

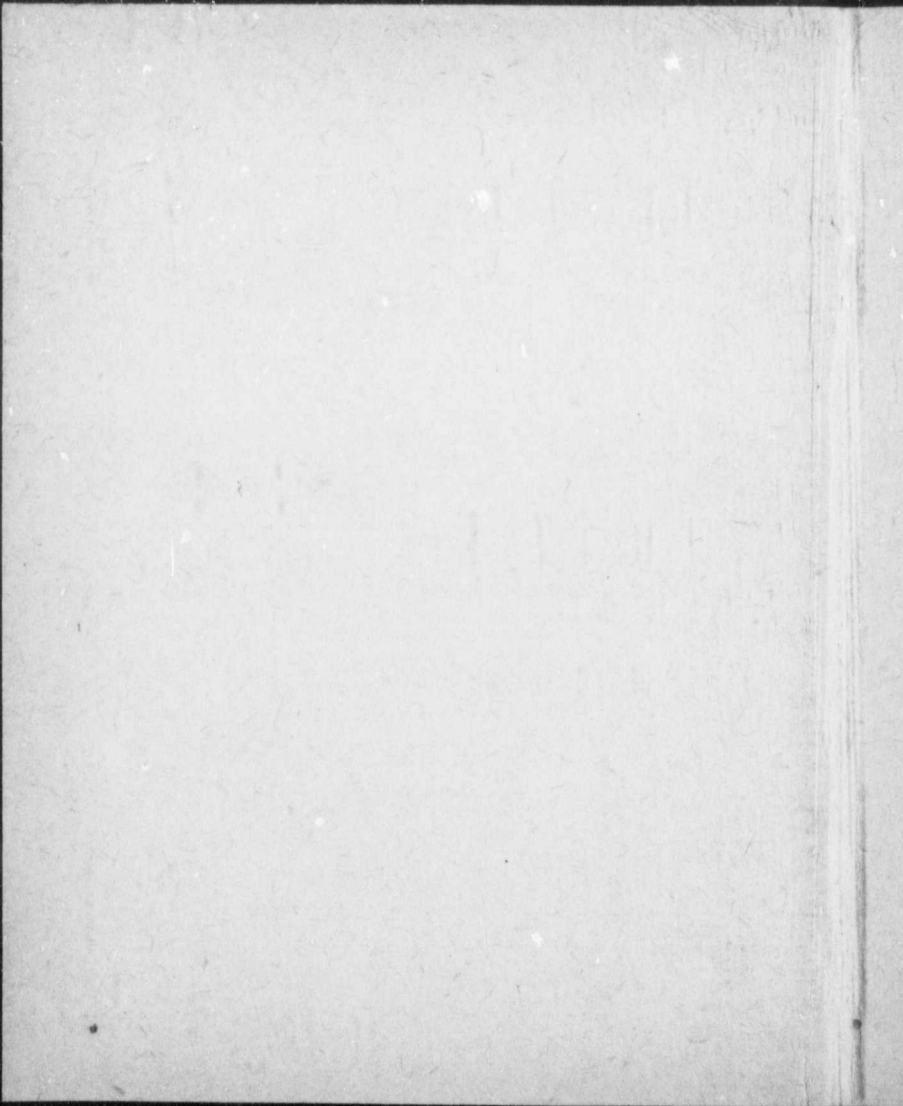
The Gates of Time
and other Poems

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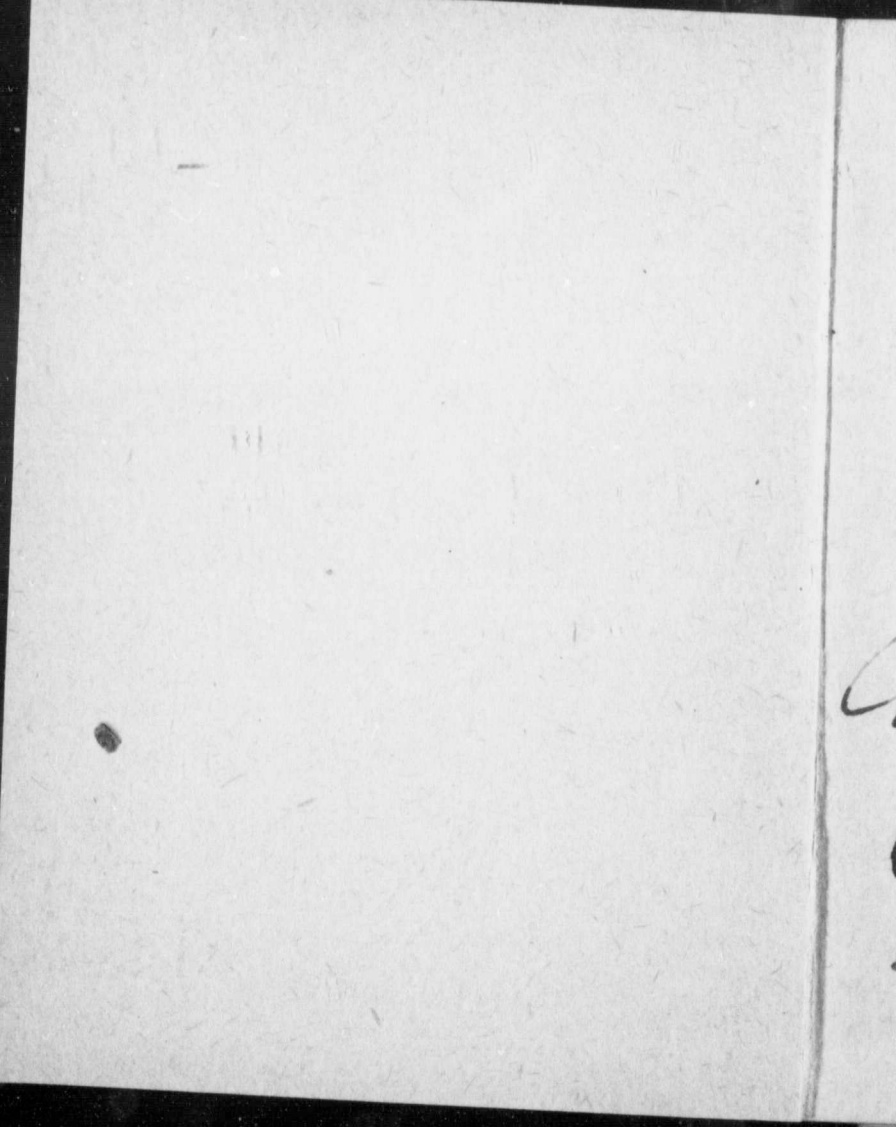
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H. P. Thacker
with all good
wishes from J. H. Scott.

THE GATES OF TIME
AND OTHER POEMS

Chateau de la Haie.

Oct. 13th - 1917

THE GATES OF TIME

Into the Infinite
Pass we for ever,
Knowing the Light of Light
Faiileth us never.

THE
GATES OF TIME

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT



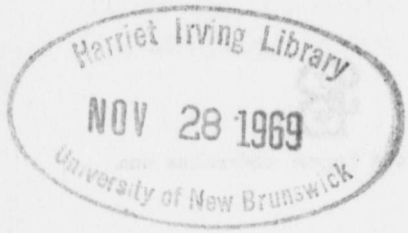
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THE
GATES OF TIME
AND OTHER POEMS

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at the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

TO MY WIFE

Sweet Lady, queen-star of my life and thought,
Whose honour, heart and name are one with
mine,

Who dost above life's troubled currents shine
With such clear beam as oftentimes hath brought
The storm-tossed spirit into harbours wrought
By love and peace on life's rough margin-line ;
I wish no wish which is not wholly thine,
I hope no hope but what thyself hast sought.
Thou lovest not, my Lady, in the wife,
The golden love-light of our earlier days ;
Time dims it not, it mounteth like the sun,
Till earth and sky are radiant. Sweet, my life
Lies at thy feet, and all life's gifts and praise,
Yet are they nought to what thy knight hath won.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE SOUL'S QUEST AND OTHER POEMS

MY LATTICE AND OTHER POEMS

ELTON HAZLEWOOD

THE UNNAMED LAKE AND OTHER POEMS

POEMS OLD AND NEW

POEMS (Constable & Co.)

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THE GATES OF TIME

HYMN OF PRAISE

I praise God that He gave man breath,
To breathe the mountains and the seas ;
I praise Him that He sends us death
To give us solitude and ease.

I praise God that He gave man sight
And knowledge of the lakes and streams ;
I praise Him that He sends us night
And blinding mystery of dreams.

I praise God that He gave man speech
And thoughts that lap the world with fire ;
I praise Him that He orders each
To set a bound to his desire.

I praise God that He gave man love,
And faith and truth and simple joys ;
I praise Him that the stars above
Are not subservient to our noise.

GOD'S YOUTH

I praise God that He built man's brain
Wide-open to the senses' thrill ;
I praise Him that He sends us pain
To break the thralldom of the will.

I praise God for the darts that sting,
The age-long toil, the ceaseless strife ;
I praise God that He made man king
To choose in freedom—Death or Life.

GOD'S YOUTH

In the star-depths of children's eyes,
Where dwells the light of truth,
I see reflected from the skies,
God's own eternal youth.

HYMN OF HUMANITY

11

HYMN OF HUMANITY

Now to the Monarch, eternal, immortal, invisible,
Now to the wise God be honour and glory for ever;
We who breathe breath for a moment and pass
to Infinity
Fall at Thy feet in the darkness and offer Thee
worship.

Whirlwinds of passion have caught us and swept
us on helplessly,
Rebels in heart have we been who were made
in Thine image ;
Pity us victims of force that was fiercely un-
tameable
Casting us back in the slime that our souls had
emerged from.

Pity us, God, little atoms adrift on immensity.
Now and anon we are dazzled with gleams of
the sunrise,
Now and anon we are lost in the billowy vast-
nesses,
Pity us, Thou who hast moulded our life out
of nothing.

Kiss with Thy lightnings, Supreme One, the
earth in her motherhood ;

Fill her and fill us with flames of Thine infinite
splendour.

Cast off the robes that conceal Thee ; appear
in Thy majesty ;

Rend the sky-veil from Thy face ; make us
blind with Thy beauty.

Humbly we render Thee homage who madest
us infinite,

Giving us wings of the Spirit to mount to Thy
presence.

Now to the Monarch, eternal, immortal, in-
visible,

Honour and glory and worship for ever and ever.

THE BURDEN OF TIME

Before the seas and mountains were brought
forth

I reigned. I hung the universe in space,
I capped earth's poles with ice to South and
North,
And set the moving tides their bounds and
place.

I smoothed the granite mountains with my hand,
My fingers gave the continents their form ;
I rent the heavens and loosed upon the land
The fury of the whirlwind and the storm.

I stretched the dark sea like a nether sky
Fronting the stars between the ice-clad zones ;
I gave the deep his thunder ; the Most High
Knows well the voice that shakes His mountain
thrones.

I trod the ocean caverns black as night,
And silent as the bounds of outer space,
And where great peaks rose darkly towards the
light
I planted life to root and grow apace.

Then through a stillness deeper than the
grave's,

The coral spires rose slowly one by one,
Until the white shafts pierced the upper waves
And shone like silver in the tropic sun.

I ploughed with glaciers down the mountain
glen,

And graved the iron shore with stream and
tide ;

I gave the bird her nest, the lion his den,
The snake long jungle-grass wherein to hide.

In lonely gorge and over hill and plain,
I sowed the giant forests of the world ;
The great earth like a human heart in pain
Has quivered with the meteors I have hurled.

I plunged whole continents beneath the deep,
And left them sepulchred a million years ;
I called, and lo, the drowned lands rose from
sleep,
Sundering the waters of the hemispheres.

I am the lord and arbiter of man—
I hold and crush between my finger-tips
Wild hordes that drive the desert caravan,
Great nations that go down to sea in ships.

In sovereign scorn I tread the races down,
As each its puny destiny fulfils,
On plain and island, or where huge cliffs frown,
Wrapt in the deep thought of the ancient
hills.

The wild sea searches vainly round the land
For those proud fleets my arm has swept
away ;
Vainly the wind along the desert sand
Calls the great names of kings who once held
sway.

Yea, Nineveh and Babylon the great
Are fallen—like ripe ears at harvest-tide ;
I set my heel upon their pomp and state,
The people's serfdom and the monarch's
pride.

One doom waits all—art, speech, law, gods, and
men,

Forests and mountains, stars and shining sun,
The hand that made them shall unmake again,
I curse them and they wither one by one.

Waste altars, tombs, dead cities where men trod,
Shall roll through space upon the darkened
globe,

Till I myself be overthrown, and God
Cast off creation like an outworn robe.

IN THE WINTER WOODS

Winter forests mutely standing
Naked on your bed of snow,
Wide your knotted arms expanding
To the biting winds that blow,
Nought ye heed of storm or stress,
Stubborn, silent, passionless.

Buried is each woodland treasure,
Gone the leaves and mossy rills,
Gone the birds that filled with pleasure
All the valleys and the hills ;
Ye alone of all that host
Stand like soldiers at your post.

Grand old trees, the words ye mutter,
Nodding in the frosty wind,
Wake some thoughts I cannot utter,
But which haunt the heart and mind,
With a meaning, strange and deep,
As of visions seen in sleep.

B

IN THE WINTER WOODS

Something in my inmost thinking
Tells me I am one with you,
For a subtle bond is linking
Nature's offspring through and through,
And your spirit like a flood
Stirs the pulses of my blood.

While I linger here and listen
To the creaking boughs above,
Hung with icicles that glisten
As if kindling into love,
Human heart and soul unite
With your majesty and might.

Horizontal, rich with glory,
Through the boughs the red sun's rays
Clothe you as some grand life-story
Robes an aged man with praise,
When, before his setting sun,
Men recount what he has done.

But the light is swiftly fading,
And the wind is icy cold,
And a mist the moon is shading,
Pallid in the western gold ;
In the night-winds still ye nod,
Sentinels of Nature's God.

Now with laggard steps returning
To the world from whence I came,
Leave I all the great West burning
With the day that died in flame,
And the stars, with silver ray,
Light me on my homeward way.

AMONG THE SPRUCES

DAWN

The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place ;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of Eternal Thought
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

AMONG THE SPRUCES

'Tis sweet, O God, to steal away,
Before the morning sun is high,
Upon some frosty winter's day,
When not a cloud is on the sky,
And all the world is white below,
Knee-deep with freshly-fallen snow,—

To steal into the silent woods
 Before the trees are quite awake,
And watch them in their snowy hoods
 A rough-and-ready toilet make,
When in the little breezes creep
And rouse them gently from their sleep.

'Tis sweet, O God, to kneel among
 The snow-bent trees, and lift the mind
Above the boughs where birds have sung,
 Above the pathways of the wind,
Into the very heart of space,—
To where the angels see Thy face.

For while my spirit mounts in prayer,
 So keen becomes its mystic sight,
That through the sunshine in the air
 I see a new and heavenly light,
And all the bowed woods seem to be
Acknowledging the Trinity.

TO THE SEA

TO THE SEA

O strange, sublime, illimitable Sea,
Majestic in thy sovran self-control,
And awful with the furious tides that roll
Round Earth's proud cliffs who bow their heads
to thee ;—

Thou art like God in thy vast liberty,
Thy throne is the wide world from pole to pole,
Thy thunders are Time's passing bell, and toll
The knell of all that has been, is, and is to be.

O mighty rock-bound Spirit, bright to-day,
To-morrow leaden 'neath the clouds of gloom,
Or mystic with the stars that overspan,—
Beneath thy billows, where the wild winds play,
There broods a darkness deeper than the tomb
In caverns voiceless since the world began.

THE RIVER

Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea ?
 There is nothing there to do
 But to sink into the blue
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,
 From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
 And the quiet cattle feed ?
The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool ;
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream

THE RIVER

Of the mighty woods that sleep
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh, linger, little river,
Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
With the music of the stars.

THE STORM

O grip the earth, ye forest trees,
Grip well the earth to-night,
The Storm-God rides across the seas
To greet the morning light.

All clouds that wander through the skies
Are tangled in his net,
The frightened stars have shut their eyes,
The breakers fume and fret.

The birds that cheer the woods all day,
Now tremble in their nests,
The giant branches round them sway,
The wild wind never rests.

The squirrel and the cunning fox
Have hurried to their holes,
Far off, like distant earthquake shocks,
The muffled thunder rolls.

In scores of hidden woodland dells,
Where no rough winds can harm,
The timid wild-flowers toss their bells
In reasonless alarm.

THE STORM

Only the mountains rear their forms,
Silent and grim and bold ;
To them the voices of the storms
Are as a tale re-told.

They saw the stars in heaven hung,
They heard the great Sea's birth,
They know the ancient pain that wrung
The entrails of the Earth.

Sprung from great Nature's royal lines,
They share her deep repose,—
Their rugged shoulders robed in pines,
Their foreheads crowned with snows.

But now there comes a lightning flash,
And now on hill and plain
The charging clouds in fury dash,
And blind the world with rain.

NATURE'S RECOMPENSE

With barren heart and weary mind,
I wander from the haunts of men,
And strive in solitude to find
The careless joys of youth again.

I seek the long-loved woodland brook,
I watch the clouds when day is done,
I climb the mountain top and look,
All-eager, at the rising sun.

I plunge into the forest glade,
Untrodden yet by human feet,
And, loitering through the light and shade,
I hear the birds their songs repeat.

But all in vain, they will not come—
Those voices that I knew of old ;
Great Nature's lips to me are dumb,
Her heart to me is dead and cold.

In vain I lie upon her breast
And ask her for the dreams I seek,
She takes no pity on my quest,
I cannot force her lips to speak.

Then, haply, in a calm despair
I give up seeking, and I lie,
All-thoughtless, in the woodland air
And 'neath the leaf-bespangled sky.

And then it comes, the voice of old,
Which soothes the realms of death and birth,
The message through the ages told,
The cradle song of Mother Earth.

And as it thrills each languid sense
And lifts me from the world apart,
Great Nature makes full recompense
For her past coldness to my heart.

"LITTLE FRIEND'S" GRAVE 29

"LITTLE FRIEND'S" GRAVE

Build a house for "Little Friend,"
Underneath the sunniest grass,
In a place where birds' songs blend
On the breezes as they pass.

Dig it not with sorrow's spade,
Use no sharp-edged tools of pain,
Nothing there must cast a shade,
Nothing there must leave a stain.

Build the walls of hope and joy,
Gladsome as the flowers and trees,
Else the little merry boy
Will not rest in it at ease.

Bring no torch or other light,
As though darkness could be there,
For a soul so pure and bright
Will give radiance everywhere.

"LITTLE FRIEND'S" GRAVE

Build the roof of faith and love,
Pillared on foundations deep,
That the rain of tears above
May not mar his happy sleep.

Make no windows, as though he
Needed peep-holes to the skies,
For the vast Eternity
Now is open to his eyes.

Build no staircase for his feet,
Make no door-way in the wall,
For he treads the golden street
Where the Christ is all in all.

Only let the cross be set
Upright in the hallowed ground,
Lest the stricken heart forget
Where the cure of grief is found.

MY LATTICE

My lattice looks upon the North,
The winds are cool that enter ;
At night I see the stars come forth,
Arcturus in the centre.

The curtain down my casement drawn
Is dewy mist, which lingers
Until my maid, the rosy dawn,
Uplifts it with her fingers.

The sparrows are my matin-bell,
Each day my heart rejoices,
When, from the trellis where they dwell,
They call me with their voices.

Then, as I dream with half-shut eye,
Without a sound or motion,
To me that little square of sky
Becomes a boundless ocean.

And straight my soul unfurls its sails
That blue sky-sea to sever,
My fancies are the noiseless gales
That waft it on for ever.

I sail into the depths of space
And leave the clouds behind me,
I pass the old moon's hiding-place,
The sun's rays cannot find me.

I sail beyond the solar light,
Beyond the constellations,
Across the voids where loom in sight
New systems and creations.

I pass great worlds of silent stone,
Whence light and life have vanished,
Which wander on to tracts unknown,
In lonely exile banished.

I meet with spheres of fiery mist
Which warm me as I enter,
Where—ruby, gold and amethyst—
The rainbow lights concentre.

And on I sail into the vast,
New wonders aye discerning,
Until my mind is lost at last,
And, suddenly returning,

I feel the wind which, cool as dew,
Upon my face is falling,
And see again my patch of blue
And hear the sparrows calling.

BY THE SEA

Ever the strong salt life, ever the dream,
Ever the pulsing force, the Mystery
Of tireless nature working 'neath the stars
Her destiny apart from human things.

DEATH AND THE CHILD

Death met a little child beside the sea ;
The child was ruddy and his face was fair,
His heart was gladdened with the keen salt air,
Full of the young waves' laughter and their glee.
Then Death stooped down and kissed him, saying :
 " To Thee,
 My child, will I give summers rare and bright,
 And flowers, and morns with never noon or
 night,
Or clouds to darken, if thou'lt come with me."
Then the child gladly gave his little hand,
And walked with Death along the shining sand,
 And prattled gaily, full of hope, and smiled
As a white mist curled round him on the shore
And hid the land and sea for evermore—
 Death hath no terrors for a little child.

SAMSON

Plunged in night, I sit alone
Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet ;
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell ;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

SAMSON

God of Israel, canst Thou see
All my fierce captivity ?
Do Thy sinews feel my pains ?
Hearest Thou the clanking chains ?

Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree,
With the passions of the sea,

Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending, like a wisp of hay,
All that dared withstand my way,

Canst Thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb,—
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men ?

Clay was I ; the potter Thou
With Thy thumb-nail smooth'dst my brow,
Roll'dst the spittle-moistened sands
Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou didst pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou didst first uncloseth my eyes.

And my breath of life was flame,
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round like furious wind,
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength ;
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side,
Was I woman-like to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near ?

Nay, I scorned and scorn again
Cowards who their tongues restrain ;
Cared I no more for Thy laws
Than a wind of scattered straws.

When the earth quaked at my name
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie, and cheat
Her who clung about my feet ?

From Thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow ;
Dost Thou curse them on their course,
For the fury of their force ?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud ;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity ;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains.

Then, with thunder loud and wild,
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendour in my death—
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

A REVERIE

Give me back for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

A REVERIE

O tender love of long ago,
O buried love, so near me still,
On tides of thought that ebb and flow,
Beyond the empire of the will ;
To-night with mingled joy and pain
I fold thee to my heart again.

And down the meadows, dear, we stray,
And under woods still clothed in green,
Though many Springs have passed away
And many harvests there have been,
Since through the youth-enchanted land
We wandered idly hand in hand.

Then every brook was loud with song,
And every tree was stirred with love,
And every breeze that passed along
Was like the breath of God above ;—
And now to-night we go the ways
We went in those sweet summer days.

Dear love, thy dark and earnest eyes
Look up as tender as of yore,
And, purer than the evening skies,
Thy cheeks have still the rose they wore ;
I—I have changed, but thou art fair
And fresh as in life's morning air.

What little hands these were to chain
So many years a wayward heart ;
How slight a girlish form to reign
As queen upon a throne apart
In a man's thought, through hopes and fears,
And all the changes of the years.

Dear girl, behold, thy boy is now
A man and grown to middle age ;
The lines are deep upon his brow,
His heart hath been grief's hermitage ;
But hidden where no eye can see,
His boyhood's love still lives for thee,—

Still blooms above thy grave to-day,
Where death hath harvested the land,
Though such long years have passed away
Since down the meadows, hand in hand,
We went with hearts too full to know
How deep their love was long ago.

OLD LETTERS

The house was silent, and the light
Was fading from the western glow ;
I read, till tears had dimmed my sight,
Some letters written long ago.

The voices that have passed away,
The faces that have turned to mould,
Were round me in the room to-day,
And laughed and chatted as of old.

The thoughts that youth was wont to think,
The hopes now dead for evermore,
Came from the lines of faded ink,
As sweet and earnest as of yore.

I laid the letters by and dreamed
The dear, dead past to life again ;
The present and its purpose seemed
A fading vision full of pain.

A WAIF

Then, with a sudden shout of glee,
The children burst into the room,
Their little faces were to me
As sunrise in the cloud of gloom.

The world was full of meaning still,
For love will live though loved ones die ;
I turned upon life's darkened hill
And gloried in the morning sky.

A WAIF

This place is holy, Christ has been
In it to-day ;
The little girl behind this screen
Has passed away.

Her soul has sought the boundless deep
Beyond these skies.
Then fold her wasted hands to sleep,
And close her eyes.

No more their glazing pupils see
 This crowded ward ;
She walks now in eternity
 Beside her Lord.

Put back the dark hair from her brow,
 And smooth her cheek ;
Those white lips would be praying now
 If they could speak.

Make straight each crippled limb again,
 And raise her head ;
It once would make her cry with pain
 To touch her bed.

The winter shadows as they fall
 Begin to hide
The little texts upon the wall
 That were her pride.

But where she wanders far away
 The hills are bright ;
She rests, our little waif and stray,
 With God to-night.

SORROW'S WAKING

SORROW'S WAKING

Once a maiden,
Heavy-laden,
Sought to borrow
Sleep from sorrow.

Sweet the taking,
But the waking
In the numbness
And the dumbness
Of the day-dawn,
With the grey lawn
Softly plaining
In the raining,
And the meadows
Hid in shadows,
Was more dreary
Than the weary
Mounds which sever
Hearts for ever,
Where Death's reaping
Leaves man sleeping
In God's keeping.

A SISTER OF CHARITY

47

A SISTER OF CHARITY

She made a nunnery of her life,
Plain duties hedged it round,
No echoes of the outer strife
Could reach its hallowed ground.

Her rule was simple as her creed,
She tried to do each day
Some act of kindness that might speed
A sad soul on its way.

She had no wealth, and yet she made
So many rich at heart ;
Her lot was hidden, yet she played
No inconspicuous part.

Some wondered men had passed her by,
Some said she would not wed,
I think the secret truth must lie
Long buried with the dead.

A SISTER OF CHARITY

That cheery smile, that gentle touch,
That heart so free from stain,
Could have no other source but such
As lies in conquered pain.

All living creatures loved her well,
And blessed the ground she trod ;
The pencillings in her Bible tell
Her communing with God.

And when the call came suddenly,
And sleep preceded death,
There was no struggle we could see,
No hard and laboured breath.

Gently as dawn the end drew nigh ;
Her life had been so sweet,
I think she did not need to die
To reach the Master's feet.

ON AN OLD VENETIAN PORTRAIT 49

ON AN OLD VENETIAN PORTRAIT

The features loom out of the darkness
As brown as an ancient scroll,
But the eyes gleam on with the fire that shone
In the dead man's living soul.

He is clad in a cardinal's mantle,
And he wears the cap of state,
But his lip is curled in a sneer at the world,
And his glance is full of hate.

Old age has just touched with its winter
The hair on his lip and chin,
He stooped, no doubt, as he walked about,
And the blood in his veins was thin.

His date and his title I know not,
But I know that the man is there,
As cruel and cold as in days of old,
When he schemed for the Pontiff's chair.

50 ON AN OLD VENETIAN PORTRAIT

He never could get into Heaven,
Though his lands were all given to pay
For prayers to be said on behalf of the dead
From now till the judgment day.

His palace, his statues, and pictures
Were Heaven, at least for a time,
And now he is, "Where?"—why an ornament
there
On my wall, and I think him sublime.

For the gold of another sunset
Falls over him even now,
And it deepens the red of the cap on his head,
And it brings out the lines on his brow.

The ages have died into silence,
And men have forgotten his tomb,
But he still sits there in his cardinal's chair,
And he watches me now in the gloom.

ANNIVERSARY

The weary weeks come round again—
Come round again with frost and cold,
With falling leaves and dripping rain
And gleams of sun on autumn gold.

Through windows in the House of Time
I see great forces come and go,
I know the issues are sublime,
The trumpet-call to arms, I know.

But still my eyes go straining far,
Above the tumult and the noise,
To where, beyond the furthest star,
My darling plays among his toys.

I hear the laughter from his heart,
I see the sunshine in his eyes,
And then I waken with a start
And face once more the hollow skies.

October 13, 1908

IN THE CHURCHYARD

IN THE CHURCHYARD

As now my feet are straying
Where all the dead are lying,
O trees, what are ye saying
That sets my soul a-sighing ?

Your sound is as the weeping
Of one that dreads the morrow,
Or sob of sad heart sleeping
For fulness of its sorrow.

Methinks your rootlets, groping
Beneath the dark earth's layers,
Have found the doubt and hoping,
The blasphemies and prayers,

Of hearts that here are feeding
The worm ; and now, in pity,
Ye storm with interceding
The floor of God's great city.

MEMORY

O Golden Gates of Memory,
The sun is burning low,
Unlock thy bars and let me see
The ghost-forms come and go.

Ye shadowy faces from the past,
I once could hear you speak ;
My arms around your forms were cast,
I kissed you on the cheek.

Your laughter rang into my brain,
I felt your spirit's fire ;
Ye knew the rack of human pain,
The rapture of desire.

And somewhere through the realms of space
Ye wander unconfined,
But now ye take for dwelling-place
The chambers of the mind.

MEMORY

Dear faces, once so bright and fair,
Ye come from buried years—
Old faces, grey with human care,
Child faces wet with tears.

I pluck the flowers of early days,
I smell the breath of spring,
The woods are thrilling with the lays
Of dead birds carolling.

But now a wind begins to moan,
I hear the sob of waves,
And lo, I wander all alone
Across a land of graves.

O Golden Gates of Memory,
Be shut! The sun has set,
And night-clouds roll up from the sea ;
O, let my heart forget.

A MASTER MASON

With honest hands, he toiled from morn till
night,
The plumb his gauge of truth, the square, of right.

No dreams had he, no visions strange and dim,
And schools and logic they were nought to him.

He found his God in a much simpler way,
Even by doing his duty day by day,

When in the burning sun or welcome shade,
Mid dust and noise, he plied his noble trade.

For as each stone into its place would slip,
God smiled on him in sweet companionship.

" IN TE, DOMINE "

The hills may crumble into dust,
The Earth may swallow up the sea,
But naught can shake my living trust
In Him whose firm hands moulded me.

For when I draw myself apart
From things which make my vision dim,
Deep in the silence of my heart
He meets me, and I speak with Him.

TIME'S DEFEAT

Time said to me in scorn,
" I was, ere thou wast born."
" But I," I quick replied,
" Shall be, when thou hast died."

MY GARDEN

My garden shows no bright array
Of rich exotics in its beds,
But little sunbeams in it play,
And leafy maples lift their heads.

The walks but scanty labour get,
No skilful hands their borders trim,
But when the grass with dew is wet
And distant hills are growing dim,

A quiet beauty round me falls,
Wherein all imperfections hide,
And darkness builds her nunnery walls
Between me and the world outside.

Then on the stone seat, looking far
Into the distance o'er the vale,
I watch the friendly evening star
Grow brighter as the sky grows pale.

Strange little people round me sleep,
The ants that have so active been
Now in the sand their vigil keep
Around the chambers of their queen.

MY GARDEN

The gentle birds are warm and still,
Tucked in their nests among the trees,
While sweetest thoughts their dreaming fill
In the soft rocking of the breeze.

And patient worms that ere the day
Will push their noses through the soil,
Now gather all the strength they may
To aid them for the morrow's toil.

Haply a toad hops now and then
Across the flagstones at my feet,
To tell me that not only men
Have found that darkness is most sweet.

So in my garden night and day,
With sunshine or with stars above,
God takes my petty cares away,
And fills me with His perfect love.

IN THE WOODS

This is God's house—the blue sky is the ceiling,
This wood the soft, green carpet for His feet,
Those hills His stairs, down which the brooks
come stealing,
With baby laughter making earth more sweet.

And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds
sighing,
And little birds whose throats pour forth their
love,
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above.

And here come sunbeams through the green
leaves straying,
And shadows from the storm-clouds overdrawn,
And warm, hushed nights, when mother earth is
praying
So late that her moon-candle burns till dawn.

Sweet house of God, sweet earth so full of
pleasure,
I enter at thy gates in storm or calm ;
And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure,
And every cloud a solace and a balm.

LOVE'S FOOTPRINTS

Love once wandered on the shore
Where these lonely mountains stand,
And the surf for evermore
Whitens down the waste of sand.

Here are footprints ! see, he went
By the sea's edge in his play ;
Here perchance his bow was bent,
And his target was the spray.

There he stooped and wrote his name—
Straggling letters by the tide—
And when sunset bursts in flame
Over shore and mountain-side,

Brightly will the letters glow,
Golden will those footprints be,
Made by young Love long ago
As he wandered by the sea.

THE TWO MISTRESSES

Ah, woe is me, my heart 's in sorry plight,
Enamoured equally of Wrong and Right ;
 Right hath the sweeter grace,
 But Wrong the prettier face :
Ah, woe is me, my heart 's in sorry plight.

And Right is jealous that I let Wrong stay ;
Yet Wrong seems sweeter when I turn away.
 Right sober is, like Truth,
 But Wrong is in her youth ;
So Right is jealous that I let Wrong stay.

When I am happy, left alone with Right,
Then Wrong flits by and puts her out of sight ;
 I follow and I fret,
 And once again forget
That I am happy, left alone with Right.

Ah, God ! do Thou have pity on my heart !
A puppet blind am I, take Thou my part !
 Chasten my wandering love,
 Set it on things above :
Ah, God ! do Thou take pity on my heart !

ON THE CLIFF

I see the great blue ocean kiss the sky
Far to the South, I hear the sea-gulls wail
Among the crags, while, underneath, the sail
 Goes swiftly by.

The sun looks down upon the twinkling sea ;
I hear the waters breaking far below ;
And all is joyous, save the cloud of woe
 That hangs o'er me.

The loving sky can ever kiss the sea,
The ripple and the zephyr never part ;
Then why—oh, why—should thy sweet loving
 heart
 Be torn from me ?

JEHORAM

(2 Chron. xxi.)

Not in kings' chambers
Make his last bed,
Not with his fathers
Lay ye the dead :
Reeking from murders,
Leprous and foul,
Give him for mourners
Vulture and owl.

God set the crown on,
God made him man,
He coaxed the brute up,
Breaking God's plan,
Married to murder
Lusting for lust,
Out went the life-spark
Leaving mere dust.

Through the rich vineyards
Blows the hot breeze,
Laden with rose-breath
Noisy with bees ;

JEHORAM

Here where his footsteps
Blasted the earth,
Justice shall triumph,
Freedom have birth.

Cleanse ye the throne-room,
Wash the stained crown,
Make straight the sceptre,
Throw the gods down ;
From the rich pavements
Rub each dark blot,
Those wildly-staring
Eyes see you not.

Throw wide the palace,
Let the sun in,
Let the winds fill it,
Purge out the sin,
Ghosts and all shadows
Drive far away,
Fill it with bird-songs,
Flood it with day.

Burn the soft couches,
Throw out the wine,
These turned to devil
What was divine.
Silence that laughter
Born of the tomb,
It is the death-knell
Tolling man's doom.

Rise, slumbering people,
Cast out your dead,
Darkness shall shroud him,
Earth be his bed,
Till the lean wolf-dogs
Make him their feast,
Who, though God crowned him,
Chose to be beast.

VICTORY

VICTORY

On a battlefield confined
By the four walls of a mind,
Two great spirits, stern and strong,
Battled fiercely—Right and Wrong.

Sometimes Wrong with sudden thrust
Threw Right headlong in the dust ;
Then would Right with might and main
Shake his foe and rise again.

Years and years the battle raged,
And the man grew bent and aged ;
Till at last, his time being o'er,
Death came knocking at the door.

“ Let me in,” the angel said,
“ God hath sent me, have no dread ;
For the fight so well maintained
Endless rest on high hath gained.”

TOWARDS EVENING

Now more than half the day is done,
So let us loiter down the hill,
With faces towards the setting sun,
And hearts contented to be still.

The love that made the morn so bright
Is with us now that daylight dies,
And shall be with us when the night
Has drawn her curtain o'er the skies.

So very sweet the past hath been,
We cannot bear to let it go ;
And yet from all that we have seen,
Life's flowers get richer as they grow.

A deeper pleasure comes with years
In all the simple things of life,
There is less bitterness in tears,
Less tumult in the heart of strife.

TOWARDS EVENING

The daily scenes in which we dwell
 Become infused with tenderer grace,
And powers of consolation dwell
 In every change on Nature's face.

The coming of the winter snow,
 The blossoms of the early spring,
Can set the spirit all aglow,
 And make the heart rejoice and sing.

And when against the window-pane
 The mist has made a curtain dim,
The beating of the summer rain
 Is sweet and solemn as a hymn.

For then from out the chambered past
 The spirit faces come and go,
And overhead the clouded vast
 Is noisy with the winds that blow.

Thus God comes knocking at the door,
And makes our hearts within us burn,
For asking from us more and more,
He gives more richly in return.

The golden sun now sets apace,
And stars look downward from the deep,
There cometh in a little space,
The folding of the hands to sleep.

SONG'S ETERNITY

SONG'S ETERNITY

Little bird on dewy wing
In the dawn of day,
All the pretty songs you sing
Pass away.
For although man's heart is stirred
By your happy voice,
You can only sing one word,—
" Rejoice," " Rejoice."

But the music poets make
Is a deathless strain,
For they do from sorrow take,
And from pain,
Such a sweetness as imparts
Joy that never dies,—
And their songs live in men's hearts
Beyond the skies.

A HYMN OF EMPIRE

Lord, by whose might the Heavens stand,
The Source from whence they came,
Who holdest nations in Thy hand,
And call'st the stars by name,
Thine ageless forces do not cease
To mould us as of yore—
The chiselling of the arts of peace,
The anvil-strokes of war.

Then bind our realms in brotherhood,
Firm laws and equal rights,
Let each uphold the Empire's good
In freedom that unites ;
And make that speech whose thunders roll
Down the broad stream of time,
The harbinger from pole to pole
Of love and peace sublime.

Lord, turn the hearts of cowards who prate,
Afraid to dare or spend,
The doctrine of a narrower State
More easy to defend ;

Not this the watchword of our sires
Who breathed with ocean's breath,
Not this our spirit's ancient fires
Which nought could quench but death.

Strong are we ? Make us stronger yet ;
Great ? Make us greater far.
Our feet antarctic oceans fret,
Our crown the polar star ;
Round Earth's wild coasts our batteries speak,
Our highway is the main,
We stand as guardian of the weak,
We burst the oppressor's chain.

Great God, uphold us in our task,
Keep pure and clean our rule,
Silence the honeyed words which mask
The wisdom of the fool.
The pillars of the world are Thine ;
Pour down Thy bounteous grace,
And make illustrious and divine
The sceptre of our race.

VAN ELSSEN

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's
soul ;

He spake by sickness first and made him whole ;
Van Elsen heard Him not,
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured
Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord ;

Van Elsen's heart grew fat
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world
smiled,

And in the sunshine slew his little child ;

Van Elsen like a tree
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a Voice which said,
" As thy heart bleedeth, so My heart hath bled,
As I have need of thee,
Thou needest Me "

CALVARY

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And kneeling by the narrow winding-sheet,
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death.

CALVARY

O sorrowful heart of humanity, foiled in thy
fight for dominion,
Bowed with the burden of emptiness, blackened
with passion and woe ;
Here is a faith that will bear thee on waft of
omnipotent pinion,
Up to the heaven of victory, there to be known
and to know.

Here is the vision of Calvary, crowned with the
world's revelation,
Throned in the grandeur of gloom and the
thunders that quicken the dead ;

A meteor of hope in the darkness shines forth
like a new constellation,
Dividing the night of our sorrow, revealing a
path as we tread.

Now are the portals of death by the feet of the
Conqueror entered ;
Flames of the sun in his setting roll over the
city of doom,
And robe in imperial purple the Body trium-
phantly centred,
Naked and white between thieves and 'mid
ghosts that have crept from the tomb.

O Soul, that art lost in immensity, craving for
light and despairing,
Here is the hand of the Crucified, pulses of
love in its veins,
Human as ours in its touch, with the sinews of
Deity bearing
The zones of the pendulous planets, the weight
of the winds and the rains.

Here in the Heart of the Crucified, find thee a
refuge and hiding,
Love at the core of the universe, guidance and
peace in the night ;
Centuries pass like a flood, but the Rock of our
Strength is abiding,
Grounded in depths of eternity, girt with a
mantle of light.

Lo, as we wonder and worship, the night of the
doubts that conceal Him,
Rolls from the face of the dawn till His rays
through the cloud-fissures slope ;
Vapours that hid are condensed to the dews of
His grace that reveal Him,
And shine with His light on the hills as we
mount in the splendour of hope.

THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES

Christ sat upon the mountain side,
The blue sky overhead,
Beneath, in heaven's own colours dyed,
The lake's still bosom spread.

Some sparrows fluttered through the sky,
A breath the lilies stirred,
Far off a boat went drifting by
With white wings like a bird.

But, heedless of the sea and shore,
Christ turned aside to greet
The weary hearts who came to pour
Their sorrows at His feet.

I ponder o'er the scene so fair
Upon my bended knee,
Until I dream that I am there,
And, lo, Christ looks at me.

AT LAUDS

'Tis sweet to wake before the dawn,
When all the cocks are crowing,
And from my window on the lawn,
To watch the veil of night withdrawn,
And feel the fresh wind blowing.

The murmur of the falls I hear,
Its night-long vigil keeping ;
And softly now, as if in fear
To rouse their neighbours slumbering near,
The trees wake from their sleeping.

Dear Lord, such wondrous thoughts of Thee
My raptured soul are filling,
That, like a bird upon the tree,
With sweet yet wordless minstrelsy
My inmost heart is thrilling.

THE EVERLASTING FATHER

Thou whose face is as the lightning and whose
chariot as the sun,
Unto whom a thousand ages in their passing
are as one,
All our worlds and mighty systems are but tiny
grains of sand,
Held above the gulfs of chaos in the hollow
of Thy hand.

Yea, we see Thy power about us, and we feel its
volumes roll
Through the torrent of our passions and the
stillness of the soul,
Where its visions light the darkness till the dawn
that is to be,
Like the long auroral splendours on a silent
polar sea.

80 THE EVERLASTING FATHER

Then uplift us, great Creator, to communion
with Thy will,

Crush our puny heart-rebellions, make our baser
cravings still.

Thou whose fingers through the ages wrought
with fire the soul of man,

Blend it more and more for ever with the purpose
of Thy plan.

Speak, O Lord, in voice of thunder, show Thy
footsteps on the deep,

Pour Thy sunshine from the heavens on the
blinded eyes that weep,

Till the harmonies of nature and exalted human
love

Make the universe a mirror of the glorious God
above.

HYMN

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii. 20.

I heard a voice at midnight, and it cried,
"O weary heart, O soul for which I died,
Why wilt thou spurn My wounded hands and
side ?

"Is there a heart more tender, more divine,
Than that sad heart which gave itself for thine ?
Could there be love more warm, more full than
Mine ?

"What other touch can still thy trembling
breath ?
What other hand can hold thee after death ?
What bread so sweet to him that hungereth ?

"Warm is thy chamber, soft and warm thy bed ;
Bleak, howling winds are round the path I tread ;—
The Son of man can nowhere lay His head.

“ Wilt thou not open to Me ? To and fro
I wander, weary, through the driving snow ;
But colder still that thou wouldst spurn Me so.

“ I have a crown more bright than all that be,
I have a kingdom wider than the sea ;
But both have I abandoned, seeking thee.

“ Poor weary heart, so worn and sad within !
Oh, open to thy Friend, thy Stay from sin,
That I, with all My love, may enter in.”

I heard a voice at midnight, and I cried,
“ O Lord, I need Thy wounded hands and side—
I need Thy love,—Lord, enter and abide.”

OUR DUTY

The great world's heart is aching, aching fiercely
in the night,
And God alone can heal it, and God alone give
light ;
And the men to bear that message, and to speak
the living word,
Are you and I, my brothers, and the millions
that have heard.

Can we close our eyes to duty ? Can we fold
our hands at ease,
While the gates of night stand open to the path-
ways of the seas ?
Can we shut up our compassions ? Can we
leave one prayer unsaid,
Till the lands which Hell has blasted have been
quicken'd from the dead ?

We grovel among trifles and our spirits fret and
toss,
While above us burns the vision of the Christ
upon the Cross ;
And the blood of God is streaming from His
broken hands and side,
And the lips of God are saying, " Tell My brothers
I have died."

O Voice of God, we hear Thee above the shocks
of time,
Thine echoes roll around us, and the message
is sublime ;
No power of man shall thwart us, no stronghold
shall dismay,
When God commands obedience and love has
led the way.

May 1909

HYMN

After the Prayer of Consecration

We hail Thee now, O Jesu,
Upon Thine Altar-throne,
Though sight and touch have failed us,
And faith perceives alone !
Thy love has veiled Thy Godhead,
And hid Thy power divine,
In mercy to our weakness,
Beneath an earthly sign.

We hail Thee now, O Jesu !
In silence hast Thou come ;
For all the hosts of heaven
With wonderment are dumb—
So great the condescension,
So marvellous the love,
Which for our sakes, O Saviour,
Have drawn Thee from above.

We hail Thee now, O Jesu !
For law and type have ceased,
And Thou in each Communion
Art Sacrifice and Priest ;

We make this great Memorial
In union, Lord, with Thee,
And plead Thy death and passion
To cleanse and set us free.

We hail Thee now, O Jesu !
For death is drawing near,
And in Thy presence only
Its terrors disappear.
Dwell with us, sweetest Saviour,
And guide us through the night,
Till shadows end in glory,
And faith be lost in sight.

Amen.

HYMN

After receiving the Holy Communion

I have Thee now, O Jesu,
 Enshrined within my soul,
In all Thy love and fulness,
 With power to make me whole.
Though cold and so unworthy,
 Though weak and stained with sin,
I opened to Thee, Jesu,
 And Thou hast entered in.

I have Thee now, O Jesu !
 And oh, the thrill divine
To feel that Thou art in me,
 To know that Thou art mine !
I have Thee, too, O Jesu,
 As pledge of future bliss ;
But faith is lost in wonder
 At rapture more than this.

I have Thee now, O Jesu !
Purge all my dross away,
Light up my inmost being
With Thy full flood of day ;
Do Thou, O Lord, shine through me
In all my words and ways,
Till others catch Thy glory,
And join in endless praise.

I have Thee now, O Jesu !
Oh, never more depart !
Grant that no fresh offences
Shall drive Thee from my heart ;
Till down the long, dark valley,
The path which Thou hast trod,
There dawns in cloudless splendour
The vision of my God.

Amen.

HYMN

Cast thy care on Jesus,
 Make Him now thy friend,
Tell Him all thy troubles,
 Trust Him to the end ;
He is Man and Brother,
 He is Lord and God,
And the way of sorrows
 Is the path He trod.

Cast thy care on Jesus,
 Nothing is too small
For His vast compassion,
 He can feel for all ;
In the gloom and darkness
 Clasp His living hand,
He will guide and cheer thee
 Through the desert land.

HYMN

Cast thy care on Jesus,
Tell Him all thy sin,
All thy fierce temptations
And the wrong within ;
He Himself was tempted,
And He pleads above
For the soul that asketh
Pardon through His love.

Cast thy care on Jesus,
What is death to those
Who in deep submission
On His love repose ;
But a short step further,
Nearer to His side,
Where their eyes shall see Him
And be satisfied.

CRUCIFIXION

“ Lord, must I bear the whole of it, or none ? ”

“ Even as I was crucified, My son.”

“ Will it suffice if I the thorn-crown wear ? ”

“ To take the scourge My shoulders were made
bare.”

“ My hands, O Lord, must I be pierced in both ? ”

“ Twain gave I to the hammer, nothing loth.”

“ But sure, O Lord, my feet need not be nailed ? ”

“ Had Mine not been, then love had not pre-
vailed.”

“ What need I more, O Lord, to fill my part ? ”

“ Only the spear-point in thy broken heart.”

May 8, 1909

LINES

I sometimes think that had I seen Thy face
In those old days when Thou wast with us here,
Clothed with our flesh, a man as we are men,
The very sight had filled my soul with grace ;
I should have clung to Thee, and not again
Moved from Thy side, no lurking doubt or fear
Could drive me from so sweet a hiding-place.

So think I sometimes, and would almost pray
That other age were chosen my faith to prove,
More near Thine own (if such a prayer
might be),
Full of Thy memories. But no ; each day
Hath its own light, O Christ, and proofs of
Thee ;
For there was one who saw Thy look of love,
Yet, having wealth, went sorrowful away.

HYMN

Hail, sacred Feast, to weary mortals given,
Pledge of God's love ! O Christ, we here adore
Thee, the slain Lamb, and Thee, the Bread from
Heaven—
Our life and peace, our joy for evermore.

Feed us, dear Lord, Thine own great love supply-
ing
Our lack of faith, our need of every grace ;
Dwell in us richly, till, on Thee relying,
We reach our home and see Thee face to face.

1884

THE CROWN OF THORNS

With each new day, new cares will wait for thee,
Trials and heart-aches ; yet do thou not fear,
But take them lovingly, and, weaving them
Into a crown of thorns, wear and let be
For ever on thy head, a diadem,
More royal than gold, the dearest token here
Of that sad voice that whispers, " Follow Me."

1884

OUT OF THE STORM

The huge winds gather on the midnight lake,
Shaggy with rain and loud with foam-white feet,
Then bound through miles of darkness till
they meet
The harboured ships and city's squares, and wake
From steeples, domes and houses, sounds that
take
A human speech, the storm's mad course to
greet ;
And nightmare voices through the rain and
sleet
Pass shrieking, till the town's rock-sinews shake.

Howl, winds, around us in this silent room !
Wild lake, with thunders beat thy prison bars !
A brother's life is ebbing fast away,
And, mounting on your music through the gloom,
A pure soul mingles with the morning stars,
And with them melts into the blaze of day.

St. Luke's Hospital,
Duluth, May 17, 1894

" AD ECCLESIAM DEI "

O Church of God, our Mother,
Upon thy queenly head
There broods the living Spirit
Whom Christ Himself has shed ;
No more the dark dissensions,
The day of doubt is done,
When dangers gather round thee
Thy children stand as one.

O Church of God, our Mother,
Forgive the shameful past,
The worldly hearts that chilled thee,
The chains that bound thee fast ;
Behold, from the horizon
The clouds have rolled away,
And now with clearer vision
Men own thy gracious sway.

O Church of God, our Mother,
So bright thine annals shine,
The ages hold no triumphs
More wonderful than thine.

Thou didst in old times cradle
Our rude and warlike race,
Thy sons are kings of honour,
Thy daughters queens of grace.

O Church of God, our Mother,
The new dawn rises fair,
And broader paths of glory
Are opening everywhere ;
Beyond the ocean's thunders,
As in the olden days,
Thy creeds give faith her utterance,
Thy voice her prayer and praise.

O Church of God, our Mother,
God's wings are o'er thee spread,
And loyal sons are ready
For thee their blood to shed ;
No more the dark dissensions,
The day of doubt is done,
And round thee in the battle
Thy children stand as one.

THE EUCHARIST

My children, daily in your Church I stand,
And bring you priceless blessings in My hand,—

The Food and Drink which make the spirit live,
The pardon that none else hath power to give.

What holds you back ? Why do ye keep away ?
Do ye not need fresh grace from day to day ?

Your couch so soft, find ye it hard to rise ?
My couch was earth, My covering was the skies.

Perchance ye fear the dark and wintry street ;
I toiled for you with worn and bleeding feet.

Perchance ye think ye are not in My debt ;
What more could I have given you than ye get ?

Surely My bitter cross is in your view ;
That cross was borne, not for Myself, but you.

If sense of your unfitness holds you back,
Who but Myself can give you what ye lack ?

What if that day ye come not to My board,
Should bring the swift, sharp summons of your
Lord ?

My children, be not fearful, come to Me
Like Peter walking on the treacherous sea.

Children, I stand amongst you day by day ;
Oh, if ye love Me, do not keep away.

THE PRAYER BOOK

Child, if thou wilt, my wingéd words shall rise
And bear thy thoughts above the starlit skies ;
While through my leaves the clarion echoes roll
Of God's eternal message to the soul.

HYMN TO THE INFANT JESUS 99

HYMN TO THE INFANT JESUS

O wondrous love of God,
That men will cast away,
O wondrous love of God,
Come to my heart and stay.

Cast out all trifling things,
False loves and toys of earth ;
Enter, great King of Kings,
In me once more have birth.

O little face of love,
Against thy mother's breast,
The starry hosts above,
Are resting in thy rest.

O little hands of power,
O infant's panting breath—
Eternity's at flower
And life is born of death.

100 HYMN TO THE INFANT JESUS

O little clinging mite,
Beneath thy mother's face,
Thy dreaming eyes have sight,
Beyond the bounds of space.

So fair and white thy throne,
O little tired one sleep ;
The legions are thine own,
That guard the starlit deep.

O wondrous love of God,
Cast not my love away ;
Enter my heart, my God,
Enter my heart and stay.

“ IN VIA MORTIS ”

O ye great company of dead that sleep

Under the world's green rind, I come to you,
With warm, soft limbs, with eyes that laugh and
weep,

Heart strong to love, and brain pierced through
and through

With thoughts whose rapid lightnings make
my day—

To you my life-stream courses on its way
Through margin-shallows of the eternal deep.

And naked shall I come among you, shorn

Of all life's vanities, its light and power,
Its earthly lusts, its petty hate and scorn,

The gifts and gold I treasured for an hour ;
And even from this house of flesh laid bare,—

A soul transparent as heat-quivering air,
Into your fellowship I shall be born.

*

I know you not, great forms of giant kings,
Who held dominion in your iron hands,
Who toyed with battles and all valorous things,
Counting yourselves as gods when on the sands
Ye piled the earth's rock fragments in an
heap
To mark and guard the grandeur of your
sleep,
And quaffed the cup which death, our mother,
brings.

I know you not, great warriors, who have fought
When blood flowed like a river at your feet,
And each death which your thunderous sword-
strokes wrought,
Than love's wild rain of kisses was more sweet.
I know you not, great minds, who with the
pen
Have graven on the fiery hearts of men
Hopes that breed hope and thoughts that kindle
thought.

But ye are there, ingathered in the realm

Where tongueless spirits speak from heart to
heart,

And eyeless mariners without a helm

Steer down the seas where ever close and part
The windless clouds ; and all ye know is
this,

Ye are not as ye were in pain or bliss,
But a strange numbness doth all thought o'er-
whelm.

And I shall meet you, O ye mighty dead,

Come late into your kingdom through the
gates

Of one fierce anguish whitherto I tread,

With heart that now forgets, now meditates
Upon the wide fields stretching far away
Where the dead wander past the bounds of
day,

Past life, past death, past every pain and
dread.

Oft, when the winter sun slopes down to rest
 Across the long, crisp fields of gilded white,
And without sound upon earth's level breast
 The grey tide floods around of drowning
 night,
 A whisper, like a distant battle's roll
 Heard over mountains, creeps into my soul,
And there I entertain it like a guest.

It is the echo of your former pains,
 Great dead, who lie so still beneath the
 ground ;
Its voice is as the night wind after rains,
 The flight of eagle wings which once were
 bound,
 And as I listen in the starlit air
 My spirit waxeth stronger than despair,
Till in your might I break life's prison chains.

Then mount I swiftly to your dark abodes,
Beyond our mortal ken, where now ye dwell
In houses wrought of dreams on dusky roads
Which lead in mazes whither none may tell,
For they who thread them faint beside the
way,
And ever as they pass through twilight
grey
Doubt walks beside them and a terror goads.

And there the great dead welcome me and
bring
Their cups of tasteless pleasure to my mouth ;
Here am I little worth, there am I king,
For pulsing life still slakes my spirit's drouth,
And he who yet doth hold the gift of life
Is mightier than the heroes of past strife
Who have been mowed in death's great harvest-
ing.

And here and there along the silent streets
I see some face I knew, perchance I loved ;
And as I call it each blank wall repeats
The uttered name, and swift the form hath
moved
And heedless of me passes on and on,
Till lo, the vision from my sight hath gone
Softly as night at touch of dawn retreats.

Yet must life's vision fade and I shall come,
O mighty dead, into your hidden land,
When these eyes see not and these lips are
dumb,
And all life's flowers slip from this nerveless
hand ;
Then will ye gather round me like a
tide
And with your faces the strange scenery
hide,
While your weird music doth each sense be-
numb.

So would I live this life's brief span, great dead,
As ye once lived it, with an iron will,
A heart of steel to conquer, a mind fed
On richest hopes and purposes, until
Well pleased ye set for me a royal throne,
And welcome as confederate with your own
The soul that goes forth from my dying bed.

DEATH AND LIFE

Quoth Death to Life: "Behold what strength is
mine!

All others perish, yet I do not fail;
Where life aboundeth most, I most prevail;
I mete out all things with my measuring line."
Then answered Life: "O boastful Death, not
thine

The final triumph; what thy hands undo
My busy anvil forgeth out anew;
For one lamp darkened I bring two to shine."

THE HEAVEN OF LOVE

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky,
Sown thick with stars, like grains of golden
sand
Which God had scattered loosely from His
hand
Upon the floorways of His house on high ;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom
planned,
The weary waste, the gulfs no sight hath
spanned,
And endless time for ever passing by.

Then, filled with wonder and a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above ?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

AT NIGHTFALL

O little hands, long vanished in the night—
Sweet fairy hands that were my treasure here—
My heart is full of music from some sphere,
Where ye make melody for God's delight.
Though autumn clouds obscure the starry height,
And winds are noisy and the land is drear,
In this blank room I feel my lost love near,
And hear you playing,—hands so small and
white.

The shadowy organ sings its songs again,
The dead years turn to music at its voice,
And all the dreams come back my brain did
store.
Once more, dear hands, ye soothe me in my pain,
Once more your music makes my heart re-
joice,—
God speed the day we clasp for evermore !

EASTER ISLAND

There lies a lone isle in the tropic seas,—
A mountain isle, with beaches shining white,
Where soft stars smile upon its sleep by night,
And every noonday fans it with a breeze.
Here on a cliff, carved upward from the knees,
Three uncouth statues of gigantic height,
Upon whose brows the circling sea-birds light,
Stare out to ocean over the tall trees.

For ever gaze they at the sea and sky,
For ever hear the thunder of the main,
For ever watch the ages die away ;
And ever round them rings the phantom cry
Of some lost race that died in human pain,
Looking towards heaven, yet seeing no more
than they.

THE MARTYR

The dark square glimmers 'neath the morning
skies,

And issuing slowly through the sombre gate
Come priest and monk, soldier and magistrate,
While, midst them, walks the prisoner, with his
eyes

Bent on the ground, going to his sacrifice.

He limps, from tortures wrought by powerless
hate,

He fronts wild wolves who for his life-blood
wait,

Yet now he thrills with God's own harmonies.

Fearless, he stands above the great, hushed
crowd :

He hears the monks drone out his burial song,

He feels the hot flames round the faggots
creep ;

And, as the thick smoke wraps him in a cloud,
Which rolls to Heaven, his voice rings clear
and strong—

“Thy Kingdom come” : and so he falls
asleep.

EVENSONG IN THE WOODS

Hush, let us say, "Our Father," in this wood,
And through bare boughs look up into the sky,
Where fleecy clouds on autumn winds go by.
Here, by this fallen trunk, which long since stood
And praised the Lord and Giver of all good,
We'll sing "Magnificat." With curious eye,
A squirrel watches from a branch on high,
As though he too would join us if he could.

Now in our "Nunc Dimittis," soft and low,
Strange woodland voices mingle, one by one ;
Dead songs of vanished birds, the sad in-
crease
Of crumpled leaves on paths where rough winds
go,
The deepening shades, the low October sun,—
"Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace."

THE MILL-STREAM

Clear down the mountain, 'neath the arching
green,

And o'er mossed boulders dappled by the sun,
With many a leap the laughing waters run.
They tumble fearless down each dark ravine,
And roam through caves where day has never
been :

Until, at last, the open pool is won,
Where, by their prisoned strength, man's work
is done
In that old mill which branching cedars screen.

Here, all day long, the massy logs, updrawn
Against the biting saw, are loud with shrieks.

Here, too, at night, are stars and mystery,
And nature sleeping ; and, all round at dawn,
The rugged utterance of mountain peaks
Against the infinite silence of the sky.

1900

TO A GREEK STATUE

Found in Herculaneum

What eyes have worshipped thee, O passionless
Cold stone, thou darling beauty of dead men
And buried worlds ! What hearts in those days
when

Beauty was god have longed for thy caress,
As, 'mid voluptuous feast and wild excess,
They saw the dawn-light of the Eastern skies
Crimson that brow and kindle in those eyes,
And felt their glutton passion's emptiness.
And still thou mockest us, O cruel stone,
And still thine eyes are gazing far away,
Drawing out man's love that loves thee all in
vain.

Yea, to all time, thy beauteous white lips say,
" Love's deepest yearnings leave man most alone,
And in man's deepest pleasure there is pain."

THE LAURENTIANS

These mountains reign alone, they do not share
The transitory life of woods and streams ;
Wrapt in the deep solemnity of dreams,
They drain the sunshine of the upper air.
Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds, here and
there,
Take counsel of the wind, which all night screams
Through grey, burnt forests where the moon-
light beams
On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth and bare.

These mountains once, throned in the primal sea,
Shook half the world with thunder, and the
sun
Pierced not the gloom that clung about their
crest ;
Now with spent force, toilers from toil set free,
Unvexed by fate, the part they played being
done,
They watch and wait in venerable rest.

THE CITY CHURCH

Not only in the hush of mountain lands,
And on the storms which shroud the boundless
deep,
Does Nature's God His awful vigil keep.
Here, in this church, though raised by human
hands,
Though in the traffic-crowded street it stands,
God's throne is set ; and while men work or
sleep,
He wakes and listens to the hearts that weep,
And in His love makes straight life's tangled
strands.

New generations come and pass away,
They pour their anguish into God's kind ear,
They gaze up mutely towards His unseen
face ;
And, compassed with His mercies day by day,
They stand unshaken, while this earthly sphere
Rolls through the dark infinity of space.

IN MEMORIAM. E. S.

Her love was that full love which, like the tide,
Flows in and out life's smallest gulfs and bays,
And fills with music through long summer days
Cold hearts that else would stern and dark abide.
Her smile would cheer, her faintest look could
chide ;
No soul too outcast, none too lowly born,
For her kind ear ; and none too high for scorn
Of mean pretence, or wrong, or foolish pride.

She loved all Nature ; mountain, stream, and
tree
To her were thoughts or language for the
thought
She could not utter, signs of truth too high
To set to words. Her love, too, like the sea,
Flowed daily back with cares its surface
brought
To that still vast beneath eternal sky.

November 21, 1886

COLUMBUS

He caught the words which ocean thunders
hurled

On heedless eastern coasts in days gone by,
And to his dreams the ever-westering sky
The ensign of a glorious hope unfurled ;
So, onward to the line of mists which curled
Around the setting sun, with steadfast eye,
He pushed his course, and, trusting God on
high,
Threw wide the portals of a larger world.

The heart that watched through those drear
autumn nights
The wide, dark sea, and man's new empire
sought,
Alone, uncheered, hath wrought a deed sub-
lime,
Which, like a star behind the polar lights,
Will shine through splendours of man's utmost
thought
Down golden eras to the end of time.

SOLOMON

A double line of columns, white as snow,
And vaulted with mosaics rich in flowers,
Makes square this cypress grove where fountain
showers

From golden basins cool the grass below ;
While from that archway strains of music flow,
And laughter of fair girls beguiles the hours.
But brooding, like one held by evil powers,
The great King heeds not, pacing sad and slow.

His heart hath drained earth's pleasures to the lees,
Hath quivered with life's finest ecstasies ;
Yet now some power reveals as in a glass
The soul's unrest and death's dark agony,
And down the courts the scared slaves watch
him pass
With parched lips muttering, " All is vanity."

THE WRECK

THE WRECK

O stars, what saw ye yesternight
Beneath the night's black screen ?
" We saw the ice-bergs gleaming white
And the dark sea-path between."

O stars, what heard ye yesternight
When a ship the dark path trod ?
" We heard the crash of splintered might,
And a cry that rang to God."

O stars, who watch above our night
What is it ye have seen ?
" We saw the ice-bergs gleaming white
And the laughing sea between."

O stars, what light breaks far away
Beyond the ocean's bed ?
" The dawning of a golden day
When the sea gives up its dead."

“ POETAE SILVARUM ”

O singing birds, O singing birds, ye sing in field
and sky
The simple songs of love and joy ye sang in days
gone by ;
I hear you in the meadows now and up the
mountain stream,
And as I listen to your voice I dream an old-
world dream.

O singing birds, O singing birds, ye sang in ancient
Greece
Ere Paris found the fatal fruit, or Jason sought
the fleece ;
And from the Attic mountain tops ye saw the
dawn uprise,
Her feet upon the golden sea and wonder in her
eyes.

Ye heard the shepherd pipe at dawn, and piped
again with him
Until the flocks came winding out where forest
glades were dim ;

Ye sang in dewy dell and woke the wild-flower
from its dream,
And watched the fauns and satyrs dance beside
the woodland stream.

Ye sang your songs at noonday when Athenian
crews went down
Between the dusty walls that joined Peiræus
with the town,
Until across the sparkling deep the triremes
sailed away,
And up Poseidon's altar steps the women went
to pray.

Ye sang your songs at eventide when on the
sacred hill
The light was slowly dying down and mists were
sleeping still ;
While two by two the maidens went, with lilies
in their hand,
And asked each other of the love they could not
understand.

And in the night, when stars looked down and
 herds were gathered in,
 And little brooks with tinkling voice made music
 clear and thin,
 At intervals your note again would thrill the
 forest's rest,
 When dreamland fancies woke your joy or
 breezes stirred your nest.

O singing birds, O singing birds, who pipe in
 shade and sun,
 Ye fill the world with gladness still, ye bind us
 all in one ;
 Your songs are of untroubled days, of mornings
 glad and free,
 And merry rivers leaping down the mountains
 to the sea.

O singing birds, O singing birds, the ages pass
 away,
 The world is growing old, and we grow older
 day by day ;
 Pour out your deathless songs again to men of
 every tongue,
 And wake the music in man's heart that keeps
 the old world young.

MY LITTLE SON

My little son, my little son, he calls to me for ever
 Across the gulfs and through the mists which
 shroud him from my sight ;
I hear him in the noonday, in the midst of all
 the turmoil,
 I hear him, oh, so plainly, in the silence of
 the night.

My little son, my little son, I see in clearest vision
 The merry face, the deep, clear eyes, the crown
 of golden hair.
But these, ah, these are sleeping where the hill-
 side glows with sunset,
 And the little boy, my darling that I loved so,
 is not there.

My little son, my little son, there are starry paths
 at night-time,
 Above the swaying tree-tops where the birds
 are fast asleep ;
Does he wander up and down them with the
 winds in endless play-time ?
Does he read in sudden manhood all the
 wonders of the deep ?

MY LITTLE SON

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My little son, my little son, he hovers ever
near me,

I meet him in the garden walks, he speaks in
wind and rain ;

He comes and nestles by me on the pillow in the
darkness,

Till the golden hands of sunrise draw him
back to God again.

ISOLATION

A Song at Sunset

There 's a lonely spot in the soul of man,
More lone than the moonless sea ;
And a gulf, that never a bridge can span,
'Tween him and all that be ;
And the lips we kiss, and the eyes we love,
And the glory of golden hair,
Melt like the stars in the mist above,
And shed no sunlight there.

There 's a weary voice in the soul of man
That cries for the great " to be,"
Like the moan of the worlds when time began,
Or the wail of the wind by the sea ;
And only the fall of the faded leaf
And the sigh of the night in the trees,
Can utter the spirit's lonely grief
And the sorrow that no one sees.

JACK

You're only a dumb little dog, Jack,
About ten or twelve pounds or so,
And your wits must be all in a fog, Jack,
If you have any wits, I know.

But you 've two such soft brown eyes, Jack,
And such long grey silky hair ;
And, what very much more I prize, Jack,
Such a warm little heart in there.

They say warm hearts are rare, Jack,
And I almost believe that's it 's true ;
But there aren't many hearts can compare, Jack,
With that staunch little heart in you.

Of course, we that speak and can read, Jack,
Have plenty of friendships sweet ;
But, in spite of them all, there 's a need, Jack,
For a friend like the friend at my feet.

This planet must seem a queer place, Jack,
To your poor little limited mind ;
For I fancy you never can trace, Jack,
The reasons for half that you find.

You 're not bothered with questions like us, Jack,
About forces and morals and laws ;
And you never get worried or fuss, Jack,
When you cannot discover a cause.

But you go your own little way, Jack,
With a wag of the tail for a friend ;
And in spite of our talk, I dare say, Jack,
That we don't do much more in the end.

THE COLOURS OF THE FLAG

What is the blue on our flag, boys ?

The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride
And the feet of the winds are free ;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys ?

The honour of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
And stands while the hills shall stand ;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

130 THE COLOURS OF THE FLAG

What is the red on our flag, boys ?

The blood of our heroes slain

On the burning sands in the wild waste lands

And the froth of the purple main.

And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod

And the crest of the waves outrolled

That He sends us men to fight again

As our fathers fought of old.

We 'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,

Whatever be said or done,

Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,

And the foe be ten to one ;—

Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword

And a bullet in heart or brain,

What matters one gone, if the flag float on

And Britain be lord of the main.

SUNRISE

O rising Sun, so fair and gay,
What are you bringing me, I pray,
Of sorrow or of joy to-day ?

You look as if you meant to please,
Reclining in your gorgeous ease
Behind the bare-branched apple-trees.

The world is rich and bright, as though
The pillows where your head is low
Had lit the fields of driven snow.

The hoar-frost on the window turns
Into a wood of giant ferns
Where some great conflagration burns.

And all my childhood comes again
As lightsome and as free from stain
As those frost-pictures on the pane.

I would that I could mount on high
And meet you, Sun—that you and I
Had to ourselves the whole wide sky.

But here my poor soul has to stay,
So tell me, rising Sun, I pray,
What are you bringing me to-day ?

What shall this busy brain have thought,
What shall these hands and feet have wrought,
What sorrows shall the hours have brought,

Before thy brilliant course is run,
Before this new-born day is done,
Before you set, O rising Sun ?

UNDER THE PINES

"Life is sad," says the wind in the pines
To the still soul listening,
While the pale, pale day declines
Like a white bird on the wing.

"Life is sad," says the quiet earth
Under the churchyard wall,
Where the spring flowers have their birth
And the autumn leaflets fall.

"Life is sad," say the daisies that blow there
And stretch out their heads to the sun ;
"Life is sad," say the poor hearts that go there
To weep when the day's work is done.

"Life is sad," from below, from on high,
From forest and meadow and tree,
From the clouds that drift over the sky
And the days that die into the sea.

Then up and be brave with thy sorrow,
Like a man with his face to the blast ;
Not from hope of the joys of to-morrow,
Nor rest when the warfare is past ;

But strong that weak souls may grow strong,
That men may take heart by the way,
Till the heavens break forth with the song
That will herald eternal day.

1887

STELLA

(From the Greek Anthology)

Dear Love, thou gazest at the starlit skies,
Thou who art star to me ;
Would I were heaven with all its myriad eyes
Gazing on thee.

MUTE LOVE

Love was wanting songs to sing
On a golden day,
When the earth was bright with Spring
And the flowers of May.

So he lay beside the brink
Of a quiet stream,
Where the cattle go to drink
And the clouds to dream.

Sunbeams lit the woods around,
Breezes fanned his cheek,
And the blossoms on the ground
Almost seemed to speak.

In the branches overhead
Robin sang his love,
And the tender things he said
Filled the skies above.

MUTE LOVE

Flitting through the scented air
Where the stream was bright,
Little flies went here and there,
Crazy with delight.

But though all were bright and glad,
Silent was Love's lute,
For such happiness he had
That his lips were mute.

So he lay there in the grass
By the quiet stream,
And he watched the cattle pass
And the shadows dream.

Till when evening, dumb and grey,
Closed the buds that had uncurled,
Full of song he stole away
Down the music of the world.

THE SOUL'S QUEST

PART I

In the land that is neither night nor day,
Where the mists sleep over the forests grey,
A sad, sad spirit wandered away.

The woods are still—no brooks, no wind,
No fair green meadows can she find ;
But a low red light in the sky behind.

Far over the plain, to the spirit's sight,
The city's towers are black as night,
Against the edge of the low red light.

This side the city in darkness lies,
But westward, at the glowing skies,
It glares with a thousand fiery eyes.

The road is long, the hedgerows bare,
There 's the chill of death in the silent air,
And a glimmer of darkness everywhere.

" O sad, sad spirit, what thy quest,
With those flowing locks and that shadowy vest ? "
The spirit answers, " I seek for rest."

" Where seekest rest, when the air is cold
On the long, dim road, and the clock hath tolled
The muffled hours from the belfry old ?

" Where seekest rest through the twilight grey
Of the mists that sleep on the woods away ? "
" I seek to-morrow or yesterday ! "

Her face is pale, her feet are bare,
Her sad dark eyes, wide open, stare
At the glimmering darkness everywhere.

To those cheeks no rose hath summer brought,
But on their pallor time hath wrought
The troubled lines of an after-thought.

Her arms are crossed upon her breast,
Her round limbs shape the shadowy vest,
And thus, all silent, seeks she rest.

Her tread is light on the cold, hard road ;
For the tread may be light, yet heavy the load
Of grief at the heart and thoughts that goad.

She plucks a leaf from the roadway side,
And under its shade two violets hide—
Her hand is cold as of one that hath died.

She twines the violets in her hair ;
They have no scent—she does not care,
For the glimmer of darkness is everywhere.

And on through the dim of the twilight grey,
While the pale sky gloweth far away,
She seeks to-morrow or yesterday.

PART II

" O Abbess, Abbess, the air is chill !
I heard the chaunting over the hill,
Like an angel's voice when the soul is still.

" O Abbess, open wide thy gate !
Out on the cold, dim road I wait,
A spirit lone and desolate.

" Take thou these hands and these weary feet,
Cold as a corpse in its winding-sheet,
For the song of the nuns was so strange and
sweet.

" Here with the sisters let me dwell,
Under these walls, in the loneliest cell,
Waiting the sound of the matin bell.

" Cut off these locks of flowing hair,
Cover with weeds this bosom bare,
For the glimmer of darkness is everywhere.

' Ask not my name, nor whence my way,
For the mist sleeps over the wood alway,
And I seek to-morrow or yesterday.'

She 's passed within the chapel door ;
The nuns are kneeling on the floor,
But a low wind moaneth evermore.

High in the roof the echoes ring,
As sweeter and sweeter the sisters sing,
For they know that God is listening.

" *Ave Maria*, hear our cry,
As the shadows roll across the sky,
For those that live and those that die !

" *Ave Maria*, Virgin blest,
Help the sin-stained and distrest,
Give the weary-hearted rest !

" *Ave Maria*, who didst bear
Jesus in this world of care,
Grant us all thy bliss to share ! "

From arch to arch the echoes ring,
Sweeter and sweeter the sisters sing,
For they know that God is listening.

Out of the north the oceans roll,
Washing the lands from pole to pole :
No rest—no rest for the old world's soul.

The after-glow of suns that set
O'er fields with morning dew once wet,
Where all life's flowing roadways met,

Long shadows of our joys has sent,
Sloping adown the way we went
Towards darkness where our feet are bent.

Is it the moan of the evening wind ?
Or the voice of the ocean in the mind,
While the pale red light looms up behind ?

Is it moan of wind, or convent bell,
Or cry of the ocean ? I cannot tell ;
But a voice in her heart has locked the spell.

She does not hear the organ's swell ;
In vain she strives her beads to tell,
For a voice in her heart has locked the spell.

She broods among the tangled fears,
The undergrowth of perished years,
That darken round the lake of tears.

Silent and dank, they fringe the brim
Of waters motionless and dim,
Unmoved by wings of Seraphim.

No lights on the altar the spirit sees,
The cloistered aisles are but leafless trees,
And the music, the sigh of the evening breeze.

No matin or vesper bell for her ;
The leafless branches never stir
In the pale, pale light of the days that were.

No matin or vesper hymn or prayer
Can shut those eyes' wide-open stare
At the glimmering darkness everywhere.

The sweetest singing dies away ;
No note of birds for those who stray
In the land that is neither night nor day.

PART III

In the shadowy light of the silent land,
With the tall gaunt hedges on either hand,
On the long, dim road doth the spirit stand.

Under the hedges the air is chill,
And the mists sleep over the forest still,
And are folded like wings on the sides of the hill.

Her arms are crossed upon her breast,
Her round limbs shape the shadowy vest,
Her feet are worn with seeking rest.

To her cheeks no rose hath summer brought,
While on their pallor time hath wrought
The troubled lines of an after-thought.

But sweet is the gaze of those sad dark eyes,
And sweet their look of mute surprise,
As something in the road she spies.

Spurned under foot, o'ergrown with moss,
Counted of foolish men but loss,
On the cold, hard road lies Jesus' cross.

In the dim twilight as she stood,
She saw the marks of Jesus' Blood,
Then stooped and kissed the Holy Rood.

There are sounds of joy from the years gone by,
There 's a pale red light in the forward sky,
And a star looks down through the mist on high.

Hush ! for the light falls clear from that star,
Hush ! for the day-dawn kindles afar,
Hush ! for the gate of the sky is ajar.

What is the voice of the boundless sea
As it clasps the lands in an ecstasy ?
Not the voice of the dead, but of what shall be—

Of what shall be when the world shall cease,
And oceans die in the reign of peace,
When God grants pardon and release.

O sweetest taste of Jesus' Blood !
Joy bursts upon her like a flood ;
The spirit kisseth Holy Rood.

A low wind moaneth evermore,
The nuns still kneel upon the floor,
But Jesus trod this way before.

She lifts the sacred emblem up :
This was His drink, His bitter cup ;
And all His loved with Him must sup.

Beneath its arms she bows her head,
Those arms so rudely fashionéd,
Which Jesus made His dying bed.

She bends beneath the cross's weight,
But now no longer desolate,
She stands before the convent gate.

THE SOUL'S QUEST

Sweeter and sweeter the sisters sing,
From arch and roof the echoes ring,
While God above is listening.

“ *Ave Maria*, Virgin blest,
Help the sin-stained and distressed,
Grant the weary-hearted rest ! ”

The altar-lights are shining fair,
And Jesus' cross is standing there ;
The darkness brightens everywhere.

In silent bliss the spirit kneels,
For mortal utterance half conceals
The deepest joy the bosom feels.

She bears her burden day by day ;
It wakens her at morning grey,
And calms her at eve's setting ray.

THE SOUL'S QUEST

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She bears it through the length of years ;
The rough wood drives away her fears,
The blood-stains check all earthly tears.

Through daily round of deed and psalm,
She moves in silent strength and calm,
The cross her solace and her balm.

She bears it round from door to door,
And lonely hearts that ached before,
Find joy and peace for evermore.

So in the present, people say,
Of holy deed and prayer alway,
She finds to-morrow and yesterday.

Coggeshall, Essex,
November 12, 1886.

THE SOUL'S QUEST

The heart is through the length of years
The rough wood drives away her tears
The blood-stains check all earthly fears

Through early dawn of dawn and psalm
She moves to show her soul's own calm
The cross her heart has slain



See years to hours
And for my heart's truest hours
Pine for and hunger for evermore

So in the present world we
Of holy deed and prayer live
The first to-morrow and yesterday

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