



POEMS AND ESSAYS

IRA C. FULLER.



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POEMS AND ESSAYS

FROM

MANY AUTHORS OF THIS AND EARLIER
CENTURIES

GIVEN BY THEM THROUGH THE ORGANISM
OF
A MODERN PSYCHIC

✓
Anna C. Fuller

AUTHOR'S EDITION

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INTRODUCTION.

IT IS with great pleasure that the writer of these lines responds to the invitation to prepare an introductory message to the public that shall briefly state the object and mission of this book. It is not necessary to point out the arguments to a discerning and unbiased mind in favor of the claims of modern spiritualism and of the proofs which it gives of the existence of human intelligences who have lived upon earth, and who have passed to an immortal plane, for those who care to learn of this truth will find ample for studying it to their satisfaction. Therefore we shall start out with the premise that human individuality is never lost, and that under favorable conditions the entity that has passed through death and retained its consciousness can communicate intelligently with mortals. If one soul can do this, millions—with equal opportunity—can do the same.

Some time since it was planned in the spiritual realm that a band of advanced and refined intelligences, whose names and works were familiar to all men, should return and through a chosen instrument present to this mundane sphere such productions as would from an intellectual and literary standpoint give token of their continued identity and personal power. Thus it happens that the book, of which these lines constitute the preface, has been prepared and sent forth upon the world. The wide and versatile range of subjects, the variety of matter,

scientific, literary, philosophical, poetical—all given by the hand of one psychic who has served as the faithful amanuensis of the communicating intelligences attest to the wonders and the power of spirit communications.

The illustrious names appended to these productions may be found in history, and the compiler of this work has no objection to a comparison of the articles and poems of the book, with the productions which their reputed authors left to posterity, for we know that the internal evidence of the verity of the claims of the one or the other will in most instances, if not in all, be discerned.

It is with no hope of worldly reward that this book is sent out, but with a spirit of obedience to the Divine to quench not the light of the Spirit, and that thoughtful minds may be strengthened by its perusal, that it is given to the world.

BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

Received May 1st, 1897.

P. S. About two hundred poems and essays, being part of the matter referred to in this introduction, is reserved for another volume, as it was supposed by the publisher that the volume would be too large, therefore it was divided. But it is only fair to say that Bishop Simpson's introduction was intended for all the poems and essays given to me for the world, and it is hoped that the next volume will soon appear.

Yours most respectfully,

IRA C. FULLER.

LOVE IN THE LAND OF IMMORTALS.

SWING back, oh ye gates of the future,
Swing back, oh ye gates of the blest,
And show to the vision of mortals
The glorified mansions of rest!
Swing open ye gates of the city,
The city celestial and white,
That children of earth may encounter
Your beautiful valleys of light!

Swing open, oh gates on your portals,
Swing open that mortals may view
The land of the Sainted Immortals
Where peace reigneth holy and true!
Reveal all your gardens of splendor,
Your rivers of purest delight,
Your beautiful souls, sweet and tender,
Enrobed in their garments of white!

Swing open, oh gates of the morning,
The gates of the beautiful land,
Swing open while Love is adoring,
Each home by his masterful hand!
Swing open and show to the weary,
And show to the lonely and sad
Your prospects enchanting and cheery
Where only sweet comfort is had!

Swing open, oh hinges all golden,
Ye gates of the mystical world,
Where Spirits have never grown olden,
Where life is forever impearled
With beauty and light, and forever
The heart groweth youthful and bright,
Where sorrowing and suffering never
Appear any spirit to smite!

Swing open, swing open, Oh Heaven,
And show to the children of earth
The joy that to Angels is given,
To all who have gained higher birth!
For Love in the land of immortals
Hath touched every heart with it's wand,
For Love at the Heavenly portals
Gives blessing with bountiful hand.

Oh sweet is the face of an Angel
Whose soul has been quickened by love!
Oh blessed the work of evangel
Who dwells in the gardens above,
Who comes on the wings of the morning
Some faint stricken soul to relieve,
Who comes with the tenderest warning
To guide all who care to receive!

Oh holy and pure is the mission
Of souls in the realms of the blest,
Who come with a kind supervision
To soothe every sufferer's breast!

Oh brighter than pictures of beauty,
 Oh fairer than gems of the mine,
 Are souls that are guided by duty,
 Whose lives with devotion ere shine!

The land of the pure and the holy,
 The land of the good and the true
 Is open to even the lowly,
 Is open to me and to you,
 And Love in the home of immortals
 Is ever and ever ashine,
 It streams through the heavenly portals
 With holiness ever divine.

And Love in the Heavenly regions
 Is ever a helper and friend,
 It's comfort is given to legions,
 It's mission hath never an end,
 And Love is the ministring power
 That wipeth all tears from each eye,
 And Love is the Heavenly dower
 That blesseth each life by and by.

And Love is the wonderful glory
 That filleth the Heavens with light,
 Repeat ye the marvelous story
 That yonder is never more night,
 Repeat it ye prophets and sages
 "No night and no darkness are there,"
 Repeat it ye listening ages
 The Angels God's splendor can share!

For Love in the land of immortals
Gives light to each soul evermore,
The weary who sigh at its portals
Are welcomed as never before,
And Love is the master that bindeth
Their homes in the world of delight,
And Love is the power that gildeth
Their mansions and cities of light.

Oh Love is the wonderful token
Of God's precious promise divine
Oh Love that needs not to be spoken,
That sets in the Soul it's pure shine
Of God's precious promise that never
Shall darkness or sorrow be found
With Angels in heaven who ever,
With lillies and roses are crowned

Below all the evil and passion,
Below on the earth evil things
Of folly, ambition, and fashion,
Temptation, or error whose stings
Wound hearts till all broken and bleeding,
They wander alone in despair,
All efforts at succor unheeding
Not knowing that Angels are there.

But out in the regions celestial,
Where peace every mansion illumines,
No cares of the valleys terrestrial
E'er darken the spirit that blooms

In radiance perfect and holy,
 In odorous incense and light,
 And they who on earth were but lowly
 There reach to the loftiest height,
 For Love in the land of Immortals
 Makes everything tender and bright.

—HENRY WORDSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



CONSCIENCE.

THE guilty mind a coward is;
 It sees a foe in every spot.
 Grim terror yawns in deep abyss
 For him who hath the fearful lot
 Of dwelling mid a host of foes,
 Such as despair, or living dread
 Of evil things, for on him grows
 The thought of ills around him spread.
 The guilty mind hath foes indeed
 That smite and slay him with a breath,
 That slay his peace and comfort, lead
 His happiness to certain death.
 Oh who would face the horror dark
 Of accusation cold and stern,
 That in his selfhood sets the mark
 Of hellish flames that flare and burn?
 Oh who would wrestle with despair
 That throttles hope from day to day,

That lurks within its mental lair
And never can be fought away?
Oh who would rise at early morn
From off his restless couch, to meet
The day's unhappy hours forlorn
Bereft of all things good and sweet?
Oh who would sink at eventide,
Upon a bed of thorns and briars,
Where misery on every side
Had lighted it's tormenting fires?
Oh who would dwell in scorching flames
By day and night, while hideous dreams
Revealed to him his mortal shames
With all pervading, scathing gleams?
Though he had gained a miser's store
With pomp or fame of lord or King,
Though he had climbed great mountains o'er,
And heard the welkin for him ring,
What recompense could e'er be given
For all his awful, direful gloom
Through which no gleam from highest Heaven
Could pierce with power to illumine?
Though he had costly jewels piled
As high as Heaven's gates from earth,
Though he were deemed fair fortune's child
By every son of mortal birth,
If in his greed for gold or place,
If in his search for wealth or fame,
If in the mad uncertain race—
For heritage, or pride or name,
His deeds had slain the nobler part
Within his selfhood, while he stood

A dealer in the open mart,
Where shame is bought in place of good,
No power can stir him into life
His manhood slain, while conscience shrinks
Back from the sight of Heaven again
And ever of its error thinks.
If such there be on any hand,
His is the misery and shame,
No honest pauper in the land
Would wish to rob him of his fame.
The toiling serf that seeks to do
His service faithfully and well,
Whose heart is warm with impulse true,
Whose tears of sympathy will swell
Whene'er he hears the doleful tales
Of brother men, in bonds or woe,
Whose kindness or his faults prevails,
Whose soul with pity is aglow,
Is happier by far than he
Who rolls in wealth, or rides on fame
If mayhap he by robbery
Hath gained his fortune and his name.
The poor man toiling in the field,
Though clothed in rags, may be a King,
For Love hath many such revealed,
And o'er their deeds the Angels sing.
Sweet conscience, fair as driven snow
Will in her purity approve
The heart that feels another's woe,
And binds its bruises up with Love.
Sweet conscience like a lilly blooms
Within the Soul that heeds her word,

She fills the Spirit with perfumes
 That by her noble work is stirred.
 Oh beautiful content may reign
 Where conscience is a constant guest,—
 When e'er her Spirit wears no stain
 And heeded is her pure behest.
 And he who walks with conscience clear
 May sleep in peace altho' his bed
 Be only barracks cold and drear,
 With ne'er a roof above his head.
 Oh he whose life is good and true,
 Though but a beggar be in rags,
 Though fortune play him tricks anew
 And from his pathway ever lags,
 He is a King of royal state,
 A potentate of high degree,
 His Soul is ever good and great,
 A lordly royal creature he,
 His sleep is sweet, his humble fare
 Is relished by him night and morn,
 The Loving Angels for him care,
 Their gifts his lonely way adorn.
 No coward he, he dares to face
 The world from which he never fled,
 What e'er may be his resting place
 It folds an honest, manly head.
 Thus is the hero, he who looks
 Sweet conscience calmly in the eye,
 Though he hath learning not from books,
 Though fame and fortune passed him by
 And he the coward who has dared
 To slay, red-handed, Conscience Sweet,

He who hath not his manhood spared,
 But dashed it from it's royal seat.
 God pity they who cringe and fear
 To meet the night or face the day,
 Each hour to them is dark and drear,
 No favor can their lives repay.
 Oh seek for peace, for holy peace,
 And never from the Truth depart,
 That Heavenly joy may e'er increase
 The blessings of the human heart.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



A THOUSAND YEARS.

A THOUSAND years of suffering,
 Of pain and anguish wild,
 A thousand years of sorrowing
 For every human child,
 A thousand years of ignorance,
 A thousand years of sin,
 A thousand years of demon's dance,
 The same of toil and din,
 Such has the world been battling through,—
 A thousand years of strife,
 And struggling upward, onward too,
 Towards a better life;
 And all the way is wet with tears
 And strewn with stranded hearts,

And all along the vanished years
Are signs of thorns and darts,
Through clouds of folly and of vice
Through storms of error black,
O'er mountain peaks of snow and ice
Man had to find his track,
And over all, the frowning skies
Have shown no gleam of light
For weary weeping human eyes
That closed in darkest night.
A thousand years the preachers say
Of God's unbending wrath
To curse the toiler day by day
Along his rugged path,
And then a thousand years of peace,
Of joy and comfort bright,
In which all beauty shall increase
And wisdom brought to light,
A thousand years of liberty
To dawn upon the world,
In which all humans shall be free
And freedom be unfurled
In lofty banners everywhere;
A thousand years to come
In which no slave shall breathe the air,
No master beat his drum,
When woman shall arise in might
To fill her proper place,
An equal by the laws of right,
With man, whose will and grace
Will be to recognize her claim
And place her by his side,

An equal both by right and name
A comfort and a guide.
A thousand years of strife, at last,
Will be forever done;
The combats of the mighty past
Will have their victories won,
And slaughter bold and carnage drear
Will soon be known no more,
For men are growing human, dear,
As they've not been before.
The thousand years of selfish greed
Will soon be on the wing,
A thousand years of noble deed
Will grander ages bring.
Thus do the prophets prophesy,
Thus do the teachers teach,
Thus do the sages oft descry
The future, preachers preach,
And yet I know the world has had
Its noble men and grand,
It has revealed the good and bad
Alike on every hand,
And the old mother earth has been
Developing her power,
She sandwiched in the good between
The bad, of each dark hour.
And thus I know the ages past
Have had their weak and strong,
The good and bad could neither last,
But each have hastened on;
Each has received its lesson here,
Humanity has gained

A nobler impulse year by year
By what man has attained,
And through the ages woe and strife
Have done their needed part
To purify the scheme of life,
To elevate the heart,
And happiness and concord, too,
Have helped the case to win,
And every day has brought to view
The cause of vice and sin;
And as we see it in the needs
Of human minds to grow,
Just like the tiny garden seeds
From darkened cells below,
From ignorance to knowledge sweet,
From error unto truth,
Climbing with steady onward feet
The aged and the youth,
So shall we find at last, that God
Is in the human soul.
He wields no bitter judgment rod
To force his stern control.
For God, the human god 's within,
And by his matchless power
He quickens good and stifles sin,
And fashions every hour
The human needs that call for light,
And make the soul reach out
Above the clouds of storm and night
Beyond the fields of doubt,
To find the larger life above
The holier power of good,

Where man is governed but by love
As only humans should.
The God within is working sure,
His mills are grinding slow,
His patience will for aye endure,
His love will deeper grow,
And though it takes a thousand years
To free the world from strife,
His higher wisdom e'er appears,
His is the law of life,
And though a thousand years may pass
In discord or in sin,
Though man may wither like the grass,
Though all be suffering,
Yet human life is sweeping on,
Beyond the range of time
It mounts with lofty step and song
The heights of Truth sublime.
And though the shining age of gold
May not have yet appeared,
Though brothers have been bought and sold,
And slaves have cringed and feared,
Yet Liberty is in the world
And gaining progress, too,
Her mighty banner is unfurled
Her work is brought to view.
And though the coming time may bring
A thousand years of joy,
We, fellows all, may laugh and sing,
For we help to destroy
The sorrow and the pain, and all
That darkens of human life,

Our very battles lift the pall
 Of misery and strife.
 And though the golden age shall be
 In future days not hours,
 Our souls can shout with ecstasy
 That we employed our powers
 To bring about the better day
 For human heart and brain.
 Then let us sing upon our way
 With glad, exultant strain,
 And make the world with music ring
 For God is good and Good is King.

—WALT WHITMAN.



THE TRUE HEALING.

“THERE is a balm for every ill,”
 A cure for human woes,
 The dews of morning can instill
 A freshness into all that grows.

Oear Nature opes her storehouse up
 For all who care to enter in;
 She offers them the healing cup
 That cleanses from all pain or sin.

He who in all things liveth pure
 In thought and deed and habit too,
 Will be from sickness kept secure,
 Like blossoms fed on morning dew.

He who in all things liveth right,
Is temperate of food and drink,
Who strives to walk within the light
Unmindful what his foes may think,

Will breed a health of mind and soul
Of body too, that will endure,
No early knell will o'er him toll,
Nature his living will insure.

And tho' he bears a heavy cross
Of want, or care, whate'er it be,
His spirit feels no sudden loss
Of patience or of harmony.

For health of body and of mind
Will make the heaviest burden light,
Such lives are neither weak nor blind,
Their sight and strength can pierce the night,
—HYPATIA.



THROUGH THE CRUCIBLE.

GREAT Souls, like gold, are tried
By fire's consuming heat,
Their better part is purified,
And thus becomes complete
In higher, better things,
Their inner natures thus aspire
Toward the holiest offerings
That Life can e'er desire.
Great souls are burnished bright
By fire's consuming flame,
They find enrolled in living light
Their destiny and name,
They never gain the goal,
Nor win the victor's crown,
Until in majesty of soul
They walk grief's pathway down,
And reach the furnace red
That glows with seven times heat
And feel its scorching at the head
And blistering at the feet.
Their forms may rise in smoke
Or into ashes fall,
Their lips may heaven invoke
And on the Angels call,
Their souls, if firm and true
And faithful to the right,

Will gain a grander view
Of God's eternal light.
No scorching flames can scar
The beauty of the Soul,
It gleams like morning star
From Life's divinest goal.
No torture can avail
To still the Spirit's song,
It grows exultant, though the wail
Of misery and wrong
Would quench its joyous strain,
For God is good and great
And through all woe and pain
His purpose grand can wait.
The martyrs of each age
Are those who suffer sore,
Whose battles bravely wage
For truth forevermore:
They who have died for Man,
They who have Lived for Good,
They who do nobly plan
For Human Brotherhood;
They who have borne the shock
Of martyrdom and pain,
They who have led their flock
From strife to peace again;
They who the hungry fed,
They who the sick restored,
All these have grandly spread
The blessings of the Lord.
And through the fire of woe
Their sympathy has grown

For all who sin below,
Or miss the Father's throne,
In history their name
May never blaze and shine,
Their deeds may be unknown to fame
In any age and clime,
And yet the soul that loves
Its fellows with their load,
In royal presence ever more
And walks a Kingly road,
Who strives their load to ease,
Their burdens to remove,
'Tis he who doth the Angels please
And worthy of them prove.
And though consuming fire
Doth burn his body black,
His spirit, mounting higher
Along Life's shining track,
Will sing the loftier strains
For Liberty and Truth,
While He in rising gains
The joys of endless youth.
And though on earth the grief
Of sorrow burns his heart,
His soul shall find a sweet relief
From Misery's painful smart.
Oh then take courage, all
Who live for truth and right
The angels on you call
From mansions of delight,
And this their message sweet—
Be faithful unto death,

And though Life's sorrows beat,
 Sing with your latest breath,
 For fire alone refines,
 What crucibles may hold,
 The dross consumes, but shines
 The everlasting gold.

—JOANNA D'ARC.



THE FIRES OF TRUTH

WE TURN our eyes aloft, to view
 The crest of Mount Tuniver, where
 Its peaks reach to the heavenly blue,
 And cleave the upper radiant air.
 At first we see no startling sight,
 The mount is veiled in azure haze,
 But suddenly a tiny light
 Bursts forth into a living blaze,
 And, lo ! the mountain top is seen
 To be a crest of flaming fire,
 With no dull hand to come between
 The altar and it's fierce desire.
 What power hath kindled there the flame,
 What hand hath fed it with it's oil
 No mortal tongue can call the name,
 No human action can it foil.
 We gaze, and gaze in speechless awe
 Upon that flaming, smokeless light,

And from it's view a lesson draw,
A lesson of eternal right.
From Mount Tuniver's craggy peaks,
From Mount Tuniver's lofty height
A thunder tone of wisdom speaks
In accents of supernal light,
"Truth needs no human, feeble hand
To light her altar into flame,
Her fires are by Heaven fanned
And God Himself her powers proclaim,'
And they, though human in their fears,
Who strive to scale the mountain's side
To reach the crest where truth uprears
Her altar fires, shall find a guide
To lead them over crag and steep,
Until they gain the longed for goal.
What though in pain they onward creep,
Their upward way is of the soul.
On Mount Tuniver nothing stands
Between the truth and heaven's blue dome;
On Mount Tuniver God's own hands
Will guide the toiler safely home;
For there His truth doth flame and blaze
In quenchless fire by night and day,
And they who reach it sing its praise,
And bless the Father's name alway;
And never more they roam in doubt,
No darkness e'er can pall with gloom
No power can put these fires out
From any Soul which they attune.

—JOHN MILTON.

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, sweet flowers,
To brighten the naming of baby to-day.
Oh pluck them from bowers
Where only the sweetest of all that is gay,
Are blooming and twining,
Perfuming and shining,
And driving all shadow of sorrow away.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers,
To weave into garlands of beauty and love,
To make all the hours
As fragrant and fair as an Eden above.
Sweet lillies and roses,
And beautiful posies
For baby, as sweet as the tenderest dove.

Bring flowers, rare flowers
For baby, the sweetest of all little fays.
All wet with bright showers,
And kissed by the brightest of sun's golden rays;
The purest and sweetest,
In fragrance completest,
Choice flowers that ever the Angels can praise.

Bring flowers, rich flowers,
For none are too good for our little one sweet.
These wonderful powers,
The Angels themselves may be glad to repeat.

Our Darling so smiling,
 All sorrow beguiling,
 Is comfort itself from her head to her feet.

Bring flowers, loved flowers,
 For baby we christen this beautiful morn.
 From radiant bowers
 We bring them, her altar of love to adorn.
 We crown her with sweetness,
 In joy's full completeness,
 And name her forever our beautiful "Dawn."

—MABEL.



THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

THE beautiful valley of peace,
 The valley of rich perfume,
 The wonderful valley of peace,
 All radiant with sweetest bloom!
 There flowers of beauty grow,
 Sweet blossoms of tenderest hue,
 Their breezes all balmy blow
 And life there is holy and true.
 And the faces of those who dwell
 In the beautiful valley of peace
 Their story of conquest tell,
 Their story of gladsome release
 From the torments and tortures of hell,
 Where sorrow and pain never cease.

Oh the wonderful valley of peace,
It lieth, my friend, fair and green
Where flowers of beauty increase
And life is forever serene!
It lieth the mountains beyond,
The mountains of discord and care,
And they who of conflict are fond
Can never its happiness share;
Its skies are as sunny as light
And blue as the eyes of a child,
Its rivers are seas of delight
Upon which the Heavens have smiled,
And its meadows with verdure are bright,
And never by tempest defiled.

Of this wonderful valley I sing,
For lo! it is open to all,
To all who will strife away fling
And hark to the musical call
Of Peace, who humanity loves,
Of Peace who is tender and sweet,
Her forests and meadows and groves
Are pure as an angel's retreat.
And there only blessings will come
To them who doth seek for her care,
And only the treasures of home
Are offered to them over there,
To them who no longer will roam
'Mid shadows of strife and despair.

Oh! the beautiful valley of peace
Is filled with the fragrance of balm,

Its banks are like couches of ease,
 Its streamlets are gentle and calm.
 Its homes are like mansions of rest,
 Where all who are weary may find
 The joys of the happy and blest,
 For comfort is there for mankind.
 The voices of all who are there
 Are sweet as the notes of a flute
 That rises in tune on the air,
 As thrilling as tones of a lute
 Where sighing, sorrow and care
 Like dumb, silent things remain mute.

Oh! the wonderful, beautiful vale!
 No torrents of sorrow it knows,
 It's people are rugged and hale,
 It's gardens are sweet as the rose,
 The mountains of woe are away,
 The mounts of discord and sin
 With all of their power to slay,
 With all of their weakness and sin,
 Are far from the valley of peace,
 Are far from its beauty and light,
 And they who would bickering cease,
 May don its fair garments of white,
 And they who in joy would increase
 May live in its groves of delight.

Oh! the valley so fragrant and fair
 May be found in an hour or day,
 Its entrance is found through prayer,
 It's portal is not far away,

In conquest of self it is found,
 And they who turn back from discord
 With lilies and roses are crowned,
 And robed for this vale of the Lord.
 Through praying, and trusting, and Love
 The valley of peace pure and sweet
 A refuge and comfort will prove,
 A home that in joy is replete,
 As happy as kingdoms above
 Where life evermore is complete.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.



GREATER WORKS.

“GREATER works,” the Master said,
 “Shall ye do who follow me,
 Ye who by truth are led,
 Ye who of the Soul are free ”
 “Greater works than I have done,
 Not by miracle alone,”
 Spake the blessed, Holy One,
 “But by power from the throne.”
 “Greater works”—the promise true
 From his perfect, noble life.
 He who made it surely knew
 That the faithful could eclipse
 E’en the work that he had done,
 From the mountains to the sea,
 He who shone above the sun
 In His simple majesty.

“Greater works,” your lives shall show
Oh, ye faithful ones and true,
Life to ye shall be aglow
With the light forever new,
Streaming from the Father’s throne;
Love is God, and God is Love,
He shall claim you for his own,
In him shall ye live and move.

“Greater works shall be outwrought
By your faithful words and deeds,
Matchless truth and holy thought
Shall ye give for human needs.
Greater works than I can do
Shall ye do who follow me,
Ye who to the light are true,
Ye who of the Soul are free.

“Greater works by hand and voice
Shall ye do for suffering,
Till the vales and hills rejoice,
Till the Heavens with gladness ring.
Greater works than I have done,
Shall ye do who faithful are,
Till God’s kingdom ye have won,
Brighter than morn’s flaming star.”

“Greater works”—the promise given
Holds for ages, good and true
Whereso’er from earth to Heaven
May we find the faithful few

Who are doing greater things
 Than the Master did for all,
 Easing mortal sufferings
 Answering the sinner's call,

Casting out the evil thing
 From the Spirit sore distressed,
 Speeding Truth upon its wing
 To the heart by error pressed,
 Binding up the wounded limb,
 Giving sight unto the blind,
 Leading gently up to Him
 All of weary human kind,

Who are seeking for the light,
 Praying, hoping for the dawn
 Of an era pure and bright,
 That shall speed the ages on;
 Turning water into wine,
 Feeding hungry multitudes
 With the bread of life divine,
 With the Soul's eternal goods.

Who of all the human race
 Doeth greater works than these?
 Who of any time or place
 Thus the Master seeks to please?
 Who in palace, hall or cot
 "Miracles," perform at will?
 Who, whate'er his name or lot,
 Bids the 'raging sea "be still?"

Yet if faithful to the light,
 Faithful to the truth alone,
 One may walk in pathways bright
 Near unto the Father's throne,
 And receive from Him at will
 Power to work divinest good,
 Seeking every Soul to fill
 As He fed the multitude.

Oh ye arrant ones and weak,
 Ye of churchly sect and creed,
 Follow ye the Master meek
 In His work for human need.
 Nay, ye scout his simple ways,
 Nay, ye give not bread, but stone,
 Nay — With all your prayers and praise
 Ye are not among his own.
 "Greater works" ye cannot do,
 For ye are not good and true.

—ROBERT BROWNING.



THE POET'S SONG.

I RISE to greet the early dawn
 When dew is on the lea,
 My heart leaps forth to bless the morn
 That brings such joy to me,
 For beauty paints the eastern sky
 With colors rich and rare,
 While gray, cold shadows backward fly,
 For Light himself is there.

He is the master spirit bold
That puts the dark to flight,
His fingers turn the world to gold,
All things from him are light,
I watch him climb the eastern hills
With steps of glory grand,
I see him touch the streams and rills
As with a magic wand.

I watch the valleys laughing grow
With splendor from his kiss,
I watch the mountains all aglow
From crest to deep abyss,
The forests and the groves unite
In sounding forth his praise,
As every leaflet turns to light
Where e'er a sunbeam plays.

I rise at early morn to view
The glory of the world
As painted in the drop of dew,
Or in a leaf uncurled.
I rise to hear the matin song
Of birds in ecstasy,
While each his thrilling note prolongs
As if to silence me.

I listen to the insect's hum,
And watch his burnished wing,
I covet neither fife nor drum,
When hearing nature sing;

CONQUERED.

I listen to the solemn speech
 Of Ocean, deeply stirred,
 No surpliced minister can preach
 In such effective word.

I rise at early morn and praise
 The good that life contains,
 My kindling eyes I upward raise
 Where Light its hold maintains;
 I cast all slavish fear aside;
 I feel that Heaven is mine,
 I soar beyond all caste and pride
 And know, Man is divine.

—LORD BYRON.



CONQUERED.

HE who flees from passion wild,
 He who conquers sin and pride,
 He who, as a little child
 Turning to the Holier Guide,
 Leans upon the Loving breast
 Of the Maker of all things,
 Learns the happiness of rest
 After weary sufferings.
 He who triumphs over pain
 By the force of Spirit strength,
 He who breaks the galling chain
 Binding him to vice, at length

Gains the manly, Mystic power
To arise o'er things of dust,
He will grow in every hour
Nobly wise and Grandly Just.
He who treads the wily snakes
Of Temptation 'neath his feet,
He who every effort makes
To unfold a soul complete,
He the victory shall win
Over every foe at last,
He shall triumph over sin,
He shall quell each raging blast.
He who loves his fellow men,
And to them his service gives,
Finds the law of Love again,
And a noble manhood lives.
He who ministers in peace
To the inward wants of all,
He their Spirits shall release
From the bondman's cruel thrall.
He who lives the holy life,
Life of truest sacrifice,
He shall rise above all strife,
He shall conquer and grow wise.
He alone is good and great,
Who for love of brother man,
Can in patience work, and wait
The fulfillment of God's plan.
He alone is great and good,
Who can seek an humble lot,
Asking but the humblest food
As his portion, murmuring not;

Yielding up his high estate,
 E'en a diadem and throne,
 Passing through it's outer gate
 Like a mendicant alone,
 To pursue his onward way
 For his Brothers bound in chains,
 Pointing them to endless day
 Where eternal glory reigns.

—GAUTAMA BUDDHA.



REST.

REST, weary body rest,
 Thy earthly toil is o'er;
 Lean thou on Mother Nature's breast
 And dream of strife no more.

Rest, weary Spirit rest,
 Thy cares now lay aside;
 Soar to the mansions of the blest
 Among the purified.

Rest, surging heart and brain,
 No longer throb and beat;
 Turn now to Nature's life again
 Where all is good and sweet.

Rest, weary Soul find rest,
 From care and woe and strife,
 Seek henceforth Soul to do thy best
 In higher fields of life.

Rest, all ye pulsing veins,
Rest and forget your care;
The Soul is loosened of it's chains,
It finds the upper air.

Rest, toiler in the field,
Your work is now well done;
God is thy happiness and shield,
Thou hast his blessing won.

Rest, soldier on the ground,
Thy battles are well fought;
Thy Soul with victory is crowned,
Thy deeds are nobly wrought.

Rest, Spirit, rest in peace,
Yet onward in thy way;
Thy benedictions shall increase,
Through realms of endless day.

—LYDIA SIGOURNEY.



GREAT SOULS.

GREAT souls are rare,
They shine like stars,
And all the world illumine;
They nobly bear,
The battle scars,
And wear the warrior's plume.

Great souls ashine,
With courage grand,
Give token of their power;
Their Love divine,
On every hand,
Is manifest each hour.

Great souls march on
Through cloud and night,
They never know defeat;
Their spurs are won,
In freedom's fight,
Their victory is complete.

Great souls rejoice,
In human weal,
They battle for the right;
And with one voice,
They loud reveal,
Their scorn of Mammon's might.

Great souls are born,
To bless the world,
They advocate God's laws;
And night and morn,
Their flag unfurled,
Proclaims their noble cause.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

TO ONE I LOVE.

THERE is a heart so warm and true,—
It beats for you—it beats for you,
There is a Love that never dies,
Its rich possession one may prize.

There is a song that fills the heart,
To you its sweetness doth impart
A melody of perfect tune
In wintry night or summer noon.

There is a blessing of the soul,
To you it gives its full control;
Its benedictions fall complete
Upon you in their measures sweet

There is a holy blessed prayer,
For you it rises on the air,
Its pure petitions ever plead
For helpfulness in time of need.

There is a holiness and peace
That ever in pure joy increase,
They fill the soul with incense fair
And elevate it everywhere.

There is a gem of richest worth
More precious than the gems of earth,

Its lustre is divine and true,—
It shines for you, it shines for you.

There is a diadem of love,
That flashes in the world above,
These gifts of friendship warm and true,
I bring to you, I bring to you.

—PHOEBE CARY.



CELESTIAL LAND.

OH LAND of light!—Oh home of rest
The weary sigh for thee.
The Mariner of east or west,
Who ploughs the stormy sea,
Looks upward through the clouds of night
For some pure beacon star,
And longs to see thy heavenly light
That shines through gates ajar.

Oh, land of peace thy zephyrs blow
Where gentle wavelets gleam,
Where perfumed blossoms sweetly grow
And life is one fair dream,
The sufferer of mortal birth,
Who pants for breath and air,
Looks longingly above the earth
To find thy gardens fair.

Oh, land of harmony divine,
The sounds that thrill thy groves
In soft melodious strains combine
To bless the soul that roves
Above the din of noisome strifes
Amid supernal bowers,
Where harmony is Lord of life
And Life is filled with powers.

Oh, land of purity and Love,
Where Angels gladly dwell,
In homes of happiness above,
Where song is, "All is well!"
The weary hearts on earth desire
To find thy peace and joy,
Where love doth every soul inspire,
And cares can ne'er annoy.

Oh Bulah land! Oh heavenly land!
Celestial Cities gleam,
Mid fragrant groves on every nano,
By mountain and by stream.
Oh land of Hope! Oh land Divine!
To thee we turn for light,
We worship at thy holy shrine
Of Liberty and Right.

—FELICIA HEMANS.

SWEETHEART.

SHE sits upon her Royal seat,
My lady fair and sweet,
With roses in her hair.
A very Queen she is to me,
No grander Queen could ever be
So regal is her air.

And yet she never wore a crown,
Her hair is often shaken down
In ringlet or in curl.
No velvet robes she ever wore,
No golden scepter ever bore,
This rare and precious pearl.

No scarlet garment faced with down,
No ermine decorated gown
Did e'er her form adorn.
No jewels on her bosom shine,
And yet she is halfway divine,
My rose without a thorn.

She is my Queen who sits in state
And views the world both small and great
Through wonder open eyes.
More dear than all the world is she,
As beautiful as one can be,—
She is a dainty prize.

Not many years she's been alive,
 My little Sweetheart—agéd five,
 But then, she's sure to grow,
 And every year will add to her
 Some wondrous grace, I do aver,
 The fairies tell me so.

My dainty little queen of hearts,
 New joy each day to me imparts,
 As with her slender hands
 She leads me through a happy maze
 Of sunny hours and golden days,
 In far-off rosy lands.

Oh may the angels bless her now,
 And shed sweet light upon her brow;
 May life to her serene
 Flow brightly on in sun and shade,
 The fairest, sweetest little maid
 My Heart's belovèd Queen.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



HEAVENLY GIFT.

LILLIES and roses and sweet scented things,
 Such as the bowers of heaven illumine,
 Butterflies golden on airy wings,
 Bright as the sunbeams that banish gloom;
 Musical tones like the chiming of bells,
 Sweet as the notes of Æolian lyre,
 Wonderful music that rises and swells,
 Such as the Angels alone can inspire.

These are the tokens of heavenly life
 Falling in blessing on mortals below,
 Raising them up from the tumult and strife,
 Filling their souls with a beautiful glow;
 Roses of heaven that never have thorns,
 Lillies of love that never decay,
 Beautiful peace that the soul e'er adorns,
 These are the gifts that we bring you to-day.

Violets blue as the sweet summer skies,
 Daisies as bright as the sunbeams of May,
 Blossoms all colored with wonderful dyes,
 Making the gardens so brilliant and gay,
 These are but tokens of infinite love,
 Planted and nurtured by wisdom divine,
 Such do we bring you from bowers above
 Of the pure angels, a token and sign.

Friend of humanity, helper and guide,
 You are beloved by the angels in bliss,
 They in their purity walk by your side
 Pressing your brow with love's holy kiss.
 Angels of mercy and angels of peace,
 Angels of goodness and Angels of truth,
 They in their sympathy seek to increase
 Blessings upon you with eternal Youth.

They in their bounty would crown you for aye,
 Taking away all the weakness of age,
 They are your helpers by night and by day,
 They in your welfare forever engage.

Angels of purity, Angels of love,
 Come at your bidding to help and to bless,
 Angels of harmony come from above
 Ever to guard you, with true tenderness.

Lillies and roses and other sweet things,
 Sunbeams and music and everything bright,
 These are but tokens of their offerings,
 Beautiful angels who dwell in the light;
 Sweet are the bowers of bliss over there,
 Waiting for you on the evergreen shore,
 Bright is the Home that with them you shall share
 Dwelling in joy, with thy Lord evermore.

—LILLY EICKE.



SPRING SONG.

LIFT up your heavenly voices,
 Ye opening buds and flowers
 All nature now rejoices
 Through all the sunny hours;
 Lift up your tuneful measures
 And sing a lofty strain,
 For Nature heaps her treasures
 Upon the world again.

Lift high your emerald banners,
 Ye proud and stately trees,
 Ye forests—sing hosannahs
 To every passing breeze;

The reign of frost is over,
The rule of light is here,
It turns the springing clover
To wine-tints rich and clear.

Sing high ye birds that carrol
Upon each lofty bough,
Sing tunefully, and share all
My rapture even now;
For Spring is here with gladness,
Her bounding step is heard,
And Nature's tearful sadness
Is vanished at her word.

Sing, sing Oh happy Nature,
Sing, children one and all,
Let every living creature
Rejoice, though great or small;
For brooks are laughing brightly
O'er mossy banks and stones,
And queens of forests lightly
Ascend their sunlit thrones.

Rejoice, Oh youth and maiden,
Sing high in happy glee,
For Spring that cometh laden
With gifts for you and me;
Oh praise the Heavenly Father
For all His gifts of Love,
Until we all shall gather
Around His Throne above.

—LUCY LARCOM.

THE OVER SOUL.

O H Great Majestic Being, Thou
Who moveth everywhere!
Before thy Throne we lowly bow
In deep adoring prayer.

Thou grand eternal Over Soul,
Intelligence Sublime.
Thy laws all worlds and suns control
Through every age and clime.

Thy word is written on the air
And in the mighty deep,
Mountains repeat it everywhere
And stars its message keep.

Thy throne of wisdom is not found
In far-off Heavenly place,
Thy mighty works through life abound,
Thy throne is through all space.

Truth is thy handmaid, and her power
Goes forth in quenchless light,
To cope with ignorance each hour
And battle for the right.

Eternal Will, thy matchless law
Is felt on every hand,

Thy Universe without a flaw
Reveals thy purpose grand.

Thou art the arbiter of fate,
Thou Changeless Over Soul,
The same forever, Good and Great,
A Perfect, Matchless, Whole.

—HYPATIA.



THE FURIES.

WHAT Furies flame within the breast
And scorch the soul with buried fires,
Where Passion forces its behest
And fills the heart with wild desires!
What dark, engulfing shadows rest
Upon the lie by sin accursed,
Holding it from its highest-best,
Keeping it at its very worst!
What hellish monsters squirm and crawl
Within the heart that feeds on slime
Of base desire, unholy all
The thoughts and motives of his time,
Like serpents, vices large and small
Spring into life within his lair,
At last to speed his downward fall
The lot of demons then to share!
The scorpion's sting is sweet indeed
Compared unto the adder bite
Of quenchless Passions that do feed
Upon the soul they ever blight.

The pangs of Hades will proceed
From evil promptings such as these,
They surely will the spirit lead
Away from flowery beds of ease
To flames of fiery, dark remorse
That scorch and blister every hour,
Where judgment rules with bendless force
And shows its grand unerring power;
Where arbiters, in accents hoarse,
Speak to the conscience of its flaw,
Where justice ever takes its course
And deals with never changing law.
Oh better were a den of beasts
Ten thousand times in fury thrown,
Than Hell's remorse, though chanting priests
Give shrives and masses, for alone
The soul must enter there, unfleeced,
Must go unclothed and face itself!
Like one unbidden to the feast,
It finds that neither fame or pelf
Can aid it now, for evils past
Will upward spring and show their fangs,
While contemplation holds him fast
And conscience pierces him with pangs
That are not stilled, but ever last
Until remorse hath done its work
And over him its gloom hath cast.
He cannot from its bidding shirk
Till every farthing of his due
Is paid with interest deep and true.

—DANTE.

THREE ANGELS

THREE Angels walk with silent step
The Earth and Heaven between,
And one is Life, and one is Death,
And one is Love serene.

The first is lilly crowned and fair,
Her eyes are bright with fire,
The sun has kissed her silken hair
With warm and glad desire.

She ever bears to waiting earth
An untried Human Life,
Assisting it to mortal birth
Upon this world of strife.

She leaves her tiny helpless charge
In palace home, or den,
Then hastens onward to enlarge
Her mission once again.

The second Angel wears a crown
Of stars upon his brow,
Before his name of wide renown
All ages dumbly bow.

His touch is tender and benign
For lo, it opes the way
Of everlasting peace divine
To weary Souls each day.

He bears the aged and the young
 To higher realms afar,
 His speech is soft as cherub's tongue,
 His eye like flashing star.

And Angel number three attends
 Both Life and Death each hour,
 For Love is ever making friends
 With sweet persuasive power.

Her face is sweet, her song of joy
 Rings on the ambient air,
 Her heart is gold without alloy,
 Her voice is heavenly prayer;
 With Life or Death she leads the way
 For Love is Lord of all, for aye.

—ANONYMOUS.



THE BLESSED.

BLEST be the poor, in heart
 They shall see God, and live
 To sound the praises of His name
 Who benedictions give;
 They shall inherit more than earth,
 Mansion in the skies,
 For them sweet waters of delight
 Shall flow in Paradise.

Blest be the meek, their days
 Shall everlasting be,
 Their influence shall live always
 And bring sweet harmony;

Their voices soft shall lessen wrath,
 Their spirits shall subdue
 The rude and haughty ones of earth,
 With gentleness so true.

Blest be the chaste, their feet
 Are set in virtue's path,
 Their lives of purity and worth
 A crown of honor hath;
 Their footsteps are inclined
 Along the upward way
 That leadeth to the King's domain
 Of everlasting day.

The peacemakers how blest
 Their lives shall ever prove,
 Their souls are held in tenderness
 By the strong hand of love;
 Their mission is the holy one
 Of spreading harmony,
 And banishing all war and din
 From dear humanity.

The wise are blest, their days are sure
 To lengthen in the land,
 All worry and folly disappear
 Before their upraised hand,
 Their path is one of progress high,
 For wisdom leads aright,
 And truth attends them day by day
 To God's imperial height.

—MOTHER MARY.

SING, HAPPY BIRD.

SING! Sing ye happy birds!
Carrol forth in glee
Merry songs unset to words,
Full of melody!

Sing! Sing ye merry things!
Life is full of sweet,
Poise upon your tiny wings
"Tweet," and "Tweet," and "Tweet."

Sing! Sing ye little throats!
Fill the air with song,
While its music softly floats
O'er the babbling throng.

Sing! Sing ye songsters fair!
Make the woods resound,
Fill the tinted sunlight air
With a gush of sound.

Sing! Sing ye throbbing hearts!
Thankful praise give God
For blessings he imparts,
Joyful that ye live.

Sing! Sing ye choristers!
Of the wood and field,

INVOCATION.

Every warbler now avers
 God is strength and shield.

Sing! Sing when clouds arise!
 Let your music ring,
 What though winter's in the skies
 Coming soon is spring.

Sing! Sing ye happy birds!
 Raise us from the dust
 With your songs unset to words,
 Full of hope and trust.

—ALICE CAREY.



INVOCATION.

GRANT this, Oh Lord of Light and Life
 Unto thy servants here,
 The grace to conquer worldly strife
 And power to banish fear.
 Grant unto each the holy gift
 Of precious peace and hope,
 Oh from the depths of passion lift
 Thy children, Lord, and open
 The pathway of eternal truth
 To every human soul!
 Instruct the minds of age and youth
 And aid them to control
 The lower forces of the world,
 Within themselves, we pray

That every soul may rest impearled
With strength, to conquer clay!
Oh may each one be given power,
Until in fearless trust
Each soul shall triumph in an hour
O'er all the lowly dust!
Let thy fair kingdom, Lord, come down
From Heaven's imperial height,
And may the radiant, matchless crown,
All gemmed with Holy light
Of Truth Divine, be nobly set
Upon each lifted brow,
And may thy children ne'er forget,
Their comforter art Thou!
May all the ages thankful be
For life, and strength and power
To breathe in fullest majesty
Thy atmosphere each hour!
We pray that perfect Love shall reign,
And banish want and hate,
That happiness shall conquer pain,
And God's own blest estate
Be known on earth as 'tis in Heaven
Where peace forever dwells,
Where music from the soul is given
And in One pean swells,
Of Holy praise dear Lord to thee,
Dear Father of all men,
In holiness and harmony
We honor Thee! Amen.

—HELEN OF TROY.

A GREETING.

GUID Friend, I gie ye greeting now,
 Fra Heaven's eternal shore,
 An' bring ye flowers o' beauty, too,
 Such as ye ne'er before
 Hae seen in earthly gardens rare,
 For they are o' the soul,
 They blossom in the human heart,
 That welcomes Love's control.

There's Heartsease for ye, sweet an' fair,
 An' Pansies o' delight,
 There's Rosebuds, gems o' beauty rare,
 An' Lillies, pure an' white,
 They tell o' peace an' happiness
 An' all things dear an' fine
 An' whisper tales o' happy days
 Passed in the Auld Lang Syne.

These flowers that I bring fra Heaven
 All red an' blue an' white,
 I form into a posy fair
 All gemmed wi' dewdrops bright,—
 There's Daisies such as Scotia's fields
 Reveal wi' crimson tips,
 An' Gowans fine, an' Eglantine,
 Wi' pouting, perfumed lips.

They tell o' modesty an' worth,
 An' golden star-eyed truth,
 Type o' the flowers that bloom on earth
 To gladen age an' youth;
 I bring them to ye, mortal friend,
 Wi' mony a smile o' cheer,
 They've blossomed in my heart awa
 For kindly ones so dear.

God bless ye friends, an' may your lives
 Be ever sweet an' guid,
 May all your days be full o' praise,
 Your sel' well understood,
 An' may each soul that seeks for truth,
 An' who for wisdom yearns,
 Remember sure, while time endures
 His friend is

—BOBBY BURNS.



HYMN.

AIR, A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

SING high ye sons of God,
 And praise his holy name,
 Sound forth His wonders all abroad
 And all his works proclaim.

While Nature's tuneful voice
 Sings forth in flower and tree,
 Let all the hearts of men rejoice
 In all the good they see.

His everlasting power
 Reveals through endless time
 The beauty of our Heavenly dower,
 The joys of truth sublime.

Praise Him ye heavenly hosts,
 Praise Him ye sun and star,
 Praise Him ye pure eternal ghosts,
 Praise Him both near and far.

Sing high ye children all,
 And you, ye birdlings, sing,
 Praise Him all creatures great and small
 Our everlasting King.

—CHARLES WESLEY.



UPWARD.

THE song of the lark mounts upward
 To pierce the very sky,
 Its eager tone will soar above
 To craggy mountains high,
 And rising, ever rising,
 Its happy thrilling note,
 Mid Heavenly places and starry spaces,
 At last doth sweetly float.

The eagle soareth upward
 Above the lowly ground,
 It builds its nest on mountain crest
 Where God's pure air is found,

And rising, ever rising,
 On upward rapid wing,
 It spurns all bars, and seeks the stars,
 Where morning cherubs sing.

The soul of aspiration,
 In human breast below,
 By might of love, will rise above
 The clouds of sin and woe,
 And rising, ever rising,
 It seeks the Father's care,
 Above the dust in boundless trust
 It reaches Heavenly air.

The spirit though in prison,
 That soars aloft in thought,
 Can quell the flesh and start afresh
 Toward the goal long sought,
 And rising, ever rising,
 In grandeur of the soul
 It gains new power, each day and hour,
 All passions to control.

The song of joy mounts upwards
 From human hearts made free,
 From tempters' wiles and error's ways,
 From sin and infamy,
 And rising, ever rising,
 It sounds its note of praise,
 In thankful love to God above,
 For holiness and grace.

—LUCY CAREY.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

THY will be done,
 Though mountains fall,
 And oceans dry,
 Though e'en the sun
 Should leave the sky:
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done,
 Creator, King!
 Thy holy name
 From every one
 Receives acclaim:
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done,
 Oh gracious Lord!
 Thy Kingdom blest,
 Be nobly won
 At thy behest:
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done
 Forever, Lord!
 Thou whom our souls adore
 All evil shun,
 We praise thee evermore:
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done,
 Though planets sink
 To rise, oh, nevermore,
 Our race be run
 While thee our souls adore:
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done,
 Though life itself be lost,
 Thou art our guide and stay,
 New life begun
 Will lead us unto day:
 Thy will be done.

Thy will be done
 Oh, everlasting power!
 Eternal boundless good!
 Omniscient Holy One!
 When thou art understood
 Thy will shall then be done.

—VICTOR HUGO.



MY BIRD OF FAITH.

IT cometh to me with its silvery wings,
 It tempeth me in its flight,
 We soar together through ether dim
 To a land so pure and bright.

No longer I feel the cares of earth,
 For I revel in beauty's light;
 I am with my loved ones that passed away
 To the life that knows no night.

Oh! come again my pure sweet bird,
 My heart is a-weary tonight,
 I long to take a flight with thee
 To the land that knows no blight.

Some day my bird will come for me
 With its silvery wings of light,
 And bear me away where the angels sing,
 To the land of pure delight.

The beautiful land, the spirit land,
 The land that knows no blight,
 Where our loved ones gather around the throne,
 The light, and the life of light.

—HENRY WORDSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



LOVE.

MANY hearts are longing
 For the break of day,
 Many souls are thronging
 Life's eternal way,
 Darkness closely hovers
 Over Souls in woe,
 Gloom or sorrow covers
 They who walk below.

In the path of error,
 In the mire of fear,
 Trembling in their terror
 They bear burdens here,

Bear with sigh and groaning,
Yet o'er all, above
All the weary moaning,
Shines the star of Love.

God is Good, His kindness
Shall extend to all;
Mortals in their blindness
Stumble oft, and fall.
Yet His hand outreacheth
To uplift and cheer,
He the lowly teacheth
In their sorrow here.

For by tribulation
They are purified,
They who crush temptation
Are more glorified
Than the Souls who never
Come in touch with sin,
And who ne'er endeavor
Victory to win.

God is good and holy,
And He reigns above,
He will bless the lowly,
For His name is Love;
God is Good and gracious
He will open sure,
Mansions bright and spotless
For all who can endure.

—CONSTANTIN.

MAN THOU SHALT NEVER DIE!

MAN, it is written on the heavens,
In flaming suns and stars,
The sunrise prints it on the East
Along the crimson bars,
The sunset paints it in the West
With golden finger tips,
Fair morning whispers it in joy
With downy fragrant lips,
The ocean sings it to the shore,
The shore responds again,
The mountains chant it to the sea,
And forests join the strain.
All nature sings the anthem sweet
From budding flower to tree,
The evening shadows soft repeat,
When twilight veils the lea.
The universe resounds again
With this immortal word,
And life re-echoes the refrain
On every hand it's heard,
"Man thou shall never, never die!"
This is the chorus grand,
"Eternal, destiny is thine,"
Repeat it sea and land,
"Man thou shalt never, never die!"
Thy soul forever lives

And sweeps in grandeur through the sky,
For God the blessing gives.
Ye are a part of God himself,
Of great Infinitude,
Within thee lives a living breath
Of the Eternal Good;
Thy life can only be a whole
As joined in love to Him
Who is the Heavenly oversoul;
Through spaces grand or dim
Thy Spirit shall ascend or climb
To grandest life divine,
O'er mountain crags to heights sublime
Thy Soul shall throb and shine.
And ever onward to the source,
Of all that fashions life,
Thy Soul shall keep its upward course,
In spite of war or strife.
And ever upward to the throne
Of Wisdom, Truth, and Power,
Thy Soul shall make its progress known
Through every future hour.
Affection beats within thy heart,
It stirs within thy breast,
It makes the tender teardrop start,
It brings to life new zest,
It causes thee to nobly work
For others as for thee,
It leads thee duty ne'er to shirk,
It makes thee grand and free.
This of its self would make the man
A great Immortal Soul,

Look thou aloft and clearly scan
Creation's noble scroll,
And thou shalt read without a blur,
In characters of light,
Infinitude can never err,
His purposes are right;
And He hath planned for all the race
Immortal selfhood grand,
He writes it on the human face,
He prints it in the hand.
Thy mind, Oh man, can never die,
Its intellect will grow
Forever, through the ages fly.
Its light will burn and glow,
Forever will it grasp the power
To reason and to think,
Thought is its grand immortal dower
That never more can sink.
Away from out thy clasp O man
Thy soul shall ever be,
The noblest of creation's plan,
A thing divine and free.
Then take it up ye distant hills,
And you ye oceans wide,
Until the strain all Nature thrills
And rolls from every side!
Then take it up ye matchless stars,
The wondrous sweet refrain,
And you, ye planetary cars,
Repeat the grandest strain,—
"Man thou shalt never, never die."
Though planets cease to burn,

Though night and day forever fly,
 Though waves do not return,
 The living soul shall onward speed
 Along its upward flight,
 And God himself its path will lead
 Along the track of light.
 "Man thou shalt never, never die,"
 The anthem rings from sea to sky.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

THERE are beautiful things that are never said,
 Beautiful sentiments left unspoken,
 Beautiful dreams that have never shed
 Earthward a single, tender token;
 Beautiful thoughts that die on the air
 Lacking the power of pure expression,
 Beautiful, wonderful hints of prayer
 Giving to earth no clear impression.

There are beautiful things that are never seen,
 Gems that lie under the waters hidden,
 Flowers that bloom in the dells, I ween,
 Where only fairies to them are bidden;
 Treasures of beauty all manifold,
 Greater than man hath ever counted,
 Riches on riches of shining gold,
 Jewels in crowns that were never mounted.

Beautiful things that were never yet
 Unto the outward kingdom given,
Beautiful images man might get
 Fresh from the bountiful hand of heaven;
Beautiful poems in human hearts,
 Poems yet never said or written,
Such as a wonderful light imparts
 Unto the soul by affection smitten.

Wonderful things in music and art,
 Songs that never have known the singing,
Music that carry a magic part,
 Unto the world new powers bringing;
Never as yet hath mortals heard,
 Never as yet have human voices
Echoed the musical strain or word
 Such, as celestial souls, rejoices.

Beautiful things that stir and live,
 Sweet aspirations all unspoken,
Beautiful, soulful things that give
 Ever of holier life, a token;
God in his wisdom created he them,
 Blessings that float on the tide of our being,
Music and prayer and flower and gem
 Kept from the earth for our spiritual seeing,
Poems and art and praises and singing,
 Unto the soul, sweet benisons bringing.

—LACEONIA.

GOD IN NATURE.

GOD in the sunbeam glows,
God in the starshine gleams,
God in the blooming rose
Wakes the Fairy's dreams;
God in each atom small
Holds it to time and place,
God in the maple tall
Gives it divinest grace.

God in the mountain grand
Fashions the mighty pile,
God in the sea, on land,
Shines with His Holy smile;
He holds within His clasp
Oceans and tides,
Naught can escape His grasp,
All things He guides.

God through the universe
Breathes Life for aye,
Planets his law rehearse
By night and day;
God from the emerald sod
Smiles in each flower,
All things are formed of God,
His will the power.

Filling the human soul
 With boundless life,
 Pointing it to the goal
 Where peace is rife;
 Thrilling the human heart
 With endless love,
 Born of the better part
 In heaven above.

God through all time and space
 Moves calmly on,
 Naught can disturb His place,
 His power is strong;
 God in all nature lives,
 His throne is there,
 He boundless freedom gives
 Life everywhere.

—LUCOEDEA.



AN INNER MEANING.

THERE comes to my mind a legend,
 A thing I had half forgot,
 And whether I read it or dreamed it
 Ah, well, it matters not;—
 It's said that in Heaven, at twilight,
 A great bell softly swings,
 And men may listen and harken to
 The wondrous music it rings,
 If he puts from the heart's inner chamber
 All the passion, and pain, and strife,

Heart aches, and weary longings
 That throb in the pulses of life,
 If thrust from his soul all hatred,
 All thoughts of wicked things;—
 And I think there lies in this legend,
 If we open our eyes to see,
 Somewhat of an inner meaning,
 My friend, to you and me.
 Let us look to our hearts and question,
 “Can pure thoughts enter in
 To a Soul, if it already be
 The dwelling place of sin?”
 So then, let us ponder a little,
 Let us look at our hearts and see
 If the twilight bell of the angels
 Would ring for you and me.

—ALEXANDER CREMLIN.

Composed 433 B. C.



MY PRAYER.

HOW shall I right the wrongs
 That round about me lie?
 And how best my work to do
 As the years so swiftly fly?

For my heart is faint and sick,
 And my eyes oft fill with tears
 To see the wrong keep down the right,
 And hearts bowed down with fears.

And I try to find the way
 To give the doubting faith,
 To cheer the sick, to help the sad,
 To banish fear of death.

Thou Father above I pray
 Give us thy strength and love,
 To help each one on the way
 To brighter heights above,

That we may do thy will,
 To help the fainting heart,
 That we with truth may fill
 The hungry, ere we part
 To meet in after days
 And sing thy glorious praise.



GOD'S WAYS.

GOD'S ways are wise and grand,
 He moves by perfect law,
 And though His works are keenly scanned
 They yet reveal no flaw
 To those who mark the whole
 Of pattern and of scheme,
 The greatness of the Over Soul
 In every starry gleam.

God's ways are not the same
 As finite ways of man,
 For hidden glories flame
 In each infinite plan.

He moves along His course
 Far-seeing to the end,
 And plans with wisest force
 To have all nature blend

In harmony with all
 That life will yet achieve,
 That discord may not fall
 Between the warp and weave.
 And hence there's no mistake,
 Though sometimes it may seem
 That failures, sorrows, make
 Life but an empty dream.

God's ways are wise and just,
 He holds within His hand
 The highest and noblest trust
 That Souls can e'er command.
 His powers do e'er avail
 To work the grandest ends
 His wisdom and His truth prevail,
 His Love all love transcends.

God's ways are grand always,
 Though not as those of men,
 He leads us by His holy ways
 To paths of right again.
 Then hail Him sons of earth,
 And daughters praise His name,
 Let all the world of mortal birth
 His Holy works proclaim!

—ZENOBIA.

MY QUEEN OF SONG.

A ROYAL Princess, fair is she,
 One to the manor born,
 A glorious creature, grand and free,
 Bright as the summer's morn;
 I hear her singing low and sweet,
 As time rolls swiftly on,
 I lay my honors at her feet
 This gifted Queen of song.

She has not wealth, or lineage high,
 Though to the manor born,
 Her's is a royalty of soul
 That doth her state adorn,
 She walks in poverty and toil,
 As days all pass along,
 And yet a child of royal soil
 This charming Queen of song.

Where did I find her? at the gate
 With sweet patrician air,
 She came to slowly pause and wait
 My recognition there.
 She lifted up her glorious voice,
 Its wondrous notes prolong,
 The rapture, Oh my soul rejoice
 At this great Queen of song.

She sang to me of love and home,
 Of all things sweet and dear,
 I bade her heart no longer roam,
 But find its solace here;
 She dwells within my life always
 And shields me from all wrong,
 She blesses me by night and day,
 My Angel Queen of song.

—ANONYMOUS.



FROM ZONE TO ZONE.

FROM zone to zone the Spirit speeds
 Along it's never ending course,
 The human Soul on nectar feeds
 And finds it's power in the source
 Of Life that everlasting is,
 There is no death, but only change,
 The soul can rise from each abyss
 And through the worlds of glory range.

From zone to zone as travels light
 The Soul, that understands it's power,
 May take it's onward, tireless flight
 And only gain new strength each hour.
 Eternity is none too long
 For Spirits to experience life,
 Creation sings it's matchless song
 Mid worlds of peace or fields of strife.

From zone to zone the Ego Man
 In wingless grandeur wends his way,
 God in His universal plan
 Provides his own with endless day;

Ten thousand years are as a mite
 A fragment of Eternity,
 A moment in the flaming light
 Of Infinite Immensity.

From zone to zone, each world and star
 Becomes a pathway for the Soul,
 The gates of Life are left ajar,
 For Man is part of Life's great whole;
 From zone to zone the Ego soars
 Impelled by inner force and will,
 While God through all his being pours
 The flaming currents of His skill.

From zone to zone each planet gives
 Experience and work to man,
 The Ego learning that he lives
 Can all the works of Nature scan
 And find a use and place for all,
 The humblest and the mightiest, too,
 No secret can the Soul appall,
 For it hath all things yet in view.

Omega never can be found,
 There is no end to boundless law
 And Life forever, round on round,
 Pursues it's course without a flaw.
 From zone to zone the Spirit speeds
 With endless search and tireless zeal,
 It gains all impulse that it needs,
 As Nature to it's sense reveals
 The wonders of Infinite power,
 And guides it on from hour to hour.

—MAYAH.

WINTER FLED.

WINTER, cold winter has fled.
Oh, how he loathed to depart!
Crowned with a frost wreath his head,
Cheerless and bitter his heart.
He was so stately and cold,
Grand as a master of fate,
Grand as a monarch of old
Dwelling in majesty great.

Ermine his robes of pure white,
Frost-jewels gleamed on his brow,
Diamonds that flashed through the night
Covered his garments just now;
Sandals of beauty he wore
Shining with tints of the skies,
Frozen the smile that he bore,
Frozen the light of his eyes.

Winter, cold winter has fled,
Chased by a beautiful maid,
Gone is the crown from his head,
Low now his jewels are laid;
Lost are the sandals he wore,
Vanished the robe of pure white,
Into the darkness he bore
All of his grandeur and light.

Winter, cold winter has fled,
 Pelted by beautiful flowers,
 Chased by sweet April he sped
 Far from her glistening showers;
 He who was stately and cold,
 He who was gorgeous and great,
 Just like a monarch of old,
 Fell from his lofty estate.

Winter, dear winter has gone,—
 Spring with her beauty is here,
 Hurrying tenderly on,
 Bringing good comfort and cheer.
 Gone is the Monarch of old,
 Come is the queen of delight,
 She in her garments of gold
 Pleases the world with her light.
 —ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



THE AGES.

THE ages march with even step
 Adown the corridors of time,
 Each bears it's banner floating high
 With pennon fluttering to the sky;
 Each with a step sublime
 Moves with a strangely solemn air,
 And leaves an impress everywhere,
 In every place and clime.

Each age hath to it's line been true,
 Each hath it's mission nobly wrought,
 Till swinging cycles all complete
 Their destiny did boldly meet;
 And all the way has human thought
 It's wondrous mystery revealed,
 Till founts of language were unsealed
 That to mankind hath treasures brought.

The ages marching line by line,
 Have brought the Infinite to view,
 The God that fills the universe
 In grand revealments they rehearse,
 His glories all divine and true,
 Each following Age unfolds the scroll
 That e'er interprets soul to soul,
 God's mysteries forever new.

The ages hold their secrets well,
 And yet the mind of mortal man
 May search them out and fully learn
 The source in which they live and burn;
 The secret of their hidden plan,
 And as the ages onward move
 They to the thinkers nobly prove
 Though earthly life is but a span,
 Eternity forever lies
 Beyond the gaze of mortal eyes,
 That God Himself is all in all
 Alpha Omega—Great and Small.

—HOWARD.

THE IRON EGG.

IT was a homely little thing,
In shape just like an egg,
A rounded, oval, iron ring
Without one single leg,
A child could hold it in his hand,
It was so small in size,
And e'en the poorest in the land
Might well its gift despise.

And so it was not very strange
That one to whom it came,
Should cast it forth with widest range,
Nor did he feel to blame;
And others chancing to pass by,
Cast on the iron toy
A careless or a scornful eye,
But neither girl nor boy

Did lift it from its humble bed
Upon the sodden ground,
Until at last, from overhead,
White robed and lilly crowned,
An Angel fluttered to the earth
And stooped to gently raise
The iron egg of lowly birth,
With lofty song and praise.

She stood within the pathway there,
A being pure and sweet,
With fragrant lillies in her hair,
And sandals on her feet;
She stood and waited for the lad
Who wished for wealth and power,
For him she kindly feeling had,
She loved him hour by hour.

He came at last all flushed with pride
And eager for a gift,
From his enchanting Angel guide
That from his path would lift
The chances of defeat in gain,
Of disappointment sad,
Of non success, of sorrows, pain,
This proud and happy lad.

The Angel glanced upon his face,
She scanned his gleaming eyes
To find therein a tender trace
Of Trust that never dies,
But faith in holy things and true
Had not for him a part,
His quest was of a worldly view,
Of fame and not of heart.

He spied the Angel in his road,
Sun kissed and lilly crowned,
A being from the King's abode
Her way to earth had found,

He saw her beauty and her light,
And in his haughty pride,
"Oh Angel give to me this night
Thy choicest gift!" he cried.

"What wouldst thou have, Oh mortal son,"
The Angel gently said.

"A gem more bright than ever shone
On Royal robes or head."

The Angel smiled—presumptuous one
Thy wish will granted be.

"Behold a gem a kingdom won
For Kingly Royalty,

"And unto thee it shall be given,
This priceless jewel rare,
No Royal Kingdom short of Heaven
Can boast of gem so fair;
Accept thou it, Oh, happy youth,
And wear it in thy breast,
A talisman of Love and Truth
To make thy spirit blest."

And as she spoke the Angel sweet,
Extended unto him,
This lad intending to compete
With Fate severe and grim,
The iron egg of homely mold
That lay within her grasp,
It bore no crest of burnished gold,
No shining jeweled clasp.

It lay within her dainty hand,
A crude unlovely thing,
No monarch sure in any land
Would choose the iron ring,
And in amazement at her word
The youth replied with scorn,
"Such mocking was never heard,
Such jewel may adorn,

"The scullion that may dig the soil,
Or delve in ditches vile,
But I am not a son of toil,
For Fates upon me smile,
And though you do not give to me
The jewel that I crave,
My journey will successful be,
For fortune guides the brave."

And with a look of sheer disdain,
He vanished with a bound,
Tossing the iron egg again
Upon the sodden ground.
Once more the Angel raised the toy,
With sad and gentle smile,
Sweet purity without alloy
That sin cannot beguile.

The youth who spurned the Angel's gift
Went forth on eager wings,
He sought for fame and name to lift
Him to the rank of Kings,

He craved for power to lead the van
Of autocrats—and fools,
Who seek to make their fellow man
Their cringing slaves and tools.

He sought for pomp and fleeting fame,
For affluence and power,
He sought a station and a name,
For millions as his dower,
And as he went he saw success
Before him everywhere,
And men and comrades did confess
Him great beyond compare.

But ere the seasons of his life
Did to their fulness grow,
He found contention, loss and strife
Did lay his coffers low,
And one by one his comrades all
Deserted him at last,
And they who at his beck and call
Had hastened strong and fast,

Refused to answer to him now,
Refused to cringe and bend,
No servant answered to his bow,
No man could call him friend.
For purity and honor too
Had all been lost by him,
Amid the struggles all untrue
Of trade severe and grim.

And speculation's sordid self,
And greed so harsh and stern,
And Mighty Mammon's love of pelf,
Had each and all in turn
Contrived to rob him of his best,
His heritage and fame,
Until in trouble and unrest
He died without a name.

The Angel waited in her place
The iron egg in hand,
A beauteous being full of grace,
A star upon the land,
And soon a youth of quiet mien,
With courage in his eye,
And on his brow a light serene
Chanced to be passing by.

He saw the Angel by the way,
And paused with reverent air,
She was to him as bright as day,
A being wondrous fair,
But as she smiled upon him there,
His soul in courage grew,
And bowing gently once again
His guardian Soul he knew.

She placed the egg within his hand,—
“A treasure fair,” she said,
“It is a prize both rich and grand,”—
He lowly bowed his head,

“Wear it within thy breast, O youth!”
He smiled in sweet assent,
“In honor live, with Love and Truth,”—
Again his head he bent.

He placed the egg within his breast
And passed along his way,
Seeking to live his very best
In honor day by day,
And though he lost the worldly track
To fame and great success,
He never gazed in longing back,
For his was happiness.

At length the day of want appeared,
His children cried for bread,
Not suffering for himself he feared,
Nor hardship did he dread,
But for the little ones he loved
He might be forced to beg,
But no—for in his memory moved
A thought of iron egg.

He brought it forth and looked it o'er,
And found a secret spring,
Such as he had not seen before,—
It made an opening,
And there within the casket lay
A gem of priceless worth,
That brought him riches day by day
While he remained on earth.

EXALTATION.

AN Eagle poising in the sun
 Far high in azure blue,
 Its feathery plumage white and dun,
 Its eye so clear and true,
 Gazed down upon the barren ground
 Then up into the air,
 Then swiftly circling round and round,
 It skimmed the cloudlets there.

Away it soared till human eye
 Could follow it no more,
 Away o'er crags and summits high
 So proudly did it soar,
 Till on the highest, topmost peak
 Of all the mountain chain,
 From which the roving eye might seek
 Each field and meadow plain.

Upon the snowy mountain crest,
 The eagle wild and free,
 Did build it's lonely place of rest,—
 An eyrie none could see,—
 And there aloft from human ken
 It raised it's tender young,
 Far from the haunts of beasts and men,
 It's notes of triumph rung.

Amid the everlasting blue
Where golden clouds came down,
With morning light or evening dew
Each like a shining crown
That capped the hoary mountain crest,
With beauty pure and fair,
The eagle guarded well it's nest,
Intrusion ne'er came there.

Amid the bright eternal calm
The eaglets gained their power,
No storm nor tempest did them harm,
They strengthened every hour,
Grew strong of wing and keen of sight,
Rejoicing in freedom's air,
And all the world to them was light,
No weakness anywhere.

A human spirit soared and soared
Above all earthly things,
It's soul in ecstasy outpoured,
While on ethereal wings
It spurned the dull material clay,
The tumult and the din,—
Towards the light it sped away
From passion and from sin.

It floated in the boundless blue
And quaffed the liquid sun,
It bathed in morning's early dew
And e'er new conquest won,

It soared aloft on peak and height
 Away from carnal quest,
Forever seeking for the light
 To give it peace and rest.

On aspiration's pinions strong
 That spirit soared away,
It's tuneful accents raised in song
 No shadow could dismay,
It soared above the seething fires
 Of selfishness and pain,
Away from evil's fierce desires,
 From error's galling chains.

O'er mountain crag or rugged steeps,
 That spirit soared afar,
To where eternal justice keeps,—
 Beyond all sun and star,
It's holy vigils for the world
 That's plunged in sorrow vast,
Awaiting truth by giants hurled
 Against it's foes at last.

And there amid the lofty heights,
 It found it's rightful home,
Where Liberty's eternal lights
 Shine far from Heaven's high dome,
And there within the precious air
 Of freedom for the mind,
That spirit grew in beauty rare
 And left all sin behind.

Arise, Arise ye toiling ones
 On aspiration's wings,
 Ye are the daughters and the sons
 Of Liberty, she flings
 Her starry banner from the heights
 And bid ye seek it's folds,
 And for Justice, Truth and Right,
 Love, now your need beholds,
 Her shining plume will speed you on:
 Arise and join her heavenly song.

—VESTA.



HEART OF GRACE BE UNDEFILED.

H EART of grace be undefiled,
 Tender as a little child!
 Heart of grace be strong and calm,
 Sweetened by Love's fragrant balm!
 Heart of grace be grand and free
 As the giant forest tree!
 Heart of grace be warm and true,—
 Every passion now subdue!
 Soul of man be up and doing
 Every mighty truth pursuing!
 Soul of majesty and light
 Spread thy wings and take thy flight,
 Over mountain crag and crest
 Till ye gain the mansions blest!

—MOTHER MARY.

STAR OF LOVE.

STAR of Love, oh, grandly shine
 On this lowly earth of thine!
 Shed thy radiant beams afar
 Thou oh brilliant morning star!
 Penetrate the chill and gloom
 Of all darkness of the tomb,
 Shed thy warming, golden light
 Through the clouds of sorrow's night!

Star of Love, thy perfect ray
 Changes dark to glorious day.
 'Neath thy power Injustice fails,
 'Neath thy warmth Oppression pales,
 Thou canst fill the world with cheer,
 Thou so holy doth appear,
 Tyranny and error fly,
 When thy glory draweth nigh.

Star of Love, thy mission true
 Is to Heavenly peace renew
 On the earth, that man may know
 Heavenly harmony below.
 Star of Love, thy work shall be
 To dispense Fraternity,
 That the brotherhood of man
 May become the mortal plan.

Star of Love, thy golden beams
 Fill the human breast with dreams
 Of the glorious age to be,
 Season of sweet harmony,
 When the earth shall blossom fair
 As a rose so rich and rare,
 When the reign of greed shall go,
 Banishing all sin and woe.

Star of Love, thou golden gem!
 Thou didst rise o'er Bethlehem!
 Shine upon our planet now
 Like a jewel on its brow,
 Shine, and shine 'till human dross
 Shall be counted human loss,
 'Till all human destiny
 Shall be lifted up to thee!

—EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.



ETERNAL VERITIES.

DYNASTIES rise and fall,
 Thrones crumble and decay,
 And ruin hovers over all
 That rests alone in clay.
 The pride and pomp of kings
 May totter in a night,
 While wealth may take to wings
 And stay not in it's flight.

The warrior who to-day
Is borne aloft to fame,
To-morrow in the fray
May lose his place and name;
The hero of an hour
May see his glory set,
The man of worldly power
May die without regret.

The splendor of a crown,
With jewels flashing bright,
May lose its fair renown,
And yet be lost in night.
The pageantry and show
Of folly and of pride,
May into silence go,
Swept by oblivion's tide.

Such are the things of dust
That often change with time,
The Soul alone can trust
The majesty sublime
Of never ending power,
Of never ceasing light,
That through God's endless hour
Are never lost to sight.

What though dynasties fall,
What though a kingdom dies,
While truth is over all,
Eternal as the skies,

Though Folly, Pride and Fame
 Roll back into the past,
 While wisdom's quenchless flame
 Eternally shall last.

What though the fleeting breath
 Of show will pass away,
 Though Pomp be lost in death,
 And thrones fall to decay,
 While Love forever towers—
 And Justice ne'er sleep
 And over all, Divinest powers
 Their vigils ever keep.

—ELIZA COOK.



CELESTIAL VISITANTS.

APPARELLED in celestial white
 The loving Angels speed,
 In chariots of golden light
 Drawn by truth's fiery steed.
 They bear the torch of progress on
 And with it's living flame
 Dispel the clouds of sin and wrong,
 The fogs of doubt and shame.
 Their beauteous faces all appear,
 Like stars of holy light,
 Their eyes of lustre, shining clear,
 Are filled with sweet delight;
 Their flowing tresses nobly crowned
 With lillies sweet and fair,
 While from their happy lips resound,
 The tones of tuneful prayer.

From Heaven's clear ethereal blue,
They speed to earthly planes,
Their souls with ecstasy anew
Chant love's imperial strains.
They come, these messengers of peace
To mortal hearts inspire,
To make earth's happiness increase,
And point each spirit higher,
And clouds of witnesses appear
With helpful hope and light
Within the mortal atmosphere
To make it pure and bright.
They watch with tender pitying eyes
The struggles of mankind,
They seek to lead to Paradise
The lowly, weak, and blind,
To heal the sick and suffering, too,
Uplift the fallen one,
To ever bless with honor true
Each daughter and each son.
These living witnesses above
Of every work and deed
Bestow their holy, heavenly love,
While up and on they lead,
Those living witnesses of all,
Our hopes and pains and fears.
Oh may we listen to their call
While truth itself appears,
To light our pathway evermore
To God's eternal, golden shore.

—LEIGH HUNT.

THOUGHT.

THOUGHTS take airy wings and fly
 Like thistle downs upon the air,
 Finding lodgement by and bye
 In the mind receptive there
 To the airy fleecy things.

Thoughts are born not in the brain
 That expression to them gives,
 They are links within the chain
 Of Eternal Mind that lives
 Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

Thoughts have souls that are alive,
 Souls of consciousness and power,
 Thoughts on impulse grow and thrive,
 Intellect their only dower,
 Thoughts eternal, fadeless are.

Thoughts are souls without a form,
 Shapeless they until they reach
 Into brains alive and warm,
 Where they blossom into speech, —
 Every thought is like a star;

Brilliant, steadfast, constant, true,
 Like a star in power and light

Every hour it's gleams renew,—
 Stream in radiance warm and bright
 Through the mighty universe.

Thought a glorious kingdom proves
 That hath subjects of its own;
 Intellect with order moves
 From it's royal master's throne
 While its power the stars rehearse.

—JOHN DRYDEN.



MY MOTHER'S ANGEL FACE.

I SEE it through the shadows shine,
 The gloomy shades of death,
 I see its tenderness divine,
 I feel its gentle breath,
 The loving eyes so pure and sweet
 Filled with their holy grace,
 The curving lips that on me smiled,—
 My sainted Mother's face.

It smiles upon me when I sleep
 And gives me happy dreams,
 Its look pathetic when I weep,
 A pure expression seems,
 It shines in brightness when I wake
 And greets me with the morn,
 When star beams through the azure break,
 It doth the night adorn.

My loving mother's angel face,
I see it night and day,
Her spirit from its heavenly place
Doth to my dwelling stray,
It watches o'er me through all gloom,
It lifts me from despair,
And like a lilly white with bloom,
It gleams divinely fair.

My mother's face, my mother's face,
Oh, never hath their been
A countenance of shining grace
More like a tender queen,
My mother's face that shines on me
From out the glowing stars,
And heavenly gates of ecstasy
Unto my sight unbars.

Her mortal form was gently laid
Beneath the daisies fair,
And Oh! my heart was sore dismayed
To think her lying there.
But lo a gleam of light, and then
Came in the dear old place
With smiling lip and eyes again,
My mother's blessed face.

My mother's well remembered face
Oh, many a time and oft,
I see it crowned with dainty lace
And framed in meshes soft

Of beautiful and snowy folds
 That give it nameless grace,
 And well I know that Love e'er holds
 My Angel mother's face.

My sainted mother, Heaven smiled
 When thou did upward go,
 But Ah! thou did not leave thy child
 For thou art here, I know,
 Though time should rob me of my all,
 It never can efface
 That tender image that I call
 My mother's angel face.

—BULWER-LYTTON.



THE JEWELS OF A KING.

THERE were jewels in his diadem,
 Each one was fastened there,
 And claimed to be a gift of love
 From courtiers grave and fair.
 For when the monarch's golden crown
 Was ready to be framed,
 A herald, passing through the town
 This message clear, proclaimed,
 "Ho ye who wish the Monarch well,
 And have a gift for him
 Where'er within his courts ye dwell,
 In cloister old or dim,
 Or in the outskirts of the town,
 Or in its streets so gay,

Bring ye a jewel for his crown
That shall be forged today.
Bring ye a large or tiny gem
It matters not," he said,
"A place upon his diadem,
To crown a royal head,
Your offering will surely find,
For he, your sire, and King
Will to each subject be most kind,
Who, but their best will bring.
Ho ye, ho ye, good people, true
And loyal to your liege,
Bring ye the best ye have in view
Nor let a foe besiege
His castle, or his garden wall,
Attend him with your zeal.
The good King loves you one and all
He will attend your weal.
Ho ye, ho ye, who have a gem,
A jewel or a stone
Of value for his diadem,
Convey it to the throne.
Convey it willingly and swift,
And freely make it known
It is a gladsome, cheerful gift,
A blessing of your own.
And bring it ere the close of day
Ere yet the sun goes down,
That it may find, a place always
Upon the Monarch's crown."
And speedily the courtiers all
Secured a jewel fine,

Their Monarch's senses to enthrall
With its resplendant shine,
And each unto the palace bore
The gift that he or her
Meant for the King, who ne'er before
Created such a stir.
And gems there were of red and blue
As rubies or sapphires,
And diamonds of faultless hue,
With rare, imprisoned fires,
While emeralds of flashing green
Found in that crown a place,
And pearls, the envy of a queen
The diadem did grace.
And by and by an humble class
Of subjects of the King,
Did crave their privilege to pass
That they a gift might bring;
And here were stones of mottled brown,
Or gray or sombre hue,
Intended for the Monarch's crown,
By yeoman spirits true
Who had no aristocracy,
Nor works of great renown,
The humbler men and women they
Of all the mighty town.
And as they came in twos and threes,
Or singly one by one,
And brought with them a bracing breeze
And glimpses of the sun,
The courtiers mocked at them, and laughed
Their treasures all to scorn,

And some derided, others chaffed,—
Such gems could not adorn
The diadem of Monarch proud
These courtiers all declared,
Until the sturdy, humble crowd
Did wonder how it dared
To bring the King their lowly gifts,
Their treasures, all they had,
Until their sovereign ruler lifts
His voice in praises glad;
“Let none be sent away,” he cried,
“I love my subjects all,
Each treasure shall be glorified
However poor or small,
My people who have brought their best,
Have sought to honor me,
And I, their King, art truly blest
By their sweet loyalty.
I judge the treasure by the heart
And know ye, subjects mine,
prize far more than works of art
The humblest, smallest sign
Of loyalty and friendship true,
A pebble though it be,
It shines for me with lustrous hue
Emblem of constancy.
Know ye my subjects one and all
That in my peerless crown,
Each gift or token great or small
That ye have handed down,
Shall find its place and show its worth
Not as by mortals shown,

But as by those of heavenly birth
Its value 's seen and known.
Know ye that some whose gifts are told
As priceless jewels rare,
That cannot here be bought or sold
So costly they and fair,
Have only brought me baubles here,
Though flashing gems they be,
The baubles of inconstancy,
Of pride, or flattery;
And some who brought the dusky stone,
The mottled pebble too,
Have brought unto my precious throne
Their symbols, grand and true,
Of constancy and friendship dear,
Of faithful love, and sweet,
My crown will bear them year by year
And unto me repeat
The gladsome tale, my children all,
That ye have done your best,
And that I may upon you call,
And feel that my behest
Is followed by warm hearts and grand,
Who love the ruler of their land."'
And thus through all the ages down
Has lived that Monarch's matchless crown.

YE SEEKERS FOR THE LIGHT.

YE seekers for the light,
Ye searchers for the truth,
Ye toilers working through the night,
Ye agéd ones and youth,
Gird up your loins anew
And raise your weary eyes,
Gaze upward for a heavenly view,
Not down for Paradise.

Ye who are sad and lone,
Ye who are faint and ill,
Reach upward to the Father's throne,
His Love is with you still.
Ye who have known despair,
Ye who have been depressed,
The Father holds you in his care,
His arms will give you rest.

Ye who have dimly heard
The precious promise given,
The Master's loving, gentle word
That fell like bread from Heaven
"I come not to the well,
No doctor they require,
I come with tender spell
To banish Sin's desire

"They a physician need,
 Who live in sore distress,
 I come my flock to lead
 Out of the wilderness.
 The weary and the sad,
 The broken and the blind,
 I come to make them glad,—
 My service for mankind."

Ye lonely ones and weak,
 For you the Angels sing,
 Ye who for succor seek,
 God will his mercy bring.
 Lift high your weary heads
 And quaff his glory in,
 It's light upon you sheds
 Deliverance from sin.

—PRINCESS MARY OF CONDE.



VANITY FAIR.

VANITY Fair is proud and gay,
 All bedecked in it's colors fine,
 Vanity Fair, the people say,
 Holds the glitter of glint and shine,
 Haughty dames their homage pay,
 At it's hollow, imperfect shrine,
 Simpering lassies flit time away
 Gazing at it's alluring sign.
 Vanity Fair, Oh, Vanity Fair!
 Many a youth is stranded there!

Vanity Fair makes every show,
 Fashion and Folly and Pride abound,
 Vanity Fair is all aglow
 With ribbons galore from top to ground.
 Fashion and Folly and Pride you know
 Play on Fancy round on round,
 Games of chance now high, now low,
 None of them with an honor crowned.
 Vanity Fair, Oh, Vanity Fair!
 Many a soul is wasted there.

Vanity Fair is full of fire,
 Dangerous fire that spits and burns,
 Quenchless flame of a fierce desire
 That all reason and honor spurns.
 Vanity Fair that cannot hire
 Wisdom to fill its glittering urns,
 Some that will light its funeral pyre
 When to the earth sweet Love returns.
 Vanity Fair, Oh, Vanity Fair!
 God and Goodness are never there.

Vanity Fair is all about,
 Here and there in the busy land,
 And its votaries laugh and shout,
 Mocking and jesting on every hand;
 None of its followers are put to rout,
 Only when justice with weapons grand,
 Marches in solemn step about,
 Making for truth a noble stand.
 Vanity Fair, Oh, Vanity Fair!
 Why will humanity linger there.

Vanity Fair will pass from view,
 Friends of freedom, in coming years,
 When to its evil such as you
 Waken, and know the bitter tears
 Vanity Fair has cost you, too.
 Waken and know when disappears
 Vanity Fair, a life more true
 Then will dawn from the higher spheres.
 Vanity Fair, Oh, Vanity Fair!
 Angels weep while you linger there.
 —WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.



WHEN GOD IS IN THE HEART.

WHEN God is in the heart,
 And all his loving grace,
 Unfolds within the tender breast,
 And keeps it's own pure place,
 Then nothing can dismay,
 No pain nor doubt can bear
 A sting to pierce the holy calm
 That rests forever there.
 When God is in the heart,
 His likeness in the soul,
 No power can quench the spirit-fire.
 It holds a grand control
 O'er every thing beneath, above,
 That it can daily reach—
 It is it's own interpreter,
 A light to grandly teach

The inner mysteries of Life
That of the Spirit are,
For God is there, and aye His truth
Gleams like the brightest star.
When God is in the heart,
No tempest can assail,
No mighty torrent of despair
Against it can avail.
When God is in the heart,
The sun shines ever bright,
His face reveals the holy power
To banish darkest night;
The upward, onward way
Is lined with rarest flowers,
And sunbeams gild the path
Of all the passing hours;
Sweet music softly blown
From pure æolian lyres,
Regale the listening ear
And loftily inspires
The Soul that dwelleth near
The Holy, sacred shrine,
Where truth and Love evoke
Life's harmonies divine.
When God is in the heart,
There is no room for sin,
The whole world hath no power
To crowd Him from within.

—SCHILLER.

NATURE.

DAME nature dressed in bright array,
Her skirts of gauzy green—
Bedecked with flowers of gorgeous hue,—
A venerable Queen,
Rides jauntily through all the glades
Upon her floral car,
Her tresses flowing in the wind
Her veil pinned by a star.
She scatters as she onward goes,
With ever lavish hand,
Sweet herbs and flowers rich and good
For any in the land.
She is a gracious, kindly dame
Who loves her children well,
She gathers them unto her breast,
And then proceeds to tell
The story of the seasons bright,
How Spring with sprightly air,
Doth dance to music pure and sweet,
With spirit young and fair,
How Summer with it's richest bloom
Doth mellow by it's heat
The luscious fruit of wood and field
And make them rich and sweet.
How Autumn turns the trees to flame
Or into finest gold,
And stores of bounty offers man
As much as he can hold.

How Winter in his snowy crown
 And ermine robe of white,
 Holds stately court with subjects brave
 Through all the frosty night.
 And thus she tells with kindly zest
 The story of the year,
 Dame Nature in her beauty dressed,
 As now she doth appear,
 And all her courtiers bending low
 Pay homage at her feet,
 To them she is a sovereign
 Of love and faith complete,
 And all the world repeats again
 The story of her noble reign.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



WHISPER IT, WINDS.

WHISPER it, winds from Heaven,
 Whisper it o'er the earth
 A God child has arisen,
 From lowly mortal birth!
 Sing it, ye happy Angels,
 A song of praise and worth!
 Shout it ye stars of glory,
 Chant it, ye moving spheres.
 God in the human bosom
 In mystery appears!—
 God in the Christ child holy
 Giveth to man the sign,
 Beacon and sign of glory,
 Humanity divine.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

HUMAN SERVICE.

THE highest service of man is not given to some unknown and unappreciable God, nor is it bestowed in almsgiving and ostentatious display, nor yet is it shown in the voicing of litanies, psalms or prayers, but it is that service of the heart that speaks through the accents of sympathy and in the tender tone of fraternal love; prays in the bestowal of needed helpfulness, and serves in the expression of kindness that doeth unto others as it would receive.

Human service consists in making others happy, drying the falling tear, easing the wounded heart, binding up the sores and hurts of our fellowmen, comforting the mourners and in cheering the oppressed.

Greater Love hath no man for God, than that which he bestows upon his fellow man. He who worships God with high sounding words and praise, on bended knee and with great show of supplication, yet who pays no heed to the wants and cries of suffering children, hath no love of God in his heart; he pays no deference to his creator, for did he truly worship the Infinite Source of all Being, he would be kind to all created things and seek to bless those of his fellows who are in need of bounty and of cheer, if for no other reason than that they are the offspring of the Father and as such, worthy of all attention and deliverance.

Human service is God service. He who serves a brother man serves the Creator of all being. He who rejects a

brother man denying him succor in the hour of need, rejects and denies his God.

The Infinite breathes in the universe and lives in the Human. Outside of these there can be no God. Christ crucified is the living example of truth put to death. Christ the messenger was a type of other messengers and light bearers who had preceded him, and who had brought tidings of joy to earth. Teachers, prophets, philosophers and sages, have all expended their lives in the service of humanity. Christ came to earth to exemplify the doctrine of brotherly Love, that had been annunciated centuries before his birth. Christ was the type of human service to humanity.

He gave all and asked for nothing, He yielded himself a victim to human bigotry and intolerance, that the world might behold these evils in all their gloomy deformity. To him all men were brothers, even the Pharisee was one who possessed the spark of human brotherhood that could be fanned into a luminous flame.

Every age and every clime has had its Sages, Teachers and Philosophers. Christ was but one of these who was intent on doing good. The service of humanity may be made bright with everlasting joy. It may be made to flower in the bloom and beauty of budding rose or perfumed lily. It is sweeter than the song of nightingale or of angels' tongues.

The service of humanity in loving devotion to the needs of men is of far greater value than is the praising of ten thousand choristers, in the sight of God.

"Holy of holies" may be sung in exquisite tones, but when Holy of holies is expressed in beneficent deeds in recognition of its sancturay in the human heart, and the

great centre of life and of God is beheld in humanity, it becomes a paeon of praise and worship that only perfected souls can give.

“Holy! Holy! Holy!” is the service of man when expended in helpful efforts to uplift, strengthen and bless the race.

God receives and repays such service. God rejects and denies as service that which is sounded forth in words alone.

—CONFUCIUS.



THE POWER OF GOD.

THE power of God worketh in every human heart; its mission is to banish gloom and to awaken the soul to the everlasting purpose and glory of light.

The world is not meant for darkness, it is meant for joy and light. Bright waves of splendor break over the eastern sky at morn when night has fled. Billows of beauty gild the west at eve when day departs. Millions of fiery balls in golden glory gem the vault of Heaven when night once more appears. All, all is light, all is beautiful golden light. No gloom, no darkness, where the stars shine; where the moon floods her environments with silvery radiance, where the sun burns in fiery brilliancy, where the sunrise and the sunset glow.

The world is not made for shadow, the universe is not made for gloom—all things are made to reach the Light.

The power of God is written everywhere. It is painted on the clouds, and stamped upon the ocean wave. It whispers in the heart of the rose, and vibrates in the atom of a stone.

The power of God in the human heart is that which whispers of love, of hope, of good cheer, of Heaven, of light. It will be made manifest by noble deeds, by kindly words, pure thoughts, and lofty motives. The power of God dispels gloom, brings good cheer and lifts the soul from darkness into the everlasting light.

God made manifest in the soul, is goodness developed. Spirituality quickened, love unfolded within and expanding into eternal expression. The beatitudes may be reached here and now, by the very humblest and weakest of the human family, no great distinction is needed, no high sounding title or name, no influence nor worldly power, nothing but a cheerful spirit, nothing but a soul of peace and a sense of justice, only an abiding confidence in the overruling power of love to lift the world to divine things.

The beatitudes are reached by climbing, by aspiring, by breathing in the inspirations of Nature and of Heaven; God's power in the heart increases day by day as one comes nearer and nearer to the humility, the simplicity, and the innocence of a little child, while acquiring the experience of wisdom and the judgment of matured mind that beholds life as a significant reality that is to be lived to the full.

God's power is everywhere, it is omnipotent grandeur, it belongs to humanity and may be lived in high expression, and achievement by an individual or by a race.

—CATHERINE BEECHER.

THE FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE.

GREAT forces move the world. All unseen and unweighed by the scales and eyes of mortal man, the potency of the invisible forces of the universe is sufficient for the outworking of all law, and the development of all power. These forces prove the existence of intelligent wisdom and of most skillful design.

The creation of all the vast, stupendous system of worlds that fill the immensity of space is supreme mind—no finite man can measure His infinity. Yet finite minds can scan the wonders of His works and behold in part the greatness of His law. The invisible but potent forces that govern life in its various manifestations of activity and power hold within themselves the sublimity of all truth, the power of all wisdom, motion, light, heat. All display the internal force of intelligent power. The motor force of all life is electrical in its nature, magnetic in all its results.

Electricity and magnetism are the dual forces that give activity, consciousness and potency to being. Spirit generates these dual forces and keeps them ever alive.

There is no such thing as death in all the universe—no death! Even in the decaying, festering mass of corrupt matter, there is active vital force, and every atom of that matter is intensely—and for aught man knows—consciously alive.

All things operate under the action of divine law. Nature is but another name for force. Force is but

another name for God. The ruling principle in the immensity of worlds may be called God, or Good, it matters not. We behold His manifestations in His works. Man on earth has but started on his journey, his pathway is among the stars, and as his soul develops strength and mentality, his progress through the shining worlds will be grand and swift. Eternity stretches its vast and inconceivable fields before him, and he cannot stay his march. World after world will be explored by the restless human mind. Planet after planet will be studied, aye even built up by the will and power of Man as he feels the invisible potency of supreme force stirring within him, and begins to realize who and what he is—a creature of the living God. Aye, the glory of God is unspeakable and everlasting. Man catches but feeble gleams of it while upon the earth. He has yet to travel immeasurable distances in the planetary pathway of progression ere he can realize the splendor and power of supreme Mind. On Earth, Man dabbles with the things of time, he toys with thrones and coronets, is pleased with their shine as the babe is pleased with the spangles that adorn his rattle or drum. He is but an infant playing with the flickering sunbeams of worldly power or adulation, until they vanish from his grasp and leave only dark shadows behind. But by and bye he travels on to higher scenes, to more important works.

Where he before played with a straw driven by the wind, he now grapples with mighty powers, yea, even such as govern planets, and regulate systems in their course, and all the universe becomes an unsealed book, which he must study through endless time.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

MINISTRATION.

MINISTRATION is the balm of healing poured upon the wounded life, it is the cup of consolation offered to the Soul that mourns and has not been comforted, it is the helper and the true friend in every hour of need.

Ministration is the Angel to lift the world from sin and gloom and to place it in a sphere of beauty and light.

Ministration belongs to every department of human activity, it binds up broken hearts and eases broken heads, it gives joy unspeakable to the race and makes life beautiful where before it has been dreary and dark.

Ministration is needed as much by the wounded or diseased King in his palace upon his bed of down, as it is by the pauper in his hut upon a pallet of straw.

Ministration hath other names by which it is known, it is benevolence extending its white hand in mercy to the afflicted and sad, it is charity folding a cloak of complete warmth and beauty around the ragged and shivering form of distress, it is compassion holding the torch of helpfulness for those who grope through darkened places that they may see the way, it is blessing searching out the valleys and shadows of tribulation and brightening them with the tender gleam and voice of Love. Man may have neither scrip nor coin in his purse, he may have neither pretentious dwellings nor fertile lands, he may be robed in homespun and fustian, and yet

he may have compassion in his soul, and Ministration in his speech.

As long as the world stands and human hearts and lives are human, there will be need of Ministration, there will be need of blessing and of Love.

—MARGARET FULLER.



AN ALLEGORY.

ALONG the flower-bordered path of a magnificent garden, through which a winding stream of crystal water circulated, a youth and maiden strayed; he was of manly proportions, with beardless face and nut brown hair; she was lithe and willowy, with a face of beauty, surmounted by a crown of golden hair. All around them Nature spread her loveliest possessions. Stately trees upreared their plummy branches of emerald foliage, upon which sweet singing birds of brilliant plumage rocked and swayed. O'er all the scene the clear mellow light of the summer sun shed its refulgent rays. Beauty reigned supreme and the Spirit of Love smiled upon the happy pair.

But soon their careless speech gave way to more earnest talk. He was about to start on a journey and she had many admonitions to give and much tender council to bestow. Ere long they came to the gate of these beautiful grounds and to the entrance of a dense forest which, ere nightfall should arrive, he must penetrate. Here they paused, for here their parting was to come, and with

many sweet caresses and gentle, lingering words the farewells were made.

Taking from her bosom a star, which in spite of the light had shone most brilliantly there, Angelina presented it to her beloved in these words:

“Vigil, thy way will be through dark jungles and over rocky steeps, thy feet shall climb many mountains and descend into valleys dim and cold where the roar of swollen and troubled rivers will be heard. Night will descend upon thee, and unless thou hath a light to guide thy steps, thou wilt stumble and fall. Take thou this star and wear it on thy breast. Part not with it whatever may betide thee. It will light thee onward through every dark and guide thee back to heaven, and me.”

Vigil allowed Angelina to fasten the star upon his breast, where it scintillated and shed forth rays of brilliant splendor that no gloom could dim, and the maiden continued:

“It is the star of Truth, presented to me by the God who rules on high and it will prove greater in thy service than purse or scrip, or than human friends or counsel. Guard it well, keep its rays pure by thy own aspirations and deeds, and when thou doth return to Heaven bear it undimmed upon thy breast.”

The parting came and, while Angelina retraced her steps to her own abode of purity and peace, passing through the enchanting garden on her way, Vigil hastened onward through the gloom where the demon of Night seemed to have spread his net. But the darkness became brightened as he went, for the star beams cast a light in his path by which he would choose his steps. The wild beasts that frequented the jungle, awed and

blinded by the flash from his star, shrank back in their lair and left him unmolested. And thus, buoyed up by the courage and strength that the star seemed to infuse into his being, he pressed on until he came to the edge of the forest into an open field where he prepared to spend the night.

Secure from all harm, in the possession of his star, he slept and dreamed of Angelina in her home of peace, nor awakened he until the morning tints of beauty had appeared.

Soon he started on his way, journeying afar with fearless step and manly air, carrying the light of his glorious star into the many darkened places, and bearing it onward over rugged steep and through dangerous pass. Many human beings who had dwelt in the shadow of error were attracted by his light, and they came to him eager to learn of its power and from whence it came. To these he gave tidings of the celestial world from which he had come, and pointed them over the way which they might take to find the sweet abode—and as the rays of the star fell upon these enquiring ones they became luminous with its golden light which fell upon them and which they absorbed. Straitway many set out to find the home of the Soul and to seek for the region from which came the star of Truth that lighted up the pathway of the wanderer and kept him from every ill.

Thus it came to pass that Vigil went afar into strange places and taught of the Spirit,—his star bearing light unto all whom he reached, and instead of traveling in search of a celestial city for himself, he tarried among the poor and forsaken, teaching them many things, and when they had been warmed, and inspired by the rays of

Truth until they shone in spirit, he hastened on unto others who would receive his light.

And so many ages passed ere he again returned to the Heavenly country that he had given up before, the star still shining on his breast, and as Angelina, in all her radiant beauty, hastened to clasp him to her breast, ten thousand cherubims raised their voices in sweetest praise to him who had been faithful to his trust.

—JOHN BUNYAN.



TRUE SALVATION.

THE scheme of Salvation as set down by the rules and formula of established churches, shifts the atonement and reparation for sin, from the Soul of the miscreant to the robes of the Nazarine, provided the transgressor calls upon the name of Christ in accents of entreaty, and begs the Holy One to bear his burdens and wash away his sin.

Atonement for wrong doing by personal purification and purgation, and by self endeavor to become noble and sinless, in faithful and unselfish service to mankind has no part in the scheme of salvation according to canonical law.

“I believe on the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save me from the consequences of my own folly,” is practically all that the professed Christian requires to say in order to be saved from all unrest, if we are to accept the statement of Church and creed. *Credo*, not works, not effort, not true repentance is the magic key to unlock the gates of everlasting bliss to the spirit of man. “Lord,

I believe, help thou mine unbelief," becomes the popular cry of the centuries, while Error rules and Reason and Truth veil their celestial faces and hide from sight.

But in the dawning light of the twentieth century, greater revelations are made to humanity. The Supernal Spheres are opened to the astounded gaze of mortals, and celestial tones of instruction fall upon their quickened ears. No longer is faith a blind leader of the blind, for truth restores her sight, and as she beholds the mounts of progress and of effort which man has to climb, she points his step o'er the rugged paths, and proves to him that not Faith but Knowledge must be the power that shall save him from despair.

Faith in things divine, faith in the universal Good, faith in the progress of humanity, will inspire man to seek for wisdom and to attain light. Knowledge of himself, of his possibilities, of his needs, will give him power to atone for his own misdeeds, to bear his own burdens and to become pure in heart and spirit through the help of striving, self-conquest and noble effort. True Salvation from the unrest and pain that a sinful life will inevitably bring the soul, is only gained by reformation. Stop sinning and begin to live truly and harmoniously doing one's best to atone for all past misdeeds by helping human beings who are in need. Salvation from the fogs and baleful influence of error is found in the attainment of truth. Salvation from unhappiness is found in the gaining of peace and joy. Stop sinning, Oh, man! and go to work. Work faithfully and nobly for the elimination of bad habits and of impure tendencies from thy inner life, for the upbuilding of Character, and for the betterment of man. Then shall salvation from all that

is displeasing and painful be gained and thy soul shall be whitened and made pure, not by any cleansing power of sacrificial blood, but by the pure outpouring of thine own interior aspiration and spiritual force, refined and made beautiful by the holiness that thou hast fostered within thy life. True Salvation comes only through personal works and through "As we sow we shall reap," is taught by Angels and enforced as the mandate of God, and if we find we have sown a field of tares, it is our duty and our privilege to uproot them and to re-sow the ground with seed that will in coming harvests enable us to reap fruitage meet for the Gods.

It is not atonement from Christ that we need,—it is at-One-ment with Him, the Holy One, in His noble, self-sacrificing work that we should gain. To be at one with the Spirit of Christ, which is the Spirit of unselfish love, is to bring our whole being into accord with that which is holy and true. We can no more sin if we are at One with Him, for He is stainless and we shall grow in his likeness towards the divine.

We need no mediator between our own conscience and God, and Christ never, as a personality, has served as such; but we need a helper and a friend, one who will comfort and encourage us in our struggles and efforts, one who will guide us on to better things; and as such, Christ, the anointed messenger of peace, becomes a benefactor and a leader to bless our lives.

As a Saviour, no man can gain from Him absolution for committed wrong or omitted good. Each must be his own saviour from ill by turning to the Light and walking in it through every hour.

—BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

GREETING.

SPEED on sweet bird and bear a gift
 Of blessing to my friend,
 And from his heart all burdens lift,
 And unto him extend
 A benison of good this hour,
 From Heaven's fair imperial bower.

Speed on sweet bird and bear
 A blessing unto him,
 Who walks through lowly valleys where
 The light grows pale and dim.
 Oh, tell him of the wondrous life,
 Where glory ever more is rife!

Speed on sweet bird with plumage bright,
 Thy nest is built above,
 Where never sorrow's clouds can blight
 The home of perfect love.
 Speed on and give to him a power
 To conquer every darkening hour.

Speed on, oh messenger of truth,
 And bear to him this night,
 Elixir of immortal youth
 To keep his spirit bright,
 Speed on and sing your sweetest song
 To cheer my friend his way along.

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