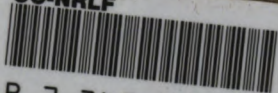
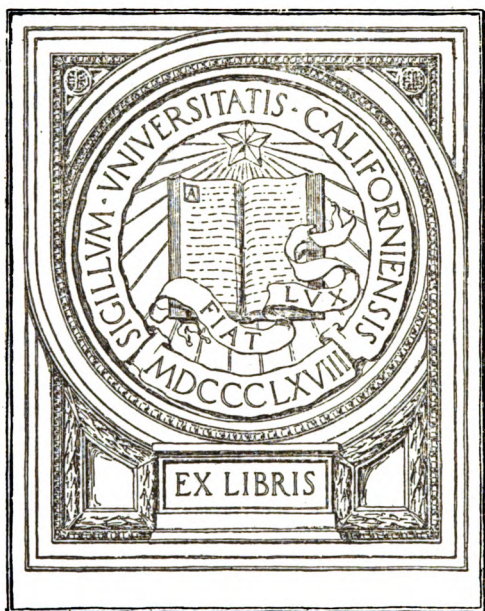


SONGS OF SEEKING AND FINDING
TERTIUS VAN DYKE

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**SONGS OF
SEEKING AND FINDING**

SONGS OF SEEKING AND FINDING

BY
TERTIUS VAN DYKE



SONGS OF
SEEKING AND FINDING

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1920

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TO YOU
BY THE PRESS

THE SCRIBNER PRESS

To
HENRY VAN DYKE

DEAR GOVERNOR,—

Do you remember a few short years ago when you found some unfinished verses that had been left by accident on your table at Avalon? And do you remember finishing those verses and sending them back with a letter of encouragement to a certain boy in school who had left them on your table?

How did those verses get there? Well, the boy had an idea that by sitting at your table he could complete his recalcitrant verses. And he was right!

So here are some more verses which also belong to you for reasons of inspiration, gratitude, and comradeship. Will you accept their dedication to you with the admiration and affection of

Your loving son,

TERTIUS.

Park Avenue Presbyterian Church Manse,
January 1, 1920.

457630

CONTENTS

I. OVERHEARD AMONG THE BIRDS

	PAGE
THE MEADOW-LARK	3
THE CROWS IN WINTER	4
MID-AUGUST	7
THE ARRIVING BLUEBIRD	8
THE DEPARTING BLUEBIRD	9
THE HUMMING-BIRD	10
THE CROSSBILL	11
IN A BOOK OF SELECTIONS FROM RICHARD JEF- FRIES	12
A MAY DAY LESSON	13

II. "ADMIRATION, HOPE, AND LOVE"

TO DOROTHEA	17
TO DOROTHEA	18
TWO SONGS FOR KATRINA TRASK	19

	PAGE
THE BROKEN BIRCH-TREE	21
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND	22
THE WELCOME SHIP	24
SHE WALKS ABOVE THE SPRAY-FLECKED CLIFFS .	27
A FRIEND	29
ROMANCE	31
AS WHEN A LOVER OF THE FOREST STANDS . . .	33
LOVE SEEKS A WORD	34
LOVE IS DEAD	35
SONG	36
BLUE	37

III. SWORDS AND MEN

BY THE SWORD	41
THE WAR-MAKERS	44
REPRISALS	45
TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES . . .	46
IN TIME OF WAR	47
OXFORD REVISITED IN WAR-TIME	48
THE MEN OF OXFORD	50
AMERICA TAKES HER PLACE	52

IV. SEEKING AND DARING

	PAGE
YOUTH IN AMERICA	55
THE POET'S VISION	56
AFTERWARD	58
SUMMER SLEEP	59
THE YOUNG SINGER	60
THE WINDING ROAD	61
LOVE OF LIFE	62
LAUGHTER AND TEARS	64
TEMPTATION AND THE VISIONARY	66
THE CROSS AND THE CROWN	67
A MINISTER LEARNS ABOUT LIFE	68
PROVIDENCE	70
MIRACLES	71
THE MYSTERY	74
THE MASTER OF YOUTH	76

V. THE LOST ISLAND

THE LOST ISLAND	79
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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

I

OVERHEARD AMONG THE BIRDS

THE MEADOW-LARK

Long before the fields are green,
Or the blust'ring winds are still;
Long before the waiting woodland
Feels the thrill
Of the coming of the springtime,
If you listen you will hear,
In the open, windy places,
Sounding bravely, far and near:
Spring o' the year!

Long before the angry clouds
Cease to gather in the sky;
Long before the driving rain-storms
Hasten by;
In the dreary, sodden meadows,
All your heart-beats leap with cheer—
Hark, the meadow-lark is singing
Songs of gladness, piercing clear:
Spring o' the year!

THE CROWS IN WINTER

When the sun on winter mornings
Rises in the eastern heavens,
Upward from the pines and fir-trees
Mount the crows in countless numbers,
Flapping, cawing, hoarsely croaking,
Wheeling, turning, calling loudly,
Filling all the woods with clamor.

Then like armies seeking plunder
Off they flock in many parties,
Scatt'ring over field and meadow,
Flying low in long procession,
Searching for the food of winter;
Sometimes calling to each other
Notes of warning, notes of danger,
When they see the crafty hunter.

Thus they fly across the country,
Over hill and field and valley,
Over wood and barren corn-field,
Peering ever down below them,
Till a glimpse of corn or berries,
Scrap of flesh or bit of plunder
Greets the eyes of these marauders.
Then with loud incessant cawing
Down they drop upon their booty,
Stalking round with wise demeanor,
Picking up the scattered morsels,
Sometimes talking to each other;
Flying then a little distance
In their eager search for forage
Till the field is gleaned of booty
And in long and dark procession,
Off they fly to seek new pastures.

Thus they pass the busy daytime,
Till the early sun is sinking,
Warning of approaching darkness;
Then with loud persistent clamor
Up they mount till out of gunshot
And with slow and labored wing-beats
Flap their way across the landscape,
Disappearing in the twilight
As a storm-cloud set in motion
By the restless winds of winter
Trails across the darkling heaven
And is lost on the horizon.

When they reach the dismal pine-wood
Down they drop upon the branches
Settling on their chosen perches,
With weird cries and frequent croakings.
Silent then with ruffled plumage
They await the icy darkness.

MID-AUGUST

In tangled heaps along the road
The dying roses lie,
And o'er the meadows gray with dust
The breezes loiter by.

High in the quivering cloudless sky
The blazing sun burns bright;
The cattle by the willow-trees
Are hidden from his sight.

Along the fences by the road
The berry-bushes stoop,
And laden with their dusty load
Across the roadway droop.

* * * * *

Kind-hearted Summer loath to go
Still lingers for a day;
She hears a sweet insistent call
And turns her face away.

THE ARRIVING BLUEBIRD

Up from the south in early March
Although the cold winds blow,
There comes a cheerful little bird
Who braves the frost and snow.

His breast is brown like new-ploughed earth,
His wings like summer skies,
And promise of a day to come
Is shining in his eyes.

At his approach Old Winter turns
By secret ways that show
Where his ice-sandals leave their marks
In flight to lands of snow.

Some morning when the sunbeams dance
Throughout a cloudless sky,
The maiden Spring in virgin garb
Comes lightly tripping by,

And like a wisp of azure skies
Borne on a gentle breeze
The bluebird sings a way for her
Amid the budding trees.

THE DEPARTING BLUEBIRD

Deserted now the meadows lie
That lately bloomed with summer flowers,
And, like the southward-winging birds,
Fly swiftly past the daylight hours.

Fair Summer, hostess of the fields,
With loit'ring steps has turned away;
And Nature stands with tear-dimmed eyes
To watch her on the lonely way.

Only the tiny bluebird sings his oft-repeated lay:
“*Far-away, far-away, far-away.*”

So sweetly-sad this tender strain,
So full of longing for the past,
That in our hearts a sorrow stirs,
And in our eyes the tears rise fast.

Yet if we listen once again
A different, sweeter song we hear,
A song that brings a gleam of joy
And wipes away the idle tear.

For now the tiny bluebird sings with simple-hearted
cheer:

“The springtime comes again to us, so, *never-fear.*”

THE HUMMING-BIRD

A bee-like flight, a sudden swerve,
And then, a-tilt in every nerve,
On the tiniest twig of the dead pine-tree,
In gem-incrusted majesty,—
Beyond the reach of the daintiest word,—
The fearless, flawless humming-bird!

THE CROSSBILL

Who does not love this bird with twisted beak
And rosy plumage? In the sombre north,
Among the gargoyles of the wilderness,
He finds a home, and warbles holy songs
Of praise at matins and at even-song,
Cathedraled in the spruce-trees' gothic spires.
On winter days, across the death-white snow,
A vision of spattered blood, he wings his way.
And all his days religiously reveal
The memory of an ancient pious deed.

IN A BOOK OF SELECTIONS
FROM RICHARD JEFFRIES

In lonely cities built by men
I trod an endless maze,
And seldom found a human joy
To cheer the restless days.

But here beside this budding wood
What sudden joys upstart!
How lightly Nature's touch sets free
Each impulse of the heart!

Here is man's rightful heritage
Far from the city's strain:
Flowers by a stream, birds in the trees,
And sunshine after rain.

April by the Itchin.

A MAY DAY LESSON

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

—WORDSWORTH.

I wandered through the countryside
To hear what God was saying
With heart and mind kept open wide—
A sort of silent praying;

And everywhere I went I heard
Till all my heart was ringing
In stream and flower, in tree and bird
A joyful angel singing:

Awake little servant and sometimes be glad
Or else you will surely be all the time mad,
For why of all creatures are you alone sad?

I stood upon the streamlet's brink—
A gentle breeze was blowing—
And laughed to hear the bobolink
With rapture overflowing;

The apple-orchards rained their bloom
In reckless, fragrant measure;
The quiet path through woodland gloom
Was fringed with jewelled treasure.

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In reckless, fragrant measure;
The quiet path through woodland gloom
Was fringed with jewelled treasure.

The slim-winged swallows flashed and turned
Above the daisies swaying,
Till childhood's heart within me burned
To join their pretty playing.

Now every cheerful sight and sound
Proclaimed the joy of living,
For radiant sky and fruitful ground
Rejoiced with great thanksgiving.

My heart that was so dumb and slow
From meadow, hill, and river
Had learned with equal joy to glow
And praise the Royal Giver.

Awake little servant and sometimes be glad
Or else you will surely be all the time mad,
For why of all creatures are you alone sad?

II

“ADMIRATION, HOPE, AND LOVE”

TO DOROTHEA

Dear sister on this happy day
This is the dream that I dream for you,
And this is the dream of each woman true
To her God-given self in life's brief way:

To make a glory of mortal life
By the love of beauty and gentle deeds;
To cherish the life that the spirit needs,
And find out peace in the midst of strife.

To lift dull eyes from the busy mart
Up to the hills and the clear, clean sky,
Till we turn from our groundless certainty
And doubt our reason, yet trust the heart.

December 18, 1908.

TO DOROTHEA

Her voice was like the melody
Of some old-fashioned tune;
Her eyes were bright with tender stars
Like sister nights of June.

Calmly as moonlight by the sea
Her smile dispelled the night;
Her laughter like the sunbeams fell
Irradiant with light.

Now she is gone beyond our sight
To some more glorious shore,
Yet music, moonlight, sun, and stars
Speak of her evermore.

August, 1912.

TWO SONGS FOR KATRINA TRASK

I

TRIUNA ISLAND

How lightly on Triuna's shores
The laughing ripples run;
How brave the sight of trees that fling
Green banners to the sun.

O sweet the song the waking bird
From bosky thicket trills
When the broad roseate wings of dawn
Are spread above the hills.

At evening in the tall tree-tops
The fluttering breezes die,
And half-forgotten visions flame
Across the western sky.

Here joy and sorrow side by side
'Neath heaven's arch of blue
By Love's dear touch are sanctified,—
The poet's dream is true.

September, 1910.

II

YADDO

Where, cried my heart, shall I find peace dwelling
Nor ever yield to my flying quest?—
Come, sang the pine and the rose of Yaddo,
Here in the fulness of life is rest.

June, 1915.

THE BROKEN BIRCH-TREE

O silver sister birch-tree,
So sad and woe-begone,
Among such fair companions
Dost find thyself alone,
The joy of youth forgotten
And beauty all unknown?

Thy sisters circle round thee
Graceful beyond compare,
Their smooth limbs white as moonlight,
And rippling breeze-kissed hair.
How easy their forgetting
Of anything less fair!

But thou, poor broken birch-tree,
Dear little sister mine,
Instead of perfect beauty
One leaf-crowned bough is thine;
At their more glorious fortune
Let not thy heart repine!

Behold, brave sister birch-tree,
By dark misfortune tried,
Thou wear'st a halo fairer
Than crown of easy pride,
In loveliness surpassing
Beauty self-satisfied.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

She is dying, O my children,
Seated in her rocking-chair;
See, her tired hands are folded
And her lips move slow in prayer.

She is dying gently, surely,
With a smile upon her face;
Often thus she falls a-napping
Waiting in this quiet place.

At her knee her cat is purring;
On the stove the kettle sings;
She is dying as she wished it
'Mid the old familiar things.

Every day from school the children
Hopped and skipped up to her door,
Calling for their favorite stories
Seated round her on the floor.

There were cookies from the cupboard,
And when every one was good
She would sing a quavering ditty
Of lost children in the wood.

Now the room is full of neighbors,
Kindly faces, ready hands;
Bending o'er her, quietly waiting,
See, the gray-haired doctor stands.

At the door the children clustered
Shake with silent, generous tears,
While their wide eyes watch the working
Of the solemn weight of years.

Slowly while the clock is ticking
Droops her head upon her breast,
Falls;—'mid friends and little children,
Crowned with years she takes her rest.

THE WELCOME SHIP

TO GRENFELL, OF THE LABRADOR

Clear-eyed and fearless, full of quiet faith
And love that seeks to meet a brother's need,
Glad with the joy of service that palls not,
And happy in adventure like a boy,
Grenfell, disciple of the living Christ
And lover of the sea, rejoicing steers
His sturdy craft along a cheerless coast.

* * * * *

One glint of gold in the sullen west, and then
The evening settles down with lowering clouds,
The wind roars round the cape from the open
sea

With stinging sleet. Along the rock-strewn bay,
Rough-hewn and weather-beaten like the rocks
To which they cling, the clustered houses lean.
In windows dim with rain the lamplight gleams;
The evening meal is spread. One house alone
Is unprepared and dark; the heavy air
Seems heavier for the weight of a woman's sobs;
And the harsh sound of troubled breathing hangs
Above a tiny cot where helpless lies
A big-limbed fisherman, his bronzed cheeks sunk,
His eyes wide open, sightless, blurred with pain.
Beside him burns the lamp, a little spot
Of faltering light amid the gloom.

Outside

On the cliff's edge a group of rough-clad men
With troubled faces vainly watch for help.
All they can see is trembling flakes of spume
Snatched by the angry wind, while steadily
The black waves leap and break in dirty foam
Along the black cliff's base. Hope fails; 'tis late;
The storm grows more and more. They turn to
face

The brave man's horror of a helpless night;
With hopeless steps they go; one lags behind
For one last look. His keen eyes rove the sea;
He pauses; whirls the rain-drops from his eyes,
And looks again; then wheels: "The ship! The
ship!"

He shouts with eager quavering voice.

Within

The house the cry comes to the listening ears
Faint but most joyous.—"Oh, thank God, thank
God!"

The woman slips to her knees in grateful prayer.
The sick man lifts his head, a flickering smile
On his thin lips. . . . A moment . . . then the
sound

Of eager voices and the tramp of boots;
The bringers of good news come trooping back
With kindly words of cheer.

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And now across
A tossing sea beyond the harbor bar,
Out of the blinding fog and rain, and safe
From glittering icebergs and uncharted rocks,
Fearlessly plunging on, they come! they come!
The dauntless doctor and his dauntless crew,
Gallant disciples of the Lord of Life.

SHE WALKS ABOVE THE SPRAY-FLECKED CLIFFS

She walks above the spray-flecked cliffs
In meadows sweet with flowers;
Her eyes see something far away
Beyond these fleeting hours.

She steps with quiet, even pace
Serene as her heart's beat,
And often turns lest she should tread
A flower beneath her feet.

Each move of head or hand betrays
A thought of gentleness,
Each look she gives the wild sea-birds
Is like a mute caress.

The clutching waves beside her leap;—
She has no doubt nor fear,
Such deeps has she within herself
And hopes so brave and dear;

Such deeps has she all clear and still
Beneath the reach of storms,
The restless world must pass her by
In wracks of cloud-made forms.

She walks alone, yet not alone,
And waits so patiently;
She knows not anything but love,—
This mother soon to be.

A FRIEND

Well . . . I am tired of silly girls and all
The doubtful folly of my talk with them.
Now drooping lashes, now a hoyden look,
Nothing to say but banter idle words;
Either a bold familiarity
Or else a dull and artificial pose—
And always I more dull or bold than they—
Till naught seems real and nothing worth the
while.

So I will go. I know the place to go.
There she will be—this honest friend of mine,
This quiet, deep-bosomed mother of four sons,
Four romping, stalwart youngsters with keen eyes.
In all their active and clean-bodied sports
She takes an evident delight; they run
And jump before her, glad to feel her eyes
Approvingly upon them, proud to see
Her woman's interest in their games.

To her then I will go, and she will take
My hand in friendliness and surely say
Such things as I believe in but had lost
Through too much loitering in a forward road;
And we shall sit together at our ease
In the sweet garden, and our talk will flow
Like a strong river through the meadowland,
Touching with life a world of gentle thoughts.
To her I will speak truth, for she can look
So evenly and straight into my eyes
That falsehood dies before the lie is formed.
She knows so much, yet is so glad and calm
That I am lifted from my troubled self
To see the world in purer, braver wise.

Now let me turn away from all this sad
Frivolity, for every manly chord
Within me cries to speak and hear the truth
And heed the honest pulse of life. And I—
I know who sings: "Adventure with a quiet heart."

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There she will be—this honest friend of mine,
This quiet, deep-bosomed mother of four sons,
Four romping, stalwart youngsters with keen eyes.
In all their active and clean-bodied sports
She takes an evident delight; they run
And jump before her, glad to feel her eyes
Approvingly upon them, proud to see
Her woman's interest in their games.

To her then I will go, and she will take
My hand in friendliness and surely say
Such things as I believe in but had lost
Through too much loitering in a forward road;
And we shall sit together at our ease
In the sweet garden, and our talk will flow
Like a strong river through the meadowland,
Touching with life a world of gentle thoughts.
To her I will speak truth, for she can look
So evenly and straight into my eyes
That falsehood dies before the lie is formed.
She knows so much, yet is so glad and calm
That I am lifted from my troubled self
To see the world in purer, braver wise.

Now let me turn away from all this sad
Frivolity, for every manly chord
Within me cries to speak and hear the truth
And heed the honest pulse of life. And I—
I know who sings: "Adventure with a quiet heart."

ROMANCE

The peace of the night-time
Silently brooding
Hangs o'er the forest
In mystery shrouding
All of its secrets.

Only the moonbeams,
Spectral and ghostlike,
Peer through the branches
Or glint on the wavelets
Of the swift river.

Now if you stand by the side of the rapids
Hark, you will hear the murmur of voices
Under the roar of the travelling waters
Singing and calling and endlessly calling:
'Tis only the sound of the bold rapids singing
Calling and wooing the mist maidens to them.

Down where the curving river flows,
Noiselessly slipping on its way,
Close to the shore where the birch-trees lean,
There the lithe mist maidens play.

Smoothly they glide with an easy grace,
Languidly swaying to and fro,
Back and forth by the white birch-trees,
Sweeping the waters' silent flow.

Over the calm of this whispering place
Tiptoes the wind on the trees above
Faint and far, oh, faint and far
Trembles the rapids' song of love:

Mist maidens come to the hearts of your lovers,
Why will you tarry and leave us despairing?
Red glows the sunrise when morning awakens
Filling our hearts with the fierce joy of battle;
Madly we spring in the thick of the tumult,
Leaping and singing, in freedom exulting;
Nothing can hinder the might of our onslaught,
And ready we stand to defend you from danger.

Then comes the sunset with banners and glory,
Wearied with fighting, we seek you with longing;
Slowly the stars blossom forth in the darkness
And over the waters the pale moonbeams wander.
Now comes a yearning our hearts cannot fathom,
Softly we woo you with tenderest love-songs,
Keep us not waiting then, hark to our wooing,
Come to us, fair ones, O come to us quickly,
Leave us not endlessly calling and calling.

Aimlessly gliding here and there
Idly the fair mist maidens play;
Sweet to their hearts is the rapids' song
Borne by the breeze from far away.

AS WHEN A LOVER OF THE FOREST
STANDS

As when a lover of the forest stands
In silent wonder in a hidden dell,
And hears the spring come bubbling from the
sands,
And yields his whole self to the magic spell
Of beauties, filling heart and ear and eye,
Yet knows not which he loves the most: the sight
And smell of growing things, the glimpse of sky,
Or waters singing in the sunbeams' light:

So stand I lost in wonder when thy face
Across my fancy comes; nor can I say
Which gentle virtue or unconscious grace
Is dearer to my heart from day to day,
Since all charms make in thee one perfect whole—
The flower-like chalice of a maiden soul.

LOVE SEEKS A WORD

O where are words for Love to tell
The joys that Love has known?
Think you to catch the wild-rose breath
Through random meadows blown?

Can even sweetest melody
Express the nameless grace
That haunts the faintest smile or tear
On the Beloved's face?

Shall art portray the spirit's life,
O Love without disguise?
Or paint the light of stars that speeds
Long years to touch our eyes?

So all that I can say, Sweetheart,
Or all that I can do
Are broken fragments of my love
In every fibre true;

This I can say: my being flows
In every current free,
Past ruined bridges full in flood
Resistlessly to thee.

LOVE IS DEAD

Hapless Love with broken wing,
Little silent, lifeless thing,
Ah! how he could soar and sing,
 Long ago, so long ago.

Lay him in the cool brown earth,
Soon, so soon, death follows birth;
Nevermore comes childlike mirth,
 Nevermore, ah, nevermore.

Mocking world, you'll still go on
Ev'n though light and life be flown,
Dumb and hard as yon gray stone,
 Evermore, forevermore.

Nothing matters from this day
Now I've laid poor Love away,
Unto dust and common clay
 He is gone, oh, he is gone.

What avails it to be brave?
Nothing now hath power to save,
Bowed above the little grave
 Let me die, oh let me die.

SONG

Out of the booming wind and wave
Rise melodies vast and free,
And music awakes in the tangled brakes
And the shade of the forest tree.

A lyric lurks in the sea-gull's swoop
And the flower that blooms unseen,
And the whole world sings as it wildly swings
Where the headlong stars careen.

But the song that thrilled me through and through
Till the heart-beats caught my breath,
Was a slender maid with eyes unafraid
Who carolled of love and death.

BLUE

Long have I loved to dream beside the blue waves
flashing
Overarched by azure skies in summer's perfect
days;
The frail bluebells that fringe the cliff with every
breeze are swinging
And calling me to venture in the madcap fairies'
ways.

Heaven's gift to me is one blue star to share the
night of longing
And comfort me with silence though nor joy nor
prayer remains;
When thronging hopes beset my heart they sing
like dauntless bluebirds
Fluttering in early spring along the country lanes.

And even though I muse amid the autumn's fading
splendors
My heart is in the meadow with the gentians'
heavenly hue;
And to-day, as if to crown the long years of preparation,
To-day I met my true love;—and O her eyes are
blue!

III

SWORDS AND MEN

BY THE SWORD

So spring has come? Why should I care
For that? Some fool may have my share
Of sentiment and idle dreams,
For me, I live in glory's beams
Where men with steel-clad hearts of hate
Give and take death as stern as fate.
All life is but a conflict; why
Conceal it by a soft reply?
Things should be changed?—Where is the force
To turn men from their present course?
Bring out your armies, fleets, and guns
And prove it by your stalwart sons!
My joy is in the battle-line,
The shock of warfare is divine:
My all upon one stake I throw
And leap heart-whole to meet the foe.
Behold the transformed idlers come
Made heroes by a snarling drum!

Why tell me of a thrush that sings?
Why talk of streams and flowers? Such things
Are nothing, playthings of a day
That passes phantom-like away,
The whimsies of an unknown Might
That runs its course beyond our sight.
Come, carve your own high destiny;
From others snatch their victory;
The iron heart shall oft prevail
Where hearts of weaker stuff must fail;
And if you fall amid the strife?—
Well, that's the end of every life.
Love? 'Tis the will to have,—a game
Of wits, through centuries the same;
Perhaps your wants may both agree:
That's chance; here is the certainty:
Love differs thus alone from war,—
She must live though you conquer her.

Come hypocrites of aspect meek,
Veiling your sin of being weak,
Call out upon the brazen sky,
'Tis I shall give you your reply,
'Tis I that have the right divine,—
Here is the choice: your death,—or mine!

So spoke he in the pride of youth and strength
In foreign cafés, sipping painted drinks,
His sword across his knees.

A year passed by;
He strode no more to his accustomed place
With clanking spurs. Unmeaning bugles called.
Slave of a blind necessity, he led
His men to battle for a cause unknown,
And, falling, poured the bitter tide of life
Into the dark and thirsty dust of death.

THE WAR-MAKERS

The men who march with sturdy step
And singing hearts when bugles call,
Who wait or charge with equal will,
Triumphant even when they fall;
Rightly or wrongly led, these stake
Their lives to take their Country's part,
And win the honest praise of all
Who love a bold impulsive heart.

And we believe in heaven above,
Thou dost receive them, God of love!

But these who skulk concocting wars,
Or bluster safely far from pain,
Who whine, for dividends' sweet sake,
As things have been they must remain,
Dare they reflect on that sure day,—
These craven cumberers of the sod,—
When they who once were naked babes,
Return as gluttoned beasts to God?

The air is full of restless ghosts,
But Thine is vengeance, Lord of Hosts!

REPRISALS

In the House of Lords yesterday Lord Kitchener announced that our troops must be adequately protected from asphyxiating gases by the use of similar methods.

—*London Times*, May 19, 1915.

O England in this hour of trial
When strident voices mount on high,
Stand fast amid the troubled seas
And let the foolish tumult die.

Descend not to the baneful hate
Of "like for like"; your destiny
Is far too great. Though you behold
Your gallant sons in agony

Yet stoop not to the murderer's means.
Up, England! strike with honest blows
For Faith and Truth and Liberty,
And leave dishonor to your foes.

* * * * *

The patient heart that faces life,
Learned in the lore of history,
Has known the victor vanquished by
The price he paid for victory.

May 20, 1915.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES

FEBRUARY, 1916

Heroic heart that dares to face the rage
Of fierce impetuous word and headstrong will,
Thou knowest that by patience of the sage
Is won the truth that sets men's hearts a-thrill.

Thou darest curb the hotspur,—cast aside
The blandishments of those that seek for gain;
The thwarted politicians may deride:
Wrath, blandishments, and mockery are vain.

Lo, thou dost stand beset, but not dismayed,
While raucous voices stridently declaim;
Thou gazest at the future unafraid,
Heedless of threats and caring not for fame.

In the world's night of death and wild surprise
Though dust and smoke of conflict round thee
roll,
Yet canst thou read with sad prophetic eyes
The glorious vision of thy nation's soul.

IN TIME OF WAR

"Nothing avails," the scoffer cried,
"In these wild days but self and lust."
Drunken, he took his fill, and died,
And crumbled into common dust.

"Nothing abides," the Christian prayed,
"Save Thee, O Christ, for aye the same."
He did his duty unafraid,
Passed on, and left a hero's name.

OXFORD REVISITED IN WAR-TIME

Beneath fair Magdalen's storied towers
I wander in a dream,
And hear the mellow chimes float out
O'er Cherwell's ice-bound stream.

Throstle and blackbird stiff with cold
Hop on the frozen grass;
Among the agéd, upright oaks
The dun deer slowly pass.

The Chapel organ rolls and swells,
And voices still praise God;
But ah! the thought of youthful friends
Who lie beneath the sod.

Now wounded men with gallant eyes
Go hobbling down the street,
And nurses from the hospital
Speed by with tireless feet.

The town is full of uniforms;
And through the stormy sky,
Frightening the rooks from the tallest trees,
The aeroplanes roar by.

The older faces still are here
More grave and true and kind,
Ennobled by the steadfast toil
Of patient heart and mind.

And old-time friends are dearer grown
To fill a double place:
Unshaken faith makes glorious
Each forward-looking face.

Old Oxford's walls are gray and worn;
She knows the truth of tears,
But to-day she stands in her ancient pride
Crowned with eternal years.

Gone are her sons: yet her heart is glad
In the glory of their youth,
For she brought them forth to live or die
By freedom, justice, truth.

Cold moonlight falls on silent towers;
The young ghosts walk with the old;
But Oxford dreams of the dawn of May,
And her heart is free and bold.

Magdalen College, January, 1917.

THE MEN OF OXFORD

My heart is with the British,
The gallant Oxford men,
Who waste no idle rancor
To weaken sword or pen.

They will not talk heroics;
Even fame may pass them by:
It is their inborn nature
For Britain's sake to die.

They rise without a gesture
To meet the blustering foe;
Their words are few but solemn;
A heart is in each blow.

Beloved towers of Oxford
In dreams before them rise;
Once more from old Port Meadow
The skylark takes the skies.

The placid river windings
Are ever in their sight;
The dear gray walls of Oxford
Surround their sleep at night.

The ancient truth of beauty
Which only youth may see
Blooms in the sons of Oxford
In grace and chivalry.

Like lovers they court danger
In the old Oxford style
With look far off and fearless,
On boyish lips a smile.

They turn from home to duty
And go without a sigh;—
Christ fend the youth of Oxford
Who sail abroad to die.

AMERICA TAKES HER PLACE

Deluded by a life of easy calm,
Lightly we judged injustice soon would cease;
We hid the solemn truth, or found release
In eyes made sightless with a soothing balm.
Even youth forgot the laurel wreath and palm,
Comforts replaced the virtues of Old Greece;
Careless of righteousness we babbled "Peace!"
Too dull to heed the Hebrew battle-psalm.

But now the hour has struck; the issue stands
Waiting decision; prophet and hero rise
Facing the future with a glad surmise.
Against a selfish tyrant's lawless bands
Strengthen, O God, thy youngest warrior's hands,
Who grasps the sword with justice in her eyes.

London, America Day, April 20, 1917.

IV
SEEKING AND DARING

YOUTH IN AMERICA

I ask no easy portion
With tithes of love and gold;
This brave world owes me nothing;—
Nor shall, when life grows cold.

Let some adventure take me
In this forward-looking land,
For my heart is fain of the battle-strain
And the sword leaps in my hand!

THE POET'S VISION

All day the fields in silence lay
Beneath the mellow autumn sun,
And from the groves of painted trees
The leaves fell fluttering, one by one.

Now on a hill the poet stood,
And watched the sun sink slowly down
Behind the hills, and touch with flame
The windows of the distant town.

He saw the ghostly wraiths of mist
Rise from the meadows spread below;
With thankful heart he saw the star
That trembles in the sunset glow.

Then all the world grew faint and far,
As fades the shadow of a dream;
Dim grew the fields, the hills, the town,
And softly sang the meadow stream.

And now before his vision passed
A train of knights in bold array;
Fair flashed their armor, red and gold,
Touched by the darts of dying day.

In dreams he saw them wage their wars,
He saw their deeds of skill and might,
He saw them die for honor's sake,
And overrule the wrong with right.

“Great God!” he cried, and reached his hands
Up to the heavens' wide expanse,
“Why could I not have lived and died
In those brave days with horse and lance?”

“Why must I waste my life to-day;
Be born and love, perhaps, and die—
Where are the gallant deeds that filled
The noble days of years gone by?”

The flame of passion blazed, then sank.
Out of his dream the poet woke;
He felt the night wind on his cheek,
And in his heart a small voice spoke:

“Old days are gone, but yet remains
The hard-fought warfare of the Truth;
Still more and more the world cries out
For courage and the strength of youth;

Only the idler stops to mourn
The chances of the days gone by;—
Your chance is now—the present time—
Rise up, Sir Knight, and fight and die!”

AFTERWARD

Heedless and thoughtless in our petty selves
We live with senses dulled to nobler things;
We see no kindness in a stern rebuke,
Nor heed the wisdom in a warning given
By those who know us. Still we seek to find
Pleasure that only comes to whom it will—
Till suddenly we wake as from a dream
Before the dead face of our patient friend,
And stand struck dumb with sorrow, faint with
tears;
Then goaded into action stumble forth
Into the open air, and hesitate,—
For mad with vain regrets we only see
The darkened sunlight on the hateful grass
And hear the tuneless grinding of an empty world.

SUMMER SLEEP

When the summer moon hangs in the sky,
And the soft wind pulses low,
And the rushes that grow by the riverside
Wave gently to and fro,

In the mystic light of the moon's pale rays
From realms of the stars on high,
Wrapped in a veil of silver mist
The Queen o' Dreams drifts by.

To the country of dreams she bears me off
Afar through the silent night,
Drifting and drifting away and away
Under the gray moonlight.

But how I come back from that distant land
Where reigns the Queen o' Dreams
I know not;—only I know that here
I wake in the sun's bright beams.

THE YOUNG SINGER

O, how many songs will you make, my lad,
And when will your task be done?
*I have dreamed me a dream of the long, brave years,
And my task is just begun.*

And where will you find a theme, my lad,
Since the world is no more young?
*While the man and the woman hope and seek
There's always a song unsung.*

THE WINDING ROAD

There are many to sing us the doleful song
Of the hearts that hang heavy with tears,
But who will sing us the dauntless song—
A marching measure that swings along—
Of the heart that has no fears?

The joy of life is the forward road
To the heart that is ready to go;
There's a laugh and a jest at the end of day,
And a sweet voice calling from far away
Whenever the wild winds blow.

Though what we may see at the turn of the road
Is hidden from you and from me,
Yet with heart that is free of a vain disguise,
And face to the front and fearless eyes,
We will dare whatever we see.

LOVE OF LIFE

Love you not the tall trees spreading wide their
branches,
Cooling with their green shade the sunny days of
June;
Love you not the little bird lost among the leaf-
lets
Dreamily repeating a quaint, brief tune?

Is there not a joy in the waste windy places,
Is there not a song by the long dusty way;
Is there not a glory in the sudden hour of struggle,
Is there not a peace in the long quiet day?

Love you not the meadows with their deep lush
grasses,
Love you not the cloud-flocks noiseless in their
flight,
Love you not the cool breeze that runs to meet the
sunrise,
Love you not the stillness of the warm summer
night?

Have you never wept with a grief that slowly
passes,
Have you never laughed when a joy goes running
by,
Know you not the peace of rest that follows la-
bor?—
You have not learnt to live, then; how can you
dare to die?

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

When I no more as now can find
A joy in little common things;
When mirth which blesses humankind
No laughing mantle o'er me flings:
Veneered with mock solemnity,
Then pity me,
O pity me!

When from my eyes no tears will flow,
But all those tender springs are dead;
When any tale of mortal woe
Still leaves unbowed a haughty head:
Aloof in self-complacency,
Then pity me,
O weep for me!

When any cry of human wrong
Shall fail to draw me from my path;
Or evil fail to make me strong
With impulse of a righteous wrath:
Dead in my own sufficiency,
Then pity me,
O pity me!

But while I weep with unfeigned tears,
Or mayhap laugh with simple mirth,
And spend the talents of the years
In love and labor on the earth:
Then God is my security,
Rejoice with me,
O sing with me!

TEMPTATION AND THE VISIONARY

I who have seen the vision of God,
How shall I turn me back
Out of this rugged upward trail
Down to the well-trod track?

Out of the gloom of hopeless nights
Glory has filled mine eyes,
How can I leave this starward path,
Or turn my gaze from the skies?

All through the hours of spirit-strife
Stands Christ with his hand on mine,
And his eyes on me; can I turn away
At the cost of that love divine?

Subtly they seek to draw me down—
Desire and sloth with men—
Shall I yield? Christ comes at desperate need:
The vision! The gleam, again!

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN

We that are young and troubled,
We that are old and sad,
We that are weary of conflict,
We that are strong and glad,
Drawn by the need of our spirits
In sorrow and joy and strife,
We come unto thee, Christ Jesus,
Strong Saviour and Lord of Life.

Out of success and failure,
Weary of fear and fate,
Sick of the dull lust of living
Slaves to our doubt and hate,
Turn we to thee, O Christ Jesus,
And pray for a swift release
From anguish and dread of sinning
To freedom and light and peace.

Thou hast known pain and sorrow,
Tempted, despised, alone,
Out of the wreck of earth's failures
Raising a heavenly throne:
Thine, we are thine, O Christ Jesus,
Never from thee to depart;
The cross and the crown forever
Are fixed in each human heart.

A MINISTER LEARNS ABOUT LIFE

So you have come to save me while I die
Because you think I'm on the road to hell;
What do you know of hell? Because you're called
A minister of God are you in charge
Of hell? Listen! I tell you that I know
Far more of hell than you and all your books.
I've been there. You will never save my soul
By fear. Think you I care for suffering?
A little more or less with all this pain—
What matters that? Although you're called the
man

Of God you are a fool; and worst of all
A timid fool. I don't know what's the hell
For that, but sure as God it does exist.—
Why is your face so white? Are you afraid,
Or only angry at me?—Yes, I'll stop
And listen. Fix this pillow.—Now I'm quiet
And you shall talk. . . .

Wait now; I want to ask
Why do you speak of church and doctrines, heaven
And hell? I cannot understand—perhaps
Because my mind is weaker now.—Ah, well,
I see you're disappointed; it's my fault;
I've always been a blunderer since first
I left my mother in her tears and made
This mad attempt at living for myself.
But listen: this is what I need: Jesus!
Tell me the things he did—You ought to know:
Zaccheus—the publicans—the sheep he found.
You needn't make the application; see,
For one so near to death there is no need;
Death does it for you. Tell me, is it true
He loves, he saves? I've had so little love
And such a need for love. And can you say
How Jesus walked the hills of Galilee
And taught and prayed and toiled and died for me
Among weak friends and bitter enemies?
Help me to see the blueness of the sky
The redness of the lilies that he saw.
Can you do that? . . . Does your theology
Teach that? . . . Now I will close my eyes and
watch
The pictures that you make; and if the pain
Is not too great you shall not know the time
When I step out from this mysterious world.

PROVIDENCE

How many gentle deeds are done
In this strange world through hidden laws
Of which we only see the effect but cannot know
the cause!

This little, nameless, laughing babe,
Born out of sin and bitter wrong,
Brings tears into his mother's eyes,—but to her
heart a song.

The wind 'mid stormy sunset clouds
Has swept a crystal space of sky
Where floats the cradled silvern moon, serenely
small and high.

MIRACLES

The age of miracles is past; no more
Stand men in wonder on the lonely shore
Gazing at glory; in unseeing eyes
Lies buried childhood's rapture of surprise.
How neatly we discover everything,—
Except that human hearts were made to sing.
Truth hath no beauty; genius is grown mad;
And youth is weary, prematurely sad;
Art sinks to self-expression; faith is dead,
The soul is governed by an empty head;
Religion damned, the dismal science rules,
And men are labelled from the various schools.
Empty the goal for which the people strive,
Believing life is but to be alive.

Waken deluded dreamers! rise and see
Spread out before you all eternity:
The ancient oceans, everlasting hills,
The quivering life that through all nature thrills;
And over all, across the darkened sky,
Behold the pageant of the stars wheel by.
What do these speak of—paltry doubts and fears?
Or hope and faith beyond poor human years?
Is God then dead because we learn his laws
And argue wisely of effect and cause?
Must wonder fade that knowledge still may grow?
Are life and death no more than things to know?—
See how the hosts of idle doubters stand
Abashed and troubled by the faithful band
Of men who live or die for truth, nor find
The universe enclosed in one small mind.

There are no miracles? Does God not speak
As in the olden days? Where will you seek
For miracles to-day? Shall they be found
Breaking the tedium of an endless round
Of tea-cup gossip? Shall a prophet's joy
Lighten the dark hours when all pleasures cloy?
Between the dances of the vaudeville
Shall angel visions set our hearts a-thrill?
Or dare the young man consecrate to gold
Hope to see God when he is growing old?

Awake! arise! cast off the prison chain;
Look on such poor existence with disdain;
Cleave through the outward husk of things and
take

Life at the source; hew down the tangled brake
That with a bitter growth of things, things, things,
Stifes the poet-heart before it sings.

And then, behold, set round with stars and seas,
Old loves, new life, and all earth's harmonies,
God's favorite miracle since time began:
The fearless, prayerful, conquering soul of man.

THE MYSTERY

Except ye become as little children. . . .

I said: I will fight my way
Through the riddle of history
To the very heart of the mystery
In the press of the thickest fray.

I will join in the eager quest
For the thing that a man desires;
I will win my way through the blazing fires
To the end of life's bitter jest.

So I swung my sword on high,
And I struck with a right good will;
But the leaping blade could never still
My spirit's secret cry.

Smitten at last I fell
In the thick of the whirling strife,
And my spirit slid betwixt death and life
To the trembling brink of hell.

* * * * *

I woke in the flower-starred grass
'Neath an arch of June blue sky;
And I heard wild bird-songs drifting by
And I felt cloud-shadows pass.

And a little lad ran up
With a merry-serious face
And thrust with a child's unmannered grace
A dripping leaf-made cup.

And when I had drunk he said:
"If you like I could be your guide
And walk with you by the quiet brook side
Till the sun is gone to bed.

There's many a thing to see!"
He cried with glowing eyes,
"And the best of all is a great surprise
Called the heart of mystery."

"You've seen it, my little lad?"—
"And I'll show it to you!" he cried,
"If you'll only come where the violets hide
And let your face be glad."

"But how do I know you speak true?
Little lad, I grow old in that quest,
But not since a child has my heart found rest—
Now who in the world are you?"

He laughed: "I should think you would know,"
And paused. Then I heard with a start
While the old joys surged through my trembling
heart:

"We were playmates long ago."

THE MASTER OF YOUTH

Now Youth cries out for many things
Not mentioned in the Creed;
But Christ who walks the earth to-day
Can answer every need.

“I must be free to go,” cries Youth,
“Not heeding law nor sign.”
Christ says: “Thou shalt be free indeed
When thou thyself art mine.”

Cries Youth: “The world within myself
Is full of joy for me.”
Christ says: “To share thy brother’s woe
A purer joy shall be.”

Youth pleads: “I want so many things
Before to-day speeds by.”
Says Christ (who died when he was young):
“I give eternity.”

V

THE LOST ISLAND

THE LOST ISLAND

I

The dim-eyed scholar bending over books
In shadowy alcove of some College Hall
Finds strange delight that stirs his patient mind
In histories that mingle with old tales,
Half fact, half dream, laboriously written down
With all the detailed evidence of truth.
In quiet libraries the old books stand
Long row on row, musty and gray with time;
And there by a dim winter's sun I read
In massive tomes the words of ancient men:
Ælian, Strabo, and Timagenes,
Plato and Diodorus Siculus.
So mused I on the thoughts and deeds of men
Across far centuries of time, as one
Sojourning in a foreign land receives
The common news from home and vaguely doubts
Whether these things be real or not. Thus tranced
In wondering dreams I read the fabled tale
Of that great island in the western sea,
Atlantis, some time swallowed by the waves;
Then I remembered tales of other lands
That disappeared beneath the roaring floods:
How Lyonesse in brave King Arthur's day
With all its hundred towers and churches sank
Into the abyss of ocean in a night;
And how the Indian in the northern woods
Crouching beside the embers of his fire,

Repeats the ancient legends of his race—
Of forefathers that came from some strange land
Beyond the rising sun; and how wise men
Sounding with plummet-line the ocean depths
Have found in mid-Atlantic a long ridge
Dividing off the new world from the old:
Above the dimness of the tide-swept deeps
The pinnacles of this sunk mountain range
Rise, crowned with green. Here flash the bright

Azores,

And here cluster the islands of Cape Verd;
Southward Ascension and St. Helena
And Tristan da Cunha keep a faithful watch
Over lost splendors in the lonely sea.

Hid in the darkness of unmeasured time
Among the counsels of Eternal God
Lies the beginning of the glorious isle
Atlantis. On the lofty peaks of heaven
Stood all the wondering angel host and saw
Through the interminable crystal depths
A sea-born emerald island lying girt
With surf-fringed cincture of the sapphire sea.
And now the isle was veiled in wreaths of mist
That streamed and whirled among the mountain
clefts,

Then launched into the heaven and sailed away
As on fair summer days ships pile aloft
A mass of snowy canvas, lightly lean
To take the breeze, and vanish in the blue.

And then the island lay clear to the sight,
And glistening in the open sea; far north
The patient glaciers worked, moulding the land
With mighty fingers into mountain, peak,
And valley, hill and dale. League after league
Stretched the bright sparkling fields of virgin snow.
The cliffs reverberated with the sound
Of muffled thunder from the rattling floes;
And past the rock-ribbed coast the tossing sea
Swirled round the icebergs in green glittering waves.

Far to the south white curving beaches lay
Between tall windy headlands shining fair
Above the sapphire sea; and drenched in foam
The pebbled reaches glistened in the sun.
Inland wide, grassy plains rolled into hills
And in rich valleys stood the dark-leaved groves
Of golden oranges, with here and there
A treeless waste or dark morass; and now
Long chains of mountains rose, range upon range,
And over all was flung a shaggy robe
Of tangled forest set with lakes like gems,—
Blue, green, and crystal, touched with mystery
Of unseen beauty. Tranquil and secure
Lay Nature basking in untroubled dreams.

On the East coast a sheltered harbor lay
Wide open to the sun, and on the beach
Blue sparkling wavelets lapped the dusky prows
Of triremes. There the keen-eyed seamen stood

Gazing far out to sea. With many a turn
A white road mounted to the palace set
Like a bright jewel above the reach of storms,
Encircled by a grove of sheltering trees;
And rising from hill-pastures far away
Shone the steep mountains pinnaced with snow;
Thence sprang a river glorying in its strength,
And poured in many a smoking waterfall
Down from the heights; then with a quiet song
In long meander through green meadows flowed,
And near the fruitful orchards sank and passed
A whispering presence underground; then sprang
Melodiously to meet the light once more
In shaded gardens where the breathless air,
Heavy with fragrance of fair flowers, rejoiced
With cadence of clear waters and the song
Of birds; even the city streets were loud
With tinkling laughter of the running rills.

Upon a pleasant hill-slope near the sea
Where once at dawn the old stone circles caught
The first red glow of sunrise, now there stood
A rough and massive temple for the god.
Fair gleamed the square-hewn columns near the
flame
That ever mounted from the altar-stone.
And there the statue of the Sun-god towered,
Wrought out of orichalcum, gold and jewels,
And listened deafly to the peoples' prayers.
Throughout the year at dawn the sunlight crept

Between the columns, and with shining hands
Wakened the lightnings of his jewelled eyes.

Sometimes before the dappled sunrise touched
The eastern sky or the bright stars had paled
Into the blue, the harbor beach was thronged
With men, and smoking torches flared aloft;
And now tall bearded captains shouted, slaves
With straining arms and shoulders heaved long
ropes

And bore great heaps of oars and shields and spears;
And so the bold adventurers toiled with hearts
Full eager for the sight of unknown lands
While the slow dawn came on. But when the sun
Crowned the dark waves with flashing gold the
smoke

Of sacrifice in the hill temple rose
Into the Sun-god's nostrils; from the shore
A shout rose skyward, and the rowers took
Their seats; the slaves plunged in the sea and
leaned

Against the ropes; slowly the triremes stirred,
Then quivered at the sea's embrace, hung poised
While warriors leapt aboard with gleaming shields
And spears, and then launched out among the
waves

With a great foaming roar; the oarsmen bent
Against the oars; the stout boats rose beset
With spray and steered straight for the rising sun.
Along the shore the white-haired mariners

Shielded their bleary eyes from the glare and gazed
And dreamed of former days; then turned and
walked

Along the sea-heights where they still could watch
The giant breakers gather strength and leap
In shattering cataracts on the rumbling cliffs.
And ever and anon they turned and looked
To the bright East even when the boats had passed
Far from their sight, and they could only watch
The surf roll on the reefs in long expanse
Of slumberous foam out of the heaving blue.
And so, with eyes that ever looked beyond,
Dreaming long dreams through the long sunny
hours,

They waited in the pleasant grass, brave men,
Whom age had robbed of force but not of heart.

And here was peace and plenty, and all things
That human hearts desire. Here life flowed on
In ways most natural; men bought and sold
The golden fruitage of the fertile land,
And traded on the wealth of ocean foam
In busy marts; the laborers tilled the soil
With dumb content; ship captains trod their
decks

And watched for storms half heedless of the chants
The toiling seamen raised; the warriors sought
Adventure and a deathless crown of praise
In unknown lands; the Emperor on his throne,
Holding the reins of government, received

The tribute of a hundred vassal kings,
And by short words and sharper looks obtained
A fair report from messengers who came
Out of the bustling cities, quiet towns,
And from the scattered folk of hill and vale.

And over all these various forms of life,
Touching them now with heavenly hope and joy
And utter tenderness, and now with fear
And sudden gloom, reigned the strange paradox
Of love and death. Here amid solemn state
And pageant mummeries strode mocking Death
And claimed his due; but lovers, hand in hand,
Strolling the flowering fields and woods of May,
Found all the world a Treasure-house of dreams
And learned from everything to live and love.

Over Atlantis fell a radiant light
From the moon's silvered shield and countless host
Of scintillating stars; the snow-crowned peaks
Gleamed mistily; a waiting silence watched
The sleep of man between midnight and dawn,
Save where the wolf-pack in the wilderness
Howled for their prey, or in the forest glen
The lonely owl with plaintive quaver shrieked
To his uncanny mate, while on the rocks
The breakers fell with a dull, distant roar,
And on the beaches little wavelets curled
And lisped among the pebbles.

Then a breeze
Came from the Libyan desert, stifling, hot,
And yet most fragrant with the odorous breath
Of those bright gardens of the Hesperides.
But soon the breeze became a wind; the wind
Blew to a gale; out of the darkness sprang
Strange clouds; the surges thundered on the rocks;
The shrunken moon fled wildly through black clouds
Like one pursued, and all the stars were hid.
With subterranean rumbling hills and plains
Tossed as in pain, then trembling reeled aghast
Amid the ruin. From the wind-lashed waves
Huge peaks sprang up and gazed upon long leagues
Of thunderous foam,—gazed and then sank again.
Out of the wild uproar the earthquake wave
Like a huge wall of darkness came, gathering
Its strength; the moon broke through the clouds
and cast

A lurid light to mark the way for Death.
Great cities lay in dust; some people fled
For the high hills, here trudging on with stern,
Inexorable faces, here unmoved,
Oblivious, gazing at the moon, and there
Huddled together, cowards, frightened folk,
And heroes, helpless all.

Prone on his face
The statue of the shining Sun-god stretched
His shattered length, insensate, mute; his head
Heavy with metals and rich jewels lay
'Mid fragments of the splintered marble floor.

Then once again the earthquake gripped the land
And shook it; all the deep foundations failed,
And suddenly the glorious island sank
As an exhausted swimmer caught and drawn
By unknown currents to the whirlpool's edge
Swirls helplessly, and plunges out of sight.

Atlantis lies beneath forgetful waves,
Over her head the crested billows foam,
And through her caverns heaves the slow ground-
swell.

II

Year after year in endless round has passed
Across this ancient world since those far days,
And we, the children of a moment, turn
To that dim past, seeking to understand
The truth and step from darkness into light
And ease this aching wonder of our hearts.
Often the world seems old beyond belief
And all its restless woes press round the heart
With strange insistent pain. O pleasant isle
Atlantis! thou art gone! thy beauty lost
In the wild terror of an anguished night,
All sunk beneath the waves! Where shall we rest
In all this troubled world? We stand and gaze
In silent wonder at the stars, or feel
The pleasant warmth of sunlight; still there comes
The earthquake and the flood, and still we see
The desolate ruins of old glories flung
Like broken baubles in the lap of time.
We come from unknown regions and we go
Whither we cannot see. In this old world
We move beset by ancient memories,
Strange legends in the dust of cities dead.
Great Spirit of the Universe, what things
Have thy wise eyes beheld upon this earth!
Nations that fade like mists at sunrise; lands
That rise from the deep hollows of the sea;
Snow mountains sunk to green and fruitful vales;
Cities that tower and fall again in dust;

And man, the traveller, wrapped in mystery.
Thou sittest cowed in gray with patient hands
Folded across the lap and head half-bowed
Like some carved statue of Old Sorrow, dumb
And full of unshed tears; across thy sight
The laggard years float like great flocks of birds
That pass the moon in flight from winter's storms.
To thee the birth of warlike nation comes
As quietly as the birth of helpless babe
On our dim earth; and thou canst tell how far
The countless number of the silent dead
Outnumber all the living in the world.
Great Spirit, teach us something of thy calm,
The patience of Eternity, that sees
With eyes unclouded, for we faint weary
And sick with the dull lust of empty life,
And we are tired of petty things and fain
To think one noble thought.

Round this old earth
The tireless seasons wheel like flashing wings
In swift pursuit around the dove-cote; still
At Spring's brave miracle the woodland flowers
With pale star faces rise from crusted mould
Of last year's leaves; out of thick darkness creeps
The dawn; the thrush, in English garden perched
On a bare branch in mist of evening rain,
Trembles for very ecstasy of song
Long months before the Spring.

And we, too, look
For coming good. At each new glimpse of Truth
Recorded in the world of sense or grasped
By sudden-glory in the soul of man
Our hearts rejoice, believing we shall see
Some day the utter loveliness of Truth,
Feeling Eternity about us, growth
And progress working under death and change.
Thus from the contemplation of the past,
Wiser for living, and with greater hope,
We turn to meet the future. As of old
Glory is round about us, mystery
Of high adventure; in our heritage
There is no love of life nor hate of death
Apart from freedom; faith hath won our hearts
To live by courage, not security.
Now lonely wave arise! glistening and capped
With trembling, wind-lashed foam, rear up thy
height

Above Atlantis. 'Mid the fading dreams
That throng men's lives one vision will not die,
One haunting loveliness enchants our eyes,—
A dream of that glad day when every man
Shall dare to lay aside the ancient sword,
And Nature, like her lord, having outgrown
The untamed ways of immaturity,
Shall make her orbit in an outward calm,
Graceful and strong with majesty controlled.
Then, from this vision waking in the hush
Of sweet reflection, often have I heard

Mystical minstrelsies, far off but clear,
A heavenly harmony of present peace;
And in the following breathless silence, hark!
Solemn and plain, the still, small voice of God.