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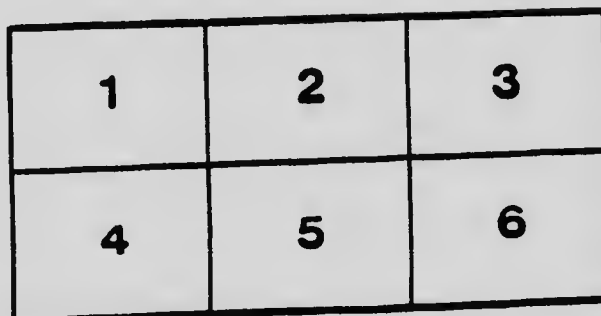
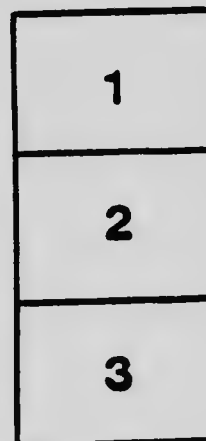
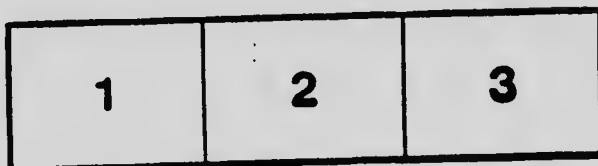
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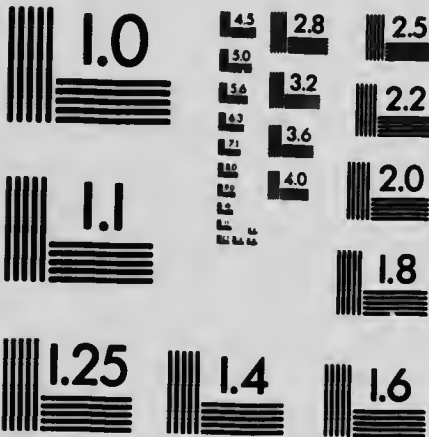
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**NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP
AND
OTHER POEMS AND ESSAYS**

Copyright, Canada 1911
By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

**Niagara and
Nature Worship
And Other Poems
and Essays**

**By
William Sharpe, M.D.**

Surgeon (retired) British Army

**Author of: "The Dual Image," "Humanity and
the Man," "The Conqueror's Dream," etc.**

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Niagara and Nature Worship

And Other Poems and Essays

NIAGARA.

Nature Worship—the worship of the great Infinite Being, the Author of all Nature, in silent reverie and contemplation.

In contemplation which is worship still,
The innate homage which the soul accords—
The adoration of a higher plane,
Deep centred in a universe of love!

They worship Nature who in sympathy
Respond as children in a happy mood
To her appeals for admiration, when
Before them she, in beauty robed, appears.
For she with subtle influence would draw
Them ever into closer unity,
That they themselves, as one with her, might grow
To be what they admired and loved,—the shrines
Divinely fair, of beauty realized
In angel-hood transcendently adorned.
And hence the secret of that mystic tie, —

That natal bond that man and Nature binds
On every plane in mutual sympathy;
For all men in their several degrees
Respond to beauty, prompted from within
By intuition of the soul, that seeks
The "beautiful" as her inheritance,
That from of old unto herself belonged;
And needful now unto her new ascent,
Her cyclic growth on divers mundane planes.
Hence, too, the sense of admiration, which
Is worship and the tribute of the soul,
Whether accorded in the halls of art
Or Nature's temples fashioned by her hands.
For Nature's temples everywhere are found
By hill and dale, and mountain waste and plain,—
All places where in someway specialized,
The modes of nature forcibly appeal
Unto the senses; and although oft-times
They seem to pass as though they were not seen,
Yet will they nestle in the memory
To be again subjectively recalled;
And ever with increasing pleasure, till
The soul attuned to harmony vibrates
To every passing mood of earth and air,
Like an Æolian harp arranged to chime
In concert with the rustling of the leaves!
But though the sensitive see everywhere
The "beautiful" in Nature, and are thrilled
To ecstasy with every pleasing trait
Whether of form of colouring or sound,—
A single warbled note, a fern, a flower,
A drifting cloud, a ripple on the meads,

The lifting leaves that silver in the wind,
 And every mood that wakes responsive thought;
 Yet are there scenes that never fail to move
 The wonder of the least discerning, as
 If nature with a view to educate
 The senses and the dormant faculties
 That slumber in the soul, had there prepared
 A spectacle upon a scale that would
 Compel the admiration of the crowd,
 And so become a place of pilgrimage
 Where thousands meet to worship and adore;
 If not with outward ritual and form
 As in the temples on the streams of Ind,
 Yet with the inward homage of the soul
 In silent gaze and solemn reverie!

In divers places and in different zones
 Are nature-fanes so specialized that each
 Though holding much in common, have their own
 Peculiar features that distinguish them
 From others of their class, as mountain chains
 And woods, and lakes, and rivers, that are held
 Long sacred as the Ganges, or the Nile
 That sweeps by Thebes and by the pillared halls
 Of Karnak and the city of the sun.
 These rivers of the Orient have each
 Their features of absorbing interest.
 Their mighty volume and majestic flow
 For ever drew attention, and enchained
 The mind with that magnetic influence
 That oft induced an inward ecstasy.
 And hence their rank as centres from of old,

10 *NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP.*

Of Nature worship that in lapse of time
Expanded and increased, till round them grew
A solemn ritual with stately fanes,
And sumptuous courts and palaces, adorned
With mystic art in sculptured symbols wrought.

But in the West, far distant and beyond
The ocean-waste amid the solitudes
Of sombre woods and virgin forests, rolled
Another flood—Niagara, far famed,
But long unknown save to the Indian tribes,
Who looked upon the mighty tide with awe,
Regarding it as the abode of some
All-potent spirit or divinity,
To be placated, and, if troubles came,
With sacrifice and offerings appeased.
Yet still no temples here with art adorned
And symbols, as in eastern lands, were reared.
Nor were they requisite where Nature made
The whole a temple in itself, complete
With all accessories of groves and tanks
And sparkling caves and crypts beneath the “falls,”
Upon a scale transcendant and unique.—
A Nature temple where the vast display
Of power unlimited o'erwhelms the mind,
Till many in abstraction find relief,
And, heeding not the present, seek to call
Up visions of the past, ere yet the march
Of civilization jarred upon the peace
And stillness of the mighty solitudes,
And in imagination seem to stand
Beside some solitary wanderer,

When in amazement, first among the woods,
 And in the silence of the dawn he hears
 The deep monotonous thunder of the falls;
 And when his eye has caught the view afar
 Of that persistent cloud of floating mist
 That, pendant, in the early morning hangs
 Upon the forest, clinging like a shroud,
 Or rising like a pillar in the air.
 They seem to see him listen! look! and pause
 As full of expectation he pursues
 His pathway through the wood, till presently
 The mystery is solved—a wild expanse
 Of tumbling waters like a deluge now
 Has burst upon his sight! He stands before
 Niagara, and silently adores!

And many are the points of vantage round
 This far-famed centre of attraction, where
 The congregated thousands meet to scan
 The different aspects of the mighty scene.—
 By Table Rock on the Canadian shore
 They gaze in wonder on the troubled sea
 Of tossing billows sweeping to the falls,
 Endeavoring, in vain, to realize
 In some dim way the magnitude of that
 Amazing torrent, hastening there to sink
 'Mid clouds of spray into the wild abyss.
 And by the lesser falls beneath the rocks
 They mark, amid the driving rain, the rush
 Of waters from above, as though they fell
 From out the clouds, descending with a boom,
 Compared to which the roll of surging seas,

12 *NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP.*

Of tempest, thunder or the hollow bass
Of many organs pealed in unison,
Is weak and insufficient to convey
An idea of the volume of that sound,
That fills the air continuous and vast.
Or in the winter from the ice that jams
The river with interminable blocks
In piles irregular—a frozen waste;
Or from the summit of the great snow-mound
They note the wintry aspect of the scene,—
The quaint formation of the glacial flows,
Disposed in sheets white-gleaming by the “falls”—
Like falls solidified—or ranged in part
As pillars, statues, colonnades and crypts,
And pendant spears, a myriad crystal shapes
With glittering points and iridescent hues.
Or on the isles that lie above the “falls”
They mark more wonderful the laden trees
In feathery plumes of snow-white drapery,—
Note how they stand, conspicuous afar,
But in the dim light of the gloaming change
To shrouded forms in divers attitudes,
Upright or leaned, till every bush and bough
Seems like a giant or a sheeted ghost,
And all the place a haunted rendezvous
Where teeming fancy, as in days of old,
Or yet no fancy, but clairvoyant power
Might in the moonlight when the lunar bow
Is on the falls, behold the banded nymphs
And Naiades, from their caves emerging, join
To hold their dance in mazy circles there!

There is oft, too, another wintry phase:
 When mist, a blizzard, or the falling snow
 Infolds the rapids, hiding their extent
 From nigh the centre to the further shore,
 That portion left, emerging from the gloom
 And rolling by the Terrapins to sink
 In gloom again into the yawning gulf,
 Conveys a sense of vastness undefined,—
 A feeling vague of awfulness and power
 That whelms the mind until it longs for rest
 And peace 'mong scenes less turbulent and vast
 For souls from action wearied seek repose;
 And there is oft a sense of rest in change,—
 A sense of rest in peaceful life, that flows
 In unity with universal Being.

Yet rest may always on these isles be found,—
 That peaceful rest that from contentment flows:
 But chiefly in the later months of spring
 When all the birds returning from the south
 Responsive sing among the groves and add
 Their flute notes to the bassing of the falls;
 And when the air is laden with the breath
 Of balmy shrubs and fragrant firs and pines,
 And divers trees burst newly into leaf;
 When all the sward is like an emerald,
 And every nook is gay with living flowers,
 And every flower a hospitable inn
 Where toiling bees and buzzing gnats and flies,
 Leaving awhile their aerial dance and song,
 Find rest a moment and regale themselves,
 Imbibing nectar from their ample stores.

14 *NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP.*

At such a time the thoughtful wanderer,
On musing bent, an inward peace will find,—
A peace arising from the harmony
Of Nature, manifested in the throb
And onrush of that pulsing life that fills
The vision with a myriad pleasing forms,
And all the air with choral melody;
That boundless life that with the summer comes
To fill the rounds of its activity,
Exulting in the sense of Being, until
Its period lapse and needful rest ensues
In peaceful states of subjectivity.

Preparatory phases notify
The advent of this yearly rest or sleep;
For hardly has the summer passed before
A gradual change or slow infolding for
The indrawn or quiescent state appears.
The joyous hum and gladsome notes that filled
The air of morn or sultry noon are hushed,
The mazy dance of aerial life has ceased;
And all the birds that with the spring arrive
Are flocking now or on their journey south,
While o'er the woods the breath of autumn sends
A hectic bloom, the sign of ebbing life,
Yet rivalling the colours of the spring;
For all the woods, the river-gorge and isles
Are now aglow resplendent in new robes
That far out-shine the bridal robes of May:
No longer woods they seem, but gleaming tracts
Of Titan flowers that vie in brilliancy
Of colour with the rainbow on the falls,

And radiant seem as if, like passing saint,
A ray of glory reached them from beyond!
Such bloom lies on the face of Nature now,—
A bloom and smile, as though she seemed to say,
“I go to rest—I sleep, but do not die!”

THE SOLDIERS' CEMETERY, KHANDALLA,
INDIA.

Did chance select, or hand of genius mark,
Or wide-controlling destiny decree
This fairest resting-place of those that were
And are, though from our mortal ken withdrawn?
'The lone Alastor wand'ring 'mid the wilds
And barren rocks of frowning Caucasus
Found not a grave 'mong scenes more wonderful
Than those that lie in striking grandeur round
Khandalla's hill-encircled cemetery!
The mould'ring forms, erewhile instinct with life,
That now within its hallowed precincts sleep
Were they once Nature's gentle worshippers,
That thus before their silent tombs she spreads
With lavish hand her richest drapery?
On either side uneven mountains rise
In quaintly varied and fantastic shapes
Of spire and dome and minaret and tower,
Colossal heads and sentinels and forts
Where dwell the gnomes who keep the wealth of Ind
In secret mines and treasure vaults, ablaze
With diamond, ruby, emerald and gold,
With sapphire, topaz, and the many gems
That shine and sparkle in the magic light,
Diffused around in that dim under-world.

Primeval forest clothes the deep ravines;
 And trailing creepers in profusion hang
 Their draping garlands from the arching boughs,
 Till flower and spray and foliage combine
 To form a noonday shade, a cool retreat
 By crystal fountain, rock or elfin mound,
 The chosen haunts of many a sylvan queen.
 Cascades, when storm and drenching rains prevail,
 In foaming torrents from the uplands rush,
 Or fall abrupt with hoarse resounding din,
 Their hollow thunder ever rolling on
 With solemn swell and filling all the air
 As though they sang eternal requiem,
 For ever mourning by the tomb of youth,
 In life's gay morn from love and beauty called.
 In concert, too, from yew or evergreen,
 The jetty whistler of the steep prolongs
 Its strangely sad and melancholy strain,
 So plaintive yet so careless and resigned,
 As if withal, oblivious of the past,
 It reck'd not now nor aught of sorrow knew,
 Or knowing, only dimly feels the weight
 Of pain and loneliness that once oppressed
 And tinges still its querulous refrain
 With haunting reminiscences of woe!
 While far beyond the towering hills and peaks
 That stand so clear between the earth and sky,
 Spreads mirror-like, reflecting light and shade,
 A shining inlet of the Indian Sea:
 Its waters, now with mimic flame aglow
 And painted in the hues of evening, send
 The gilding beams of the departing sun

18 *NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP.*

Athwart the green mounds of the cemetery
Where lie the relics of the risen dead,
Like rays of hope, that 'ever seem to say
There is no death, but only change of state!
Ye came in turn from out the great "Unseen"
To gain experience on this outward sphere;
Then fret not for the earthly vehicle,
The instrument that Nature here assigns
That each may learn the riddle of life within
The inner chambers of the mystic shrine,
But trust what yet for you, on diverse planes,
Is ever being through cycles vast evolved,
Through periods dim of mighty ebb and flow—
The rhythmic beatings of Eternity,
Controlled by love's necessitous impulsion!

THE WARBLER AND BIRD-COLLECTOR.

Whilst cowering 'neath the shades of night
Within a temple-grove,
The trembling of its breast to still
A timid warbler strove.

The sacred place its life had given,
But cruel fate did sever
From all life's joys from home and kin
The tiny thing forever.

And homeless now, an outcast lone,
Far hence on swift wing borne,
In distant lands its hapless lot
The wanderer shall mourn.

Till now upon the stream of time,
As on a crystal tide,
With loving mate, with kindred near,
Its fragile form did glide.

Still, when the rosy blush of dawn,
Suffused the vault of night,
Its early matins sweetly rang
To greet the rising light.

20 *NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP.*

E'en brooding Melancholy smiled,
 Infected by the spell,
That as from gushing fount of joy
 In glowing sparkles fell.

With song it lulled itself to rest
 When dewy eve drew near,
And misty twilight softly closed
 In folding shadows drear.

So went the happy hours along,
 Till like a withering blast,
His blighting glance athwart its course
 Creation's lord did cast.

Within the calm retreat he came,
 Soft music flowed around,
But quick through all the startled grove
 Is heard a ringing sound.

No tender pity touched his breast,
 Or his cold nature bent,
As to each unsuspecting bird
 The hissing lead he sent.

The little warbler wond'ring saw
 Its comrades fall around,
Their fair forms soiled with trickling blood
 Cast helpless on the ground.

It wond'ring saw them one by one,
Caught up with miser care;
The bird-collector took them hence,
Away it knew not where.

Away to deck some thoughtless maid,
Some vain, luxurious wife;
Or silent stand in gloomy hall,
In mockery of life.

And long it looked for their return,
And called with plaintive note,
Yet nought but th' echoes' ghostly wail
Upon the air did float.

But when exhausted with its cares,
It sank in troubled sleep,
They seemed far on a journey lone
Upon the trackless deep.

And then, anon, it seemed itself
In dreary lands to stray,
Its loved and lost ones seeking still,
In vain from day to day.

But soon as darkness shrank to west
Before the orient light,
Led by the dream's illusive show,
It bends its distant flight.

22 *NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP.*

And swiftly cleaves the yielding air
 Along the track of day,
Till late above the ocean's waste
 It holds its lonely way.

And, ah! where shall its course be stayed?
 No resting-place is near,
But far ahead the waters spread,
 And crested waves appear.

A leaden hue o'ercasts the sky,
 And banking clouds arise;
The billows frown beneath the shade
 That thickening o'er them lies.

And angry gusts alternate sigh
 Or chafe with rage suppressed,
Like chargers held upon the rein
 In line of battle dressed.

Till at the signal given they rush
 Resistless on the plain;
So pause the winds a moment now
 Above the wintry main.

The inky clouds, the coming night,
 A dreary shadow cast,
Still through the gloom the wand'rer speeds
 Before the rising blast.

And now the storm descends amain,
The giant billows leap
And toss aloft their hissing spray
High o'er the yawning deep.

Then droop at length its weary wings
In the unequal strife,
And lower sink, and lower still,
As ebbs the stream of life.

But as it neared the fatal wave
A ship's light gleamed ahead,
Then swift it upward shoots again,
By sudden impulse led.

Through th' elemental war it swept,
The reeling bark it gained,
Then sank exhausted on the deck,
The springs of life o'erstrained.

One fearless form there stood amidst
That dread commotion wild;
He thought then on his distant home,
And on his orphan child.

He saw the bird before him drop;
He took it up with care;
It was a little timid thing,
Of radiant beauty rare.

24 *NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP.*

He stroked it gently with his hand;
A tear glanced in his eye;
But quick as vivid lightning shoots
His grief and troubles fly.

It seemed to say, "Be of good cheer,
Nor fear the angry tide,
Remember now who calms the sea,
And in His mercy bide.

"Behold in me the sign He sends;
Believe the token true;
He bore me from the boiling deep,
And so shall now bear you."

The little harbinger he stowed
In roomy cage away
Where food and drink in ample store
Before it neatly lay.

Meanwhile the winds and waves abate;
The labouring ship's o'erhauled;
The pumps are manned, the leak is found,
And hope again recalled.

The broken spars are soon replaced;
The sails again are spread;
And steadily before the breeze
They onward bear ahead.

So speed they gaily on each day
Until the port is gained,
Then eagerly they crowd on shore
Till hardly one remained.

The master took his little charge
Uninjured from the sea,
He took it to his daughter fair
And told its history.

And much she wondered, much she wept;
She wept for joy and fear;
The master kissed his loving child
And dropped a silent tear.

And then they hasten to the lawn
To set the captive free;
They long to see it on the wing
Flitting from tree to tree.

Right pleased were they to see it soar
And vanish in the air;
And then contentedly returned
From true enacted prayer.

THE WIDOWED SONGSTER.

Oh, little birdie, why do you robin
 So late in the gloomy air?
Oh, little birdie, have you no home,
 But the bare cold headland there?

And why do you call so plaintively?
 Is it for kin or mate more dear?
They may not or will not answer thee;
 They are far hence and cannot hear.

Oh, haste thee, haste from the rising storm
 That moans and threatens all around,
Or soon thy rare and beauteous form
 Will lifeless on the lea be found.

Oh, little birdie, have you no home,
 But the bare, cold headland there?

My home's afar 'neath a sunny sky,
 Where dwell my love and young with me
Till a bird-collector quick came by
 And took them away from me.

NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP. 27

Away to adorn his bride, so fair
And tender hearted it might be,
With a tear for suffering and care
Tho' never a tear for me!
Tho' never a tear for me!

Oh, little birdie, have you no home
But the bare, cold headland there?

***I WOKE ME A SONG-BIRD BEAUTIFUL.**

Weak, tired and weary, I laid me to rest,
And wistfully thought of the days that were past,
And I dreamt me a dream of the long, long ago—
A dream that I roamed in the woodlands wild
Exulting in youth with a jubilant song,
And the wings of a bright bird beautiful,
And the wings of a bright bird beautiful.

In the wane of life's evening I laid me down,
On my lowly last pillow I laid me to rest,
And longingly thought of the long, long ago,
When a maiden I roamed in the woodlands wild,
When a maiden I roamed in the woodlands wild.

Then, strangely, I seemed on a journey alone,
In regions of light out of time and unknown;
In dreamlands I wandered forgetful of care—
In dreamlands elysian surpassingly fair,
Till I felt the strong beating of rising new life,
And I woke me a song-bird beautiful,
And I woke me a song-bird beautiful.

*A consolation song for nature-loving elderly people of either sex, symbolized by the wings and song of a bird—*i.e.*, an exhilarating sense of boundless freedom and joy from a consciousness of the rejuvenescence and exuberance of undying innate life.

NIAGARA AND NATURE WORSHIP. 29

Sing away, sing away, in the sunshine bright,
Sing away, sing away, all the live long day,
Sing, bird of the air, sing away, sing away,
Sing, bird of the air, sing away, sing away.

Sing away, sing away, in the sunshine bright,
Sing away, sing away, for the joy of life,
Sing, bird of the air, liberated and free,
Sing, bird of the air, sing away, sing away.

THE INFLUENCE OF ART IN THE EVOLU-
TION OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

(Selected from "Humanity and the Man.")

For now again Urania shall descend,
Divinely stooping from her heavenly sphere
And here on earth the torch of genius light—
Light with her own transcendent loveliness,
Until her votaries enraptured burn,
Filled with conceptions of the Beautiful
By Sympathy mysterious instilled:
Beauty howe'er expressed in song or sounds
Harmonious or comeliness of form;—
Of form that fixed in Parian stone shall stand
In outward mould the rival of herself
In grace divine, in matchless symmetry.
Genius her minister and spouse ordained
To stand between her and the multitude
To sway their minds, that she to them may yield
Some leaven of her own celestial life,
Some measure of her loveliness inspired
By contemplation of the "beautiful"
That they, thereby, her lovers may become
And grow, by inward aspiration drawn,

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To be themselves what they admired and loved—
A race of gods, immortals, though on earth,
Fairer than fabled deity of old
Or nymph or Naiad of the wood or stream!

SELECTION FROM "KHANDALLA AND
NATURE WORSHIP."

As up the east the growing splendours climb,
The fading shadows pass till all the heaven—
The hyaline, transparent vault is clear,
The hills and peaks in silent grandeur stand;
For silence reigns, and hush, and stillness save
The hollow bass of waters in the glen.
No sound of living voice unless perchance
Some wandering echoes, as the low of kine
Or shrilling cry of startled water-bird.
No sound! for though the air is full of light
No ray as yet has touched the rocky heights.
But lo, soon it nears! and round them now
The radiance pours! the valleys feel the touch!
The sea of mist responds, and up the hills
In fleecy clouds the snow-white vapours roll.
And hark! the hum of waking life! and list!
The dove's soft cooing! and the bulbul's note!
The jetty whistler, and the mountain thrush!
The finches and the many warblers now
In concert joined, their morning hymns to chant!
The opening flowers their rival charms unfold
And wide diffuse their perfumed breath around,
As incense shed to add to and enhance
The rosy morn's intoxicating burst!

Now at the climax of its grand display,
When all things seem to live and sense delight!
And when like living gems, a myriad forms—
Moths, beetles and bright butterflies new-born—
Bask in the sun or flit from flower to flower
Or to and fro for wantonness of joy!
When earth herself in sympathy responds,
And all the air is jubilant with song,
And notes of exultation and the voice
Of teeming life and whirr of gleaming wings!
The blending harmonies of Nature's fane—
Her music, fragrance, colouring and bloom—
The gorgeous veilings of her arching dome.

All! All! arranged to draw her worshippers,
To teach and lift them to a higher plane!

THE SONS OF ERIN AND ALBION.

(Selected from "*Humanity and the Man.*"—*Revised Edition.*)

But soon emerging from the fight were seen
The sons of Erin and of Albion,
Saxon and Celt of Aryan stock derived,
But blending now into one brotherhood
Whose mystic symbol is the rising sun,
Afar as yet from its meridian tower,
When it shall light the nations of the earth;
For nursed and cradled in their island homes,
Struggling through centuries were they prepared
To hold the reins of sovereignty
And destined with their kindred o'er the seas—
The citizens of great Columbia
And all the lands beneath the Southern Cross—
To rule the nations and engraft their laws
Upon all peoples, sending rulers forth
And princely founders of Imperial states
With truth and honour as their grand ideal;
Right worthy men to rule in equity,
Inspiring confidence in all alike,
With tact and judgment and that kindness
That softens justice and that seeks to rule
Rather by love than terror of the sword.

No propagators of a special "faith"
But tolerant upholders of all Truth
Wherever found in systems old or new;
And patrons of the learning of the East
Long hidden from the people of the West:
Bound by no creed but human brotherhood,
The One religion of humanity,
That all may hold, till all allied by blood
Regard each other as one family
Of kindred nations with one common tongue—
The tongue of Shakespeare, Milton and the bards,
That came to fix the language of the world!

A VISION OF THE SAXON RACE.

(Selected from "The Dual Image" Book.)

Here did they multiply and overflow,
 A mingled race whose mighty progeny
 In after years were destined to become
 A sovereign people, ruling sea and land:—
 A mingled race, the Anglo-Saxons named,
 Or Saxons simply who had wandered here,
 Pilgrims of fate impelled to find their home,
 Decreed of old, where they should multiply:—
 A sea-girt island big with destiny,
 Long by the Roman from the Tiber ruled,
 A place apart set in the Northern Sea,
 Which now before the Traveller and his Gui
 Uprose a moment through the mist of time;
 A glorious vision of a glorious land,
 The home of learning and true liberty,
 And mighty centre of the world's exchange;
 A royal State, the growth of centuries;
 For where the Roman ruled the Saxons grew
 And multiplied and sent their colonies
 To distant lands, embracing every clime;
 A company of nations with one tongue,
 Alike by blood and interest allied.

True sons of Thor and wielders of his power.
 Whose mighty fleets and armaments became
 The envy and the wonder of the world.
 But long the struggle in their island homes
 With marsh and fen and jungle waste, besides
 A war of centuries with their own kin,
 And with the many enemies that rose
 To crush them wholly, till in later years
 An Uncrowned King, the sturdy Commoner,
 Cromwell, renowned in leadership and war,
 Attained to power and laid the basis sure
 Of Saxon greatness and supremacy.
 And after him as though indeed to guard
 And add thereto, a band of men appeared,
 Broad-minded men of world-wide sympathies,
 Fit legislators of mighty realm,
 Leaders of men, renowned for eloquence
 Unrivalled in history of states,
 Here now alike in common council met,
 The sons of Britain and her sister Isle—
 The Sacred Isle, the home of mythic lore,
 The Land of Song, of Minstrels, and the Harp
 So famed of old, in Erin's history:
 And greater still than all—the Land of Hearts,
 Impulsive love that knows no formal mode.

And then auspiciously as if to mark
 The glorious advent of a grander time,
 A Queen arose, Victoria well named,
 Greatest of sovereigns of the "Order New,"
 Her sway extending to the utmost isles,
 Encircling all the habitable globe.

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A Royal Lady whose long reign benign
Outran the period 'tween the old and new;
Around whose life should cluster memories
To find a voice in epic narrative
In far-off days of that Victorian Age
When she, a kind and gentle lady, ruled,
No haughty monarch of a bygone time,
Regardless of the common weal or woe
But as a mother full of sympathy,
Who loved her people and was loved by them,
And, in affection linked with her, her son
Succeeding her, a kindly-hearted prince,
Edward, the Genial and the well-beloved,
Shall likewise in the nation's memory live.

LET MAN COPY NATURE.

Let man copy nature in her joyous, life-giving moods. He is part of nature, and therefore if he will, he can draw on her boundless sources of energy that are free to be utilized by all in proportion as they can take of them. This boon is his by right of birth if he will only have it; for the same power is his if he only knew how to utilize it that is in the oak, that lifts itself from earth in defiance of gravitation. Why then should man indolently bend down, thinking he must grow old? No, let him take lessons of nature, and sing with the birds in the very exuberance of life and spirits! Why should he, of all creatures, be ill and fretful and melancholy? He, too, is of nature—her offspring moreover, her darling and masterpiece. Why should he be ill and go about moaning? She will, if he allows her, take care of him in all his goings. Therefore, why should he worry himself, fretting daily? Let him never worry, not because life is short, as often said, but because life is eternal and unending, and all things will be righted in good time, if he have only patience. Why should one fret either because a midge in a "temper" has tried to annoy him through some misunderstanding. Leave his midge-ship alone and think not of him. If you fret and worry and try to retaliate you put yourself on a

par with him. The envious little creature that would annoy you, thinking himself somebody of importance, will one day discover that he is but a midge dancing fantastically in the evening air; and with this knowledge dawning upon him he will forthwith expand into greater dimensions, he will become in a true sense proportionally great, free and lordly; at one with nature that he so long lived at variance with. Therefore let universal sympathy with all and all things grow within you; let love, not enmity, be the guiding star of your life; it will confer on you health and comeliness. Banish all antipathies from your mind; they are unnatural and entail misery. All hatred corrodes the health of body and mind and sours the countenance which nature intended to be divine and God-like! Oh, man, hate not, but love always and it shall be well with thee, and thou shalt avoid much severe discipline, for nature will have it so at any cost. She is thy mother, tender-hearted, but stern if need be.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

The truth and inspiration of the above oft repeated line are avouched for by the fact that the creation of "beauty," and especially personal beauty, as seen in the human form, is a prime object with nature, for the attainment of which she has wrought throughout the ages.

But personal beauty, like every other trait of humanity, is under the regulation and guidance of natural law which evolved it. But as all human traits have their polar opposites, through which they are differentiated and discerned, we have "ugliness" as the opposite of beauty; but ugliness being the negation of beauty and not permanent or a primary aim of nature, tends to vanish, while the "beautiful" which is "good" remains as the "noblest realization of evolution on the human plane."

Now, people in general do not understand as they ought that in a great measure they have in their own charge the making of themselves beautiful or ugly during the whole course of their lives. They, indeed, have little idea that they can mar or enhance, otherwise than artificially by dress, the degree of natural beauty with which they were endowed as a birthright inheritance, and therefore they do not give the matter the con-

sideration and attention which its supreme importance demands.

But although the masses are thus ignorant and careless on a subject which so intimately concerns them, yet its basic truth has always been apparent to the thoughtful and advanced few; for the "wise" of all nations recognized, with more or less clearness, that beauty of person is the outward symbol of inward beauty of soul; that it is the outwrought expression of love, which has evolved it; that it is, in its degree, "goodness" or God made manifest in the "flesh," and is still dependent for its maintenance on love, its creator, for it is the love element within the soul which confers upon us health, beauty and peace of mind. It confers permanent individuality as opposed to "evil" in its many forms of embodiment, which are transitory, and pass away when its work is done in the trial, and through it the evolution of "good" which is thus accomplished; for evil embodiment to a certain extent is negation, the fleeting of animal selfishness and, in its most virulent forms, tends to vanish; for "hate" as opposed to "love" is repellant and tends to move from the centre and dissipate, whilst love is attractive, concentrative and abides forever.

Recognizing these facts, it must be apparent that right thinking, the constant indulgence of kindly thoughts, not only confers health of body and mind, but tends more and more to beautify the features even to old age, whilst the exercise of the mind with evil thinking and hatred especially if concentrated and long continued, lowers the health of the body and imprints itself upon the countenance, being thus outwardly manifested as the ugliness that repels, and from which people shrink

in proportion to its degrees. And yet, withal, it must be borne in mind that this untoward result of hatred and evil thinking is no vindictive or capricious punishment by an "angry God," but the self-wrought outcome which inevitably takes place under the operation of natural law, but which, in the language of religion, might not inaptly be called judgment.

It cannot, therefore, be too widely known that if people wish to be personally beautiful they must be good, and above all things cultivate a good temper; for bad temper, and especially chronic spitefulness, in proportion to its intensity, will to a certainty render them in time not only unattractive but repellant, the very reverse of all that is lovable. This is fact, not theory, an old doctrine, and as such it has at all times to a great extent pervaded the religions of the world; for all of them worthy of the name were primarily intended by their formulators as a means to further the grand aim of nature in the evolution and perpetuation of a noble humanity, whose distinguishing feature would be above all things a divine beauty, which is goodness—a thing of heaven and a joy for ever.

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. The repetition of "he" and "me" in "Oh, Jennie" is very pleasing.—*The Arya Magazine, Madras*.

. One or two eminently singable songs, to wit, "I Woke Me a Song-Bird Beautiful," "Oh, Jennie, Where is Your Laddle Gone?" and "Come, My Fairy, Come Along."—*Musical Opinion, London*.

. The words are simple and very pleasing.
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