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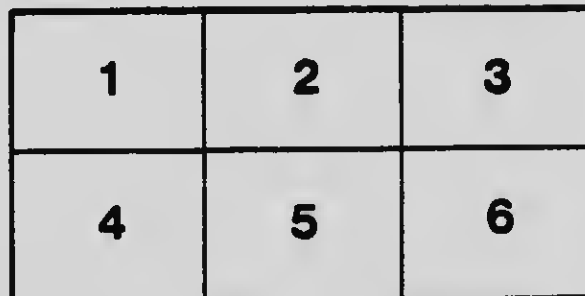
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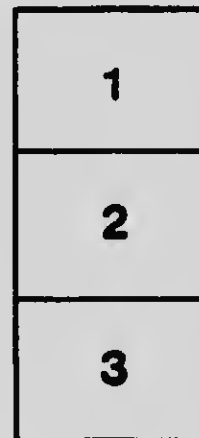
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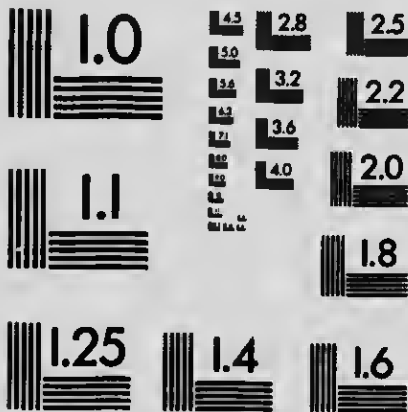
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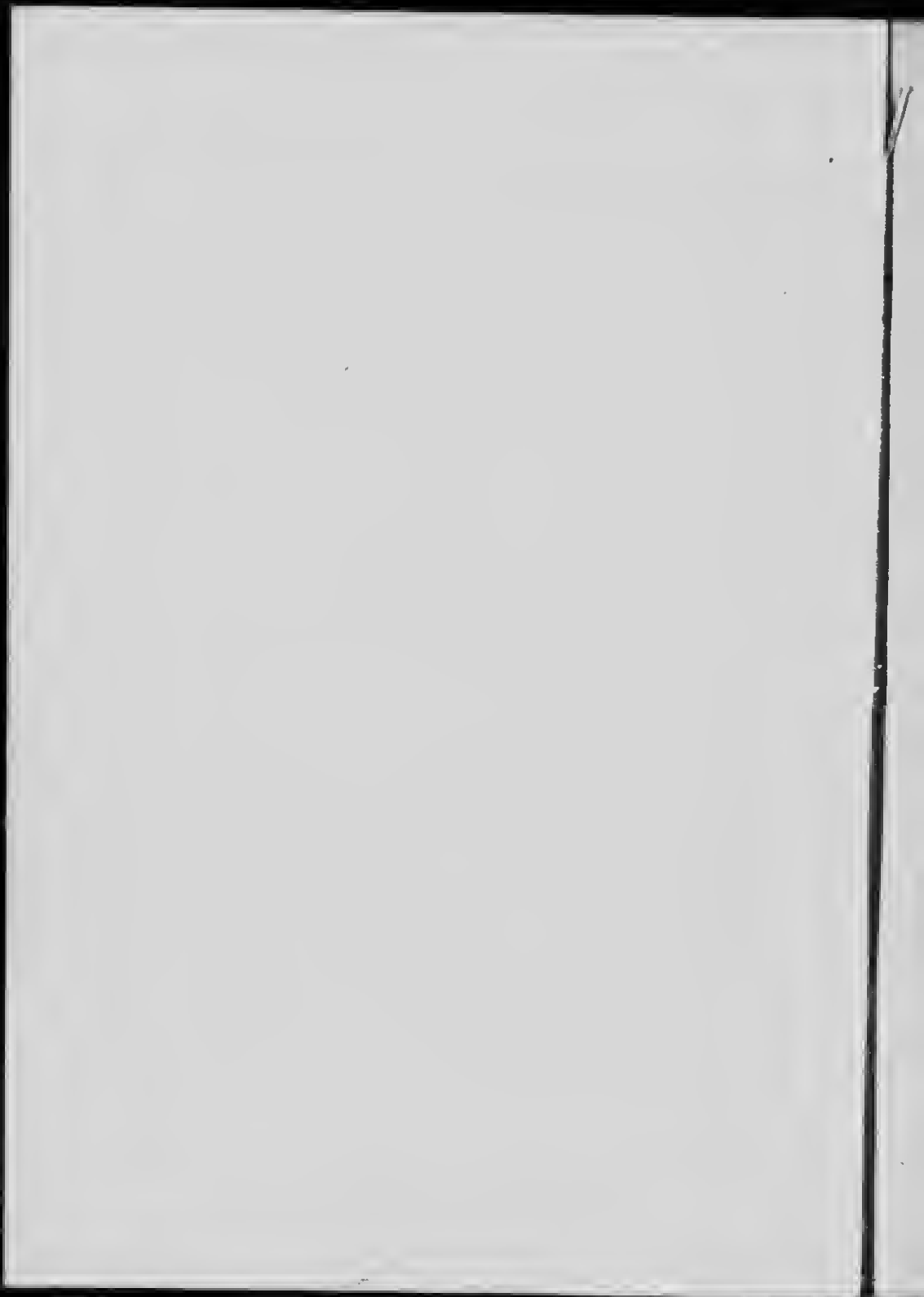
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THE GAZETTE. BARRIS

SONNETS  
OF  
A RECLUSE

—BY—

REV. A. O'MALLEY

VOL. III.

819.11  
034



Author of  
Shakespearean Lectures  
Miscellaneous Lectures  
"The Wreck of the Titanic"  
"American Statesmen"



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**VOLUME III.**

I dedicate these lines to my friend  
and patron, Thomas O'Hagan, M.A.,  
Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.; Linguist, Pub-  
licist and Poet.

Dean O'Malley.

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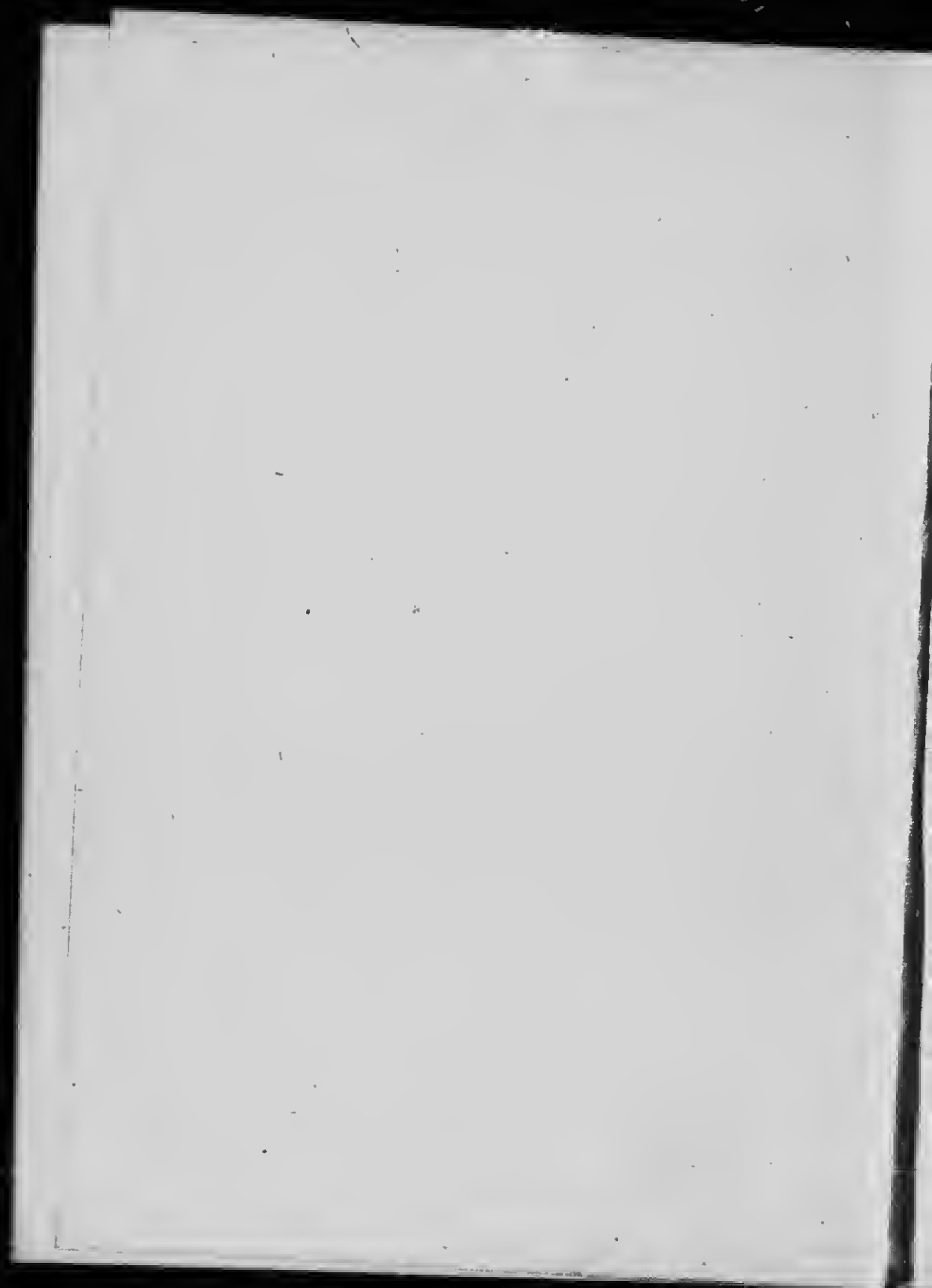
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SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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201.—THE SONNET

Would'st thou flute like the lark, that mounts at  
morn

The opera of the sunlit sky, and flings  
To orbs that listening stand about in rings,  
Wild-eyed and wondering where this song was born:

Or would'st thou lilt when the world is forlorn  
And weary, with the toil that each day brings—  
An air as weird as whippoorwill then sings,  
The hours of eve with romance to adorn:

Then sing in sonnets the song of your heart!  
Is it of meadows, flocks and flowers,  
Whence Araby's enchanting perfumes start;  
Or of sweet orchards with their vine-clad bowers,  
Where youthful lovers vowed they'd never part:  
This little lute has plenipotent powers.

202.—THE SUICIDE

It is strange love that thus courts death; 'tis rare  
That men, abhor their persons like a snake  
They fall upon while hunting in a brake,  
And slay as rudely as Jove cleaves the air.

The suicide's corroded with world-care  
That pillories its victims at the stake;  
Or draws them like Niagara in its wake,  
Till they plunge in the gorge's hungry lair.

Poor wretch! Indeed Age often opes his gate  
To death; 'tis meet that mellow fruit should fall:  
But blossoms in full bloom fly far from him.  
Let's weep for one crushed 'neath the curse of fate!  
Were we born worms we too the earth should crawl;  
Not he but weakness sought the monster grim.

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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203.—ADIEU

Jove hurls his deadly javelins on high,  
Full at the army that lay at the other end  
In ambush, ready at command to send  
Back shrapnel 'long the ranges of the sky.

His thunders scarcely spent, their Ætnas sigh  
With riotous rolling cannonades, that lend  
The look of pitchy hell to heaven, and rend  
The raven seas that on the welkin lie.

The floods now fall in torrents o'er the world,  
Like tears in millions that make moist the earth  
In France; whose mothers, maidens, widows weep  
For fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers hurled  
To death, like gladiators for mere mirth;  
While by blue Danube's wave their orphans sleep.



204.—MORALITY

Name not oh! cruel Mars Morality!  
Warm blood reeks from thy trenches everywhere,  
When armies scowl with high meridian glare,  
Like lightnings that thread thunderstorms at sea.

They dice deceit and deepest treachery,  
While with base stratagems and guile, they snare  
The drowsy sentinel, as hunters hare,  
Till the lock of his heart they filch, and key.

For she's a princess—the first-born of God,  
Her eyes are bright and fair to look upon,  
And all the spheres her humble suitors are.  
Insult her, and He'll whip you with a rod  
In hell, till like the fiends you're pale and wan;  
So hates He such as would her beauty mar.

205.—WAR

The Teuton apotheosizes war,  
That commerce has in death and blood and tears;  
And pyramids of corpses, in play, rears;  
That e'en the ghoulish Ghengis Khan'd abhor.

As mere barbarian, he once worshipped Thor,  
Who was the god of thunder, wielding spears  
Made of red lightnings by the eternal years;  
Which he hurled, as shafts at bulls, matador.

Comes it thus, these red tragedies, to-day  
He stages in vast theatres of land  
And sea?—that men strive him to hold at bay  
—A savage beast let loose by hell to brand  
The earth with human blood, and children slay  
And women, as they stroll the helpless strand.

206.—A CHOICE

The day, drummed by the lark, is now awake;  
And all his minions at the anvil swing  
Their sledges, till the detonations ring  
Like songs flung back by echo o'er the lake.

The demons of the dark now trembling quake,  
As they to hell's dread dungeons their flight wing;  
And damned souls weeping in their vises bring,  
Their thirst in dark gehenna's sea to slake.

We have our choice: Shall we with Labour stand  
Before the lathe in the great forge of life  
And fashion, with our sweat, a sceptre grand;  
Or shall we, burglars, prowl the night and knife  
For lucre and lust, wights, with guilty hand,  
Whose single savage thrust ends peace and strife,—  
Succeeding waves that hourly wash earth's strand?

207.—THE BRUTE

Fierce animals, caged in menageries,  
Caught in the farthest Afric's jungle wild,  
By hunger's fang stung, docile are and mild  
Compared to troopers fighting in melees.

When hand to hand they grapple, by degrees  
The hidden brute reveals his nature wild  
—The nonce in cities by dire fate exiled—;  
And fights like tigers dying ere they cease.

I don't admire the brute because he fights—  
In man or beast; yet the cosmic is grand,  
Be it earthquake, war, or volcanoes roar.  
Of all terrific, fierce, o'erwhelming sights  
War is the worst; for either line is manned  
With mortals, who die hourly in their gore.

208.—THE NAVY

The albatross, the sentinel of the air,  
Stands sleepless, on heaven's wave, the weary year;  
And if it sleeps drops a translucent tear  
To navies, that of the sea lanes have care.

In them once, it becomes a light most rare,  
And as the morning's burning planet clear;  
When Erebus breeds seamen's quaking fear,—  
That all hell, lurking here, have left their lair.

The British navy has a thousand eyes,  
And picks up pins on all the seven seas.  
If Jove flings from on high the slightest prize,  
With lightning speed it snatches it with ease.  
E'en when the Huns with cormorants death dice  
Its omnipresence their fat booty seize.

209.—RESIGNATION

'Tis well it's done; for when the horrid jar  
Of earthquake with terrific din and roar  
Has ceased, and the dread cataclysm's o'er,  
Men look about to find their lucky star.

This hell is not a sinister dark bar  
To them; for Naples built her tents once more,  
Where Pompeii sank through the vasty door  
Of death, as miners sink, down shafts, their car.

Inexorable death now dogs our heels  
E'en here; for time is breaking from his cage;  
And I hear him close, panting in the race;  
I feel his awful chilling breath; he seeks his wage  
And no whit, saving my poor heart, conceals  
His aim; hence I look for no time of grace.

210.—DUST

Time will not wait when we are loath to march  
In line; we must fall out; descend the tomb;  
Return again to dust—to nature's womb;  
And rest in yonder chnrchyard 'neath the larch.

When we are faint and age our white lips parch,  
He is no nurse, our palsied form to groom  
With ointment; and with wine to bloom  
Its pallor, such as comes with wind of March.

There is slight compensation in the thought  
That Time is but the ruler of the world;  
Both day and night measring to man, and mnst  
Resign when Fate brings everything to nonght:  
And yet when o'er us death's black flag's unfnrled  
'Tis sweet to think, we not alone, are dust.

211.—THE LAMB OF GOD

The little lamb with fleece as white as snow  
Was chosen as His symbol, by the Lord:  
As being with the lily in accord  
The emblem of St. Joseph's life below.

For innocence and purity we know  
Incarnate were in Him; hence Christians guard  
Their consciences, like poesy the bard,  
That to His likeness absolute they grow.

Than Jason and his Argonauts let's strive  
More nobly far, to reach the shore where lives  
The "Lamb of God": and when we there arrive  
With relish we'll enjoy, whate'er He gives,—  
Or hut or mansion—; for none can deprive,  
Or cast us into hell from heaven's cliffs.



212.—THE SUN

Arise! Behold with me the trembling ocean stream;  
When monks chant loud at matin hour their prime,  
Keeping with all the singing orbs in time;  
As Phoebus gilds the wave with his first beam!

Awake! shake off the nightmare's 'palling dream  
And to the deck with cheerful day let's climb;  
As all the bells in his cathedral chime,  
Calling to praise both quick and dead 'twould seem.

Miss not the dawn at sea! 'tis grand, beyond  
All powers of speech; it is sublime to view  
The saint of spheres, with aureole about  
His brow and horned light, tossing the dew  
Like eremites, at early morn with wand,  
When they go forth blessings on day to shout.

213.—LAUGHTER

I've seen wild storms rage on the land and sea,  
Sweeping the forest down with their vast broom  
—A whirling cyclone reeling life to doom,  
Reaching from earth to heaven's apogee:—

Blue Neptune prodding, to swear a decree  
All sea swains making one vast hecatomb,  
Before with crown and trident he'd resume  
His throne, and robe in Janus' livery.

But that is nought. Mars laughs at Jupiter  
And Neptune; for with thunders long and loud  
Bellona-like he roars; and to stead tides  
In ebb and flow, his armies howl and purr,  
Like Nereids on beach;—Jupiter in cloud,  
Swaying like mountains where volcano hides.

214.—THE EVEN SWORD

The dogs of war unleash on sea and land!  
Unkennel them to range the air and deep,  
To bite all life, be it awake or 'sleep—  
The high and humble and the middling brand!

Why should an oligarchy untouched stand,  
E'en though they rule, both life and love to keep;  
While the rest wring their hands and gnashing weep,  
As Charon rows them o'er to Lethe's strand?

If war is a high priest ordained for death,  
Let him unsheath his master's even sword  
And offer sacrifice merely of men!  
Mars is the god, the offering is breath:  
He cannot condemn favorites afford  
To spare; the eagle must fall like the wren.

215.—THE FLOOD

Though angry waters at us rant and rail  
Push out! Snatch from the shore complete divorce!  
As 'cross the waves we steer courageous course,  
Driven by winds of Fate that fill our sail.

Who would on land his fortune still bewail,  
Without or courage or dynamic force,  
Deserves to suffer slings of laughter hoarse,  
In virtues of man, being soft and frail.

On land or sea let's sail out with the flood  
Of Fortune! there is a tide, the bard  
Has sung, in the affairs of men, which ta'en  
At rise, leads on to harbors safe and good:  
Omitted, shoals and shallows ope their shard,  
And by backwater's bitterness we're slain.

216.—IDEALS

Religion and lust in one stream can't flow:  
Consistency keeps opposites apart,  
Like parallels at finish and at start,  
E'en though through lanes of farthest space they go.

My ideals are as pure as bolted snow,  
Yet how, whipped by my crimes and sins I smart,  
As does, pierced by the poisoned shaft, the hart—  
To find myself in piety so low.

The lily is the dream of Purity,  
It is the virgin's coronet and type;  
The roses blood's like martyr's at the stake:  
Yet few indeed from soil of sin are free,  
And fewer still for Paradise are ripe,  
And ready to be picked for conscience' sake.

217.—THE TAPER

The tapers in my oratory burn,  
And shed their waxen tears, that scalding run,  
Like gums of weeping tam'racks in the sun,—  
In streams, down to the avaricious urn.

This way the saints and sages ever learn,  
How have the heavens and the earth begun;  
And highest rank in faith and works are won,  
Making day's lamp and night's serve in their turn.

The body's and the mind's eye both need light  
Ancillary. The taper there helps me  
My task to con, and with its burning spire  
Points up to heaven, through life's darkest night,  
Infallibly, as does dark Calvary's tree,  
Whereon Christ did for our misdeeds expire.

218.—THE PROLETARIAT

The labor of the nations' birth has throes,  
That quicken millions into throbbing life;  
To be the holocaust of the damned strife  
Of war—medicament for all their woes.

They see in babes a dagger for their foes.  
What though it pierces through and through with  
knife

Fond mothers;—e'en it snatch from the new wife  
Her spouse—they reck not so themselves repose!

Poor Proletariat! It cuts me to the quick,  
To think thou art their bloody sacrifice,  
That must be flung to monsters like Molock.  
Rise in your might! annihilate the clique  
That patten on the booty of this vice!  
Sink them in hell with one volcanic shock!

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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219.—ANOTHER SEA

In wrestle close with death, 'mid sea and night,  
They drank the insane draught of fear and grasped  
The spars, that like babes bosoms, they then clasped,  
And clung to them while Nature vouchsafed might.

Imagine their delirious delight  
When in the waves, their last, they'd surely gasped;  
And by a cold unconsciousness were asped  
A boat all banderolled hove on the sight.

'Twas not the same sea that they sailed on now;  
The sun rose and it was eternal day.  
They all rushed to the vessel's bounding bow  
To see the teeming crowds that thronged the quay.  
The country's King came down, divine of brow,  
To welcome spirits from far far away.



220.—THE CANCER

Can consolation nurse—narcotics numb  
The pain that searches every artery;  
Like clover's bloom the enterprising bee  
—For his house sweets, and for his hips some gum?

Nor castle on the height, nor hut in slum  
Immune is, from its deadly surgery,  
That flings men on the slab most ruthlessly,  
Like war, that is of all horrors the sum.

Vile cancer! beast, brute, savage surly thing,  
That eats and eats the vitals! hungry wolf!  
Lean tiger! cobra lasooing the goat!  
Menagerie of harpies that men, sting!  
Medusa's serpents come from hell's vile grief:  
By Charon sent who's waiting in his boat.

221.—SLOTH

Stagnation's slough, that neither hopes nor fears,  
Weaves for itself a mantle like a pond,—  
A green gauze gossamer—despair's despond;—  
Or black as midnight for funereal biers.

It never from the plains, a mountain rears;  
The valley levelling is its power beyond;  
Asked to rise with the sun it will abscond;  
Like lightning that, the cursing thunder, hears.

Sloth, as the moth in mantles, eats the soul;  
It leaving, like fruits on the Dead Sea shore,  
That blush but burst in ashes at the touch.  
Its victims ne'er attain to arduous goal  
But, like to sleep or death, all tasks ignore,  
And hobble on to hell on their vile crutch.

222.—THE ARDUOUS

Lag not behind; the foothills are no place  
With alpenstock, and rope, and guide to gaze  
Up at Mont Blanc, who wears at eve a haze  
Of gold about his head, all charm and grace!

He is a king of frowning rugged face,  
So old he keeps no longer 'count of days;  
For e'en the sun can't warm him with its rays  
That solace all else, and weak spirits brace.

It makes the heart faint, to see men there  
Together tied, like birds so small, from peak  
To peak scaling like chamois seeking food.  
We need not for the arduous, walk on the air  
Or on the vasty deep: plain duty seek;  
You'll find it everywhere; it is the good.

223.—VISION

It is the breath of nations' nostrils—pure  
As air's alembic on the mountain top;  
Or rain distilled by Jove for beast and crop,  
That fatness of the fields and flocks ensure.

It is their strength, and if they'll long endure,  
Like eagles in the eyry, it must drop  
Ideals in their minds, nor dare it stop  
Till these high promptings, every evil cure.

Sans vision, Isaias said, the nation's lost.  
'Tis prophecy that reads the future's glass,  
And oft creates the means to gain its end.  
It paints to-morrow at the prism's cost,  
And traces in imperishable brass  
The aims, that to the stars its children send.

224.—ST. JOHN

There giddy in the clouds he treads the cliffs,  
The reaches peering through of farthest space,  
To read on the walls of the sky a trace  
Of Revelation, that God to men gives.

For it is fabled that up there He lives,  
And with His smiles flings to the day its grace  
—With songs and laughter fills the human race  
—E'en sinners with delight whom He forgives.

'Midst Patmos' heights St. John's Apocalypse  
Was penned and Revelation closed. The new  
Jerusalem, with neither sun nor moon  
By day or night can suffer no eclipse;  
For the Anointed shines in its milieu,  
Than many million suns a grander boon.

225.—HIGH MASS

Had you but heard the voices overhead,  
Rejoicing at May's singing matin prayers,  
They would have sweetened all your bitter cares;  
And lifted from your heart the load of lead,

Making you like pure spouses just now wed,  
Who lead the throng of sprightly laughing pairs,  
That joy like angels climbing golden stairs;  
And dream of time that they'll be in their stead.

I sang aloud the sanctuary's thrilling song;  
And they rushed in from the Spring's choiring fauce  
Through doors and windows, a vast heavenly throng  
In millions more than stars in the sky's main:  
Nor leaving nature's matins thought it wrong  
The presence of their Lord and God to gain.

226.—THE NORM

Minutest things are modelled by Design,  
That every loom and shuttle do its work:  
No place is there for whim or prank or quirk,  
Where He lays out the plan with dot and line.

The finny fishes, birds, and lowing kine;  
All in their lowly places find no irk:  
But playfully themselves with beauty perk,  
To please and serve, nor do they moan and whine.

That is a norm that's noble, high, and grand;  
And man, the angel of the earth, can learn  
From mean low things, how best to serve his God;  
Who ordered all things with His own right hand,  
The sun for day, the stars for night that burn,  
And rise and set when He gives them the nod.

227.—THIEVES

Hist'ry, the blood and tears of sea and land,  
Shed by barbaric bandits on the way,  
Where prairie and pelagic schooners stray—  
Records with tearful eyes and palsied hand:—

That ambush siren-like the pilgrim band  
Seduced; till Scylla and Charybdis lay  
Before them, with Niagara's deafening bray;  
That stuns the stars and spheres to mutual stand.

There always were and always will be thieves;  
The sun steals dewdrops from the flowers of Spring:  
The moon the minds of men to light the stars:  
We must watch well our fatlings and our beeves;  
And sleepless like the albatross on wing  
Prevent, bright Lucifer who 'gainst us wars.



228.—CONSCIENCE

The whale the vulturous viking of the main  
Feeds, famished, on the ocean's teeming brood,  
Prepared by mermaids and nereids for food;  
Though doing thus their consciences they stain.

Being Poseidon's retinue and train—  
The king of the sea's acreage and rood  
They should obey his every whim and mood;  
Nor pander to unruly feudals' gain.

When we to idols turn—to things of sense  
—Let Philistines, like Hebrews, filch our ark  
—Abandon God and break our conscience' law;  
We are than creatures mythical more dense:  
Nor are our altars, lighted with a spark  
Of love divine, that lowest things doth draw.

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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229.—DUTY

Man crumbles and his works at touch of time:  
Pharaos and pyramids have common tomb;  
Nor o'er their ashes will fond flowers bloom,  
Or waxen epitaphs sing praise sublime

In epic's grandeur, or in lyric's rhyme;  
For they must share in nature's common doom  
To leave earth's stage and give to others room;  
Who bowing to the morn give earth new prime.

Whatso endurance, patience, skill hath he  
Corrosive chemicals of time to fight—  
Like firemen scaling ladders in the dark  
'Gainst tott'ring walls,—let him with duty be  
Inspired; for in the drama of life, right  
Alone, rewards while singing like the lark.

230.—PHILOSOPHY

If Fortune's forged your sword the world will give  
You empires, heaped with sweet meats, myrrh and  
gold;

—Armadas with golcondas in the hold,  
Whereon in luxury the gods could live.

Ceres will Autumn's horn of plenty sieve  
For you, and Jason's fleeces fill your fold;  
High altars pay your deity its sold  
With gums, that Joss with jealousy would grieve.

So, Legend has in minds of men writ Luck;  
—A rainbow's iridescence o'er life's sky  
That every morrow grants a smiling sun:  
Philosophy cannot this doctrine brook,  
But sets out staff in hand the mountain high  
To climb, and wear a crown that she has won.

231.—BLUSHES

The virgin's blushes flame like the blown rose  
When Modesty the queen of youth is slain;  
Whose purple drops the corse of virtue stain;  
Like bleeding day his couch, in death's repose.

The lily is her cup, in whiteness as the snows,  
And purity's the wine it doth contain;  
Distilled by demons to make men insane  
With love, and her invidious deadly foes.

The gods must not endanger beauty so!  
The virgin should live in hut on some height,  
Too rugged for the limbs of men to climb;  
For then across the ocean she could row  
Of life—her bark live in a sea of light,  
And not her raiment with vile lust enslave.

232.—HAPPINESS

You're pale with envy of my happiness;  
Like rosebuds eaten with the canker worm,  
And doomed by fate to death's enduring term;  
Earth's barrenness, not leaving youths to bless.

And you're a demon in this tint to dress  
Who'll feel of Retribution's wrath the storm  
And in its sulphurous lightnings writhe and squirm  
Like Atlas lab'ring 'neath the heaven's press.

Yet happiness there is in every clime;  
It is the mind more than material things  
That makes men so. Seek you its altitudes  
All peopled with thoughts noble and sublime!  
Then will you never envy even kings,  
Though they have awe that o'er the whole earth  
broods.

233.—FOLLIES

I have no heart to flatter you; 'tis crime  
In men to give a gorgeous throne to pride;  
That sways fictitious empires far and wide,  
As poppies make moons sink and suns to climb.

E'en vanity one must not nurse; for time  
That measures out the moments to life's tide  
Is therein lost. 'Twere better to have died  
When born, and sleep with worms and putrid slime

Than feed on phantoms. Who has not his share  
Alas! of follies that his reveries  
Rebuke; and whip with scorpions his soul—  
A cage of hyenas—a jungle lair  
Of beasts, far worse than pride and vanities,  
That bellow like the sea and bar his goal.

234.—DYNASTY

The fatal Gorgon, who with murderous balls  
Like shrapnel shrieking strikes men blind,  
Could not worse lacerate and maim mankind  
Than Dynasty, with its ambitious brawls.

For war, more than Medusa e'er, appalls  
With dead and wounded, stark bereft of mind;  
That moan and wail like fairies in the wind,  
And lie in heaps as high as Chinese walls.

Ambition vaulting, led proud Lucifer,  
As bright in heaven as the morning star,  
To seek the throne and crown of the Most High.  
What though a third of the pure angels were  
Cast down; he wrecked not but made horrid war,  
Creating hell where he and his still sigh.

235.—COURTESIES

Dame Fashion makes her courtesies to kings.  
'Twere well if she alone did bow thus low:  
—Did not the millions in their glances grow;  
And creep the earth like serpents—senseless things.

E'en Custom, that like rivers to course clings,  
Abandons, as the arrow does the bow,  
Its prison, with the clarion crew to crow  
When Majesty to men his morning flings.

Authority comes down from heaven—from God;  
And therefore men and women worship it  
(On bended knee with smoking thurible:  
Yet sycophants well earn the flaying rod  
In the deep sulphurous burning pitchy pit;  
Where all the flunkey fallen angels dwell.



236.—COMPLIMENTARY

The waters wake and straight salute the sun,  
As in cascades he flings light from the sky  
On their eyelids, that closed in sweet sleep lie  
All night by honest toil and trading won.

The livelong day they smile, like some sweet nun  
Benignly on the emperor on high;  
Who gilds their bosoms that in glee rise nigh  
His throne, and then back to their beaches run.

The king and subjects compliment'ry are,  
Like billows that kiss and caress the shore,  
Or bow and court'sy to the stately moon;  
While these to revolution are a bar  
Benignant, quelling their demented roar  
In that mad state—a blessing and a boon.

237.—JEALOUSY

The trees are laden and their branches bend  
With mimic fruit, like that near the Dead Sea;  
Whose briny breath blights with such treachery  
As robs them of their beauty's rainbow blend.

The sleighbells with their peals the heavens rend;  
Like falling stars toboggans down hills flee:  
As easy stop the glaciers on a spree  
As youth, when snows to them their pleasures lend.

Oh! Winter come whene'er it is thy turn!  
The gods pile petals on thy bald cold head;  
Flung from the gardens ye keep in the stars,  
That with green jealousy and envy burn;  
Since they cannot leap in some silv'ry sled  
And empty, leave on high their wonted cars.

238.—DEMONS

When Passion points his sword right through the  
eye,  
And Prejudice plants poppies in the mind;  
Then judgment rides the veering faithless wind,  
And innocents in dungeon's darkness lie.

These demons flung by Michael from the sky,  
In falling through the void became stone blind  
—The ruthless enemies of kith and kind,  
Who would not let them rule the courts on high.

'Twas ye 'twere good to bury deep in hell;  
Dragged sprawling down with mill-stones 'bout your  
neck  
Till the foul bottom's at length reached:  
Like some sore shipwrecked boat that, on the swell  
With weeping mortals tossed about her deck,  
A century suffers 'fore at last she's beached.

239.—VIRTUE

I found 'neath mollusk's mantle this sweet pearl,  
That shimmers like the gems that stud the sky;  
Or jewels that on ocean's bottom lie,  
Where men were flung in the tornado's whirl.

Nor lives there on earth's girth a girl  
But is a queen, who can a necklace tie  
Of Nacres on her breast, the heart to buy  
Of kings, who empires into battle hurl.

Thus virtue's in the humble cabin found,  
That sparkles like first gleams of land at sea,  
Thus truth, love, beauty, honesty abound  
Most, in the wilds and wastes where God is nigh;  
And pours into men's hearts the sense of right.

240.—METHOD

Then Method braced himself and made amain  
Unto my lady Time; she was so coy  
—So shy, she knew not to conceal her joy  
At mines of wealth the world would surely gain.

Yet at her feet lay many suitors slain.  
With Haste and Sloth she would not even toy,  
Who would her gait by fits and starts annoy,  
And in her empire only be a bane.

What change! She feels the fatal charm of him  
Who, like the rattling serpent with eyes fixed  
Upon its helpless victim, holds her bound.  
She bows obedience to his will and whim,  
And with affection and deep reverence mix't  
She, hand in hand, goes with him through life's  
round.

241.—THE LORD

When first th' imperial monarch of the morn  
Sits on his throne, that canopies the tide;  
The East flings down his gates, that he may ride  
His chariot freely forth, day to adorn.

He flings down boiling bullion to the corn—  
Whole mints of gold, like Orient to his bride;  
When the vast seas to all exulting cried  
“Clap hand with joy; shout ye that are forlorn!”

So came The Lord among the sons of men.  
For centuries the earth was sore oppressed  
With darkness palpable of sin and shame,  
When sudden o'er the mountain, mead, and glen  
There broke a Light, that shot from East to West,  
And fired all men with glory of His Name.

242.—EXORCISM

Why! you seem merry when you're far from home:  
And there as doleful funerals you are dour;  
Like weeded widows, watching hour by hour  
The galleries of heavens burning dome.

Hilarious art thou at the hippodrome.  
You're wreathed with smiles like rainbows round a  
shower;  
But in home's sanctuary you have no power,  
To make life one long diapasoned poem.

Is that the truth? Is it a law?  
Behooves it us to exorcise him hence,  
Who has possession of our victim soul.  
Let us chink up this breach—solder this flaw  
In nature; and the heinous midnight cleanse,  
Which we have caused, as lowers o'er the pole!

243.—FLATTERY

The frost with scoff and scorn sneers at the trees,  
As through their palaces rides he the wind,  
And mocks their bareness—conduct most unkind;  
For they are poor, his majesty to please.

He made love to their leaves only to seize  
Their sap; and as in love, like men, they're blind;  
They soon were robbed, and hence in grief they  
pined;  
While whistling he drove by, their fate to tease.

'Tis thus with men, the bard of Avon sang:  
They flatter beauty and sing songs of love;  
Till bitten with sin's frost its petals hang:  
Then satisfied and sated with enough  
They fly. Be then aware of flattery's fang;  
These angels never come down from above!



244.—A DREAM

Revenge rode on my sword as in the air  
It swung, my victim crouching at my feet  
With pleading hands outstretched—a cross complete;  
And in his eye, for mercy, tears—a prayer.

The sky grew dark and soon the lightning's glare  
Revealed the tragedy that men all greet  
—Jesus forgiving till His last pulse beat  
In death; and strike I did not dare.

Revenge was beaten flat by Love—the which  
Rose up and cudgelled me in this strange dream;  
If dream it was that froze me stiff as death.  
Now in this vict'ry I'm as Midas rich;  
And could with wildest joy like eagles scream;  
For I breathe, risen from sin's tomb, life's breath.

245.—TRANSPORTS

These prayers are transports, like the mighty ships  
That convoy soldiers, to the heavenly lines;  
Where war's no more, but everywhere the signs  
Of peace, leap from the angels' eyes and lips.

These alms, my soul, about with brass equips;  
So that I'm strongest when my strength declines:  
And richer am I than cold Yukon's mines;  
When poverty the buds of luxury nips.

But what of thoughts controlled—stern duty done  
My daily toil! Is it not one long prayer?  
When I like eagles, bullets of the sun  
And hyperborean shell that bite and blare  
Defy, can any almoner have won  
Of grace, or glory, a more noble share?

246.—MY MASTERPIECE

These many years my masterpiece stands there  
Upon the easel; palette and brush nigh.  
Oft daily, and again, I came to gaze and try  
To fling into the face a beauty rare.

The eyes, instead of sweetness, seem to stare;  
The lips are silent, nor do I know why;  
For I retouch and touch, as hours go by,  
To make them move and breathe the balmy air.

My masterpiece—The Lord—is in my heart—  
Its gallery, its pantheon, its fane;  
My pigments—duty, humble prayer, high deeds:  
With these I saw the canvas in life start;  
My soul a sanctuary became. Again  
I looked and lo! this time He mangled bleeds.

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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247.—RAPE

Soon as the sun had cleared sea's darkened deck,  
Like planets the ships dashed into the fray;  
Nor do the thunders unclashed rolling bray  
Like these, till both are one dismantled wreck.

One might as well the tides attempt to check  
When high, as the demonic charge to stay;  
Or their volcanic enmity allay;  
For Fate commands nor of death does he reckon.

'Tis terrible that men should choose the marts  
Of Mars at sea. On land, some may escape  
Or wounded or well; but here both oft die.  
Humanity stunned by the tragic starts  
At her poor children's pitiable rape;  
While Neptune and his myrmidons stand by.

**248.—LIFE**

Whatever sweets or bitters life shall bring  
It is for us to drink; that's God's decree.  
I know what is, is ever best for me;  
Then in Job's worst adversity I'll sing:

And joy-bells with their pulsing peals I'll ring,  
When it is mine to trudge the treach'rous sea—  
The desert sands, the wastes of the prairie;  
For they will in my path sweet roses fling.

For life is not play, but one battle long;  
Its phalanxes die by the scythe of time;  
Or feeble be they, or as lions strong:  
And sink with all that lives into earth's slime.  
Let's gaily sing to the band's marching song,  
And make of drudgery a thing sublime!

249.—THE CALL

The rich young man stood by the Saviour's side,  
And importuned Him how to perfect be:  
Thus he replied: "From riches art thou free?  
Commands and counsels must thou both abide?"

A bolt had struck him, and his purple pride  
Was deaf as adder to: "then follow me;  
Take up My cross—the cross of Calvary;  
The symbol of My death must be thy guide."

I stand there too. Shall I reject the call,  
And sorrowful of face select the world,  
With wealth and pleasures—vinegar and gall,  
That come when we're in lust and luxury whirled?  
No I'll abandon earth's nefarious brawl,  
That into hell so many fools has hurled.

250.—YOUTH

Youth flows perennial with its merry wine,  
Intoxicating ages with delight;  
That else sank sullen in eternal night,  
In hist'ry leaving neither trace nor sign

(Of molten glory, with which to divine  
The morrow's carnival of love and light;  
As if there never was mildew or blight,  
Disease age, fever, death or day's decline.

So Spring thaws out the river in the trees,  
The flowers, the forests, orchards, meads and grass;  
And makes it flow like Mississippi grand:  
And every year this current, like the bees,  
Is busy, giving new life till alas!  
Eternity kills Time with cruel hand.

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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251.—SPRING

The Spring fills cots and folds, each in its kind,  
With langhing little ones—their pride and cheer;  
When Winter, from his pure white lily bier  
Lets loose the souls, that in its caskets pined.

The yeoman views them with contented mind,  
Till of the happy angels he is peer;  
And looks towards Winter's Alps with not a fear,  
Where chamois, dearth, dismay, and death, oft find.

O providential Spring! that mothers all,  
With Jove and Phœbus come, and nurse the earth,  
That's pale and sick to death since snows' first fall!  
Givo to her pining invalids new birth!  
Back from despondency of hell them call,  
To sunshine, song, hilarity, and mirth!



252.—NEGATIVES

My hours of rev'rie are with heaven filled:  
I see a myriad throng in every vale;  
I see them where the twinkling planets sail  
On waters, calm as those by Jesus stilled.

I see the scarlet garments of men killed  
For faith, in savage persecution's gale;  
And virgins' lily robes that time can't stale;  
Confessors firm with golden garments frilled.

In dreams the negatives of heaven fall.  
The artists there fling floods of them to men,  
Who dull are, to their dainty lines of grace.  
This stupor doth depress men and appall,  
Who gifted am with vision's keenest ken,  
And would lifelike the outlines for them trace.

253.—IRE

That letter's written, with a pen of fire  
In memory's brass, that sweats and oozes flame  
In characters, that spell his dastard name,  
Who kindled in my heart this awful ire.

I would this hell, should from my mind retire  
Into my face, and blazon there my shame  
In blushes, like the sun's vast burning frame;  
When he dies on the glorious western pyre.

But mem'ry won't obey. How punish him?  
Shall I with pumice raze his tablets bare;  
Or with oblivious draughts drive him to sleep:  
And on his empty vellum strangely limn  
A dove, handing an olive branch with care  
To Noah, who to God's love back might creep.

254.—THE HUN

Who with corrosive sublimate, or lime,  
Would char his enemy in lungs and eyes,  
Deserves to choke, where fumes of sulphur rise;  
While demons feed the fire to suit the crime.

E'en hist'ry who keeps chronicles of time—  
Of good and evil in life's enterprise,  
That men turn tigers toward their kind, denies;  
Nor does Calliope sing it in rhyme.

Yet in this war the Hun invoked their aid.  
His God sent huge supplies from hell  
With vitriol and sulphur and green gas:  
And even to assist, among them strayed  
In packing liquid fire in shrapnel shell;  
But soon was glad to fly from them. Alas!

255.—NATURE

What powers of resurrection nature has!  
See yonder, Spring decked out in rainbow hue  
Leaps from the tomb of Winter draped with rue,  
That seemed imperishable stone and brass!

But when he felt this gay romantic lass  
Break all her winding sheets, what could he do,  
But ope his pond'rous jaws, when out she flew  
Rejoicing, that his marble was but glass?

But we are Nature's children too and when  
We sleep in granite, swathed with clothes of death:  
And winds wail o'er our corse a requiem;  
Shall God's Son call us by our names again,  
—Restore to us some strange ethereal breath;  
And on our brows place a king's diadem?

256.—RAINS

All men, with age blind, stumble into earth  
Wealth giving it much richer far than gold;  
For once it was a temple that did hold  
A soul divine in likeness, lent at birth.

But youths that die in war are much more worth;  
They are a sacrifice that, to behold  
Makes men and angels weeping fierce Mars scold,  
Who gorged, conceals all his demonic mirth.

'Neath Europe's lines the earth is rich  
With rains, that ran in veins but yesterday,  
And fed the rose that blushed on fair young cheeks.  
Has war let loose some mighty hideous witch,  
To suck their blood, and leave white their cold clay,  
That here like wilting lilies in death reeks.

257.—TEMPLES

In our domed temples we heaven imitate,—  
The great cathedral diamond-decked of God;  
Where humblest Jew and High Priest in ephod  
Are welcome as kings who march in grand state.

We maim perspective; for we can't create  
Who are a creature—a mere moving clod;  
That will some day sleep 'neath the heaving sod;  
When the portcullis drops of death's dread gate.

The noblest temple is that in the soul;  
It is the temple of the Holy Ghost;  
It will not tumble as the ages roll:  
Unless we consigned are to Hades' coast.  
Let's build in life, that we may reach our goal,  
A temple that not even angels boast!

258.—THE SUN

Yon burning ball's the high priest of the world;  
A victim offering like priest at mass:  
His altar settimwood, and gold and brass;  
His sacrifice 'neath starry cope unfurled.

'Twas in the midst of chaos by God hurled;  
To cleanse the clouds, and warm the clods and grass;  
'To light the way for men supine and crass,  
Who were by nature in life's maelstrom whirled.

So grand is it that men once thought it God;  
And worshipped it with firstlings of the race,  
With honor, innocence, and beauty shod:  
But now we know it is a light, given us to trace  
With trembling steps, the earth's uncertain sod;  
And leads us to The Fountain of all grace.

259.—THE EXILE

He perished, off beyond the vast divide  
Of waters and of mountains, far from home,  
Poor exile! and Americ's friendly loam  
Lent him a grave, and o'er his cold clay sighed.

He dared, by poverty pierced through, to ride  
The sea, and its mane menacing to comb,  
'That rankling ran as high as Peter's dome,  
Then plunged, and softly purred like the ebb tide.

'Twas worth the while! This hemisphere is God's.  
Here we've no feudalism, crests or crowns;  
Nor strutting monocled and coxcomb counts:  
Here we the summer's and the winter's rods  
Obey; and cower only at the frowns  
Of heaven, when Jove his gleaming chariot mounts.



260.—RUSSIA

The sun and moon with courtesying main—  
With countless retinue of stately stars,  
That ride like kings in burnished beaming cars;  
Still in their turn imperially reign.

Republics dream of power, but all in vain;  
For change, all harmony and order mars,  
And loyalty high treason's entrance bars;  
That would in heaven's empire be insane.

Not so on earth, for Russia the C'lossus  
That strides o'er steppes and pampas rich and vast,  
Has merely trod on the clan Rómanoff;  
And crushed it from Riga to Caucasus.  
O Daughter of great Demos would you last!  
Don't, like your sister France, God's altar scoff!

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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261.—POLITICS

Men, oft for glory, their poor souls deprave;  
Seeking the bauble fame at cost of crime:  
Their principles pitched in a sea of crime,  
They think it politics to be sin's slave.

I'd salt them in the brine of ocean's wave  
Till they were white as glistening Autumn rime  
And pure as banks of the wild wanton thyme,  
With its purging and purifying lave.

Authority, state, power, are all from God.  
Serve them! serve Him! it is one and the same.  
In heaven angels; on earth men, but do His will.  
Why should I then presume—a worthless clod  
To Mammon serve on earth, and own a name  
That with fear will, in hell the damned souls, fill.

262.—TIMON

Joy was denied him by his heartless kind  
Who hugged their happiness like babes the breast;  
As eaglets, at heavens brandished sword, the nest,  
Till he with restlessness and rage was blind.

He hied him to the woods and fields, assigned  
To flocks and herds. Remote from men 'twas best  
To live; for there he'd be with berries blest,  
And free from hypocrites, have peace of mind.

So argued Timon in great Shakespeare's play.  
It is a high impeachment of all men;  
And Justice will reward us meet with hell;  
Who gorge on luscious fruit 'neath gaudy day,  
And leave all others as the eagles, wren,  
To live on crumbs in some neglected cell.

263—SENTINELS

The frontiers far-flung have many a grave  
Of soldier-sentinels, who stood on guard  
Unconscious quite of fate and fortune hard,  
That doomed them death, their country's heart to  
save.

By night, at noon, of home they oft did rave  
In reveries, that would make green the bard;  
As they played once more on the old green sward  
That, waters of the straggling streamlet lave.

Alas! my heart melts for the gallant boys,  
Who in the full blown blazing rose of youth  
Despised the thorns, that 'neath adventures lay;  
And rushed where dead and dying were mere toys,  
To fight for faith and fatherland forsooth,  
While we at home in luxury delay.

264.—HELL

The sense of endlessness is hell's worse curse;  
The neighbor's nearness isn't society  
Or brotherhood, in that dead murky sea:  
But isolation, loneliness, and worse.

There motion is that of a moving hearse;  
That mocks at life and mimicks penury:—  
Undying death that grumbles like the bee,  
Returning from the clover with stuffed purse.

But that's not it: know this the loss of God  
Is hell! The punishment of sense, what's that?  
His frown in parting flays like lightning's rod;  
It is the stroke that flings us in hell flat:  
Whose fell community if He'd but nod,  
Or smile, would rush to heaven with eclat.

265.—COMPENSATION

Alps only yield to yeomanry their spoil—  
To horny-handed labor, that with dawn  
To field and forest has already gone,  
To ply from morn till dewy eve its toil.

If ever, on this rugged wretched soil  
There needs must be to live, both brain and brawn;  
And yet the peasant, as on stream the swan,  
Basks bravely, far removed from city's broil.

Its joy the frozen Alp has, like the glade,  
With vision vast and grand to the devout,  
Who can read God's name on the firmament.  
'Tis compensation for their tiring trade,  
To join the stars at eve in merry rout,  
As they file out to play 'neath heavens tent.

266.—PRECAUTION

Why scold the sea, the storm, the frost, the sun?  
They will not swoon, or slink off in soft mood,  
Like frightened ferae to the coping wood,  
Nor to their cosmic coverts madly run.

When they charge, be it rifle or seige gun,  
We must make hasty ramparts, strong if rude,  
The weapons of their onset to elude,  
Before our sacred citadel they've won.

'Twere far the better part; for Providence  
Helps those who help themselves. If th' enemy  
Is met with muniments the battle's won.  
If Destiny makes them show and pretence,  
Who will take arms against the frenzied sea,  
Or mask himself against Sahara's sun?

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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287.—FREEDOM

When pirates fall like Jove's bolts, on a coast,  
And buccaneers like Neptune rob rich seas.  
And neither tarry conscience-struck to seize  
The poor man's smack, in this world, his lone boast:

Then drinking to his wife and bairns a toast;  
The Argonaut no more seeks golden fleece;  
Abandons all the ways and wiles of peace,  
And meets them like two planets when opposed.

The freedom of the seas! alas! they ne'er were free.  
If men did meet like angels on the deep;  
Icebergs and reefs were still in ambush there:  
Besides its floor is flimsy filagree,  
And few in storms a safe career can keep,  
When they like earthquakes spring up from their  
lair.



268.—NATURE

Can Nature cozened be, cajoled, or bought:  
That clay-groomed geese may wear the peacock's  
clothes;  
The violet turn ruby like the rose,  
And at chameleon arts still not be caught?

—The order of the heavens would be nought;  
The stars would rain on men a million woes;  
The burning sun become as black as shoes,  
And the moon's silver into dawns be wrought.

No! Nature is the hand-maiden of God.  
What angels do in heaven, she does on earth—  
Fulfils His will—obeys His reign of Law:—  
The berry's tart or sweet e'en if she nod;  
The Spring gives to the grain a myriad birth,  
And Autumn bursts our bins—without a flaw.

269.—CHANGE

Chameleon! you call to me of change.  
I know not or to love you or detest;  
I know not which is worst, or which is best;  
To let alone, or constantly derange.

Yet every morn there are things new and strange;  
Look I to North or South or East or West:  
All things in motion are—there is no rest;  
The stars e'en leap the rim beyond my range.

The pillars of my mind stand still the same,  
Though years trace wrinkles in my fading face;  
For something static stands, my humble name.  
My soul that is divine, and lives on grace  
Will moveless be, when crumbles the earth's frame,  
And of the universe there is no trace.

270.—THE WORM

The worm will turn and then the earth will quake,  
And all decaying fruits will fall and rot;  
And too will fall the crowned and sceptred sot,  
With pomp and purple in his dreary wake.

It will for slaves and serfs a feast day make;  
When Revolution wipes out the foul blot,  
And brings the wrong of centuries to nought,  
That crazed them in their thousands at the stake.

In Russia where the worm was docile quite,  
And dragged its weary wounded length along;  
An earthquake has restored him to his right:  
And heaved the tyrants where they just belong.  
The world rejoices at the vict'ry bright,  
And bursts into one thundering tidal song.

271.—THE RACE

You can't outrun me in pursuit of right;  
The sunbeam will not pass me in the race:  
Nor lightning set for me the mode or pacc;  
When for the highest of all ends there's flight.

To Marathon the patriot ran with might,  
To gain a king's deep gratitude and grace,  
And have his bust in niche of Pantheon's place,  
That Attica might keep his memory bright.

To gain a perishable crown he ran,—  
Oak garlands or an olive branch to win;  
And how the centuries do the story scan!  
To do the right, love God, and keep from sin,  
Is far more germane to the moral man,  
And worthy of our aim and kind and kin.

272.—SIBERIA

Siberia returns on sleighs to-day,  
To fatherland, to fireside, and to fane:  
His freedom, manhood, homestead, to regain;  
Like hondded stag that stands hip deep at bay.

Transported to the frontiers of Cathay,  
He languished in the snows and hail and rain,  
His heart in double hunger writhed in pain,  
For hearth and home and food, pangs to allay.

The world shouts welcome to their coming home:  
Nor war, nor thunder, nor earthquake could roll  
In awful voice, like this whole-souled applause;  
'Gainst which the angels have ribbed heaven's dome  
From Auster to the hyperborean pole  
For fear, in the vast arch, of chinks and flaws.

273.—HEROES

Said David I'll not drink this sacrifice,  
And spilled the water on the godly ground;  
To such a man oblation we are bound  
To offer, and applause in honor's guise.

How daring and example he did prize  
He shows: no wonder his phalanx was crowned  
With victory, for such seed must abound  
In bravery; and from it heroes rise.

Let's love our heroes noble, brave, and grand;  
Let's give them honor, meet reward, and praise;  
In death, erect brass marble porphyry,  
That all men in amazement mutual stand,  
How their mem'ry doth flourish like green bays—  
Like giant cedars of Libanus-brand.

274.—SLEEP

Now ceases all the turmoil of the day,  
And evening coyly draws her curtains down  
O'er meads and streams, o'er city and o'er town;  
And sleepers are as corpses or as day.

The lowing herds and bleating flocks now lay  
Like Luxury, on beds of silk and down;  
No matter if the king and court do frown,  
For they through hemispheres of pleasure stray.

Thou even copy and true mask of death;  
The gentle nurse of nerves, and heart, and brain;  
That foment with oil every festering wound,  
On me fall softly! ease my lab'ring breath,  
As falls on just and unjust, heaven's rain;  
Whiles I'm by darkness in my cot marooned.

275.—ROMANCE

When Romance o'er the hills had wandered far,  
Reality approached her on the way;  
And labored long to win her here to stay  
On this dull orb, far, far from morning star.

Before consenting, there had come a jar  
Among the flowers of her fast fading May;  
That turned youth's golden glory age's gray,  
To Admiration's whim a horrid bar.

Now Romance is a prodigal that runs  
Most recklessly to'rds unknown lands of love,  
To jungles where lions lurk, and tigers purr;  
Yet she lights life with burning brilliant suns.  
Hypnotic far more than the one above:  
What if an odd one suffer eclipse-blurr?



276.—SIN

The soul in sin bends 'neath Remorse's clutch;—  
Too great a burden for e'en brass to bear.  
The world, if it but knew, would straight declare  
A pardon for his crimes however much.

It hobbles on through life, aiding a crutch,  
In bosom nursing cancers of despair;  
That pierce the heart as with a dagger bare,  
And falls to rise no more at death's first touch.

Remorse! Despair! Begone! Ye have no place  
In this bright sphere where laughter, love, and song,  
Like guardian angels tend the human race.  
To hell you and your minions do belong:  
Fly then! and falling furlongs leave no trace;  
Take with you tears, suff'ring, and grief along!

277.—THE EXILE

While summers burn he languishes, and hangs  
His head with sorrowing,—the fond exile  
Of Erin orphaned many and many a mile,  
And stung by a too loving mem'ry's fangs.

He labors a mere ant in navy gangs,  
And every morn at rise of sun a smile,  
Covering an ocean's salt grief with its guile;  
Flies o'er Atlantic's wave as the gong clangs.

The Celtic heart's the gayest in the world;  
As light as lint, as free and fresh as wind:  
But when by pinch of poverty its hurled  
From home, it leaves on the loved hills behind  
Its love, 'neath bluest Irish skies unfurled,  
Till he drifts back to where it is enshrined.

278.—THE OBELISK

That obelisk has dared the dews and heat  
Of fierce Egyptian suns for centuries:  
Yet here, where winters Niagara freeze,  
As on old Nile, defies it, frost and sleet.

Once Cleopatra had it at her feet,—  
A shaft, the palm and pomegranate trees  
Out doing, as old ocean inland seas;  
Yet still it stands new dynasties to greet.

A thousand years in courts of history  
Are but a day. Now oceans roll and boom,  
Where once a smiling landscape beamed:  
This granite in a billion years will be  
The dust on some great Wilson's tomb;  
That then for centuries, at morn, had gleamed.

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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279.—MARINERS

The angry sea has smoothed his furrowed front;  
And morn with lullabys kiss it to sleep;  
While they rest down a thousand fathoms deep,  
After, of war to death, bearing the brunt.

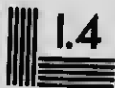
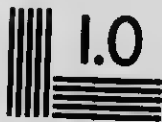
The mariners sailed 'way as was their wont,  
The wolf from wives and little ones to keep;  
As harvesters in Autumn their crops reap:  
But empty boats adrift is a sword blunt.

Ah! fishermen! yours is a surly lot:  
When winds and waves their nuptials celebrate;  
On shore there's weeping in the little cot.  
They know too well the festival is fate,  
And that the revelling is but a plot,  
To close o'er dear ones, Neptune's glassy gate.



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280.—THE SEA

No trace of time, or tear is on your cheeks;  
Your bosom swells beneath the moon with pride;  
To see tots play,—the ebb and flow of tide;  
Not fearing gulls, that rend the air with shrieks.

Anon the planets kiss your mountain peaks;  
When all the bashful barks their heads do hide;  
That know not heaven that day had ta'en a bride;  
To save Nereids from seeing such love-freaks.

And still I watch and wonder at the sea:  
In calm, and storm, its measureless expanse;  
Its perfect chancel, nave, transept, and dome.  
Where can Poseidon and his altar be;  
That to this demesue, peace and grim war, grants;  
And health to travellers that here do roam.

281.—NEGROES

These negroes lullabying white babes, croon  
Like murmuring pines and hemlocks eve; to sleep;  
When shadows from the mountains o'er vales creep,  
And lowing herds of kine in slumbers swoon:—

Close all the doors and windows 'gainst the moon;  
That ambushed back of muslin clouds, doth peep  
Down many a league through the night's vasty deep;  
To spirit from them their world's only boon.

How sweet their menial offices they ply;  
From dawn to dusk heedless of sun or rain;  
Beneath a sunny, or a scowling sky:  
And how we treat them as if curse of Cain  
Had sapped our conscience,—turned our heads  
awry;  
As Phœbus would on surly sandy plain!



282.—OCEANS

The ocean of the universe still rolls  
About the earth, and breaks upon its shore  
In billows, that are noiseless and sonore  
Like time, whose footprints fade as it here strolls.

It runs from the equator to the poles,  
The beaches washing daily o'er and o'er;  
Till like the frosts in Autumn they are hoar,  
And pure as angels swathed in albs and stoles.

The earthly oceans vast, inspiring awe  
In angels' breasts, are nought in its compare;  
As to an Autumn's yield a single straw:  
Yet who can on these bounding billows stare,  
And visions of eternity not draw,—  
Of valleys and of mountains choice and rare.

**283.—SELF-PRESERVATION**

Both time and tide close tight the door of life:  
It never loved them—much less as true friends;  
And only thought of them as things to cleanse  
The conscience, moiled with sloth or strife.

If it surrenders bouncing bairns and wife  
To them; it is unwillingly: and wends  
He his way home, where blank bereavement bends  
Him, more than age, disease, or surgeon's knife.

Then blame not life if it exclusive be;  
And keeps at bay the beasts that prowl to kill:  
Self-preservation is a law of love.  
The stars, when bathing don't jump in the sea;  
They choose some shady pool on heaven's hill:  
Not trusting earth and hell, they swim above.

284.—THE LUSITANIA

Before I'd let the Lusitania sink,  
Were I a god, with awe and might and power,  
I'd make upon the slime and ooze a bower,  
And drop the seas in hell ere one could wink:—

Where hungry Teuton should find meat and drink,—  
Great whales that did at flying harpoons cower,  
Shooting in air, for fear, a water-tower;  
That made the eyes of heaven with brine blink.

But I am not. The ruthless Hun has sped,  
Like lightnings riving oak, his shaft, and down  
To death,—a watery grave,—go harmless wights:  
The mother and her babe sleep 'mong the dead.  
And nations, Jupiter-like angry, frown  
And will scourge from the earth these damned hell-  
kites.

285.—THE EAGLE

The eagle seeks an eyry on the top  
Of shaggy mountains,—lovers of the sun  
Whose ascent steep, and rugged's sorely won,  
While death hides ambushed in the downward drop.

The unfledged eaglet novice must not hop,  
Or 'long the purlines and the gables run;  
For fathoms down, reside in dungeons dun,  
His fellows' bones white as the lilies' crop.

'Tis instinct makes him the sun's company love,  
And dare to build a rookery 'neath his rays;  
That lend Promethean fire to his young brood.  
Thus Pentecostal fires light all our days,—  
Come from the Son that rose on Holy Rood,  
And shines the Light now of the heavens above.

286.—**ETERNITY**

The tide of time rolls o'er us and recedes;  
Each year still higher running on our shore,  
While menacing us with its horrid roar,  
As if to say "seek you the higher meads."

For decades it fell here against the reeds,  
That stood like palisades and the brunt bore:  
Till it one morn, right out, their moorings tore;  
Leaving in sands a field of sprouting seeds.

The sea was gone, an ocean took its place:  
There was no tide, no roll, no roar; but calm  
Reigned everywhere. The seeds in flowers grew:  
A garden gorgeous, in its stately grace,  
Was shedding on the air attar and balm;  
It was eternity, at once, I knew.

287.—EXPLOITS

The shipboy clambering up these sheeted trees,  
Shoots in the waters like a catapult;  
Flinging on deck wild panic and tumult,  
Like boys that rob the hives of honey-bees.

The bark flies onward, wings bulged by the breeze,  
Off'ring the star and compass a god's cult,  
Lest captain's and ship's charter be annult;  
Not recking of the sailor 'neath the seas.

The world pays little heed to our exploits.  
When we with alpenstock climb shaggy Alps  
On land and sea, of virtue, men don't stare:  
Play on they at their marbles or their quoits;  
Or go to war, like Indians seeking scalps  
—Their trade,—careless of life or death or prayer.

288.—THE FROST

Each tracery, Jack Frost, as with a wand,  
Has etched in flowers, on the window pane;  
As if an artist, heaven aimed to gain  
In sketching panels of that glorious land.

And on the trees and shrubs hang garments grand,  
He robbed of prisms in the sunshot rain;  
And loomed making the art of weavers vain;  
In odd bizarre designs of beauty's brand.

So, every soul is sketched and loomed by God,  
Up in the deeps of His vast heavenly bower;  
And flung to buxom babes, fathers of men;  
Each in design from others all, is odd,  
Yet chiselled like the cup of lily's flower,  
That grows in purity in brook and glen.

289.—THE NILE

Old Nilus' waters a vacation take,  
To batten with their riches all the land  
Of Egypt, and bathe cool the broiling strands;  
That lotus, lily, and the bulrush bake.

A season, it is fog, fen, moor and brake;  
And then as if some deity commands  
The billows rush back o'er the glittering sands;  
Leaving a world of wealth in their wide wake.

How godlike is yon good old Nestor Nile;  
That conscieus of Sahara's thirsty seas  
With Providence fills Egypt's empty bins!  
When famished with life's drouth let's wait and  
smile:

Refreshing rains will fall on evening's breeze;  
Just when the tide's at ebb the flow begins.



290.—DALLIANCE

Nor time nor tide waits for your dalliance:  
They in a trice devour all in their way;  
The young, the beautiful, the proud, the gay  
Are swallowed Jonas-like in jaws immense.

Nor is there aught on earth can draw them thence;  
They're ground to powder fine as mote in ray:  
Millenniums it may be or a day;  
Their doom is sealed from earth they're driven  
hence.

'Tis wisdom then to march with time and tide  
Like birch canoes that gambol, toss, and rock;  
Or swans that swathe with down seas' ebb and swell:  
For if we don't on Fortune's billows ride,  
The shallows and the sands of Fate, will mock  
Us stranded in life, and burning in hell.

291.—EVIL

Evil is nought, yet in God's hands a means  
The ugly portent to unveil of law:  
Filling all creatures with such fear and awe;  
They Him applaud with Boanerges' pæons.

It is privation; and e'en kings and queens  
When they lack honor,—a most little law,  
That their precedence and blown pride both gnaw;—  
Must learn adversity, the conscience cleans.

E'en hell is but the absence of His face,  
His smile, His charm, His love; Who first made men  
And angels, heaven and His court, to grace.  
Bright Lucifer will ne'er see God again:  
Of his gemmed throne on high there is no trace;  
This is essential fire down in his pen.

292.—MISFORTUNE

Like mastless hulks that drift at sea, and toss  
Now forward and back, with the vagrant wave;  
Misfortune stripped of ease and joy's the slave  
Of every creature, and of every cross.

She suffers here inexorable loss,  
And seems a mausoleum but to crave;—  
Six feet of earth,—a friend to dig her grave;  
And last a coverlet of shaggy moss.

Mayhap 'twas Fortune all the while that, dressed  
In rags deceived us loving so the earth.  
For only those with joy are truly blest—  
With innocence, with happiness and mirth;  
Who still are Jesus' and His mother's guest;—  
Their image too in life and death and birth.

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

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293.—MUSIC

Think you there's music meet in all men's lives,  
To hear which there must needs be keenest ear;  
To catch the cadences silv'ry and clear,  
Lost on, who for earth's filthy lucre strives.

He hears it, who the prophet's chariot drives;  
Who acts the menial to the godlike seer:  
Or like Tobias dogs the beggar's bier;  
And all his pieties to hide contrives:

Because he vibrates with the universe;  
Made up of angels, demons, spheres, and flowers  
That in one opera grandly coalesce;  
And sings with them songs, verse by verse,  
E'en when the storm of dissolution lowers,  
And opens there before, death's wilderness.

294.—DOMINION

Food makes misfortune's fardeaus live.  
Why then, if pain devours, feed you your dog?  
Humane is it to kill the suffering hog,  
And respite from his agony to give.

Why can't the suicide cut life short, if  
He's fallen in backwaters' mantling bog,  
To bay the moon doomed, with the barking frog;—  
And give surcease to ills that his heart grieve?

Life is the gift of Nature, nor have men  
Dominion over it. God filled the land  
And sea and sky, with finny fishes, flocks  
That roam the earth and air—the deer, the wren,  
The minnow; these for food can he command:  
But kill himself, the deity he mocks.

295.—FRIENDS

Concomitants, aye visitants of age  
As guardian angels, spirits bright and fair  
In flesh; who would for me a scorpion dare—  
I have none,—none that might my ills assuage:

For still an eagle, I was in a cage;  
That flapped my wings and screeched till every hair  
Stood up on lions, and their eyes did stare  
At the wild thing, that maddened seemed with rage.

Abandonment is mine,—a strange birthright,—  
A monster that makes nature obsolesce,—  
Inheritor of sickness and of death.  
It is the mother of the ghosts at night,  
That sow my dreams with nightmare's rank distress,  
As one that drowns and chokes for want of breath.

296.—THE BODY

Embalms me Autumn now, with years and grief  
For death; who'll store me in his dusty house,  
That prosperous worms about me not carouse,  
To modesty and moderation deaf:

For death the rude and callous common thief,  
Who steals the souls, when they with stupor drowse,  
Of fell disease, unwittingly allows  
Them to return after a sojourn brief.

The body is the temple of the soul;—  
The tabernacle of a glorious host,—  
Of settim-wood, brass-bound, and lined with gold.  
Before the wanderer can gain his goal;  
E'en though he ranges Lethe's stygian coast,  
He must hoist this tent of ethereal mould.

297.—THE PRECIPICE

I wish these winter days would never end;  
They are so crisp and fair and full of bliss;  
When flirting frosts the brows of sweet swains kiss,  
And merry skaters peals to heaven send:

When woodmen to the forests their way wend,  
And home at eve, where many a pretty miss  
Climbs on their knees to share the wonted kiss,  
And through his heart, the thrill of heaven send.

But now Spring's knocking at the gate,  
And pouring rays in torrents from the sky  
On Winter's pale, decrepit, fainting form.  
Bow like the dying seasons to your fate;  
Approach the precipice without a sigh;  
I wail not at death's or destiny's dread storm!



298.—WISDOM

To-days, to-morrows, yesterdays will creep  
With noiseless tread, till thieving treacherous time  
Steals from youth's eyes the light sublime;  
And leaves dark night, where beetles death's brink  
steep.

What boots it for the ageing wight to weep?  
If he's enjoyed the wanton ways of prime;  
And tasted of the fruit of every clime:  
Good grace calls him in nighting clothes to creep.

'Tis wisdom not to quarrel with old Time,  
When with a blunting sword he kills the year;  
Leaving but minutes, hours, and days to play:  
Nay it is noble, worthy, high, sublime  
To keep with all the romping rout in gear;  
And cull a coronet for our doom's day.

299.—CANADIANS

As soon as morn has cleared the darksome deck,  
We see him hand in hand with smiling day  
March up the rugged ascent of his way;  
Nor does he seem of self to fear or reck.

Where Danger growls, he goes of his own beck;  
Like Mars, his manly form in war's array  
He crosses parapet where bullets stray,  
To save a wounded comrade from the wreck.

Who's that? 'Tis legion, sir;—his only name.  
The sons of Canada, aye one and all  
Are brave, bold heroes, when it comes to fight:  
They care not for applause, reward, or fame;  
They dashed forth from their homes at country's  
call,  
To do their duty and to die for right.

300.—GOODNESS

With dowered health, clear conscience, troops of  
friends

One draws Adversity's teeth; and old age  
Seems youth, run on a narrow straitened guage,  
As suits the steering, where life's long road ends.

Behooves it that the comet his way mends  
When young, else flings he fixed stars in a rage,  
That never once escape their galling cage;—  
And the sway of the sun and moon offends.

Or innocent or penitent the saint  
Must be; and few are to the manner born.  
To goodness still the oils of honor burn;  
We must not doing good untimely faint;  
Nor of it blow a diapasoned horn.  
This way both God and men, friends we may earn.

