

I never stand above a bier and see

The seal of death set on some well-loved face  
But that I think, "One more to welcome me,

When I shall cross the intervening space  
Between this land and that one 'over there,'  
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.

And so for me there is no sting to death,

And so the grave has lost its victory.  
It is but crossing—with a bated breath,

And white, set face—a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than before.

## THE SADDEST HOUR.

THE saddest hour of anguish and of loss  
Is not that season of supreme despair  
When we can find no least light anywhere  
To gild the dread, black shadow of the Cross.  
Not in that luxury of sorrow when  
We sup on salt of tears, and drink the gall  
Of memories of days beyond recall—  
Of lost delights that cannot come again.

But when, with eyes that are no longer wet,

We look out on the great, wide world of men,  
And, smiling, lean toward a bright to-morrow,  
Then backward shrink, with sudden keen regret,  
To find that we are learning to forget:  
Ah! then we face the saddest hour of sorrow.

## SHOW ME THE WAY.

SHOW me the way that leads to the true life.  
 I do not care what tempests may assail me,  
 I shall be given courage for the strife,  
 I know my strength will not desert or fail me;  
 I know that I shall conquer in the fray;

Show me the way.

Show me the way up to a higher plane,  
 Where body shall be servant to the soul.  
 I do not care what tides of woe, or pain,  
 Across my life their angry waves may roll,  
 If I but reach the end I seek some day:

Show me the way.

Show me the way, and let me bravely climb  
 Above vain grievings for unworthy treasures;  
 Above all sorrow that finds balm in time—  
 Above small triumphs, or belittling pleasures;  
 Up to those heights where these things seem child's  
 play:

Show me the way.

Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace  
 Which springs from an inward consciousness of  
 right;  
 To where all conflicts with the flesh shall cease,  
 And self shall radiate with the spirit's light.  
 Though hard the journey and the strife, I pray  
 Show me the way.

## MY HERITAGE.

I INTO life so full of love was sent,  
 That all the shadows which fall on the way  
 Of every human being, could not stay,  
 But fled before the light my spirit lent.

I saw the world through gold and crimson dyes:  
 Men sighed, and said, "Those rosy hues will fade  
 As you pass on into the glare and shade!"  
 Still beautiful the way seems to mine eyes.

They said, "You are too jubilant and glad;  
 The world is full of sorrow and of wrong.  
 Full soon your lips shall breathe forth sighs—not  
 song!"  
 The day wears on, and yet I am not sad.

They said, "You love too largely, and you must  
 Through wound on wound, grow bitter to your  
 kind."

They were false prophets; day by day I find  
 More cause for love, and less cause for distrust.

They said, "Too free you give your soul's rare wine;  
 The world will quaff, but it will not repay."  
 Yet into the emptied flagons, day by day,  
 True hearts pour back a nectar as divine.

Thy heritage! Is it not love's estate?  
 Look to it, then, and keep its soil well tilled.  
 I hold that my best wishes are fulfilled  
 Because I love so much, and cannot hate.

## RESOLVE.

**B**UILD on resolve, and not upon regret,  
 The structure of thy future. Do not grope  
 Among the shadows of old sins, but let  
 Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope  
 And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears  
 Upon the blotted record of lost years,  
 But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile, to see  
 The fair white pages that remain for thee.

Prate not of thy repentance. But believe  
 The spark divine dwells in thee: let it grow.  
 That which the upreaching spirit can achieve  
 The grand and all creative forces know;  
 They will assist and strengthen as the light  
 Lifts up the acorn to the oak-tree's height.  
 Thou hast but to resolve, and lo! God's whole  
 Great universe shall fortify thy soul.

## AT ELEUSIS.

**I** AT Eleusis, saw the finest sight,  
 When early morning's banners were unfurled,  
 From high Olympus, gazing on the world,  
 The ancient gods once saw it with delight.  
 Sad Demeter had in a single night  
 Removed her sombre garments! and mine eyes  
 Beheld a 'broidered mantle in pale dyes  
 Thrown o'er her throbbing bosom. Sweet and clear  
 There fell the sound of music on mine ear.  
 And from the South came Hermes, he whose lyre  
 One time appeased the great Apollo's ire.  
 The rescued maid, Persephone, by the hand,  
 He led to waiting Demeter, and cheer  
 And light and beauty once more blessed the land.

## COURAGE.

THERE is a courage, a majestic thing  
 That springs forth from the brow of pain,  
 full-grown,  
 Minerva-like, and dares all dangers known,  
 And all the threatening future yet may bring;  
 Crowned with the helmet of great suffering,  
 Serene with that grand strength by martyrs shown,  
 When at the stake they die and make no moan,  
 And even as the flames leap up are heard to sing.  
 A courage so sublime and unafraid,  
 It wears its sorrows like a coat of mail;  
 And fate, the archer, passes by dismayed,  
 Knowing his best barbed arrows needs must fail  
 To pierce a soul so armored and arrayed  
 That death himself might look on it and quail.

## SOLITUDE.

LAUGH<sup>X</sup>, and the world laughs with you;  
 Weep, and you weep alone,  
 For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
 But has trouble enough of its own.  
 Sing, and the hills will answer;  
 Sigh, it is lost on the air,  
 The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
 But shrink from voicing care.  
 Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
 Grieve, and they turn and go.  
 They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
 But they do not need your woe  
 Be glad, and your friends are many;  
 Be sad, and you lose them all,—  
 There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,  
 But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
 Fast, and the world goes by.  
 Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
 But no man can help you die.  
 There is room in the halls of pleasure  
 For a large and lordly train,  
 But one by one we must all file on  
 Through the narrow aisles of pain.

## THE YEAR OUTGROWS THE SPRING.

THE year outgrows the spring it thought so sweet  
 And clasps the summer with a new delight,  
 Yet wearied, leaves her languors and her heat  
 When cool-browed autumn dawns upon his sight.  
 The tree outgrows the bud's suggestive grace  
 And feels new pride in blossoms fully blown.  
 But even this to deeper joy gives place  
 When bending boughs 'neath blushing burdens  
 groan.  
 Life's rarest moments are derived from change,  
 The heart outgrows old happiness, old grief,  
 And suns itself in feelings new and strange.  
 The most enduring pleasure is but brief.  
 Our tastes, our needs, are never twice the same.  
 Nothing contents us long, however dear.  
 The spirit in us, like the grosser frame,  
 Outgrows the garments which it wore last year.

Change is the watchword of Progression. When  
 We tire of well-worn ways, we seek for new.  
 This restless craving in the souls of men  
 Spurs them to climb, and seek the mountain view  
 So let who will erect an altar shrine  
 To meek-browed Constancy, and sing her praise  
 Unto enlivening Change I shall build mine,  
 Who lends new zest, and interest to my days

## THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

COME, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,  
 Your head like the golden-rod,  
 And we will go sailing away from here  
 To the beautiful Land of Nod.  
 Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,  
 Away from earth's shadows and gloom,  
 To a world of fair weather we'll float off together  
 Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,  
 Your hands like the leaves of a rose,  
 And we will go sailing to those fair lands  
 That never an atlas shows.  
 On the North and the West they are bounded by  
 rest,  
 On the South and the East, by dreams;  
 'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,  
 But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,  
 Those eyes like a bright blue-bell,  
 And we will sail out under starlit skies,  
 To the land where the fairies dwell.  
 Down the river of sleep, our barque shall sweep,  
 Till it reaches that mystical isle  
 Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,  
 And there we will pause awhile.  
 I will croon you a song as we float along,  
 To that shore that is blessed of God,  
 Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare  
 land,  
 That beautiful Land of Nod.

## THE TIGER.

IN the still jungle of the senses lay  
 A tiger soundly sleeping, till one day  
 A bold young hunter chanced to come that way.

"How calm," he said, "that splendid creature lies,  
 I long to rouse him into swift surprise!"  
 The well aimed arrow-shot from amorous eyes,

And lo! the tiger rouses up and turns,  
 A coal of fire his glowing eyeball burns,  
 His mighty frame with savage hunger yearns.

He crouches for a spring; his eyes dilate—  
 Alas! bold hunter, what shall be thy fate?  
 Thou canst not fly, it is too late, too late.

Once having tasted human flesh, ah! then,  
 Woe, woe unto the whole rash world of men,  
 The wakened tiger will not sleep again.



## ONLY A SIMPLE RHYME.

ONLY a simple rhyme of love and sorrow,  
 Where "blisses" rhymed with "kisses,"  
 "heart" with "dart."

Yet, reading it, new strength I seemed to borrow,  
 To live on bravely, and to do my part.

A little rhyme about a heart that's bleeding—  
 Of lonely hours, and sorrow's unrelief.

I smiled at first; but there came with the reading,  
 A sense of sweet companionship in grief.

The selfishness of my own woe forsaking,  
 I thought about the singer of that song.  
 Some other breast felt this same weary aching,  
 Another found the summer days too long.

The few sad lines, my sorrow so expressing,  
 I read, and on the singer, all unknown,  
 I breathed a fervent, though a silent, blessing,  
 And seemed to clasp his hand within my own.

And though fame pass him, and he never know it,  
 And though he never sings another strain,  
 He has performed the mission of the poet,  
 In helping some sad heart to bear its pain.

## I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

I MAY not reach the heights I seek,  
 My untried strength may fail me;  
 Or, half-way up the mountain peak  
 Fierce tempests may assail me.  
 But though that place I never gain,  
 Herein lies comfort for my pain—  
 I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,  
 Despite my earnest labor;  
 I may not grasp results that bless  
 The efforts of my neighbor.  
 But though my goal I never see  
 This thought shall always dwell with me—  
 I will be worthy of it.

## I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

The golden glory of Love's light  
 May never fall on my way;  
 My path may always lead through night,  
 Like some deserted by-way.  
 But though life's dearest joy I miss  
 There lies a nameless strength in this—  
 I will be worthy of it.

## SONNET.

**M**ETHINKS oftimes my heart is like some bee,  
 That goes forth through the summer day  
 and sings,  
 And gathers honey from all growing things  
 In garden plot, or on the clover lea.  
 When the long afternoon grows late, and she  
 Would seek her hive, she cannot lift her wings,  
 So heavily the too sweet burden clings,  
 From which she would not, and yet would, fly free.  
 So with my full fond heart; for when it tries  
 To lift itself to peace-crowned heights, above  
 The common way where countless feet have trod,  
 Lo! then, this burden of dear human ties,  
 This growing weight of precious earthly love,  
 Binds down the spirit that would soar to God.

## LET ME LEAN HARD.

**L**ET me lean hard upon the Eternal Breast;  
 In all earth's devious ways, I sought for rest  
 And found it not. I will be strong, said I,  
 And lean upon myself. I will not cry  
 And importune all heaven with my complaint,  
 But now my strength fails, and I fall, I faint:  
 Let me lean hard.

Let me lean hard upon the unfailing Arm.  
 I said I will walk on, I fear no harm,  
 The spark divine within my soul will show  
 The upward pathway where my feet should go  
 But now the heights to which I most aspire  
 Are lost in clouds. I stumble and I tire:  
 Let me lean hard.

Let me lean harder yet. That swerveless force  
 Which speeds the solar systems on their course

Can take, unfelt, the burden of my woe,  
 Which bears me to the dust and hurts me so,  
 I thought my strength enough for any fate,  
 But lo! I sink beneath my sorrow's weight:  
     Let me lean hard.

## PENALTY.

**B**ECAUSE of the fullness of what I had,  
 All that I have seems void and vain.  
 If I had not been happy, I were not sad,  
     Though my salt is savorless, why complain?  
 From the ripe perfection of what was mine,  
     All that is mine seems worse than naught.  
 Yet I know as I sit in the dark and pine,  
     No cup could be drained which had not been  
     fraught.  
 From the throb, and thrill, of a day that was,  
     The day that now is seems dull with gloom.  
 Yet I bear its dullness and darkness because  
     'Tis but the reaction of glow and bloom.  
 From the royal feast which of old was spread,  
     I am starved on the diet which now is mine;  
 Yet I could not turn hungry from water and bread,  
     If I had not been sated on fruit and wine.

## SUNSET.

I SAW the day lean o'er the world's sharp edge,  
 And peer into night's chasm, dark and damp.  
 High in his hand he held a blazing lamp,  
 Then dropped it, and plunged headlong down  
 the ledge.

With lurid splendor that swift paled to gray,  
 I saw the dim skies suddenly flush bright.  
 'Twas but the expiring glory of the light  
 Flung from the hand of the adventurous day.

## THE WHEEL OF THE BREAST.

THROUGH rivers of veins on the nameless quest  
 The tide of my life goes hurriedly sweeping,  
 Till it reaches that curious wheel o' the breast,  
 The human heart, which is never at rest.  
 Faster, faster, it cries, and leaping,  
 Plunging, dashing, speeding away,  
 The wheel and the river work night and day.

I know not wherefore, I know not whither  
 This strange tide rushes with such mad force;  
 It glides on hither, it slides on thither,  
 Over and over the selfsame course,  
 With never an outlet and never a source;  
 And it lashes itself to the heat of passion  
 And whirls the heart in mill-wheel fashion.