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THE GREAT GREY KING

and Other Poems Old and New

BY

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Author of "In Scipio's Gardens and Other
Poems," "The Life That Counts," etc.



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TO
HER DEAR MEMORY

NOTE

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AD MUSAM

O Muse, we are so many! Everywhere
The land seems full of us; and thou couldst spare
 The most, no doubt, completely;
Ay, were the tuneful tribe all swept away —
Such folk we are! — the people, I dare say,
 Would take it very sweetly.

But still we sing, or chirp, or utter some wild call,
And hover around thy golden mountain,— all,
 From eagles down to swallows.

O Muse, thou must be weary! Dared I ask
Thy benediction on so slight a task,
 I'd ask about as follows:

Blow hitherward a little breath of song;
Don't blow too powerful, nor blow too long;
 And, in the strain I borrow,
Set two or three sweet notes that on the air
Will not die wholly, but will unaware
 Return again tomorrow.

THE GREAT GREY KING

THE GREAT GREY KING

1800-1900

THE Great Grey King, the latest and best of
his line, spake thus,
Having reigned over all the earth in glory
a hundred years:

“My work is finished to-day; and, lo, I must
pass away
To the Silent Fields, evermore as a king
among my peers.”

They praised him, the Great Grey King,
through his realm to the far off lands:

“His work and his fame stand sure, what-
ever the years may bring;”

And there came and bowed the knee his serv-
ants in their degree,

Saying, “Give us, before you go, your
blessing, O father, the king.”

“The Spirit of Water am I, who toil for the
welfare of men;

You taught me to toil when I rise from my
home in the rain and the snow —

To turn the great wheels, and to be the driver
of ships on the sea,

And the lifter of burdens: O king, a bless-
ing before you go.”

“ And I am the Spirit of Fire; I work, as you
bade me, for men;
Their manifold errands I take up and down
in the earth, to and fro;
A fleet-footed devil I seem, for I dash through
the world like a gleam,
And am here and am there all at once: a bless-
ing before you go.”

“ And I am the Spirit of Search; I honestly
seek the truth;
A troubler of men who fear, but the helper
of them that know;
I found how the life of the sod has climbed the
great ladder of God,
And all things are linked into one: your
blessing before you go.”

“ And I am the Spirit of Life; the letter is
passing away;
I live and I make alive; I raise what is fallen
and low;
For the sake of humanity's needs I break
through the forms and the creeds
With the truth that makes men free: the
blessing before you go.”

So he lifted his withered hands o'er the heads
of them there, and said:

“ Receive my blessing: behold, the Future
stands at the door:

Go back to your work, and be true to the task
I bequeath you to do:
For the blessing of them that serve is ever
to serve the more."

And he turned to the people, and said: "Ye
see that my hand has brought
The ends of the earth together and set them
face to face.

Learn, therefore, O great, and O small, that as
God is the father of all,
Ye all are one brotherhood,— all, whatever
your land or race."

Then the Great Grey King, wrapped around in
his glory under the stars,
Became as a great grey mist, receding with
noiseless tread,
And solemnly passed away to wait for the Judgment Day
In the Silent Fields with his peers; and another reigned in his stead.

THE SWORD

A KEEN-EDGED sword in Somebody's hand ;
And keen the edge of the pain it brings ;
Long, long ago it thrust, and pricked,
And prodded about at the roots of things.
It searched and troubled the hollows dark,
It troubles the world and stirs up strife,
It troubles the beast of the field and man :
The name of this troublesome sword is —
Life.

The oyster lay like a lump content,
Content with himself and his mud and slime ;
The sword thrust under him till at last
He said, " There is nothing to do but climb."
A million of years — for oysters are slow,
And only ask to be let alone —
He climbed ; he climbed clean out of his shell,
And, lo ! was a fish with a good backbone.

The fish was happy ; the fish loved ease,
And lazily paddled the summer sea,
With never a thought of his home in the mud,
And never a dream of what must be.
But pain ran through him, he knew not why ;
The sword was there in Somebody's hand ;
It pricked him once from the slime to the sea,
It pricked him now from the sea to the land.

He stood a beast with four great feet,
And a yard of tail to follow him round;
Content he was with a beast's content
To eat and drink and lie on the ground.
But the sword was after him still, and still
The old pain racked as it racked before;
The ease he loved seemed never so far,
And all he could do was to climb some more.

For many and many a myriad years
The poor beast climbed; the way was blind;
He wore his yard of tail to a stump,
Then dropped the stump in the woods behind.
His paws grew hands, and he stood erect;
One morning, the sun just over the brink,
There flashed a spark through his beastly brain,
And he said, "I'm a man, for I can think!"

And man loves ease; the Lord knows that;
For oyster and fish and beast combine
To smother his new-born soul of fire
And drag it back to the earth and the brine.
But pain and trouble take hold on man;
The terrible sword doth prick and prod;
He finds no peace, for there is no peace
For man till he reaches the utmost — God.

COÖPERATION

I

“COME,” said the little Ether-Atoms,
“Let us cling together and march together;
Millions and millions and millions are we;
Let us form and march like the waves of the
sea.

With shoulder to shoulder, hand linked in
hand,

Line behind line of us, here we stand!

Steady, there! Wait for the word of com-
mand.

Steady, my comrades! Is everything right?

Now, all as one of us, into the night!”

So they clung together and marched together,
And the world was filled with light.

II

“Come,” cried the little Vibrations-in-Air,

“Let us cling together and work together,

Starting not off on our separate tracks,

But all within touch, that whatever each lacks

The rest may supply, and that each, great or
small,

May something contribute — to soar, run, or
crawl —

Toward the one common end; there is work for
us all;

And mingling our efforts, the weak with the
strong,
Break we a path through the silence along!"
So they clung together and helped one another,
And the world was filled with song.

III

"Now," whispered the children of men on earth,
"Let us cling together, and work together,
And help one another, and turn our words
Into golden action, and sheathe our swords!
Let us tunnel the mountain, span the plain,
Stretch hands to each other across the main,
And each man's wealth be for all men's gain;
Then unto his neighbor let every one
Say, 'Be of good courage,' and let the word
run."

So they clung together, and lo, as in heaven,
His will upon earth was done!

LINCOLN

WHENCE came this man? As if on the wings
Of the winds of God that blew!
He moved, undaunted, mid captains and kings,
And, not having learned, he knew!
Was he son of the soil, or child of the sky?
Or, pray, was he both? Ah me!
How little they dreamed, as the storm rolled
nigh,
What he was, and was to be!

When trembled the lamps of hope, or quite
Blew out in that furious gale,
He drew his light from the Larger Light
Above him that did not fail:
Heaven-led, all trials and perils among,
As unto some splendid goal
He fared right onward, unflinching,— this
strong,
God-gifted, heroic soul!

We know him now — how noble his part,
And how clear was his vision then!
With the firmest hand and the kindest heart
Of them all — this master of men!
Of the pride of power or the lust of pelf,
Oh, never a taint we find:
He lost himself in the larger self
Of his country and all mankind.

There are those called great, or good, by right,
But as long as the long roll is,
Not many the names, with the double light
Of greatness and goodness, like his.
Thrice happy the nation that holds him dear
Who never can wholly die,
Never cease to bestow of his counsel and cheer,
As the perilous years go by!

For after the trumpets have ceased to blow,
And the banners are folded away,
And the stress and the splendor forgotten, we
know,
Of a truth, in that judgment day,
That whatso'er else, in the Stream that rolls,
May sink and be utterly gone,
The souls of the men who were true to their
souls
Forever go marching on!

There are those whose like, it was somehow
planned,
We never again shall see;
But I would to God there were more in the
land
As true and as simple as he,—
As he who walked in our common ways,
With the seal of a king on his brow;
Who lived as a man among men his days,
And belongs to the ages now!

THE PASSING OF SPAIN FROM THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

THE Lord communed with His heart in heaven
And said: "It has been my way
To cancel at last the men or the states
That sin and disobey.
Four hundred years I have waited,— four,
And still they are starved and slain:
That my name on earth be revered more,
Shall I make an end of Spain?"

For the prayers rolled up about His throne,
Like a cloud, from every side;
And vast the cloud of witnesses
The souls of those who had died.
Columbus himself was there; said he:
"I found her the virgin lands
Of half the world; she found for me
The chains upon my hands."

And the souls of her best citizens came,
Five hundred thousand strong,
To tell of the Inquisition fires
And all that giant wrong.
And the souls of the sons of the Netherlands
came
And said 'twas thus and thus:
"Remember Philip and Alva's shame —
Lord, how they butchered us!"

And the souls of the slain, from far away
In Mexico and Peru,
Cried to the Power that seeks and saves,
“ Good Lord, the charge is true! ”
And the souls of them that suffered and fell
In the islands of the main,
Thousands on thousands, came to swell
The awful guilt of Spain.

Then said the Lord in His great sad heart:
“ It shall no more endure;
If I rise in my might and make an end,
My justice stands secure.”
And He motioned the seraphs that do His word,
To fly to the earth and do;
And the flaming seraphs that bear the sword,
In silence bowed, and flew.

They said as they flew: “ The earth is His
To save, not the devil’s to mar;
Some things are better than money is,
And some things worse than war.”
The messengers, while on they swept,
Cried: “ Fear not; it is well;
For this kind goeth not out except
By sword and shot and shell.”

At last the darkening shadow drew
Across the morning sun:
A shiver, as if presaging doom,
Throughout the world did run.

And when the cloud, so big with dread,
 Broke over Manila's bay,
The far-off nations, whispering, said:
 “Hush! Spain is passing away.”

Down through the Windward Passage, round
 The sweep of the southern seas,
The cloud belched forth of its righteousness
 To heal sin's long disease.
For hither and thither they swiftly went
 Who ne'er bear sword in vain,
And to heaven and earth their mission meant
 The passing away of Spain.

When they sheathed the sword, and the guns
 grew cold,
 And the desolate Isle was free;
When the ships that carried the fragments off
 Put sullenly forth to sea,—
The eyes of every people and land
 Watched — silent and awed at the plain
Irresistible pressure of God's right hand —
 The passing away of Spain.

THE IDLE WORD

WE did not spare to speak him ill
But yesterday, as one might do
If it were only I or you;
And now the breath of blame is still.

O strife of creeds, and party cry,
And every voice dividing men,
God sends a silence through you when
His great dark angel passes by!

Were we quite sure of all we said?
We would not say or think it now;
In penitence our heads we bow;
We know him — after he is dead.

Well may the tears of sorrow fall;
Perhaps he had a larger part
Than you or I, in his great heart,
With One of old who died for all.

And where the guilt? Ah, who shall say
How near to some well meaning one
The tangled thread of cause may run?
For tongue and pen have power to slay.

Who knows that idle words and vain,
Flung off like arrows in the dark,
May never somewhere strike the spark
That fires to crime an idle brain?

But it is done, and all is o'er ;
We shall not see his face again ;
We know he loved his fellow men,
And loved his God : what would we more ?

The clouds will clear ; where shines afar
That galaxy of good and great
As pilot-beacons for the State,
Look up and find another star.

THE DEACON'S PRAYER

THE hymn had slowly died away;
Then came the pause, and, while delayed
The brethren to exhort or pray,
The oldest deacon rose and prayed:
“O Lord, thine erring ones we are;
Perhaps we do not understand;
And yet we feel that, near and far,
There's need of danger in the land.

“Some things are safe that should not be;
Mob-murder, bribery, the desire
Of them, O Lord, who fear not Thee,
To take away our food and fire.
Because of safety overmuch,
The wolves of commerce prowl and seize;
Thy truth is dangerous unto such;
Thy right, thy justice, send us these.

“And, Lord — we hesitate in this,
So oft we err in speech and plan —
We ask — forgive us if amiss —
We ask Thee for some dangerous man.
Was not thy servant, Lincoln, one —
Him whom they hated so and slew?
Recall thy servant, Washington;
Thine enemies found him dangerous, too.

“ And we remember One, dear Lord,
Who walked the ways of Galilee;
He brought and left on earth a sword —
None lives so dangerous as he!
And, oh, we dare not pray this night
For peace with sin, lest everywhere
That sword of justice, truth, and right
Lay on our path its awful glare!

“ Beat back the hosts of lawless might;
Quench this accursed thirst for gold;
And with the love of heaven smite
The hearts that now seem hard and cold.
Vouchsafe to us the power again
To turn ‘ I ought ’ into ‘ I can,’
‘ I can ’ into ‘ I will,’ and then
Grant us, O Lord, some dangerous man.

“ Not one who merely sits and thinks,
Looks Buddha-wise, with folded hands;
Who balances, and blinks, and shrinks,
And questions — while we wait commands!
Who dreams, perchance, that right and wrong
Will make their quarrel up some day,
And discord be the same as song —
Lord, not so safe a one, we pray!

“ Nor one who never makes mistakes
Because he makes not anything;
But one who fares ahead and breaks
The path for truth’s great following;

Who takes the way that brave men go —
Forever up stern duty's hill;
Who answers 'Yes,' or thunders 'No,'
According to thy holy will.

“ We want a man whom we can trust
To lead us where thy purpose leads;
Who dares not lie, but dares be just —
Give us the dangerous man of deeds!”
So prayed the deacon, letting fall
Each sentence from his heart; and when
He took his seat the brethren all,
As by one impulse, cried, “ Amen!”

THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION"

I

THIS is the vessel that sailed away
A hundred years ago;
And this is the vessel, as all men know,
That, ship for ship and man for man,
Since the hour her great career began,
Found never an equal in her day.
The sea and the untamed powers of air
Might smite against her and smite her bare,
And the terrible war-voice round her roar —
God knows how they roared, how they smote
and tore
This child of 'ninety-seven!
If she fled, it was only to win the fight;
If she stayed, God pity her foeman's plight!
Whatever the task the brave deemed right,
She flinched not once, but held her face
Full-front to the danger, and kept her place,
And ever she kept the stars she bore
Close to the stars of heaven.

Amid the silence of men oppressed
She burst as a voice from out the West,
And, by the awful speech she hurled,
Shook the wide deep, and shook the land,
And shook the thrones of the kings of the world,
Because she spoke of the might of right,
And spoke to them all of the growing light,

In a way they could hear and understand!
She dared with the daring of those who die
In noble endeavor, and that is why,
Through smoke and flame and battle-roar
And all that iron death could do,
She ploughed her steadfast way so true,
And never dropped the stars she bore,
But always in place, near the stars of the sky,
The banner of her country blew!

II

“ Constitution ”— ominous name!
Written so large on time’s hoar walls,
And written in letters of blood and flame,
And written to stand, whate’er befalls,
For God hath written it. And to-day
The old is weighed; it must pass away.
Weighed and wanting. Break it afar,
Break it to Kaiser and Sultan and Czar,
That God hath purposed to make men free.
The long, long-during wrongs that are
Must yield to the rights that are to be,
Till the world, and the world in its wideness
 then,
Is owned and governed by common men.

Oh, speed the time when the old must fall,
When the new shall rise and the old be done,
When the million no more need serve the one
Except as the one is servant of all!

Honor the vessel for her deeds and fame,
Honor the deeds that touch cold hearts to flame,
Honor the fame that lives and ever will,
Honor the vessel that through good or ill
Wrought only honor for her borrowed name.

III

But who is this that comes forlorn *
Of sail and mast, battered and worn,
And borne by a power not hers along,
As age that is feeble by youth that is strong,
An empty, ruinous, cumbersome shell,—
Is this the vessel that wrought so well?

If, as the wise do ever hold,
If it be life, true life, to give
Even life's own self for noble ends,
And, when the powers are spent, to live
In that for which one gives and spends,
Then better is the life grown old
In such a service, though it creeps
A silent shadow from place to place,
Better, oh, better a thousand-fold
Than that which hoards, and eats, and sleeps,
Saves its dear self for self, and keeps
The telltale freshness of its face.

* The "Constitution" was towed back to Boston on the centenary of her launching.

And this spent life of hers is found,
Regathered as a living power,
Wherever freedom holds the ground,
Or manhood rules the hour;
Found in the laws that round us stand
At every hearthstone in the land;
Found in the lifted arm that bars
The invader from our sacred shore;
Ay, like that vanished ship of yore,
Found in the imperishable stars!

IV

Oak and cedar and pine
And iron and copper — were these the whole?
Will dumb, dead things like these combine
Ever, to make a ship of the line,
Without the patriot sailor-soul?
'T is the human touch alone that brings
The life, and puts the tongue in things;
And this old vessel, although the wreck
And shadow of the power she was,
Is full of eloquent voice because
Of the men who trod her deck.
The glory that is round her shed,
All glory born of battles won —
'T is not of ship, or sail, or gun;
'T is of the man, when all is done,
It is the man's, when all is said.

And it was men, O Ship of State,
 That fashioned thee and made thee great,
 And brought thee on thy perilous way,
 Through storms against thy bulwarks hurled,
 And left thee what thou art to-day,
 The envy of the nations of the world!
 But, O my country, great and fair,
 Mark well the clouds that fill the air;
 Shun the dark fate of them that dare
 And care no more, that, with averted head,
 Seek ease, and leave all glory with the dead!
 Beware, beware, beware!
 Beware the lust of office and of gold;
 Breed men, strong men, like those strong men
 of old —

Men whom base-born ambition can not lure,
 Who sway not with the rabble's fickle mood,
 But, steadfast in themselves, in motive pure,
 Love more than self their country's common
 good;

Men of that high, heroic altitude
 Of purpose which is seen and known afar,
 Large-minded, simple, patriotic men,
 Who follow conscience ever like a star,
 And lift a nation to its place again!

O ye, who lived a life so true
 In days forever and ever gone,
 But somewhere even now live on,

Come back, for we have need of you;
Come from your far-off land to-day,
O noble great ones, come away,
And meet and mingle with us here,
Unseen, though held forever dear,
And fill us with the heavenly fire
Of aspiration and desire
To do and dare and some day be
Found worthy of your company.

VI

Oh, well for the land where voices break
From mouldering wood and crumbling stone
To urge the present hour to make
The glory of the past its own!
But ill for the land, oh, ill, ill, ill,
If cold indifference gains the crown,
Turns, and forgets the old renown,
Letting those holy voices drown
At last, and grow forever still!

Here, as the days go streaming by
And lengthen to unnumbered years,
In quiet may the good ship lie,
With her name and her fame and her great
 compeers
And the glory that can not die;
Here bear forevermore her part
With mighty memories in the heart,
Here, in the home she sailed from, dwell,

And still, in her silent language, tell
Of the right that will not always wait,
Of justice that smites, but does not hate,
Of love and the sacrifice it brings,
And of all the old heroic things
That make men noble and nations great.

A SONG OF BATTLE

I

How goes it, my brother, with you? Does the
battle go well or go ill?

I know what you need — we all need it, a little
more fight in us still!

When once we have grappled with life and
measured the things we meet,

And marked how the castles of youth collapse
in the dust at our feet;

How first ideals decay, and our dream bereft
of its wings

Plods wearily on through a mass of exceedingly
practical things;

How sham slips over its face the mask of the
good and the true,

And fools the people who like it (as most of
the people do);

How merit is slow to rise, and honor gets
worsted by guile,

Till doubt creeps into the mind, and asks, "Is
it worth the while?"

Oh, then let some one among us step forward,
though tongues be rife,
And sing, as best he is able, the song of the
battle of life,—

No notes that tremble or falter, nor any that
savor of wrong,
But such as a soldier would heed, when the bugle
blows clear and strong.

II

Speak out the brave word, then, and say that
life, on the worthiest plan,
Is a fight, and a good fight too, needing always
the best in a man.

Temptations assail us, and lions forever are
blocking the way;
And circumstance is a hydra: we slay him, and
still we must slay.

We are born not to have, but to seek, to fight,
to endure, to advance;
We are neither as beast nor as God: the road-
way between is our chance.

We are men; thank God it is true; we would
not be other than men,
Even though, in a world beyond this, we renew
the old battle again.

“Fight on,” stands the resolute word from the
heroes of life who are gone;
The men who have conquered the fight are al-
ways the ones who fought on.

And would you have life glide along like a river
all smooth to the sea?
Shall we in our pride look for things denied to
the noblest? Not we.

We ask not to sit at our ease in some quiet and
blissful abode,
To play on a golden harp, and to bask in the
sun like a toad.

We ask, if there's aught to be done, in helping
the large design
Of the good Lord God, for a part and a place
in the firing line.

III

And blessed is he that can do, and blessed is
he that will dare
And take, like the man he should be, his burden
of work and of care.

Thrice blessed is he that endures and lives in
the light of the word
Of the Master of men, who has sent us not peace
upon earth, but a sword.

No part for the shirk and the coward, no place
for the dolt and the fool
On earth, or in heaven above; 't is the worthy
at last that bear rule.

For men of conviction and courage there never
was sorrier need;
The Church has its cant; and the State its cor-
ruption, dishonor, and greed.

The world runs after the shadow, the world
cleaves unto the dust,
Forgetting the thing that is life; and it fails,
as ever it must.

Then stand to your work, my brother, and do
it; you know that you can;
Stand firm to your duty, and show us the faith
and the strength of a man.

To think right and feel right is good, but to do
right is conqueror still;
Through all of God's worlds the great law is
to follow "I ought" with "I will."

'T is better to wear than to rust, 't is better to
spend than to hoard,
O you with the weapon of God — life's splendid
and terrible sword!

SUB DIVO

SUB DIVO

I

Do ye hear them, hear them ever
 Marching through the glimmering fields?
Regiments, battalions, armies —
 See the flash upon their shields!
Bright worlds, white worlds, myriad myri-
 ads,
 Crowding onward, marching by,
With the banners of their vanguard
 Flaring in the northern sky.
Perfect order and precision,
 None too late and none too soon,
With no false note in the music,
 Not a footstep out of tune;
World with world, and all together,
 Stepping solemnly and slow
In the silent midnight; marching,
 Down the long, long road they go.
Wherefore marching? By whose summons
 Comes this vast, awful array?
Bow your heads, earth's kings and war-
 riors:
 It is God upon the way!

II

And the mountains, they are marching,
Underneath their ponderous load,
Stepping to the selfsame music
Down the selfsame endless road;
All the peaks on far horizons,
With the crimson plumes of dawn
Waving o'er their solemn faces,
Steadily go marching on.
When the silent spirit listens,
And the voice no longer speaks,
You shall hear the tramping mountains,
Hear the footfall of the peaks.
Seem they always in their places
Just to stand, and not to fare?
Look to-morrow — some to-morrow —
Look, and they will not be there!
Mountains, prairies, rivers, oceans,
Through the night and through the day,
Swell the column moving onward:
Lo, 'tis God upon the way.

III

Life is marching; far out yonder,
To the border of the sky,
And beyond it, in the shadow,
Where the voiceless ages lie,
There are faces, human faces —
Who can count them? — everywhere

Faces, millions upon millions,
Thick as snowflakes in the air;
One vast cloud of silent faces,
Covering the mighty plain;
Marching forward, slowly forward —
And they do not march in vain!
Wrongs, oppressions, dungeons, gallows —
These are things they leave behind;
Cries of pain and guilt and falsehood
Die away upon the wind.
From the midnight, through the twilight,
Toward the larger light of day,
Mighty hosts are marching, marching:
This is God upon the way.

IV

What the goal and why the method?
Let him answer it who can:
When your armies march to conquest,
Does the leader tell his plan?
What is surer of deliverance
From the realm of moth and rust
Than the golden dreams we cherish
And the heart's unfaltering trust?
Somewhere there are bugles blowing —
Blowing welcome — far ahead;
There are signals flying somewhere
By the path your feet must tread;
And a golden whisper passes,
With its watchword for the whole,

Through the wide eternal spaces,
And that watchword is —“ The soul!”
Know, then, that the endless column
None can either turn or stay,
For with all his hosts forever
God Himself is on the way.

VACATION

THE spirit of Life has wrought upon the world
The old-time miracle; none knoweth how:
Green fields, the banners of the wood unfurled,
The flash of wings across the smiling moors,
The piled-up cumuli where heaven soars
All beautiful ever:— it is summer now,
And I am free in God's great out-of-doors!

In the warm grasses as one lies alone,
And hears the message which the low wind
brings —

Unsyllabled, indeed, but not unknown —
His very being seems to ebb and spend,
And somehow in the great world-rhythm
blend,—

Those deep pulsations from the heart of things
That throb, and throb, and throb, and make no
end.

All things are mine; to all things I belong;
I mingle in them — heeding bounds nor bars —
Float in the cloud, melt in the river's song;
In the clear wave from rock to rock I leap,
Widen away, and slowly onward creep;
I stretch forth glimmering hands beneath the
stars,
And lose my little murmur in the deep.

Yea, more than that; whatever I behold —
Dark forest, mountain, the o'erarching wheel
Of heaven's solemn turning, all the old
Immeasurable air and boundless sea —
Yields of its life, builds life and strength in me
For tasks to come, while I but see and feel,
And merely am, and it is joy to be.

For that small spark within us is not blind
To its beginning; struck from one vast Soul
Which, in the frame-work of the world, doth
 bind
All parts together; small, but still agreeing
With That which moulded us without our see-
 ing:
Since God is all, and all in all — the Whole,
In whom we live, and move, and have our be-
 ing.

THE TREES

Gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata.

— *Æneid* viii, 315.

THERE'S something in a noble tree —
What shall I say? a soul?
For 't is not form, or aught we see
In leaf, or branch, or bole.
Some presence, though not understood,
Dwells there alway, and seems
To be acquainted with our mood,
And mingles in our dreams.

I would not say that trees at all
Were of our blood and race,
Yet, lingering where their shadows fall,
I sometimes think I trace
A kinship, whose far-reaching root
Grew when the world began,
And made them best of all things mute
To be the friends of man.

Held down by whatsoever might
Unto an earthly sod,
They stretch forth arms for air and light,
As we do after God;
And when in all their boughs the breeze
Moans loud, or softly sings,
As our own hearts in us, the trees
Are almost human things.

What wonder in the days that burned
 With old poetic dream,
Dead Phaëthon's fair sisters turned
 To poplars by the stream!
In many a light cotillion stept
 The trees when flutters blew;
And many a tear, 't is said, they wept
 For human sorrow too.

Mute, said I? They are seldom thus;
 They whisper each to each,
And each and all of them to us,
 In varied forms of speech.
"Be serious," the solemn pine
 Is saying overhead;
"Be beautiful," the elm-tree fine
 Has always finely said;

"Be quick to feel," the aspen still
 Repeats the whole day long;
While, from the green slope of the hill,
 The oak-tree adds, "Be strong."
When with my burden, as I hear
 Their distant voices call,
I rise, and listen, and draw near,
 "Be patient," say they all.

TO A BLUEBELL

Is that a drop of the ethereal blue
Thou holdest, swaying on thy slender stalk?
Or hast thou from the ocean wave thy hue,
Frail tenant of the rock?

Perchance to beings of a finer sense
This beautiful color would be sound as well,
Worthy to peal through all the rainbow tents
Of flowerdom from thy bell.

And yet, fair flower, so few the eyes to see
Or tongues to praise thee in this solitude,
Lackest thou nothing? Pray, bestow on me
Thy own contented mood.

The Hand that set thee on this rocky shelf
Guides all the worlds upon their lordly ways;
He stamped on thee some image of Himself,
And that is more than praise.

Ay, 't is enough, O little flower, to draw
One's joy from God alone: humbly to dwell
In any place fulfilling heaven's law,—
I know that that is well.

THE FAR BLUE HILLS

I LIFT my eyes and ye are ever there,
Wrapped in the folds of the imperial air,
And crowned with gold of morn or evening rare,
O far blue hills.

Around you break the lights of heaven all,
There rolls away the Titan's splendid ball,
And there the circling suns of midnight fall,
O far blue hills.

Wild bursts the hurricane o'er lake and land,
Loud roars the cloud and smites with blazing
brand;
They pass, and silence comes, and there ye
stand,
O far blue hills.

Your spirit fills the wide horizon round,
And lays on all things here its peace profound,
Till I forget that I am of the ground,
O far blue hills,—

Forget the earth to which I loved to cling,
And soar away as on an eagle's wing,
To be with you a calm and steadfast thing,
O far blue hills.

ENDYMION

How slowly falls yon sickle from on high
Through evening's silent sky,
Flashing a splendor from its curvèd blade
On the low-lying shade!

Now in and out the narrow cloud that bars
Its pathway from the stars
It slips, and with a golden glory shines,
Nearing the mountain lines.

Nay, 'tis no sickle which some unseen hand
Lets fall upon the land;
It is the jewel of a lady's crown,
As she steps lightly down.

Night after night, down the aerial stair
She stealeth unaware,
Leaving the empire which she rules above,
And all her state, for love.

Behold, her feet have touched the rocky steeps
Where the young shepherd sleeps,
And larger burns her jewel as she moves
In search of him she loves.

And now it fades, and glimmers, and is gone.
Happy Endymion!
While here the world in sudden shadow lies,
She bends above his eyes.

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

A GULF in the sky beyond the outermost faint-
est mark
Of star-dust, a fearful gulf illumined by never
a spark,
Where thousands of systems like ours might
roll around in the dark —
The very dark of dark, in spite of the light that
runs
Streaming along its marge from the splendor of
dying suns,
And in spite of the light that spreads like the
threads of wind-blown hair
For leagues, that out-million the millions, across
the abysm there,
And in spite of the myriad worlds that, borne
upon gleaming tides,
Have tumbled, ruining, down the terrible slope
of its sides.
So dark, and the dark of dark, so deep, and the
deep of deep,
Where never a sound doth stir, and never a life-
throb creep.

The Pit of the Universe is it? the wild and bot-
tomless grave
For the things that God in his mercy has vainly
endeavored to save?

Where all the things that are useless, and all
that love decay,
And all things evil, are thrown forever and ever
away?
Or is it the vast Outside, so void of the things
that are,
That, bearing aloft not even the candle of one
pale star,
Our God himself has ventured never as yet so
far?

“ GO, READ IN THE BOOK OF THE
HILLS ”

Go, read in the Book of the Hills the tale of a
dateless past,
And read in the Book of the Stars the story of
all that is vast.
Behind, before, around, they bear an unending
sway,
These Angels of Time and Space — oh, terri-
ble Angels they!

If thus we stand appalled in the presence of
Time and Space,
And marvel at what they do, and tremble to
look in their face,
What must it seem to behold, however dim and
far,
The face of the King Himself — His face whose
servants they are!

THE FARTHER SHORE

WE gazed far out upon the lonely main
How often! dreaming of the land that lay
Beyond it — England, Brittany, or Spain —
Whither the ships passed silently away.

But, oh, the change! My vigil I must keep
Without her now along a different strand,
That rims a vaster, more mysterious, deep,
Beyond which lies — no man can say what
land!

Weeks, months, even year on year, may roll
Away and leave me, where I sit alone,
To watch, and wonder in my longing soul
Whither the white sail of her life is gone.

But when at last they call me to embark,
And I put forth, and feel the cold wind stir,
Be thou, O Christ, my pilot through the dark,
And guide my vessel o'er this sea to her!

POEMS OF OCCASION

THE DEAD TEACHER

Professor Packard, of Bowdoin College, fell dead while walking on the beach at Squirrel Island, only three days after he had presided at the Commencement exercises. These lines were read at the funeral service.

AH! but yesterday we saw him there in the familiar place
Where he welcomed all as children with his old-time courtly grace;
And we knew not it was heaven that was shining on his face.

Light was nearer than we thought it, for to-day we come and find
He has passed beyond the shadows which had made our eyes so blind;
And his more than four score summers are a golden trail behind.

Walking by the narrow margin that divides the sea and land
Of the Here and the Hereafter, he beheld, upon the strand,
Words of One, who, as aforetime, stooped and wrote upon the sand.

Two there were that walked together; they communed, as friend with friend,
On the mysteries, it may be, only angels comprehend;

One, the Christ, wrote with his finger; one, the
Christian, read —“ The End.”

Silent do his books await him on their shelves
in long array,
But his book of life is ended and is silent now
as they,
And will henceforth stand among them to be
seen and read alway!

What thou wert, O silent teacher, what thou
wert and still thou art,
Men inherit and will cherish; we possess the
better part,
We, thy pupils, in the fibers of the living brain
and heart.

Thou art happy! Thou, discerning from the
summit of thy years,
Long hast seen the promise over rolling mist
of doubts and fears,—
Seen the vision of the future, and thou dost not
need our tears.

Sleep! the peace of God upon thee — sleep! and
let the heavenly signs
Hold their way in solemn silence till the world's
great morning shines,
Where thou restest from thy labors in the hear-
ing of the pines!

WORKS AND DAYS

Read at Bowdoin College at the public exercises commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of that institution.

*Dare I this task? Ah! mightier hands than
mine*

*Have wrought the song here by a right divine,
Then passed, and left the memory of their grace
And of their art forever in this place!*

*Again I see him as he stands; I hear
The voice that has been silent many a year;
I give him reverence whom all men know
As Bowdoin's sweetest singer.* Ay, although
I dare the task, 'tis but as one might dare
Who lifts an instrument with tenderest care
And, knowing well the difference, tries to play
A little, when the master is away.*

*Better and better does he understand
That what he needs, the miracle to command,
Is more than instrument: he needs the hand.*

I

O VENERABLE walls and hallowed plain,
And immemorial pines, whose soft refrain
Of inarticulate voices overhead
Sings round the white encampment of the dead;
O faces, that forever to and fro
Flash through the present from the long ago;

* Longfellow, who read here his "*Morituri Salutamus*."

Splendors of sunset flooding grove and hall,
And thou, blue firmament, o'erarching all,—
What do ye say to us? What say ye not!
Visions and voices, haunting every spot,
Come thronging round me till I almost seem
To walk to-day as in a realm of dream,
And scarce may tell, while year flows into year,
Which is the substance, which the shadow, here!
The scenes and aspirations of our youth,
The teachers and the comrades,— these in truth
Abide, and mould us, and become a part
Of all we ever are in mind or heart!

II

A hundred years! What marvels have they
wrought
For truth and freedom and man's happier lot!
As if the doors, long bolted, in some vast
And inexhaustible treasure-house at last
Flew suddenly open, and upon us rolled
The great beginnings of the Age of Gold!
And hast thou not, through these momentous
years,
Given of thy sons as leaders, pioneers,
True workmen, who have wrested from the strife
Something of true and good for human life?
Have they not grappled manfully with the
world?
Where duty called was not their flag unfurled?

When flashed the swords a million patriots drew
On roaring fields, were not thy sons there too?
And tell me, is it only chance or fate
That makes them mighty counselors in the
state?

Search the wide land, and unto whom belong
But thee its princes in romance and song,—
Hawthorne and Longfellow! Rememberest now
Like the Greek mother in the fable thou
Thy Castor and Pollux, who ride here no more
Their milk-white steeds, but on the farther
shore,

And still shine back, thy great Twin Stars, to
keep

The faithful vigil o'er life's lonely deep.
The time would fail me should I try to name
The whole long list of honor or of fame;
Nor can I wonder if, with such a cloud
Of witnesses, thyself art waxing proud!

III

It was indeed a memorable hour
That lifted on the plain this beacon tower
For truth to shine from; have not eyes afar
Beheld and wondered at the golden star
Hung in the orient of our mighty land?
Large-minded and far-visioned men, they
planned
Not for a day, who these foundations broad

Established in the love and fear of God:
They built for immortality; they drew
Upon the future which by faith they knew,
Believing, when they could not see or hear,
The sure fulfillment of the far-off year.

Nor on this high occasion be forgot
Those other builders from whose word and
thought
And life itself streamed the mysterious power
That moulds the man and shapes the coming
hour.

Of simple ways, of grave and gracious looks,
Such teachers, they were better than the books
They made and taught from; they were life and
fire
To make alive, and kindle, and inspire.

IV

But all the past is past, its glories dead,
Its victories forgotten — Ah! what have I said?
There is no past that is not present still;
No present but the future will fulfill;
Some Power amid these changes ever stays,
And binds together all our works and days;
And sunset passes into sunrise; we
Face the large light of years that are to be.
Lo, the untraveled future, with its dreams
And possibilities, how vast it seems!

How far its chartless distances recede,
Filled with the signs we have no power to read;
With shadowy forms, which life nor death yet
claims,

And visionary faces without names!
What giants there will magic Science find,
In caverns of the earth or air, and bind
To service for the welfare of mankind?
And waits there yonder, with new treasures
fraught,

Some undiscovered continent of thought?
Another Tennyson? And Shakespeare's peer,
Or greater one, in some far golden year?
The triumphs rolling from our English speech
Will be — who knows! — to what we now can
reach

As billows are to ripples on the beach.
And what and where will be the thrones of
power?

The Great Republic — will it in that hour
Of larger things and nobler still seem great?
And will it fill God's measure for the state?
Will all the great and little peoples dwell
In peace together? Let the future tell!
I know not what it holds of good or ill;
I only know the unthwarted Purpose still
Will rule, and overrule, and shape, and blend
All things as always toward one happy end.
I know there will be doubtings, burning words,

The right at war with wrong, the clash of
swords;
Songs will be sung, prayers said, and more and
more
Come sacrifice and victory,— before
The world, that hears now only the first chimes
Of dawn, can reach the noonday of the times.
I know there will be need of self-control,
Strong will, clear mind, brave heart, heroic soul,
As long as truth survives and seasons roll.
And thou shalt hear, again and yet again,
The great voice crying hither, “ Give me men ! ”

V

Strong Mother, give them; 'tis thy pledge to
make
The boy into the man; teach him to take
The motto of the old Bohemian king,
“ I serve,” and follow it as a living thing;
Tell him the laws of life and his own soul,
What duty is, and which way lies the goal.
Work deep into his being's inmost springs
The spirit and power of elemental things,—
The truth that nature's every process fills,
The strength and iron firmness of the hills,
The gentleness and sunshine of the plain,
The river's longing, as it seeks the main,
The courage of the tide against the bars,
The purity and patience of the stars,

The quick obedience which all things pay
The Hand that guides Arcturus on his way.
Kindle thy children at the altar-fire
Of noble purposes, till they desire
Above all else what in itself has worth;
Then send them to the ends of all the earth!

VI

O you, who dream of victories and to-day,
With morning in your faces, march away,
Behold, the letters blazoned across your sky
Make one word only,— OPPORTUNITY.
But 'tis enough; 'tis all that brave men ask;
The man himself, he must fulfill the task;
Nor fate, nor chance, nor any star commands
Success and failure — nought but your own
hands.

To fail, and fail again, and none the less
Keep faith and heart, that also is success;
To gather gold or fame and be not true
To truth and self, oh, that is failure too!

Go, therefore, not as seekers after ease,
Or place, or glory, or of things like these,
But rather as men who think, and work, who
bear

Burdens, and in the world's great labors share;
Yea, like great-hearted gentlemen of God,
Able to tread where noblest feet have trod,

And, shoulders square, eyes forward, to advance,

Winning the mastery of circumstance,
Till the glad earth, though dull of vision, see
The men whom God intended you to be!

The world is all before you; all the ways
And words and blessings of unrisen days;
Faint, through the unfolding shadow, breaks
the glow

Of friendly figures ye will some day know;
And many a hand that beckons, many a voice
That calls to bid you welcome and rejoice.

And there are voices from behind that cry
After you, half regret, half prophecy,
Saying, "Oh, take to your strong hands the
sign

Which ours have carried in life's battle line;
Yours be the valorous deeds we meant to do;
The hope we missed fulfill itself in you;
The word that faltered on our tongue, ring
clear

And trumpet-toned from yours to lift and cheer;
The truth we caught but dimly, break in light
Full-orbed at last upon your happier sight;
The richer meaning of man's brotherhood
We almost grasped, by you be understood."

VII

And still they cry, so human, so divine,
These voices; cry to all that eager line
Whose feet will cross these thresholds, and
 whose eyes,
While the new century rounds into the skies,
Will greet the dawn of many a glad surprise.

Also to thee, dear Mother, do they cry;
And all thy sons cry with them; gloriously
Making one voice, that, mingling with the sound
Of pine and river, foldeth thee around,
And crieth: "Keep life's high ideal alway
Burnished and bright; send thou thy golden
 ray

Far down the aisles and avenues of time
To where all lights end in one light sublime,
As stars do in the fulness of the day!"

AN EAGLE SPIRIT

Read at Andover Theological Seminary at the public exercises commemorating the bicentenary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards.

I

God's truth hath many voices; sun and star,
And mountain, and the deep that rolls afar,
Speak the great language; and, of mightier
 worth,
The lips and lives of Godlike men on earth.

II

For truth wrought out in human life yields
 power
Which no truth else does — since man's natal
 hour.
What were the world without the long, strong
 chain
Of faithful witnesses, whose heart and brain
Have throbb'd with truth God gave them? with-
 out these
Who, as with hands that link together, stand
Reaching across the years to that dear Hand
Which touched blind eyes to sight, wrote on
 the sand,
And lifted Peter from the drowning seas?
Who, better than through book, or hymn, or
 creed,

Draw down their living line the fire we need
Of life from Him who is the Life indeed!

III

A good man's work is of his time and place
Where Duty lifts the fulness of her face;
Translate it elsewhere and you do him wrong:
His life, his spirit — what of great and fair
And true was in him — oh, that doth belong
To all the ages and dwells everywhere!

IV

And there he stands, this nobly-moulded man;
You cannot miss him if you turn and scan
The land's horizon; howsoe'er men talk,
He still is of us; no mere name; a rock
The floods may beat upon nor wash away;
Foregatherer of the times, his loftier height
Flushed with the gleams of sweetness and of
light
That wait their fulness till some later day;
An eagle spirit soaring in the sky
And mingling with the things that cannot die.

How full of fire he was and how sincere,
Soldier of faith and conscience without fear!
And humble as the little springtime flower
Opening its heart out to the Heavenly Power;
Poet, and dreamer of the things to be;

A man of Godly vision ; — such was he,
This Dante of New England, who descried
The dread Inferno of man's sin and pride ;
The Purgatorio where his eyes might trace
The workings out and upward of God's grace ;
And yet who clomb with happier step the slope
Of man's aspiring and undying hope
Toward Paradiso, there to find his goal
At last — the Blessed Vision of the Soul!

V

All this he was, whatever be the name
He goes by on the roll of earthly fame.
We judge him as we would ourselves alway
Be judged ; as Christ will judge the world one
day ;
Not by things done, however great they be,
But by those longings which immortally
Outrun achievement since the world began ;
Yea, by the spirit in him ; that's the man.

VI

What though the vain world scoffed and paths
grew dim,
He knew one Master, and he followed Him.
He wielded truth to meet the age's stress
Of circumstance, nor made it truth the less.
Truth is a sword that flashes, now this way,
Now that, the single purpose to obey.

Nay, truth is large ; no man hath seen the whole ;
Larger than words ; it brooks not the control
Of argument and of distinctions nice ;
No age or creed can hold it, no device
Of speech or language ; ay, no syllogism :
Truth is the sun, and reasoning is the prism
You lift before it ; whence the light is thrown
In various colors ; each man takes his own.
If this man takes the red, as you the blue,
Is yours the whole ? and is his truth not true ?
Spirit is truth, howe'er the colors fall ;
The fact comes back to spirit after all.

VII

Secure, invincible, the man who dare
Obey his vision — mark what courage there ! —
Dare take the sword of his belief in hand,
Whole-hearted face the world with it, and stand,
And mind not sacrifice, and count fame dross,
For truth's dear sake, and life and all things
 loss,
And never dream of failure, never doubt
What issue when the stars of God come out !

VIII

And would that we had power like him to rise
Clear of the thraldom of all compromise,
Like him whose feet on this foundation stood,—
That God is sovereign and that God is good.

Is such a creed outworn? And tell me, pray,
Have we no use for it? Alas the day,
Amid the things that savor of the sod,
If men forget the sovereign rights of God —
The true life's master-word is still, Obey.

IX

The man who takes "an inward sweet delight
In God," shines like a candle in the night;
The world's black shadow of care and doubt
and sin

Is beaten backward by that power within;
He walks in freedom; neither time nor place
Can fetter such a spirit; in his face
A light, not of this earth, forever clings;
For, when he will, strong spiritual wings
Bear him aloft till silent grows all strife,
Silent the tumult and the toil of life;
The homes of men, far off, like grains of sand
Lie strewn along the wrinkles of the land,
All silent; not a sound or breath may rise
To mar the eternal harmony of those skies
Through which he goes, still higher, toward the
line

Where sun and moon have no more need to
shine;

And there, where sordid feet have never trod,
He walks in joy the tablelands of God.

X

How much he hath to teach us even yet,
Lest life should kill us with its toil and fret!
Things of the earth men seek to have and hold;
They build and waste again their mounds of
gold.

O me! the din of life, the bell that peals,
The traffic, and the roaring of the wheels!
Work grows, and glows, and satisfies us not;
Weary we are of what our hands have wrought,
Weary of action with no time for thought.
The much we do — how little it must count
Without some pattern shown us in the mount!

XI

Who seeks and loves the company of great
Ideals, and moves among them, soon or late
Will learn their ways and language, unaware
Take on their likeness, ay, and some day share
Their immortality, as this man now
Before whose life we reverently bow.

XII

So shines the lamp of Edwards; still it sends
One golden beam down the long track of years,
This resolute truth which neither yields nor
spends,—
That life, true life, is not of what appears,
Not of the things the world piles wide and high;
'Tis of the spirit and will never die.

XIII

His life was noble; wherefore let the day
White with his memory shine beside the way —
Adding its comfort to our human need —
Like some fair tablet whereon men may read:
“Lo, here and there, great witnesses appear,—
The meek, the wise, the fearless, the sincere;
They live their lives and witness to the word;
No time so evil but their voice is heard;
Nor sword nor flame can stop them; though
 they die
They grow not silent; they must cry their cry;
Time's many a wave breaks, dying, on the shore;
They cry forever and forevermore;
For, in and through such men as these men are,
God lives and works, and it were easier far
To dry the seas and roll the mountains flat
Than banish God; we build our hopes on that.”

AN APOSTOLIC MAN

Professor Egbert Coffin Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, died suddenly while his friends and former pupils were preparing to surprise him with an "address" in recognition of his long service and sacrifice for truth and the life of the spirit.

O BROTHERS, is the moment past?
We loved him, and were making bold
To tell the love we had not told,
And tell it to his face at last.

But while we talked and planned so well,
Nor marked the swiftly waning day,
That cloud of splendor closed the way —
Lo, sunset and the evening bell!

And he is gone! The trees are here,
The walks, the halls; but tears bedim
Our eyes, because we find not him
Whom we have known this many a year.

Gone, though the skies are bending fair,
A gracious presence from this place:
We nevermore shall see that face
About the whole world anywhere.

They did not know,— his fellowmen,—
Not always know, at home, abroad,
How very close he walked with God:
They know him better now than then.

He built his life upon the plan
God gave him, open to our eyes —
This grandly-simple, heavenly-wise,
Truth-loving, apostolic man.

Oh, where is found the better part
Of truth and wisdom evermore?
Bear off your theologic lore;
Give me his great and kindly heart!

We bow the head; our hearts still swim
With sorrow, since we came so late,
Nor saw him standing at the Gate
With the great cloud enfolding him.

We meant to praise; but he has won
A better praise than ours: instead
Of those poor words we would have said,
He has the Master's word, "Well done!"

O Friend, if, on that Further Side,
Thou hast not yet receded quite
So far from us, in that great light
Where God and godlike men abide,

But that our feeble cry might swell
To reach thee where thou art to-day,
Thou, looking back, wouldst smile and say,
"Love one another, and farewell."

A LADY'S PORTRAIT

Read at Wheaton Seminary, now Wheaton College,
Norton, Massachusetts, at the unveiling of a portrait of
Mrs. E. B. Wheaton, painted in her ninety-fifth year by
Mr. John W. Alexander.

AT last, with all its silent grace,
Amid the blossoms of the May
There breaks upon our eyes to-day
This vision of a lady's face.

You know her? Ay, you need not tell:
A thousand daughters in the land
Have known the welcome of that hand,
And felt its pressure of farewell.

What benedictions in her gaze,
What memories hover around her chair,
As, sitting in the sunset there,
She wears the crown of well spent days!

O little birds that come to bless
Our woodlands, round her doorway sing;
Beneath her windows, flowers of spring,
Lift up to her your loveliness.

For she, in many a heart of need,
Hath put a song in place of tears,
And scattered down these golden years
The flower of many a kindly deed.

Lo, like a seed upon the ground,
There fell a thought once from her heart;
If you would know how large the part
That thought has stood for, look around!

For one who loved her planted it;
One cherished it for what might be;
She watched the seed become the Tree
Beneath whose grateful shade we sit.

A thousand daughters did I say?
Ah! as I see the lengthening line
Far down the future's pathway shine,
And pass, and still not pass away,

I cannot count them! Come and go
They will forever; grove and hall
And each familiar scene they all
Will cherish; and the Tree will grow.

But when, in some remoter hour,
Strangers behold how great the task
Accomplished, and are moved to ask
Whence came the impulse and the power,

Then silently, within this place
Of such beginnings, there will rise,
For answer to their wondering eyes,
The vision of this lady's face.

A POET'S CENTENARY

Read at Bowdoin College on Longfellow Day, June 26, 1907, at the public exercises commemorative of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet, who graduated at Bowdoin in the class of 1825, and fifty years later read there his "*Morituri Salutamus*."

I

WE were a busy people; axes rang
And anvils; when amid the day's turmoil
A melody crept; a master came, and sang,
And charmed the workers, sweetening all the
toil

As Orpheus did, who once, with flute to lip,
Helped mightily at the launching of the ship.

And in and out among us many a day
He went, this singer, with his happy strain;
Greeted the little children at their play,
Was present at the hanging of the crane;
Blessed maidenhood and manhood; blessed the
birds; —
His life beat like the sunshine through his
words.

At last he said upon occasion high,
The light of seventy summers in his face,
"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you," and he said it from this place,
With aged comrades round him who should all
Soon restore life's armor to the wall.

Those men have passed into the Silent Land,
Their earthly battles ended; many a change
Has crept on us beneath time's moulding hand,
And on these scenes with faces new and
strange;
But not on him: the magic of his art
Still penetrates the citadel of the heart!

And where he once has entered to delight,
And cheer, and strengthen, linger he must
and will;
Oft mingling with the voices of the night
Some fragment of his song to haunt us still,
Or lure to far-off realms, and unawares
Scatter in flight an Arab host of cares.

A hundred years — how old he would have been!
And yet how young; for, as we turn his page,
We mark the throbbings of a life within
Old as the world and new to every age.
Beauty and love and sorrow — from such
themes
Uprose the golden fabric of his dreams.

II

“God sent his singers upon earth,” he said;
What were the earth without them? what
were life
We call so glorious but games and bread,
Sordid existence or ignoble strife,

Were there no voices crying to the soul,
Nor any vision of life's path and goal?

The truth we need and wait for may at times
Break suddenly on us like a cannon's roar,
But oftener comes in faintest elfin chimes
Blown o'er the border line from some dim
shore;

Or yet, as blind and heedless as we are,
It comes in perfect stillness like a star.

Ay, even invisible as the air that rolls,
Stand great unproven truths which, as we
must,

We build our lives upon, and stake our souls,
Outweighing knowledge with our hope and
trust,—

Truths which keen Science, labor as she may,
Can never explain — and never explain away!

Science may guide o'er many a hill and plain,
Revealing how the pathways meet and part;
But for life's pathless and uncharted main,
Whereon our surest pilot is the heart,
We need their vision unto whom belong
The mastery and the mystery of song!

“Listen! behold! believe!” are tones that fill
The poets' signs and symbols manifold,—
Those fables of the ever-singing Hill,
Isles of the Blest, cities with streets of gold,

Enchanted castles, youth-restoring streams,
And all the El Dorados of our dreams!

For song, indeed, is truth full-winged with
power;

A faithful voice that calls us from afar;
An impulse from some land where every hour
God's truth reigns sovereign; some hope-
bringing star;

Some sword that stirs the spirit, as were stirred
The Prophets and Apostles of the Word!

The poets go before us; they discern,
Across these spaces of life's gloom and glow,
The great ideals that ever live and burn;
They break all pathways without fear, and,
lo!

They travel onward, keeping still in sight
Some pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night.

The blessed poets save us — not the kings,
And not the warriors; no great human wrongs
Have they e'er stood for; no great rightful
things

But they have loved and cherished; by their
songs

We march and prosper; by their torches' rays
The world moves forward into nobler ways.

And in their hands for gracious use they bear
The crowning gift of immortality;

The songless cities perish; in thin air
Empires dissolve; old customs cease to be;
But aught that is, though flung by others by,
The poets touch it and it can not die!

Still Homer's heroes live and talk and fight;
The old men chirp of Helen; beacons flare
From Ilium on to Argos in the night;
Penelope does not of her lord despair,
But ravel still the day's work with her hands,
And still Nausicaa by the pillar stands.

How marvelous time's world-structure named of
Song,
With masonry of dream-stuff, and with halls
Of golden music! yet secure and strong;
Whereon decay's dark shadow never falls;
A miracle of the masters from all lands
And from all times — this house not made with
hands!

III

Ah! silently there sweeps before my eyes
A vision of three poets dear to all
Who feel the touch of beauty, and who prize
The nobler voices that around us fall;
Each from a different land, but all the three
Facing the morning of a world to be.

Lo, Roman Virgil! at whose wizard name
Things lost their power to change and pass
away;

Troy burns and does not vanish in the flame;
A great queen greets the exiles; still to-day
Men hear, as by the Tiber's side they stroll,
The funeral hymn of young Marcellus roll.

Lo, also, England's Virgil! Arthur reigns
Forever in the halls of Camelot;
Fair women sacrifice for noble gains,
Who never will grow old or be forgot;
And those three Queens that helped are helping
still
The men who help to banish human ill.

And, pray, why lingers Hiawatha so?
Why must Priscilla and John Alden stand
Telling the old, old tale, and never go?
Wherefore this many a year throughout the
land
Keeps sad Evangeline her unwearied quest?
The answer is — our Virgil of the West!

Three Laureates of three great peoples!
Each,
In golden phrase and music-laden words,
Moulded to sweetest use his country's speech;
Loved simple things, touched ever the com-
mon chords,

Winning the people's heart, and lived to hear
The praises of the world sound in his ear.

The realm of books each ever loved to roam,
Finding new glories for the song he wove;
Sang childhood, the affections of the home,
And the dear constancy of woman's love;
Found tears in human things, and evermore
Stretched yearning hands out toward the far-
ther shore.

They sang that men should faint not, but en-
dure,
Follow the gleam, and wear the fadeless
flower
Of hope forever; that the goal is sure
For those who strive and trust the Heavenly
Power.

They lived pure lives and gentle, nor through
all
Uttered a word they ever need recall.

So like in their unlikeness, that I dare
(As else I dare not) name them side by side;
Swayed by one mood and spirit; as they fare,
The spaces close between them, else so wide;
While their immortal echoes strike across
All tumults hitherward, nor suffer loss.

IV

Bowdoin, dear Mother, to thy listening ear
 His step falls on these pathways as of yore;
 Again the "boy's will is the wind's will" here,
 And his the "long, long thoughts" of youth
 once more;
 For thine he was when first the vision came
 To him of the alluring face of fame.

He caught the pathos from thy murmuring
 pines,
 The melody from thy river, sweetness and
 light
 From the fair sky above thee where the signs,
 Thick with white worlds, roll solemnly by
 night;
 Thy son, and master in the art divine,
 All this he wrought into his lustrous line.

But chiefly — for he knew what springs had fed
 His youthful spirit in its purpose high —
 Did he remember — on the day he said
 That he was old and was about to die —
 With gracious words of tenderness and truth,
 The faces of the teachers of his youth.

Thrice happy are such teachers, with the dower
 Of knowledge and of counsel in their hand!
 They sit forever at the springs of power,
 And, from these quiet places of the land,

No trumpet blowing and no flag unfurled,
They shape the forces that will shape the world.

Ah! as once more we walk these shades among,
What visions from the bygone years arise!
The faces, oh, the faces, how they throng,
And pass, and come again, with friendly eyes,
And fill, for each of us, with life more vast
That other present which we call the past!

And he is of them! Lo, the hearts that brim
With hope and courage, and do not grow old,
Have somewhere, somehow, learned to love like
him
The nobler things that are not bought and
sold,
Remembering the light that through life's bars
Breaks from beyond the sunset and the stars!

THE MAN

Addressed to my Alma Mater

You sent the man: he builded well,
And steadfastly, and long,
Until a grateful people saw
Its lordliest Tower of Song.

You sent the man: in silence rose,
Defying time and chance,
A thing of splendor in the land,—
Its Palace of Romance.

You sent the man: in quiet ways
He wrought, nor sought renown;
But in the end the Sultan's throne
Of shame came tumbling down.

You sent the man: he helped to shape
The nation's fate, because
He blazed a path which they must take
Henceforth who give it laws.

You sent the man: seeking afar
The world-sought, age-long goal,
He pushed through perilous ways, and
grasped
The secret of the Pole.

However far the purpose run,
Or splendid be the plan,
The glory of achievement means
The story of a man.

YOUTH

THOU, in that golden time whose other name
Is opportunity, dost thou not know,
Has no one ever told thee, of thy claim?
Thou art the heir, for heaven hath made thee so;
All things are thine; look up, and thou shalt
see:

Sun, moon, and stars are bowing down to thee,
Making obeisance, as in Joseph's dream;
For thee it is that waters roll, stars shine,
Voices arise by lonely hill and stream,
Friendly monitions, whisperings divine;
For thee do Ariels sing; and where the walls
'Twixt the two worlds are thinnest, in the air
Come momentary gleams — the sheen that falls
As from no earthly garments ever: there,
With heaven's power and blessing to bestow,
The holy Presences pass to and fro.

All possibilities are in thy hand,
All powers thine to summon and command,
And all for this: that thou, made brave of heart,
Daring to seem not other than thou art,
Mightst follow thine ideal, not the show
Of what hath in it aught of base or low,
But thine own best ideal, till thou be
Thyself the man the world needs most to see!

LAND O' PINES

Old Home Week in Maine

I

Nor least of stars thy star
Of statehood shines,
Where, in the north and far
Beyond thy lines,
Thy loyal children are,
O Land o' Pines!

II

Lord o'er a thousand hills
Katahdin looms;
Thy silent forests hold
Primeval glooms;
And vales and plains unfold
Their vasty rooms.

III

But these are not the things
Thou prizest most,—
These, nor thy streams, and lakes,
And leagues of coast:
What thy own sons are, makes
Thy proudest boast.

IV

The torrent and the rock
Mix in their blood,—
The force that drives, and so
Achieves the good ;
The heart that bears the blow
As brave men should.

V

For many have shaped the deed
In church and state ;
And many have helped to mould
The nation's fate ;
And some, in days now old,
In song were great.

VI

We greet thy landscapes fair
Now and again ;
Thy wealth of field and mart
We greet ; and then
We greet thee — as thou art —
Mother of men.

VII

Far in the north thy star
Shines steady and clear;
And lo, not there alone
It shines, nor here:
Where'er thy sons are known
That star is dear.

JUDGMENT SEATS

JUDGMENT SEATS

I

O LITTLE flower,
O tiny golden sun,
Shining amid the grass
Where we wayfarers pass
So near thee, little one!
I look and stand in awe
For what but now I saw:
Thou saidst — I almost heard
Thy quiet word —
Thou saidst to one, “ Draw nigh ”
But to the next, “ Go by ”;
And, lo, each straightway did
As he was bid!

II

O happy star,
O little silver world,
That comest up the blue,
Singing, when day is through
And winds are furled,
I tremble as I see
Thy large eye look on me!
Thou saidst, with gentle voice
Down calling through the shade,
To one thou saidst, “ Rejoice:
Sing with me, Pure-in-Heart ”;

But unto one, "Depart";
And they obeyed.

III

O love-lit face,
O beautiful sweet face,
Limned on the canvas there,
How scarcely do I dare
Behold thy truth and grace!
For thou art saying, too,
What each must do —
Come near or go afar,
Whoe'er we are.
Some, therefore, look and stay,
Some look and turn away,
And all obey.

IV

What golden key,
What clue divinely spun,
Waits to reveal this power,
In face and star and flower,
That speaks and it is done?
Lo! all things good and true
That meet my eyes;
All deeds that others do
In love and sacrifice,—
Seem, by some high command,
Robed in strange light, and stand

Dividing men on sight
To left and right:
Where'er I turn my feet,
I find no neutral place,
No voiceless thing, but face
Some judgment seat!

PROPHET AND PRIEST

Two selves I am: unlike these seem to be
As west and east:
One is the prophet in me, as in thee,
And one the priest.

The prophet lets the future mould his plan;
The priest the past:
The prophet marches in the column's van;
The priest comes last.

The prophet takes the spirit for a guide;
The priest his book:
One learns the truth that brushes by his side;
One does not look.

The prophet lifts his heart up when he prays;
The priest his hands:
The prophet, acting, thinks; the priest obeys,
Nor understands.

The prophet, preaching, keeps the goal in view;
The priest his creed:
The prophet stirs; the priest, when words are
through,
Forgets the deed.

Something the prophet suffers — scorn of lip,
Or stroke of rod —
But gains the vision, wins the fellowship
And life of God.

THE BUILDER AND HIS TOOLS

I

NATIONS arise and fall:
One law decides it all,—
To serve the Builder's purpose if they can.
He takes them up for tools,
Or lays them down, as rules
The moment's need in furtherance of His plan.

With varied aims and strife
And thousand-summered life,
Each one at last achieves some separate goal,
Which, when achieved, afar
Looks simple as a star
And fitted to its place within the whole.

II

The Builder raised His hand,
And there was Greece, as planned,
Launching her ships to peer through all the
 seas:
Heroic deeds along
With Homer's noble song;
Temples, and oracles, and Socrates.

For what, you ask, designed?
To wake the slumbering mind
And set a hunger in the soul, forsooth:

To all men's hopes and fears,
Across the waste of years,
Greece voiced the timeless question, "What is
truth?"

III

Again the Builder's sign,
And David's royal line
Bare down the wrathful age its tiny spark,
Close-shielding it, as one,
Where the wild breezes run,
Might shield an only candle in the dark:

Till, grown to full desire
As heaven's great altar-fire,
The spark shone through the world in gentle
ruth:
This people for all time
The answer gave sublime,
In giving Him who said, "I am the truth."

IV

Hebrew and Greek were done;
Builder and work went on:
Rome, lifted on her hills, began to trace
The wrong of lawless might,
The lawful might of right,
In laws she laid on all the human race.

Unconscious instrument,
Toward such a mission bent,
Rome called the world to order by her word,
That then and evermore,
All lands and waters o'er,
The question and the answer might be heard.

HAMMER AND ANVIL

“ Hammer away, ye hostile hands;
Your hammers break, God’s anvil stands.”

Look forth and tell me what they do
On Life’s broad field. Oh, still they fight,
The False forever with the True,
The Wrong forever with the Right.
And still God’s faithful ones, as men
Who hold a fortress strong and high,
Cry out in confidence again,
And find a comfort in the cry:
“ Hammer away, ye hostile hands,
Your hammers break, God’s anvil stands.”

Older than pyramid or sphinx,
Old as the stars themselves, the word
Whereby, when other courage sinks,
The courage born of heaven is stirred.
For, when God made the world and knew
That good and evil could not blend,
He planned, however men might do,
What should be would be in the end.
And, though as thick as ocean sands
They rain their blows, the anvil stands.

Oh, many a time has this vain world
Essayed to thwart the mighty plan;
Its fleets and armies have been hurled
Against the common rights of man.

But wrecked Armadas, Waterloos,
Empires abandoned to decay,
Proclaim the truth they did not choose —
What broken hammers strew the way!
Though all the world together bands
To smite it, still the anvil stands.

Thou knowest that thy cause is just?
Then rest in that; thy cause is sure.
Thy word is true? Oh, then it must,
In spite of slanderous tongues endure.
As toward the crag the billow rides,
Then falls back, shattered, to its place:
As fans the breeze the mountain sides,
Nor fans the mountain from its base,—
So, in all times and in all lands,
Men's hammers break, God's anvil stands.

THE KING

O SHAM, who sittest boldly on the throne,
There's someone passing at the palace gate,
Who smiles, and whispers his dread word of
fate,—

The real king to thee and thine unknown.
And he is passing through the world of men,
Pays tribute to the Cæsar bearing rule,
Walks in the market place, sees many a fool,
“Not yet” keeps saying, and is strong again;
Distinguishes what seems so from what is,
My manly man with that clear soul of his;
And through them all, illumined from afar
He starlike moves, himself led by a star
Which no earthborn ambition can unsphere;
Believes what should be will be; never dreams
The end is failure; knows — whatever seems —
He knows what light shines yonder; can endure
All else should perish — his ideal is sure.
And that means triumph; shows that he can
hear,

And see, and feel, with finer sense than most,—
Hear music from the far-off crystal coast
As of some victory — faint, but never lost;
And so by right, which none may steal or bor-
row,
Sustain to-day with strength drawn from to-
morrow.

And shall we know him as we see him pass?
Some may; the multitude will not, alas!
Such gentleness and such simplicity;
No fuss, no noise, no label; but 't is he.
I think there may be thorn wounds on his brow;
Perhaps there will be nail prints in his hands;
The world bestows these things, nor under-
stands;
Some hold them signs of failure even now.
And yet 't is he; his triumph most assured
Who stands for truth and right and has en-
dured;
Been tempted and endured; made sacrifice
For noble ends, nor stooped to compromise,
Nor turned, but gone straightforward as did
seem
The living creatures in the prophet's dream,
Straightforward always, and endured; I say
The way thus walked in is life's Sacred Way,
And it is he; for, when the light shall grow,
And all the bugles of the morning blow,
Oh, then the disillusioned world will bring
Its tardy homage and all cry, "The King!"

GREATNESS

I

WHAT makes a man great? Is it houses and
land?

Is it argosies dropping their wealth at his
feet?

Is it multitudes shouting his name in the
street?

Is it power of brain? Is it skill of hand?

Is it writing a book? Is it guiding the State?

Nay, nay, none of these can make a man great.

II

The crystal burns cold with its beautiful fire,

And is what it is; it can never be more;

The acorn, with something wrapped warm at
the core,

In quietness says, "To the oak I aspire."

That something in seed and in tree is the same;

What makes a man great is his greatness of
aim.

III

What is greatness of aim? Your purpose to
trim

For bringing the world to obey your behest?

Oh, no, it is seeking God's perfect and best,

Making something the same both in you and in
Him.

Love what He loves, and, child of the sod,
Already you share in the greatness of God.

GLORY

GLORY of Greece that arose, transfiguring
mountain and shore
And fields and cities of men, then faded and
was no more ;
Glory of Rome, earth-wide, that seemed immor-
tal, and cast
All glory else in the shade, but changed, in the
end, and passed ;
Glory of sceptres and thrones, glory of sword
and of song ;
Glory of gold that beguiles the heart of the
heedless throng :
Oh, what are these glories beside the glory of
one lone Man,
Who dreamed not of glory, but wrought, in trial
and sorrow, his plan
For helping the needs of the world, for healing
the wounds that smart,
For lifting the vision of God to the burdened
and breaking heart !
Whose glory it was to serve, no matter what
men might say ; —
The glory that grows with the years and never
can pass away !

THE TITANIC

TELL me, do ye never hear it when the wind is
from the sea?

Not the thunder-roll of billows, nor the moan-
ing of the bars,
Nor the throb of far-off engines; it must some-
thing rarer be —

Music, music that is silent like the music of
the stars.

For they played, those brave musicians, in their
places as before,

Though they felt the chilling Shadow closing
slowly round them all;

Played to keep the hearts up of the men whose
need was sore;

Played as soldiers march with banners when
they march to fight and fall.

Did not think it any marvel, or that nothing
mattered now;

Never dreamed the world would praise them,
if indeed it ever knew —

One may of the crown be worthy though it pass
untouched his brow —

And the music was immortal just because
their hearts were true.

Passed into the Silence, playing; and the music
is not done:

God and valor are not ended when the battle
flags are furled:

Finer than what any master from his instru-
ment e'er won

Was that loyal note of courage which goes
singing through the world!

CONSCIENCE

THE man of power rejoicing cries, "I can;"
"I may," the man of pleasure; but we trust,
And all the world trusts with us, still the man
Hearing a different voice, who says, "I
must."

O Conscience, Conscience, how we need thee
now!

Wind, fire, and earthquake pass; the time
abounds

In these great voices; but, oh, where art thou?
Is thy voice lost amid life's grosser sounds?

Or art thou fled across the golden bars
Of evening with thy purer light to shine
Somewhere far off, beyond the quiet stars,
Far off, and leave us without guide or sign?

Not so; earth's towers and battlements decay;
Thrones tremble and fall; old sceptres lose
control:

But, as God lives, thou livest; thou wilt stay,
O Conscience, God's vicegerent in the soul!

We are thy bondmen, and thy ways are good;
Thou art what makes us greater than the
dust

We came from; and still, howsoe'er we would,
Thy law is ever on us and we must.

THE PRISONER

A LUMP, they said, from some primeval state:
Dark, rough, and seeming very little worth:
I laid it by an ember in my grate,
And, lo, an "imprisoned splendor" issued
forth!

O you who preach, and you who teach, think
not
That robe or book will ever win the mark:
If you indeed would stir another's thought,
Lay mind to mind: communicate the spark.

Plato was kindled, when he felt the flame
Of Socrates on his own spirit fall;
From John the fisherman the prophet came,
Set free by Him whose touch may kindle all.

AN OLD SAW

THE man who knows and knows he knows,
To him your homage bring;
He wields the power that waits and wins,
And he is rightful king.

Let him who does not know, and knows
He does not know, be classed
As heir of all things everywhere,
For he will know at last.

But whosoever does not know,
And, here in life's great school,
Knows not he does not know, is doomed
To live and die a fool.

THE DIFFERENCE

LET two go forth into the Garden of Life,
And one returns with roses: he likes flowers;
And one with darnel, henbane, thistles: why,
When flowers are plenty? Just his taste for
weeds.

Where'er men go, in heaven, or earth, or hell,
They find themselves, and that is all they find.

THE IMMORTALS

THE IMMORTALS

THINK! the gods have been among us, seen us,
marked our speech and tone,
Touched the smallness of our natures with the
largeness of their own,
Deigned to walk the path beside us, in our homes
to eat and drink,
They, the deathless, ever-blessed — O my com-
rades, do you think?

And we watched them, never dreaming they
were more than common men,—
Though we heard their gracious language,
though again and yet again
We beheld the generous fashion which they used
in going through
Every task and every duty given unto men to
do,—
Till the great occasion called them, showed their
stature to us, drew
Off the veil that hid their faces, as they van-
ished and we knew.

Hush! they may be walking round us in the
twilight — who shall say? —
Others of the gods, and seeking if we give them
yea or nay,
We, the deaf ones, we, the blind ones, needing
better ears and eyes

To discern the great immortals through what-
ever strange disguise,
That, amid the blaze of noonday or the even-
ing's purple glow,
We may heed them, know them, love them, ere
these also rise and go.

ON THE FLY LEAF OF A FRIEND'S
BOOK

THIS book is his? the beautiful dreams between
These covers his, the friend's I used to know?
Yet many a morn together have we seen
The clouds refold their airy tents and go,

And many a silent evening, from the glen,
The mountain blazing with their golden camp.
Fool that I was not to have known him then!
I never guessed he owned Aladdin's lamp!

He seemed like other men whom one may meet,
But, like the honey-bees, with skill untold,
He gathered treasures even at my feet,
And in the dark was building roofs of gold!

THE STAFF AND THE TREE

Sent with the gift of a walking-stick to a friend who was going away.

THIS grew a sapling on the mountain side,
With aspirations to become a tree;
I cut it down, and in that moment's pride
I slew the glorious thing it was to be.

It might have risen to an imperial height
And gladdened with its beauty all the hill —
With bowers of green and spaces sweet with
light,
Where birds might build, and dwell, and sing
at will.

'T is now a staff. Yet, when the years grow
brief,
And you would share with it your weight of
cares,—
When life is putting on the yellow leaf,—
A miracle will happen unawares:

For you will hear the birds that never sang
Within its unborn branches; you will see
The leaves that never rustled lightly hang
Their banners forth — your staff will tower
a tree!

And it will be the sun and wind and dew
Of other days by which that tree is made;
Then, it may chance, a friendly ghost or two
Will come and sit beside you in its shade!

THE RETURN

And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

TENNYSON.

THE shadow far and wide ;
All sound hath died,
And Something felt but seen not from the shore,
Nor moved by any sail nor any oar,
Went outward with the tide.

No moaning of the bar ;
But far, oh, far
The silent ship has gone upon its way
Into the space that lies beyond our day,
Beyond our evening star.

Thence came it at our need ;
It bore a seed
From out the bosom of the Shadowy Sea,
Which grew, and filled the whole world glori-
ously
With flower of light indeed !

No sadness of farewell,
No voice, no bell,
The heart too full for aught but silence, when
A great soul turns to seek and find again
Its home where great souls dwell.

IN MEMORIAM

T. C. P.

SKIES were not yet red with sunset, far off still
the evening bell,
Only sights and sounds of midday eye and ear
could seem to tell,
And we knew not that our greeting was the
greeting of farewell;

Did not know, in our rejoicing, that the hour
had waxed so late,
That the tides were sobbing seaward which can
neither turn nor wait,
And already in our presence stood the Opener
of the Gate.

Thin the veil that hides the future we have
never seen nor can,
And that future somehow mingles strangely in
the life of man,
While we see in part, and only see in part, the
Father's plan.

Every life hath its completeness — Are there
not twelve hours still
In the day? — and whosoever makes his own
the Master's will,
Living, dying, staying, going, doth the circle
all fulfill.

Friend of ours, we did not tell thee all we might
have told that day ;
Many another thing we cherished in our heart
of hearts to say,
Had we known it was expedient thou so soon
shouldst go away.

We were looking for achievement, and the vic-
tory had been won ;
For the golden years of service — with the
sands so nearly run ;
Yea, we thought it the beginning, when God
said thy work was done.

We shall not forget thee — never, while the way
before us towers ;
Something from thy life in passing touched the
inner springs in ours ;
Thou henceforth art in alliance there with God's
uplifting powers.

Thou art here ; lo, thou art yonder, where the
heavenly seasons roll,
Where in light and life immortal ends the path-
way of the soul,—
One hand beckoning, and the other resting on
the shining goal.

THE TREE AND THE STAR

SAID the tree upon earth to the star in the sky:

“ She sleeps, and is here at my feet;
She walked in my shadow in days gone by,
And her deeds and her life were sweet.”

Said the star in the sky to the tree upon earth:

“ She dwells in my home far above
Thy dark little world of the home of her birth;
She was born for the light and for love.”

O tree, and O star, she was all that you say,

And her soul like a star did shine;
Yet little you know of God's great way:
She is here in this heart of mine.

THE FEAST OF THE DEAD

FAR away in the Land of Morning,
Where the Five Great Rivers flow,
And the peaks of the great world-moun-
tains

Fling forward the sunrise glow,
I've read that the mighty Hydaspes
Runs, singing, o'er pebbles of gold:
But not of the marvelous river
My marvelous tale is told.

There are times when the dark-skinned peo-
ple —

In many a home, it is said,
Where some one has died — lay a banquet;
The guests are their silent dead.
Comes father, or mother, or brother,
Or sister, or child, or wife;
They all come back with the twilight
To the oldtime happy life.

Forgotten the long separation,
Unheeded the cold night-rain;
The rice is made ready; together
They sit in one circle again:
Till suddenly falls a silence;
The ember has died on the stone;
Vague shadows glide through the doorway;
The living once more are alone.

Oh, 't is not a meaningless story,
 Though wonderful; it is part
Of the wild and infinite yearning,
 The unutterable cry in the heart,
For the light of a face that has vanished,
 For a solace that never may be;
And it shows how that far-away people
 Are kindred to you and to me.

The calm and solemn Himalayas
 Rise heavenward, crowned with snow;
Over all the land forever
 The Five Great Rivers go;
And forever in homes of the people,
 Whatever their race or name,
They keep their love and their sorrow
 Like us: it is just the same.

ALL SOULS' EVE

THE river drags across the plain
Its winding line of black;
But far above I see again
The ever shining track.
O silent dead, O happy souls,
I dare not call you back!

Before my eyes a vision drew
Like sunlight out of space;
I fancied in the shadow grew
One dear familiar face,—
I felt a breath, I heard a voice
Of infinite sweet grace.

Beat not so loud, O heart of mine,
Be calm, O wandering will,
The wind is past, the talking pine
Hath whispered and is still.
All here is as the marbles are
That glimmer on the hill.

But, lo, the singing tides above
Grow full and do not slack;
There mind has light, and heart has love,
With never stint or lack.
Life bears me thither, silent dead;
I will not call you back!

HOME

I

LET the scholar turn from study and the sailor
cease to roam,

Let the workman lay his tools down, when
the Silent Voices call:

They are calling, O my dearest, they are say-
ing now, "Come home,"

And thy voice among the voices is the sweet-
est one of all.

Home, home, home, home, home would I be;

Home is where the heart is, and my heart is all
with thee.

II

Lo, everywhere is beauty! There are things to
do and dare;

There are friends to love and cherish, and I
hold them very dear:

But, in spite of all that binds me to a world
that seems so fair,

I have thought it, I have said it in thy lis-
tening spirit-ear:

Home, home, home, home, home would I be;

Home is where the heart is, and my heart is all
with thee.

III

In the hurry of the work-time, when the traffic
rolls and roars ;
In the quiet of the sleep-time, with the star-
light on my brow,
Where the breezes move forever up and down
God's out-of-doors,
I have listened, I have waited — but I hear
the Voices now !
Home, home, home, home, home would I be ;
Home is where the heart is, and my heart is all
with thee.

SONNETS

HESPERIDES

SINK, lovely day, and fold thy wings of gold
 Around the islands of the western seas,
 The far-off, beautiful Hesperides ;
For there the waves, by temperate winds controlled,
Sing to the shores forever. Sink, and fold
 Thy wings above their golden-fruited trees,
 And quiet gardens, and the sinless ease
Of them that grow no longer weak or old.
They that dwell there have borne life's little
 pain ;
 They were as we are, but shall weep no more.
Fly, lovely day, and drop below the main,
 Where waits for me a welcome at the door ;
I follow when the Boatman comes again ;
 Soon shall I hear his keel grate on the shore.

VENICE

ONLY a cloud,— far off it seemed to me
No habitable city,— when, behold,
Came gradual distinctions in the fold
Of tremulous vapor shadowing things to be;
Forms whether of wave or air rose silently
O'er quiet lanes of water, caught the gold
Of the Italian sunset; and thus rolled
The veil from off the Bride of the Blue Sea.
Alas, the irrecoverable dream!
Cathedral, palace, all things all too soon
Melted like faces in a troubled stream,
And, looking backward over the lagoon,
I saw the phantom city faintly gleam
As mist blown seaward underneath the moon.

FAME

IN Pisa's baptistry the uttered word,
Sent upward winged with music from the
ground,

Works in the dome a miracle of sound
Most delicate, and all the air is stirred
With its vibrations; till, like some sweet bird,
Invisible, that circles round and round,
Singing o'erhead, then seeks the heaven's pro-
found,

It flees away and is no longer heard.

Thus, too, it is with word, or deed, or song,
Caught up and echoed through time's ampler
hall;

It charms a while the listeners in the throng,
But, with the days men never can recall,
It faints, and fades, and vanishes erelong
In the vast Silence that receiveth all.

IN THE REFECTORY

MARK you the painting? To this ancient hall,
Where we, the brothers of Saint Dominic,
tread
With reverent step, and break our daily
bread,
I came a novice, and can yet recall
How Christ and his Apostles on the wall,
Who break bread also, only seemed, instead,
As shadowy presences, although they shed
Perpetual benediction on us all.
But now, beholding how we come and go,
And are forgotten, while, year after year,
The ever-blessed Master and that row
Of silent faces, with no change to fear,
Remain as first I saw them, well I know
'T is we, not they, who are the shadows here.

SPHINX

HER wings are folded in the plain that lies
Like a vast shield upturned to every star.
She sits as silent as God's mountains are,
Forever watching with calm solemn eyes
The white worlds in the shadow, as they rise
And pass in slow procession, and afar
Dip o'er the verge of the horizon's bar
Into the depths of unfamiliar skies.
So, ever by this lonely watcher's gaze
The race of men are filing with the rest,
Stars, systems, all: Whence, whither, lie their
ways?
Unto what other morning in the west?
She asks with mute cold lips, but ne'er betrays
Her riddle, and no man has ever guessed.

THE LAST "CHAPEL"

"MY son, forget not" *— reading thus begun
The teacher of us all, and then the prayer
He lifted in the hushed and hallowed air
For blessing on the work that had been done.
Also he seemed to say: "Thy feet must run
Hence to the goal through dangers every-
where ;
Honor, and wisdom, and the tempter's snare,
And life's great end, forget thou not, my son."
Ah! as we saw the western splendor fall
Earthward that night, and fill the open door,
With Christ anew transfigured on the wall,
We sorrowed in our hearts, revolving o'er
So many memories ; but, most of all,
That we should see each other's face no more.

* Prov. iii.

THE PALACE

SHE loved the palace that by slow degrees
Arose, as from the common dust around,
Arch over arch, and dome o'er dome of
sound,—

A miracle of the master of the keys;
She loved Abt Vogler's palace more than these
We stare at; for, when he had ceased, she
found

It did not crumble back into the ground,
But lived as stars do, and the hills, and seas.
Ah! little she dreamed what palace, day by day,
The Master of Life was building through the
years

From her fair deeds — never to pass away:
Silence has fallen, but her life appears
Triumphant now o'er time and time's decay,—
A golden glory shining through my tears!

THE OLD QUESTION

Ah! whither gone, my friend of many years?
I ask it of the silence, with the thought
Of what thou wert and what thy hands have
wrought,
And only silence answers in my ears:
Whither the life that beautiful appears,
And true, with kindly ministrations
fraught —
Thy life that, passing when we dreamed it
not,
Has left us to our memories and our tears?
If fairer now the light that round thee streams,
Forget us not: thy steps we cannot trace;
And yet we wait, as if to catch some gleams
Of what lies yonder in that holy place,
So thin the impenetrable curtain seems
That separates the worlds and hides thy face.

PRESENTIMENTS

OUR lives are double: they were not designed
For holding narrowly to their estate
Of things material; they penetrate
The region of illimitable mind
And spirit, roaming free, and unconfined,
In thought or dream; and somehow even Fate
Half tells her secret at the boundary gate
Through broken flashes or foreshadowings
blind.

Life hath its vision, although knowledge fails:
We stand like those who, from a lofty place,
Discern at times the gleam of sunlit sails,
Or think they do, far off, on ocean's face,
When o'er the mist the fitful wind prevails,
And blows it backward for a little space.

THE WHITE NORTH

So the long quest is ended, and once more
The indefatigable will of man
Hath triumphed! Neither flood, nor frost,
nor span
Of trackless waste, nor silence, nor the roar
Of storm availed to turn him from his stead-
fast plan.
Has man, then, dared the utmost that he can,
With no worlds left to conquer and explore?
Nay, thou must still fare onward, O my soul,
Through perilous seas, perchance, or deserts
broad,
Fare farther than to any earthly pole,
Hearing the voice that cries o'er ways un-
trod:
“Endure, endure: thine is the nobler goal,
To stand undaunted face to face with God.”

THE LORDS OF LIFE

I

THE LORDS OF LIFE

AGAIN the Night with her majestic grace
Comes sweeping through the chambers of the
sky,
And now begin the dark-winged Hours to fly
Far up in heaven. Look yonder: where you
trace
That silver world float softly into place,—
Down-looking on us like a conscious eye,—
The Lords of Life, that offer or deny
The things we long for most, rise out of space.
Hush! influence is raining from the signs
To mould the lives of all who dwell below;
The forces working in the air's deep mines
Are now resistless; if they will it so,
A grain may balance Alps and Appenines,
A spider's thread take the great globe in tow.

II

JUPITER

How calmly, and with what a shield of light,
The powerful sovereign of the earth and air
Is winding up the blue Olympian stair
Into the realm of the imperial night!
No longer hurling from his dizzy height
The twisted bolt that sets the world aglare,

Nor fiercely driving the dark clouds that bear
The thunder-stone to startle and affright,—
But shining as a star adown whose ray
Glides what is salutary, what is worth
More than aught else upon the natal day
Of beings destined to a mortal birth:
For Jove is kind, and with benignant sway
Rules, loving all the dwellers of the earth.

III

SATURN

BEWARE! His eye is not less stern and cold
Than that of her who cuts the fatal thread;
Arrows of mischief in his beams are shed,
Disease and death that seek the guarded fold;
And treason flourishes, and hate grows bold.
His light was in the spaces overhead
When Cæsar fell at Pompey's statue dead,
And Father Tiber trembled as he rolled.
Pity the child that opens now its eyes
For the first time and meets that baleful
stare;
Pity the ship that out of harbor flies,
If Saturn reigns, although the winds be fair;
Good fortune withers at the root and dies
While that large planet travels through the
air.

IV

MARS

AND who is this that comes with awful pace,
Red-handed like a slayer, and appears
To glare the fiercer for my sudden fears?
Gradivus, worshiped in the land of Thrace!
The Strider, armed with battle-ax and mace,
Before whose step the cornfields sprout with
spears,
And clouds for rain drop blood and women's
tears,
Till earth wears stains that heaven may scarce
efface.
'Tis he that battled with a mighty hand
And led the hosts, when in their courses so
The stars fought Sisera; he bears the brand
That levels noble cities, and his blow
Doth make a shudder run from land to land.
Thank God, his hour is passing; let him go!

V

VENUS

ANOTHER light now climbs the purple steep
Of heaven where thou holdest on thy way,
Immortal star! Soon following will the day
Thrust up a shining arm and beckon sleep
From eyelids that remember not to weep
Beneath the influence of thy sweet ray:
Lo, they that need thee do not vainly pray

Thy orbèd splendor hanging in the deep,—
O Star of Love! named with the name she bore,
 Who like a star rose flashing from the foam
That sings at morning round Cythera's shore;
 Who gave her exiles hope and led them home:
Shine on, and cheer the hearts that else were
 sore,
While o'er life's toiling wave they seek their
 Rome.

VI

MERCURY

I SEE him cross the empty fields afar,
 Along a pathway growing slowly dim;
 His shining circle runs so near the rim
Of that vast wheel which bears Apollo's car,
Behold, the greater splendor mounts to mar
 The lesser; in my glass there seems to swim
 A merest globule answering to him;
Now lost — a wavering and uncertain star!
Mercurius! who sets the final seal
 To weary eyes; who goes and comes again,
Bearing the messages of woe and weal:
 Now wrathful like a lion in his den,
Now melting to the pitiful appeal
 That mutely rises from the homes of men.

VII

“THE LORDS HAVE PASSED”

THE Lords have passed; within their silent
bound

No man may say how runs the loom of fate,
Nor what the threads are that will soon or
late

In human life be strangely interwound.

Those mighty planets, that move round and
round

Forever and behold our low estate,
Have wrought their will, while we, as men who
wait

And listen, catch no faintest sign or sound.

Roll on, O stars, and give us what you may,—

Exile and want, or home and wedded wife;

Take what you will: our will is to obey;

All that you have were scarcely worth our
strife;

For we are children of a summer's day:

Why should we quarrel with the Lords of
Life?

THE SONNET

ART gave it us as Nature doth a shell:
It holds the murmurings of the infinite deep
Of mind and thought; through its small
arches creep
The voices born about the sacred well;
Here love and life their secret visions tell;
And souls of old forgotten things that sweep
In music low along the shores of sleep,
Do haunt its chambers with some potent spell.
Whate'er the seas have whispered to the lands
A shell repeats; this sings the heart's own
lay.
But when I raised it dripping from the sands
To bear it to my cabinet, woe the day!
The tiny treasure brake within my hands,
And all the music fled from it away.

L'ENVOI

THE blue above immeasurably deep,
And blue around for many a shimmering mile,
Where sky and sea unbosom all they keep,
In open secret, to the lonely Isle,—
Yea, as of old, when Christ's Apostle came,
And saw, and heard — there all things are the
same.

O Isle of Visions, shall there be again
The open vision ever? Are the days
So evil that among all living men
None may interpret now the light that strays
Still earthward through the thin and wavering
screen,—
None say, in rapt assurance, "I have seen"?

The cloud-built City — built of all things rare —
The many voices breaking on the shore,
The trumpets that run, blowing, down the air,—
These baffle our dull senses; evermore
We look and listen, and remain unstirred,
Waiting for some one who has seen and heard.

Perhaps he sleeps; perhaps the dream is on
Of things that were, and are, and still shall be,—
Stars, swords, white horses, piercèd hands; anon
The River and Tree of Life, and no more sea.
He will proclaim it, ere the age go quite,—
Our Poet, when the Angel whispers, "Write."

For he will find in common sights and sounds —
More keen than we to listen and to look —
Beauty and truth from the eternal bounds,
And he shall write them in his own new book,
And be the prophet-poet of our choice,
O Island of the Vision and the Voice!



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