne'er destroyed
My bitt'rest foe but he was England's too.
I gave my confidence to honest men,
And furtherance to all that was of worth.
And ever when the great of England fell,
My heart was desolated with the land.

My kingdom doth with sorrow bear the loss
Of Spenser. Hast thou scanned his Faerie Queen?

'Tis such a web of dreams as no one else
In all the realm so dext'rously could spin.
When first I tasted of his art, I praised
His talent to Lord Burleigh, forasmuch
As no great earl, by taking utmost thought,
And wasting time and candle through the night,
Could frame one noble stanza like to those
In which this Spenser hath ensured my name
Against the tooth of time. Cecil opposed
My wish to pay some fifty public pounds
A year to give the poet sustenance.
He found the queen was firm; the sum was paid.
Some dreams are stronger than a battle host.
A phrase well turned may beat an empire down.
To feed the hungry heart doth more avail
Than to defeat a thousand armèd foes
Or cram with bread the world's cavernous maw.

Now Burleigh too is dead, and Walsingham.
Their statecraft was a bulwark to my throne.
Their wisdom guided all my councillors.
How much my strength and fame are due to these
Who shall decide? The lustre of my reign
Is noonday bright with fame of those who fill
The storied years with wisdom, daring deed,
And lofty song. To know great men from small
Is greatness; in which test I sometimes fail.
Nathless, I wis that England hath those still
In whom are found the unmistaken marks
Of strong, full-statured manhood. One day's fight
Against the mightiest squadron of the world
Gave Howard, Hawkins, Drake and Frobisher
Renown more permanent upon the main

Than all their pirate exploits of the sea,
And humbled Philip's widowed heart far more
Than my emphatic "No!" Are these men great?
They have a wit that knows the ocean storms,
And that, I trow, is greatness in some sort.
Our sex gives honour to robust renown,
But brooks no dalliance with a coward heart.

John Knox hath honest strength and sturdiness.
Fanatic, churlish, dour, yet all sincere,
He wins the Scottish heart to solemn ways
With quite infectious power. I'm proud of him
That he is strong, yet cannot like his ways.
But there are those whose wisdom doth avail
To open mines disclosing richest veins
Of knowledge. Bacon tells of roads to truth
More sure than those we travel on. We trust,
Saith he, foundations insecure, receive
Traditions, cherish false philosophies,
And imitate the wise, stuffing our skulls
With crude opinions, as my father's men
Stuffed out their clothing when the king grew fat.
Young Bacon doth insist we should distrust
All that experience would abrogate.

Since Philip Sidney is with us no more,
None can with Raleigh meet the sudden call
For subtle courtesie and nimble wit—
A trait that pleaseth me. But over all
Those stars that beam across our firmament
The glory of their constellated blaze,
Making the times august and England great,
Will Shakspear's steadily increasing light

Doth wax most bright, and, as a virginal,
When touched by master fingers, lifts the soul
To heights of song, the pen, in Shakspear's hand,
Becomes an instrument of flame, a torch,
A beacon fire. His art transfigures life,
Turns ink to music, words to sculptured wit.
From out his vivid portraiture, plain facts
Leap to an unsuspected dignity.
The noblest dramas flow in wizard phrase
Out of his dreams. Deeds slough their dross,
And days are heralds of the golden age.

Remove my gown and farthingale, and all
That garnisheth with foreign youthfulness,
Hateful to me, seeing I need it so.
To-morrow, to the knightly jousts I ride.
Let slumber work meanwhile, else weariness,
In every feature speaking, shall defy
Thine utmost art.

NOTE

Galileo died in the year of Newton's birth.

GALILEO

A strange misapprehension 'tis—and yet
Small wonder in a world of sense—that all
That moves *with* us seems motionless, while all
Apart from us appears processional.
The common mind thinks all beneath is fixed,
Deems all above a flux, so the unseen
Seems negligible, evanescent, aye,
Unpractical.
Quest of reality
Means progress, but discoverers disturb
Opinions and, to all appearances,
Unprop the world. When truth invincible
Bears down into an ocean of wrong thought
And all the fixed conviction of the past
Is staggered, jolted, dislocated, found
Dissolved, it is small wonder if the priests
Would kill the prophets, thinking thus to stem
The rivers of inrushing light.
Oh, wake
The wonder in the soul, that all may know
How this green, hanging-garden of a world
Is swinging on through space, upheld by law,
Or—what you will—a hand, a heart, a God
Who holds His star-dominions up and bears
Them on through the ethereal deep! but if
Upon a cross of prejudice you nail
This wonder, when a thousand years have passed,
Men will, as now, be ignorant and blind,
Assuming still that all that is unseen
Is nought.

Here stop and think. What if the laws
That move the pendulum, the meteorite,
The star, are but one law, which neither I
Have found, nor Kepler, nor Copernicus!
They both are dead, and I am old. These eyes,
That saw so much ne'er seen before, are blind.
These ears are deaf, that suffered not the lips
To speak until I heard God's voice. This form
Is vexed with twinge and disability.
But soon a greater Kepler may arise,
A new Copernicus, to bind, with one
Great law, the atom to the star, and find
One order of majestic harmony
Throughout the universe.

No falsity
Can choke the Truth; no prejudice can dim
The white light of the Law. A fact when found
And firm-established by experiment
Can have no sudden revocation. Who
Shall countermand a fast-entrenchèd law?
No prestige of authority can save
A lie, though forced from Galileo's lips
By fire, amid the drift of winnowing light
That sifts the truth as on the wind-swept hills.
The formulæ of men, by councils sealed,
Must by experience be signatured,
For only thus the authenticity
Of God's own word is known.

Now must I rest,
So sore I feel the burden of the years.
My force is spent. Be good enough, I pray,
To lead me to my couch.

GOETHE

Thou cravest truth?
It is the noblest treasure of the skies.
A goodly quest, but truth is not a gift
From man to man imparted, as the rich
Give their estates to next of kin; my wish,
However worthy, is but impotent;
I can but point the pathway for thy feet.

That which appeals to thee, go thou and live.
When thou hast made truth valid by thy deed,
'Tis thine, but it is nothing to thee else.
The loom of time moves ceaselessly, and thou,
With nimble shuttle, brain and heart and will,
Dost pattern thee the garment of thy mind
Whose height and depth and breadth thy stature is.
What fabric thou dost weave, thy life shall wear,
And clad therein, confront the blaze of day,
The bar of thine own soul, the eyes of God.
Thy world shall take the shape that's in thy deed.
When thou the web of life hast fully planned,
Noble or base, it still is what thou art;
Whate'er thou willest, that thy life shall be.

Let not the fickle spirit of the times
Warp the true judgments of experience;
Suffer thou not the noises of the day
To drown the mandate of thine own ideal,

Lest time-born satisfactions, too much craved
And hardly won, rob thee of sovereignty.
And yet taste thou life's fruit, and, tasting, find
The root of wisdom and the fount of strength;
It is by dint of deed that doubt shall die.

With iron key of stern analysis
Go try the door of life's realities,
Which, passing through, thy soul shall then be free.
Of pleasure's dalliance bereft, whine not,
But gird thy soul and cut adrift from death.
Rage not, but run, if thou would'st win the race.

Beyond the mountain-line of faith lies heaven,
And though the way leads through the stressful flood,
And winds thee wearily o'er hills of toil
Where peak on peak to higher life ascends
'Mid summits bleak and bare, faint not, be strong,
And thou shalt reach the tablelands of life
With magnanimity programme the years,
Beggar thy baser being till it die,
But crown thy love with hope and constancy.

Thy wit,
Herr Faust, will guess aright the cause for which
My doings secret are. The populace
Pronounce them devil's work; the more devout
Acclaim the wonder as divinely wrought;
But since a monetary furtherance
Is sought, we'll sift this business now in that
Behoof; I, with the hope that gold may pour
From thy too bulging purse to prop and urge
The enterprise; thou, that a golden stream
May flow from this new fountain.
List! Mein Herr.
I'll print an hundred pages like to this—
Observe, it hath just six-and-thirty lines
Of Holy Scripture—while thy scrivener
Shall write but one. My page, its thought shall
show
More vivid and with fairer face, yet vie
In teeming multiplicity with Eve's
Prolific motherhood; for while my forms
Dismiss the calamus and spurn the scribe's
Slow pace, they print with artistry that shames
The stylus. Be my work one-tenth the price
And better done—thou knowst it is full well—
And thou dost take effective interest here,
Thy wealth shall rise to opulence, and all
The world shall be instructed in the Word.
If thine assistant purse avail mine art,
Then shalt thou know forthwith each step by which

This thing so strange is done. Hast thou meanwhile
Considered well the terms on which we meet? . . .
Aye? Good! Then, since we are agreed, we'll sign
And seal the instrument, which, as thou seest,
Is couched in beauty such as never scribe
Could have accomplishèd. . . .
That being done,
Hear me while I the secret tell of how
I worked this wonder. First, I graved in wood,
And afterwards in lead, such forms as this,
Which is the letter "A."—Thine eye is first,
After mine own, to see that leaden face.—
But such a task was slow and wearisome.
That I might quite escape its tedium,
I made a flux to mould my forms in sand,
Then deftly smoothed these counterparts of thought,
Which, when composed to words and sentences
And lockt in forms, were thus made permanent
As there was need.
Now follow me within. . . .
Upon this tablet is the final form
From which that page of six-and-thirty lines
Which thou hast seen was made. I mark the signs
Of open wonder in thine eyes, yet is it so,
As thou canst ascertain. But there was need,
Before the full result was yet attained,
Of ink so siccative and even-laid
Upon these leaden faces, that the print
Should stand out fair and clear. This I contrived;
And last of all, I made this press to hold
The inkèd form and print it quicklier
Upon the page. I'll fix it now and make
In one brief moment what thy swiftest scribe
Had taken hours to achieve. . . . . .

Ach! Lieber Herr,
Well mayst thou gasp. The future waits in awe;
The past, subservient. All the sages pour
Their wisdom at our feet and us beseech
To give them immortality. Dost thou
Not hold with me the nexus of the years
'Twixt ancient and to come. By this our craft,
We two shall print anon the noblest words
Of Aristotle and Pythagoras,
Of Plato, Socrates, and those stern seers
Who spake Jehovah's word to Israel.
Was ever such a gift in mortal hand?
And shall it not be chiefest of our care
To keep this charge and serve humanity
In such a high vocation?
Ah, I see
A wearied patience sits upon thy mien.
Thy goldsmith's heart doth more appraise the hope
Of large enrichment of its treasury.
In this we are not one; yet will I keep
Our pact, and life's high purpose
Shall not fail.

HELOISE

Thou art a lover too. Nay, do not start.
Love in a convent? Well, that's not so rare,
For there, sometimes, do live most constant loves,
And yet, dear Sister, do not me mistake;
I no confession seek; I am no priest;
And could not shrive thee even hadst thou need.
Yet would I make confession unto thee,
For thou hast power to help me beyond words
Or recompense. Thy heart is willing too;
I read it in thy face.
Come then with me,
Too long have I inflamed thy wonder now.
Well dost thou know the fountain of my grief,
But 'tis a new and strange solemnity
Unto the cause of which we now are come.
This leaden casket in the rock-hewn niche
Inurns the dust of Abelard. Last eve
It was not here, but while the voiceless night
Urged down the dark the westward going stars,
This leaden casket reached the Paraclete,
And first it is my task to tell thee how.

Let me not dwell too long upon the woes
And sorrows of my lover-friend. Enough,
That, doomed to silence, and his scriptures burned,
For just redress he would have gone to Rome,
But coming unto Clugni in the way,
Found Peter's love and hospitality,

And being weak and spent, could go no more;
So gave his days to holy offices,
To frequent prayers, to fastings self-imposed;
Meanwhile disclosing to his saintly host
That flame of love divine he bore to me,
The intolerance that kept our lives apart,
Defying our unconquerable love;
Told how the fret of our impulsive youth,
By powers repressive goaded, plucked the fruit
Of our desire, and, when 'twas known, the Church,
By secret banns, its reputation purged
Of all the taint our private sins had wrought. . . .

Alas, I tax thy strength. Courage, dear heart,
On this green, mossy bank rest for awhile,
And I'll be brief. . . . I was about to tell
How he disclosed to Peter all our fate,
Told of our child who died so long ago,
My child and Abelard's, and ere he closed
The tale of agony, he charged his friend
To lay his dust within the Paraclete,
That so he might be near the one beloved
For whom in life his hungry heart had yearned;
To all of which the saintly man gave ear.

So when the last, faint, flickering wave of life
Had vanished from the pulse of Abelard,
And he was buried in the silent vault
At Clugni—now I speak for thee alone—
When darkness hid the deed from scandal's eye,
Peter exhumed the casket and its guest,
And brought them under cover of the night
To me, deeming such wondrous love as ours

More sacred than the law, resolving, too,
That we who were so cruelly apart
In life, in death should be as one. So there,
In that grim vault, by flickering candle-light,
I did receive them—mark our footprints here—
The saint belovèd and the lover-saint.
I stood obscure amid the recent gloom,
Taper in hand to mitigate the night,
My heart to firm repression schooled, the while
The priest of Clugni read the words of life,
Making them eloquent with many sobs,
And adding unto weeping, prayers that we,
The quick and dead, might be no more apart,
But one, body and spirit, evermore.
And now I charge thee by that living love
That burneth ever as a sacred fire
Upon the altar of thy faithful heart,
Be thou untimid in my love's stern task;
Or if thou be not moved by my poor words,
Then let thy pity bear the torrent surge
Of that resistlessly appealing flood
That poured in fiery phrase, intense as flame,
From lips of Abelard.

My prayer is this:
When I am dead and all those cruel ones
Who kept me all my life out of my heaven
Are fed with empty phrase, come, O my Friend,
Bring those unto this place who know the art
To obey thy word,—thou shalt be abbess then—
Give thy command to ope these leaden walls
And lay my form with that of him I love.

There let our hungry dust, so long apart,
Be one forever as our spirits are.
Such is my prayer to thee.

And to the rest,
That they shall hold the name of Héloise
In honour of the love of Abelard,
That was her life and still is her great hope.

NOTE

Scene: The castle of the Countess of Canossa, who has been using her influence on behalf of the excommunicated emperor.

Henry is waiting bare-footed at the castle door, seeking the pontifical pardon.

Henry? He is the enemy of God,
In whose high stead I stand. And yet thou dost
Request his pardon here! Thou canst not, then,
Our cause of conflict know. Mindful to shun
The cares of state, three prelates I advanced
To wield the sceptre of the Holy See;
But temporal power corrupted, and they shrank
To merest cyphers on the world's dark slate;
So, when was heard once more the heavenly call,
And I was chosen by the cardinals,
I sought to purge the church of two dark sins,
The marriage of her priests, and that foul curse,
Deep-rooted and strong-sanctioned by the great,
The sale of sacred offices for gold.

Too great such task for man, unhelped of God.
Now must the vicar of the Christ be strong
To tear the roots of personal, deep love
From out the tender heart, and leave it bare
And bleeding, till ten thousand tongues
Of wives forsaken, children fatherless,
Curse Hildebrand. Was that a task to choose?
Ah, now I see the charge that flames thine eyes
And reprobates my deed. And yet, O thou
Dear heart of Tuscany, he who hath vowed
His life to God must have no concubine.
How shall he who is father of his own
Be father to the family of God?
And how, the shepherd of a private flock,
Keep safe the fold of Christ?

With bare, cold feet,
The heir of Charlemagne, whom God deposed,
Now begs admittance at Canossa's gate,
Where sleet lies still unmelted on the stones.
This Henry traded in the things of God,
Made boys archbishops, gluttons cardinals,
And sold the honour of the triple crown,
Estranging to the prodigal for gold
The powers pertineut to Christ alone.
And now, I would that he were penitent,
But hast thou counted what the cost might be
If he were not? What to the church it means
If restoration of his power and state
Should give him boldness to resist my will,
To thwart the mighty purpose of my soul,
And shake the firm foundations of my throne?
Yet firm assurance is not in man's gift,
He knoweth not the fountains of the heart;
God give me insight into Henry's soul
That I with grace, interpreting his prayer,
May Christ's free mercy unto him extend
In his great need, that he may yet obey
And to obedience turn the people's hearts.
If pity doth with God's high purpose move,
I'll give the penitent free pardon now.
Thou goest? . . . It is well—a little while.

Pietro! Truth, thou hast a holy name.
Now by the name of San Pietro, hear.
Go thou beyond Canossa's outer door,
There thou shalt find him who with feet unshod
Hath waited wearily for three long days.
Bring him to me with gentle courtesy,

And waste nor words nor time. May God dispose
Thy deed to His own will. . . .

So soon returned?
Now leave us here alone.

Henry! my son,
Thou knowest I would build a sovereignty
In God's great name o'er all the crowns of earth.
Vicar of Christ, illumined by his light,
This hand would rule the destinies of men,
And teach God's love and glory to all lands.
Lo, I would found a state eternal, strong,
With God as king to whom all kings shall bow,
With love as law and truth as changeless guide,
With heavenly light, truth's sure interpreter.
Wilt thou in such a righteous kingdom reign,
Serve well and faithfully the King of Kings,
And give God's people their inheritance? . . .
Then rise to higher strength and dignity,
Victorious deed and wide imperial power;
But give thy power to those who spoil the poor,
And I will make thy name anathema.
Make Christ the king of earth, then shall thy throne
Be permanent, thine arms victorious,
And thou the greatest potentate of time.
Then shall Christ rule in every sovereignty,
And reign alone by right of Heaven's decree;
The Church shall stand in purity and strength,
And priests hold power from God, serve Him alone
And be responsive only to their Head.
Now since thou dost consent to serve thy God,
Rise, Henry, king and emperor of Rome.

Be thou henceforth the friend of God and man,
And being such, then shalt thou be mine too ;
I pardon in the name of Christ, thy sins,
And thee to high imperial state, restore.

Pietro! Let the servitors attend;
Choose out such vesture as befits a king;
With food and rest refresh this royal guest,
And when he wills it, bring him back to me.
Meanwhile, how best to stem that Moslem flood
That desecrates the Holy Sepulchre
Shall exercise the current of my thought.
Adieu, Imperial Heart. I pray God's peace
Be thine.

NOTE

Israel (Jacob) has been introduced by his son, Joseph, the national food-commissioner to the Pharaoh.

ISRAEL

My days, O King,
Are few and evil. I have not attained
Unto the age at which my fathers died;
Yet do I lift my feehle hands to heaven
And pray that Pharaoh's land may know God's
smile;
The Lord Jehovah hear my prayer, and hless
And prosper Egypt with His power and peace.

Thy majesty doth hend to ask of me
That out of long experience I should pluck
Some fruit for royal tasting. I could wish
Such enterprise were worthier of thine ear,
But since thou dost command me, I ohey
And hriefly show the purport of my years.

Know then, O King, that in my early youth
I, with a mess of lentils, hasely hought
My hrother's hirthright. What I should have
given
For pity of his need, I hartered with;
I worsted him for gain, deceived my sire,
Estranged the dear ones of my heart and home,
And cursed my soul with dearth and hanishment.
I sought my uncle's homc, hargained with God,
Deceived, and toiled and loved, and was deceived.
But when my artful soul, hy scheming, gained
The wealth I toiled for, made my kinsman poor,

His daughters mine, his substance too, I turned
And got me hence, heart-hungry for my home.
When be pursued, I made an ample peace,
Costly to him, bis love my sure ally,
For all tbat now was mine was dear to him.

Down through the vale of Gilead I moved,
And, coming leisurely to Jahbok's ford,
Was resting in my tent beside the stream,
When lo, there came two messengers in haste
With word tbat Esau, witb four bundred men,
Was coming northb from Edom. His intent,
Conscience to me made clear. How could I dare
To meet the force of bis uncumbered arms?

I marsballed tben my scbeme of cowardice:
Lo, I would bribe bim witb o'erwhelming gifts,
Hoping tbat these his anger might assuage,
Even to the last scruple of his wrongs.
Yet fear was growing in my beart; my plan,
Frail as the buhhle on the tossing surge,
Could not restore those benisons of peace,
A fatber's hlessing and a hrother's love,
Nor hring me hack the joys of innocence.

My deeds denounced my heart, yet slandered not.
Wbat agonies were mine! How shall I paint
The Tophet picture of those torturing hours!
I fain would trust tby fancy's defter brush
To flame the canvas witb its proper fires.
The root of hase, immedicable wrongs
'Gainst others wrought, I found in wbat I was.
The crush of threatened woes, cursing my deeds,

Was like a long ghost-finger to my soul,
Beck'ning to the abyss, and all the while,
I heard Jehovah's fiery word, "Repent!"

That night, no sleep I knew. The white star-
streams,
The murmuring ford, the lowing of the herds,
Were nought to my unconscious sense, for there
I found the angel of the Lord, the man
I should have been, Messiah, now, to me.
I faced the perfect life, and far beneath,
I marked the utter failure of my own:
My life, my soul, my self, were sin. O God,
I cried, deliver me from what I am
And make me what Thy love had patterned me.

The night was nought. It passed me like the dark
That shows the heavens deeper than my thought,
But ends in sun-bright day, for in the morn,—
That hour when truth emerges from its haze
And comes to man as naked as to God—
Two men contended in the spectral dawn,
The man I was and he who was to be.
That vision of the Prince of God I held
Until my soul was girded with the power
Of strange, new peace. When day shone o'er the hills,
Before the sun had risen to high noon,
Esau, the prince of Edom, was my friend,
Jacob was dead, and I was Israel.

Nought now remains to me of that old past
Save that I halt in life and limb. In life,
For lack of perfectness, in limb, because
The dews were chill that night in Gilead.

And now my tale is done, save one bright dream:
Thou seest Joseph here, my well-beloved,
Who by thy grace is raised to seats of power.
I loved his mother with so great a love
That when she died, ere that sad journey's close,
And I had piled a cairn beside the road
To mark her tomb at Bethlehem Ephrata,
Life lost its glory, save for those two sons
In whom I saw her face rejuvenate.
Yet seemed the world without her presence void;
Her love is still through all the lonely years
A fadeless memory, cherished beyond
All earthly joys. So, lonely here I wait
And pray my years be few, if as some dream,
Sweet death shall bring the loved back to their own.
This is my dream, my hope, my prayer. O King,
Thou hast a human heart . . . Forgive these tears.

JOAN OF ARC

I come to thee, O Prince—
Though overbold I seem for one so young—
Moved by my love for France the beautiful,
But more by strict obedience to Heaven
Whose word so bade. Therefore I pray thee now
Bear with me patiently the while I tell
The will of God as it of late hath come
To me in voices of His messengers.

Since thou dost ask, I am of Domremy,
A little village where the morning sun
Bursts brightly o'er the blue Alsatian hills,
And wistful flow'rets, turning heavenwards,
Receive upon their lips God's kiss of light.
There did I learn to sew and spin and pray,
And little else, but to obey my Lord.
My soul was glad, and in the strength of God,
I lived content in faith's simplicity.

Then fell the arm of England, stroke on stroke,
And marred my steadfast peace. Each thunderbolt
Tore some dear treasure from the bleeding heart
Of *La Belle France* and left it desolate;
The darkness grew, and every added woe
Was burdened on my soul. Each sad reverse
Filled my sore heart with mourning and with pain
Till from my mute despair, I cried to heaven

And fasted daily, that the power of God
Might curb the foes of France, restore the land,
And give to thee thy throne.

So passed the years
In painfullest defeat that trailed in dust
The Heraldry of France. With prayers and tears,
The soul in me grew strong, my vision cleared,
And ofttimes, when the stars hung o'er the land
And earth was brooding 'neath the hovering night,
Clear voices from the awesome silence fell,
With buoyant strength filled my uplifted heart,
And kindled my young soul with freedom's fire.
They bade me come to thee at Orleans,
Procure from thee such armour as was fit,
Go where the stress of siege most hotly pressed,
Nerve France with courage, cheer faint hearts with hope,
Do for relief what circumstance should urge,
And lead to victory the Frankish hosts.

Already have my fateful stars giv'n strength,
Through stress of perilous ways, to come to thee,
Confirming what the voice of Heaven proclaimed.
Give, then, such armour as befits my youth,
A horse that knoweth battle, and I go,
A knight of France by thine authority,
And strengthened by the voices of the Light,
To make thee king before the flying year
Shall reach its winter round.

Thou askest me
My age? Urge not against this enterprise
My tender years. The softness of my youth

Cannot defeat the purpose of the skies.
Though sixteen summers measure all my days,
God hath the power of eternal years;
Shall He not give His word accomplishment?

But how shall faith that asketh signs be strong?
Wise head, weak heart, were mine in such a case.
'Tis *hearts* of strength that win the battle's crown;
Far wiser heads than mine are losing France.
Give rein to my strong heart, by faith upheld,
Then thy fine reason shall make good her claim.
The Voices say to me, "Do this," but thou:
"How knowest thou 'tis God that speaks, or that
'Twill be the better if thou dost obey?"
My answer is the present state of France.
Behold her wounds! What could be worse than now?
Give me a sword and arms, a palfrey white,
Emblem of victory; man-girded, I,
With faith in God's strong hand, shall bring thee peace
And eke the crown of France.

NOTE

As Leonardo was for some time at the court of Milan, the assumption that he painted his patron's portrait is a natural one.

LEONARDO

Fill now thine eye with that imperious glow
That doth unto Milano's duke pertain.
Breathe mighty purpose. Make thy form alert
With energy, yet lose not that great poise
Which confidence of lofty courage gives
To masterful design, the assurance bold
That feareth no defect of its own powers.

Let us dispose this hand more livingly. . . .
So. . . Now it speaks. . . That's good. Thanks
to the Fra
Who pictures angels, painting hath of late
The landscape dared. His perfect, dew-lipt flowers
Made nature dearer to humanity,
And bridged the yawning chasm 'twixt modernness
And ancient unreality. If truth
In pigments speak, then must they show the mind
In man's or nature's countenance. The form
Must voice the soul. To this sure end, doth Art,
By inspiration moved, on canvas show
As high a merit as the purpose wills.
What in the soul is not, no brush achieves.
All limits and all barriers are there.
For him who wills determinedly to do
What God-inspired is, and nothing else,
Full oppportunity springs everywhere.

. . . . . .

Ah, now I catch a gleam of some great urge
That fires thy soul to strenuous deed, and fills

Thine eye with light of projects worthy thee.
If I could paint the spirit of that dream,
I'd fix a triumph here thy soul should own.

. . . . . .

Upon his canvas Botticelli paints
The flower, the cloud, the mount, some hint of sea,
With faithfulness, sets in the human face
The dawn of true sincerity; but this
Still youthful Michelangelo o'ertops
The Art of all the centuries. His eye
Sees to the core of Art. A Titan, he,
Whose soul breathes vastness of design that
shames
The best performances of other men.
His protean genius is wedded, too,
With such rare industry that if the gods
Do give him half his years, his work shall match
The great Athenian torsos; from his soul,
Colossal toils pour forth the awful power
And grace of Phidias and Praxiteles.

The brush is Art's most fertile instrument,
Gives fantasy and dream the widest range
Of imagery. The sculptor's work is bold,
But obvious. The beauty of a god
That looks from out the Parian rock and smiles,
Is all too soon, in one brief moment, seen;
For that rough stone, a stone-faced god remains;
No more. No atmosphere enwreathes its face,
Nor mystic awe attests its deity;
No lightnings pierce its shades. No voice is heard
Of Sinai's thunders or Olympian storms.
The chiseled god is but a stark, white stone.

No immanent ethereality
Doth make the heart with late surprise upleap.
'Tis sadder still with song that perisheth
At birth, and in its own creation dies.
It leaves no echo in the silent void
Grown drearier by the memory of its voice.
Far rather would I toil in enginery
Than be a sculptor or compose a song.
To help a Caesar or a Hannibal
Transcend the Alps, or catapult devise;
To bridge a chasm or build a wall, conceive
A plan that no man's wit can stultify,
Is better than to make a stone god smile.

The greatest things are the invisible.
If Michelangelo will paint the dreams
Of his great soul in forms that think and feel
And act like men, as he of all men can,
His name shall dominate the realms of Art.
For painting doth the living beauty hide
From coarse invasions of the common eye,
Protecting with deep shades of mystery
From desecrating ravishment of light.
Here meets the soul with subtle, silent calls
To consciousness of pregnant, dim beyonds,
And finds in shadows more than light reveals.
The eye grows penetrant of deepest shades,
Hears harmonies of rare infinitudes,
Finds vast concerns in dark, prolific deeps.

Now Vincian to thy task. Will not your Grace
With speech give wing to time while I display
On this white field the image of thy soul?

LUTHER

I'm weary of the world.
I'm agèd, worn, half blind, and spiritless.
I long for rest. As goes the stranger guest
Forth from the inn, thus shall my soul go forth.
If God be gracious in the final hour,
I shall not quit the world reluctantly.
Yet so I in nowise relax my toils,
Nor was I ever idle from my youth;
But since I nailed the theses on the door
In Wittenburg, life has been ceaseless storm.
I blazed the land with beacon fires and shook
All Europe and the world. Still unappalled,
I met the conclave of the emperor,
The dukes, the princes, lords, electors all,
At Worms, and not o'erawed by their estate,
Before eternity, standing serene,
I felt the impact of strong-surging truth
Upon the gates of my poor utterance;
For in that hour was focussed in my word
The light of centuries long passed away,
Damned back to darkness by that recreant power
That should have been truth's window. Who can know
Or realize my case? It was as if,
Standing below, and in its downward course,
I loosed the last prop of the mountain snow,
And heard the grind and creak, the roar, the crash
And thunder of the rushing avalanche.
Yet was the mighty stronghold of our God

A safe retreat, and I was kept secure;
Nor were the beacons quenched.

So then 'twas known
That every man may priestless come to God,
And read His word and hear and understand;
But how, unless the Scriptures were at hand
In German speech? This labour too was mine.
And now, the Bible's in our common tongue—
My gift to Germany. It cost me toil
That love alone could give. But human love
Is all divine when it gives all for love
And conquers all. My tree of life took root
The deeper, farther sunward grew, when it
By winds was buffeted. So was it in
The wildest storms I knew. My soul, set free
From superstition by the open word,
Found truth's emancipation dearer far
By contrast with the gloom. So will it be,
I trust, with Germany.

When toil is past,
'Tis pleasure seeing seed transformed to fruit.
In this hard task, my life its highest word
Hath spoken, here I lay my love's best gift
Upon the altar of a nation's heart.
Our people were adrift with orders sealed,
And all the charted purpose of the King
Locked in a language none of them could know.
I spent my powers in the mighty task
To put that chart into the common speech,
To speak God's thought, strong and perspicuous
And vivid, that the simplest heart should know
The purport of the eternal Will.

This word
Shall lustre all the German Fatherland
With Heaven's deep harmony of truth and light,
Shall robe the sense and heart with pulsing song
Throughout these sunlit lands. Experience
Shall flame to this white torch or else expire.
To this great pattern let men fit their thought;
In this great mirror let them perfect life.
Here is their chart.

To show the thought of God
In lofty phrase, doth, by so high a use,
Make common language fine. In this, God's word,
So strict in vocable, and phrase, and form,
I give a nobler speech to Germany.
Oh, how this word shall forth on wings of flame!
These tongues of fire, in forms of Gutenburg,
Shall blaze through Germany their tracks of light,
And make this land the birthplace of the day;
For I have broken down a wall of night
So dense, so high, that for long centuries,
Its face beat back the morning.

MORRIS

There was a time when wraiths of grey-white mist,
Like a mirage o'er far horizons hung,
Rose from the sea, pure as a bridal veil,
And made old England rare and beautiful;
But now, alas, ten thousand Stygian throats
Belch fumes of soot and grime before the sun.
The proud strut loftily with stern, high face
And self-assured superiority.
The artisan who plies his native powers
In arts of peace is subjected to laws
So framed that unearned gain consumes
The product of his hand and brain and heart;
Humbly he walks before the face of those
Who eat the bread he earns, yet look on him
With scorning ill-concealed.

The money-lords,
Who take, because they can, the wealth he earns,
Think all is peace while blight of bloodless war
Doth scar this England with a deeper wound
Than did her rose-hued, red-white wars of old.
There never can be peace while slaves make wealth
That curses its creators; while we yet
Turn eyes to heaven's smoke-tarnished light,
And call by other name than cowardice
Our base consent to banish the blue sky,
Erase the stars, and blot love out of life.

'Tis not an easy task to find a cure
For such a malady, 'tis harder still
To show the patient its necessity,
Before he learn it in the school of life.
Yon artsman, for example, needeth now
A wholesome lesson in simplicity.
True art doth not consist of mixt designs,
And yet he finds in his own heart a voice
That doth approve this great complexity
And seal it with his soul's best certitude.
So must he toil till the true light shall shine.
Art is a living and eternal voice,
Speaks no dead language, never groweth old,
But shineth ever in perpetual youth.

What is the remedy for England's ills?
What balm will heal her hurt? This is my claim:
That every human hand should have such work
As shall be worth the doing, and, withal,
Pleasant to do, not over wearisome,
Nor burdened with too great anxiety,
A work that cannot fail of due reward.
"A dream," you say. Then realise the dream,
And you transform the face of all the world.

A thorough *revolution* is its cost;
It is a most plain word, and good, and hath
A wholesome meaning, speaks of noble deeds,
Partings of ways, and onward-going feet
That shrink not, so they move to final peace,
From paths that over grim Golgothas rise,
Or lose themselves in sepulchres of flame.

But revolution hath not for its aim
Merely to mitigate the worker's lot;
What boots to make the burden somewhat less,
Yet leave the soul content and tolerant
Of bondage? That were hut an artful lure
To hind him still more firmly in his chains.
The cure must change his whole relationship,
And make him master in the house of life
Till every vision that inspires his heart
Take shape from his soul-longings, till his hand
Shall speak with grace and kingliness the word
That his heart singeth evermore, till he
Shall walk in strength of purpose with firm pace
And laugh and love, and labour and be glad.

Let England wake; freedom is at her door.
The light hreaks over all our stately lands,
The law gives voice effective to the poor,
Religion cedes the private right to think,
And million-throated justice cries aloud
And hegs admittance to our common life.
Already men to juster ways are moved,
And clear eyes see the day, not distant far,
When all shall labour freely, uncompelled,
Each doing what his soul most profits hy,
And that which ministers the common good.
Then shall be wholesome life, blue skies, green
meads,
A modest wealth, high aims, deep joys, great loves,
Leisure for rest, and all the charms of home.
The soul of heauty, finding here a shrine,
Shall dwell again within these sea-girt lands.

This is my word, my answer to your quest;
Henceforth I hang the canvas of this dream
In every gallery of life, show it
On private wall, in public corridor;
Outline the picture of my heart's great hope
On every object fashioned by my hand,
Till each new product of my skill, in joy
Of labour and of love begotten, be
As if it were my child; till every soul
Be glad as children in a garden, and
England be Merrie England once again.

NOTE

To those who are in agreement with Wellhausen and the critics, this monologue will seem naïve and primitive; to those who know only their Bible text, it will seem to contain the presumptions of a sceptic. The monologue follows the tradition as closely as twentieth century information and experience permit.

MOSES

Give ear, O Joshua! This morn
Jehovah said: "Get thee to Pisgah's height
And view the land that shall be Israel's
Before thou diest. My servant Joshua
Shall judge mine hosts."

The strength of God be thine.
The guiding of this people in His way,
Henceforth thy charge, needs wisdom of ripe years
And counsel of experience, both which
Are thine, for thou hast had the discipline
Of God in His best school, the wilderness.

My years are many, but my step is firm
As when in youth I strode along the Nile
In Heliopolis of Mizraim.
It seems but yesterday. I see ev'n now
That line 'twixt green and gray, where leaf and flower
And all life terminate in seas of sand.
As in the olden days, the walls of On
Reflect the sunset glow, and purple fires
Enflame the summits of the Pyramids.
My thought, so hospitable to the past,
Would storm thy heart with vivid memories
And pictures of mine ancient deeds and dreams.
I saw in Egypt many tortured slaves
Of mine own blood, and dreamed of Israel free.

My heart, of royal nurture, was too hot
For counsel. Prompted by the sudden spur
Of awful wrong, I slew a brutal man
And fled self-banished to the desert. When
'Twas dark I journeyed on, hiding by day
Till, Etham's desert passed, and Elim's spring
Beneath the stately palms, eastward I bent,
And fared, with Horeb's solemn peak my guide,
To Midian's land. At last, I came to plains
Where the rocks ceased and nature was more kind.
There maiden-shepherds kept their flocks, and wells
And pastures were. The Midian shepherd-priest
Made me his guest and afterwards his son.

There I found God, and dwelt with Him who spake
In thunders stern, whose whispers were the stars.
From intimation of His presence came
The strange new hope that He was not aloof,
But near; and through the lonely years, this sense
To deep conviction grew. When silence reigned
Among the rocks, and, in my soul, God's fear,
A subtle spirit hovered o'er the plains
With wings of peace; and when the thunders blared
They seemed like hosts that to the battle marched,
Whose conchs and horns rang ling'ringly afar,
And shook the echoing hills with storms. But when
Jehovah's word came clearest, lo, the place
Was thrilled with awful majesty and peace
That swept with sunlike radiance through my soul.

One day, when Sinai's peak, more than its wont,
Shone golden, so its gleam was flung afar
Across the ancient solitudes, and flamed

The tamarisks with fire, till all the land
Quivered with light, while I afresh bemoaned
My kinsmen-slaves who builded Pithom's walls,
A sense of power into my eager soul
Surged mightily. I knew that God had given
The strength to do the thing I long had dreamed.

I went to Egypt in that day of God,—
The desert life had made me bold and strong—
The Pharaoh's will frustrated, led his slaves
Into the wilderness, so long my home.
Thou wilt recall the wind-dissevered sea,
The stony waste, rock-sentinelled and drear,
The weary going of the murm'ring hosts,
The manna food; how snow-tipped Horeh rose
Ensheathed in blue. There I, apart with God,
Was wrapt in wild rock-robes of solitude,
In great communion with Jehovah's heart.
There wisdom came to sift Egyptian law,
Advance the leaden dawn of other gods
To great Jehovah's noon, and purge with light
The codes of Babylon. Ten words emerged,
The law of God to everlasting years.

The rest thou knowest well, for thou didst share
The irk of all the fear and faithlessness
Of that dumb horde that in the desert died.
Now, in their place, yon hosts invincible,
Rugged as rocks that sentinel the plains
Of Ishmael, wait thy commanding word.
Jehovah is their shield and battle cry,
And all their foes shall melt before His will.

Now I shall see the plain of Gilead,
And Carmel where it riseth to the sea
From Sharon's vale, the palms of Jericho,
And all the glowing West. Then shall God hide
My dust amid the peaks close to His heavens.
Nebo shall watch my tomb, Beth-Peor guard,
And Pisgah stand, my peerless monument
Throughout the star-crowned years.

NOTE

Paul's chief work was the organization of Christianity as a world religion. Without him, as far as we can see, Christianity would still be a sub-sect of Judaism. He made it possible for the Gentiles to become Christians without first becoming Jews. The immortal monument of his struggle with Jerusalem on this question is the letter to the Galatians.

PAUL

In dungeon night
Immured, the splendours of the open day
I cannot see, albeit 'tis June in Rome,
And summer radiance gilds the Capitol
With flame.

To-morrow, at the noon, I die;
Yet all the might of Rome cannot contrive
To make me cheerless while thy ministry
Of love dispels my loneliness and flows
The richer with my need.

Often of late
The soul's strange miracle of memory
Makes me the guest of mine own past. I dream,
And lo, with flapping sail, my little ship
Rocks on the Cydnus, or winds leisurely
Between its emerald shores. Now from the stream
Emerging, sea-winds catch my sail and drive
My keel through the green foam. Or in the night,
Becalmed in some wide stillness where the deep
Reflects the sky—a mirror pricked with stars
That silently glide down behind the sea—
I sleep as happy children sleep, and dream
I see afar before my prow the long,
Dim shores of Cyprus brooding on the wave
In God's still night; and the grave, silent eyes
Of all the stars seem smiling down ou me
Out of their heavens.

And oft I dream I stand
Where Taurus opes his crags to Syria

At the Cilician gates, and gaze on peaks
That pierce the highest blue. That western plain
Is Issus, where Darius' hosts clasped hands
With death before the Macedonian.
Southward lies Antioch, restless and proud
And beautiful; and farther still, the land
Of Israel, my sacred fatherland.

Then drifts my dream to manhood's years awhile,
To wise Gamaliel and Hillel mild;
And oft I ask, how could the child who drank
Such milk of wisdom be one such as I,
Who would have drenched the land with Christian
blood
To prop punctilious forms? . . . . .
. . . . . But soon my soul
Revolted from such tasks. One day I crossed
The Syrian plain while the meridian sun
Scorched with its fire all Abana's green vale.
I mused, much doubting if my deeds were just,
For I had seen a Christian martyr fall
With such a glow of faith and fortitude—
A Roman hero might have died to share
The joy of such a courage.

Peace had fled
My life, and I, who had authority,
Was my own soul accusing now, before
That bar where I not only was the judge,
But criminal convicted. When my pride
Was slain, came full surrender to the Christ.
My whole desire was now, to do His will.
And lo! from out the light appeared—His face.

All else, eclipsed in night, then disappeared
As when the stars fade out before the sun.
The day was darkened by the light that broke
In my transfigured heart. The charm of stream,
And vale, and mount, forgotten were. My soul
Seeing that glow, had now beholden Heaven
And closed its eyes to glories of the earth,
Or passed unnoticing. The silence spake.
I might as readily have thought to stem
The avalanche on Hermon. His appeal
Set all my soul aflame and made my lips
A sword, the cross my battle-cry. Thenceforth,
My Hebrew birth, my pride in Rome, were nought.
I knew no triumph but His cross, no joy
But in the courage that would do His will.

Thou knowest how the impact of my zeal
Fell on the Roman world, how I refused
To cover life and truth with masks and forms
Of priestly ordination, for I would
Not Judaize the race nor lay the bonds
Of Moses on an alien tribe. Was man
To lose a world-religion in a cult,
And turn the stream of universal hope
Into a desert of formality,
Make Christianity a Jewish sect
And end that dream for which Messiah died?
Were Roman necks to bear a foreign yoke
Because a wall was raised across Love's path
In Corinth, Antioch and Ephesus?
Thou, Luke, dost know I cleared an open way
To fields of life with no impediment
Of Jewish ritual or Gentile blood.

I hoped to see the hills of Spain and Gaul—
Both pagan yet—and even Britain's shore,
Since there the eagle flies, and I am still
A Roman. It may chance that some who bear
Rome's arms and were awhile my soldier-guards,
Have, even as this comrade of my chain,
Received the mind of Christ, and will proclaim
The cross of love in many distant lands.

By such new hope refreshed and comforted,
I bow submissive to His higher will,
Rejoicing that so soon mine eyes shall see
The glories of the King and feast with joy
Upon the open vision of His face.
Ah, Friend, what wonder if a wistful fire
Burns in thine eyes and eloquently speaks
The yearning of thy soul to see Him too.
The time is brief; be glad. Thou too shalt come
And be with Him, guerdon of all thy toils.

And meanwhile, thou shalt have the joy to write
On during scroll with love-inspired pen
The story of His life and fellowship
With men, as thou art minded in thy zeal.
But I shall find in His dear presence joy
And fuller life. O Mighty Heart, behold,
I come! The sweetest word to me is death.

NOTE

The well-known sallies of Alcibiades were not offensive to Socrates, yet, it may be conceived that Plato and Glaucus would resent them. Alcibiades was not as reverent as these in the presence of their great teacher.

SOCRATES

You say, Plato, that Alcibiades
Hath likened to the satyr Marsyas
Your Socrates; declares him petulant
And scornful, yet with words so piping sweet
That all perforce must listen and forget
Their ills. It warms the winter of my heart
To know that one so great—and he is great,
Hath he not led our arms victoriously?—
Should deign, me to compare with Marsyas
Who taught Olympus music.

Is it meet
I should encourage him more soberly
To speak? I think my Alcibiades
This once was far less drunk than was his wont,
But not less generous. Mostly he's both.
This, Plato, even thou canst not deny,
And, thinks so too, his kinsman, Pericles.
And yet, by Zeus, he owes me this and more.
I taught him virtue in his youth. This much
Was my just debt to him. I paid the debt
That virtue always owes to innocence,
Wisdom to ignorance, and age to youth.
I gave to him the mystic wand of truth,
So met all claim of Alcibiades.

Then he became a debtor to the truth
To make his deeds both wise and virtuous.
This hath he failed to do, as all men know.

In consequence, they say of Socrates:
"Behold this scorner of the gods doth lead
Young nohlemen astray, for this is proved
In Alcihiades," conveniently
Forgetting Plato, Glaucus, and the rest.

I saved his life one day at Delium,
Gave him a chance to he what he is not,
A better man. My life in turn he saved;
So I cry quits on this checkmate of death,
And let the debt of reputation stand
For what 'tis worth, his being had indeed,
And mine no better for that very cause.
Let Alcihiades be beautiful
As is Apollo, clever as the maid
Oracular whom Delphic fumes make wise,
Yet, lacking virtue, he is poor indeed.

The soul is what it is. What would'st thou think
If some deft stroke of Alcihiades
Some sudden prick of prejudice or wit,
Disturhed my poise, destroyed my lofty peace?
Would'st thou not rightly say that Socrates
Lacks steadfastness and douhts his present course?

Or if a friend sincere and wisc should hint
To such a soul—say Alcihiades
To Socrates—"Thou lackest this or that,"
And he should pout, put finger-tip in mouth
And say: "Thou art no more my friend,"
What would'st thou think of Socrates?
Or if an enemy disturbed his dream
With words of hate, would he not even then

Say to his soul: "Lo, now thine enemy
Hath surely found the place that weakest is
In those strong walls that rampart 'round thy life;
Thou ow'st him much, see thou repair the breach."
Be Alcibiades my friend or foe,
Or merely what he is, whate'er it be,
Some service hath he done, however small;
I thank him for it heartily, and hope
To profit by his words, and thus his debt
To me diminish at the very least,
Or quite annul.

Have we not done the right
By feeling no resentment in this case?
What say you Plato? . . Aye? And Glaucus too? . .
All are agreed. Ourselves, none else can hurt.
To find the truth is to receive a crown.

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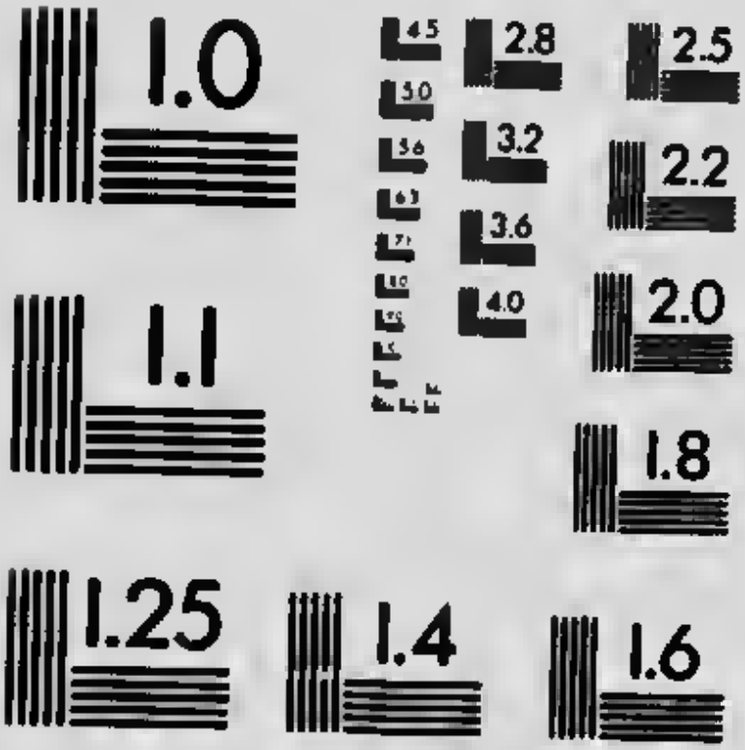

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NOTE

Liszt, having played one of Wagner's operas for the first time, and expressed his admiration, predicting fame for the great composer, Wagner replies. His wife, Liszt's daughter, Cosima, is a delighted listener.

WAGNER

Nothing is what it seems. You pierce the forms
With deeper vision, ere you find their soul,
But then you find it better than it seems.
In darkness Beauty hides, hut peeps anon
Around the corners of the night and laughs
In rippling morn, is coy and blushes rose
When caught, then smiles her gladness to the eyes
Of her true poet-lover, and, content,
Rests joyous on the bosom of the day.
In silence music lingers, throbhing there
All voiceless, till, like some sweet nightingale,
Joy sets the heart aflame, the spirit free,
To fill the yearning soul of night with praise.

The background of my life, thou stern and sad,
Was not all loneliness, for jeer and jibe,
Exile and want, seemed nought when I could claim
The nohle loyalty of such a friend
As thou, dear Liszt. Oh, not in vain was toil!
Even sluggard fame might wait. It mattered not
If I might hear thy finger-tips, inspired
By boundless love of music and of me,
Flame out the drama of my soul; could see
Thy tear-filled eyes proclaim my work divine.
When all the world was frowning darkly yet,
I found such comfort here as angels hring;
When exiled, where the lonely mountains heaped
Before my eyes their grave solemnity

And dwarfed my human schemes with show of
power,
How could my faith have stood so steadfastly
And never dwindled to evanishment,
Had not thy faith sustained mine own. Oh, Friends,
If fame is surely coming, as ye say,
To lay immortal honours on my brow,
All ye must share the triumph of my name
And join it to the glory of your own!

Most dear Cosima, I would tell the world
How white the vestal fire within my soul
Flamed to the sacred torch of thy pure love.
Thou too shalt reap my fame with me—thine own,
For who shall say that love is less than toil.
Ah, Love is all. It cancels every pain,
Erases care, and sorrow banishes;
It moves the soul to all sublimities,
And ends the evil in long-promised good.
Thus was the bleakness of my life assuaged,
And all my pain and loneliness made sweet
When great soul-thirst in passioned all my song.

No fine emotion can impel the soul
To great expression till the sifting light
Of sorrow cleanse the spirit of all dross;
Till irresistible necessity
Push him through pain to fortitude, through storms
To power, to reach, by toilsome ways, the hills
Of dream. Soul music, passion-born, and framed
In noble score and fine libretto, like
All works of God, though child of sound and Art,
Is all conceivèd by the Holy Ghost.

Pastime to most, Music to me is fire
Of longing, urge of aspiration, stress
Of unfulfilled desire. I fling my own
Hot heart into the crucible of truth,
Mix with the subtle alchemy of love,
And set it deep into the fiery heart
Of Being. When the whole is now become
Transparent as the eye of innocence,
I pour it into moulds of mightiest Art
To fill the soul of all the years with song;
For Art translates the essence of all things
To terms of life.

It is a sacrament
To pioneer new paths of song, discern
New laws for making music, until now
The liquid art; to make it solid too,
Massive and mountainous; to sculpture it,
Shaping from Andean peaks the domes and towers
Of temples bathed in floods of golden light
And swept by storms; to chisel monuments
Of music, which anon do melt and sink
To sudden seas whose billows roll and crash,
Breaking upon life's beaches everywhere,
Foaming and turbulent.

Of late, my soul
Conceived a noble theme, which, as I hope,
If force and fire of inspiration hold
Their present course, shall be a thing of power.
Tannhäuser sings the unappeasèd cry
Of desolation where heart-hunger reigns
And hopeless dearth. What now I do
Shall add to this and Lohengrin a field
So lofty in its promise that the three

Shall constitute a solemn trilogy,
Whose voice shall ring upon the hattlefield
The storm of conflict, waged 'twixt sense and soul
In life's tremendous war. The Nieblung's song
Portrays the struggle of the human heart
By passion tossed, now hy the sense enslaved,
Anon upholden hy the soul, and tuned
To nohler purposes by grip of fate's
Inexorahle hand; hut this shall show,
If I can so contrive, a glimpse of God,
The soul's divine, immeasurahle claim
To be supreme above the urge of sense.
This is my hope in Parsifal.

NOTE

Washington here bids farewell to the members of his cabinet on the occasion of his retirement from the presidency.

Few words befit
This solemn hour. In you, Fathers and Friends,
I speak to States united into one
By grim necessity that bade us rise
Against a kindred foe, nor bear a yoke
Of despicable wrong, unchallenging.
Ye braved those storms that rocked the towers of pride
To their foundations, sped the deadly shards
Of battle, shaped a nation's destinies,
And lifted her to permanence and power.
Ye stood with those who died on fields of war,
And cleared with stalwart courage new highroads
For our Republic. So in other years,
Through green Virginian wilds, I blazed new paths
In which our feet, though crimson-scarred, go on
To greatness. Ye have seen a nation born.
With what precarious means and circumstance
Its infancy was tended, well ye know;
And how, had but the foe discerned our case,
One bold attack had meant an utter rout;
For sickness and our sore-diminished ranks,
Unpaid because the States were poor, had made
Us easy prey had not our strong hearts held
Up mightily against the hosts of fear.
We were as one in strength and fortitude,
And all obeyed the law of common good
Neglecting which, nor state, nor sovereignty,
Nor city can be free.

The storms and cares
Of time have pushed my age to winter's verge,
And now that all the din of war is passed,
My soul shall find repose in quiet ways
Amid the solemn shades where nature keeps
Her silent home. There would I banish all
My battle memories, for these were aye
Unwelcome guests, and public eminence
Was pain.

When war is past, too oft we deem
The call to courage ended. Clouds are still
Low-hanging, breeding storms. This liberty
That cost so much, guard ever sacredly.
Let strength of purpose and just deed avail,
With reasonable compromise, to thwart
The course of foreign broils. 'Gainst home intrigue
Yet sterner be, lest this the federal bond
Disintegrate. But chief of all, let not
Constraint of local claim, unduly pressed,
O'ertop the central power. These sovereign States
Are greater far than any single claim,
The many more than one.

Let those that come
From other lands, if men of upright mould,
Find here true hearts as kindly as their own,
Not given to over-love nor yet to hate
A foreign people; strong withal, and just,
To offer all, impartially and free,
A welcome here, a hospitable home,
A juster law, and, when it seemeth fit,
Enfranchisement.

Ah, could my wisdom reach
Across the vistas of a century,
To guide the ongo of a hundred years
In this new nation, she should stand erect
Among the mightiest, the high compeer
Of earth's best governments. Her sons, great-souled,
Magnanimous, supreme in enterprise,
In purpose bold, of fixed integrity,
Unconquerable, faithful, void of fear,
Should bold face forward in great tasks, be strong
In deed.

Such is my dream and prophecy.
How far it shall surpass the actual,
Sons of our sons shall know, we being dead,
And in the crucible of history
Our deeds all melted down, reduced at last
To their true worth, which, be it nothingness,
Shall be forgotten quite.

God's hand shall guide
Your way while I, in nature's large repose,
Await the final call . . . Farewell.

NOTE

The reasons for not using blank verse in this monologue will be both cogent and obvious to those who know Whitman.

WHITMAN

One day in June, my higher Self, emergent
From the soundless deeps,
Rose to new life ineffable,
Beyond all signs, beyond descriptions.
Speech into knowledge passed;
Opinions lost their meaning;
Soul-dimness and depression changed
To ecstasy of flight and soaring exaltation.
The creeds, conventions, categories, castes,
Were swept by final, bold assurance
Out of experience as meaningless and nought,
As dead leaves of a past vitality.

Straightway, I knew there is no death.
No evil can challenge Love
And shake its damning fist in face of Heaven,
Threat'ning the soul forever.
The cure of wrong is light and love;
Of baser wrong, a light more penetrant,
A love buoyant and more brotherly.
There is no gulf 'twixt great and small;
I find the wholesome duties and sweet cares
Transcend all pleasures, wealth, art, intellect.
Even democracy dwindles to measurable proportions
In comparison with common things
Agleam with good.
The trees and grass are part of a wonderful dream.
The streams and stars of night
Are thrilled with mystery of life,
Dazzling my being with mute joy.

The animals, placid and patient,
Are of one soul with me. I swear
That every one of them to me is dear.
They do not torture themselves with self-accusing,
Or lie awake at night hemoaning their sins.
They are never convicted of hypocrisy,
Or cant of a silk-rihhon sainthood.
They are not hound hand and soul
By cable conventions. Not one of them says:
"I have suffered." They are not melancholy.
Not one of them is a gossip or a husybody.
They are not rich, nor respectahle, nor unhappy,
Alienated from themselves hy owning things.

This is my word to the people:
Resist much; ohey little. Once fully enslaved,
No nation ever resumes its liherty.
Why should you snuh opportunity
Or fear to he interesting to yourselves?
Why should you write only quotations
On the white pages of time?
Readjust the sentence of life to your own satisfaction;
Accept the unusual, the inconvenient, the heroic;
Fuse present and past laws
To make yourselves a new law every morning.

Consider the honest farms and homesteads,
The wealth-producing factories,
The trade hy land and sea.
Valid are the deep integrities,
The inevitahle virtues, excellent graces.
Necessary too, stern Justice that drives

Iniquity and dishonour out of the land.
Beautiful, self-denying motherhood and fatherhood,
And not less heautiful, hrotherhood and comrade-
ship.

Ah, you with threadhare coat and haggard eyes,
Little you dream how I feel towards you;
And you with timid glance and hesitant,
Walking anxiously, carefully through the throng,
Little you suspect how I love you.
I have waited all my life to find you.
After long years you have come
To live on the same planet with me,
On the same continent, in the same city.
I look deep into your eyes and am glad
That the gods did not plant us in separate worlds.

But oh, to walk with you
Where freedom is of space and air,
Defended only hy light and love,
To stand with you in the universal day;
Dissolving conventions, and bonds, mine and yours,
Escaping utterly from alicn anchors and holds;
To drive free and far, to waive
Ordinations, superiorities, professions,
Ideas like skeletons, slow to crumhle,
Mythologies, useful as playthings;
To dare made-to-order destructions!

How I would make the eyes laugh and dance
That are haggard and anxious,
The feet hold and nimhle and daring
That are timid and fearful;

Till all comrades of earth, free and buoyant,
Love, working; work, loving;
Till life as deep as the sea,
Till love and sex as pure as the dew,
Breed sons and daughters strong to run
As the wild things that breathe the air of the
mountains!

of the

NOTE

No apologies are offered for the presentation of this monologue in which Jesus speaks to Mary of Bethany. There is still need to sit at His feet and hear His word who spake of the Father-King and the brother-kingdom.

JESUS

Let not the bane
Of fear lay waste thy heart and desolate
Thy soul. Be cheered, and stay thy mind on God.
I know how stormful is the Temple's mood;
They seek my life, those spoilers of the poor,
Yet in my soul is peace. The Father's love
Doth keep me unafraid.

How kind and true,
How glorious is God! How wise beyond
All earthly dream! The lily from His hand
Doth drink its life and breathe out fragrance sweet;
So thou the Father's presence feel; thy heart
Grow rich in fortitude; walk thou with Him,
A little child, knowing Him very near;
And thou shalt see the glory of His face,
The depths of love discern, the heights of joy.
(The life of trust is Love's best word of truth)
Speech cannot spell such meanings into phrase.
As wine-skins old the new wine cannot keep,
But burst, and spill it on the ground, so words
Too crammed with life's new leaven, do spend
their force,
And fail to utter forth Love's vast content.
God guides alike the raindrop and the star,
The glow-worm and the lightning. Verily,
A sparrow doth not die without His care,
Nor falls without His pity a child's tear.
Shall He who feeds the fowls forget his child?

Amid the hills of Nazareth I learned
God's providence; I trusted Him, while there
Upon the trees I swung my axe to cleave
For highest uses; so, trust thou. No more
Look forth and back, but upward, inwardly,
To those strong hills of help that rise within
Where Love's true kingdom is. Put off the veil
Of forms that hide with outward wrappages
The pulsings of God's heart. Then shall thy soul
Find joy and beauty in His wholesome law,
Thy life be one great passion for His will.

The word of God by which we know His heart
Is that unfathomable, ceaseless tide
Of His benevolence that we call life,
The school in which the lessons of His Law
Are learned. The trustful heart submits with joy
To discipline of Love, seeing God knows
Too well our awful need to humour our desire.
Self-love is blind as stone, but love that gives
Its life to others hath a thousand eyes.
The sternest law ordained by Love is kind.
The lesser good is evil in God's sight,
Who wills for each the best; but for the child,
Who knows no better thing,—not yet aware
Of Love's benign intent—to lose its best
Seems evil, though it bring the higher good.
The things we cannot help are all benign.
In them God hath His will, which, in the light,
We find are better than our best.

I came
To bear the burdens of the poor, unbind
The slave and make the mourner glad, to curb

All God-defying greed that from the weak
Takes profit, for He wills that those who toil
Should have a richer life, that those who build
Earth's palaces and rear His temples here
Should live in houses, not in huts. God's law
Holds righteousness the first of sacraments,
And truth and ruth the pillars of His throne.
The day doth come when power shall cease from
greed
And life be comradely, for God hath flung
Love-chains across the lands. Wealth shall no more
Insult with her offensive charities
The children of the poor, and give, for bread
Of justice, stone of alms. A truer life
Shall banish separating walls of creed
And drown all prejudice of race in floods
Of world-benevolence, till, purged of pride
The soul of man goes singing down the years.

Jerusalem rejects me, and the Twelve—
Save only John—earthwise interpreting
My dream, know not its deeper sense. My day
On earth draws to its close. When it is done,—
Who knows?—thy trust, in some dark hour, may hold
The faith of an apostle, doubt-eclipsed,
More firm, and so my word, spoken by thee,
May help to light the world. I, lifted up,
All men to me shall draw. Therefore, be strong,
Daughter of peace; put fear away and trust
The Father. Whatsoe'er thou canst not keep
Is in His care. Shall God forsake His own
Or fail His Son?

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