

Eliza Ann Otis
Selected Poems



Eliza Ann Otis

August 16, 1833 [Walpole, New Hampshire] –
November 12, 1904 [Westlake Village, California]

[In 1876, they removed to Santa Barbara, California, where Col. Otis conducted the Santa Barbara Daily Press, and, in 1882, they settled permanently in Los Angeles. In 1879, he accepted the position of United States Treasury Agent in charge of the Seal Islands of Alaska, which position he resigned in 1882. Mrs. Otis spent a year with her husband in Saint Paul Island, and then they returned to Santa Barbara. Having disposed of his interest in the Press, Col. Otis purchased a share in the Los Angeles Times. Eventually, he held the controlling interest, and served as its editor-in-chief. She was the co-founder and publisher of the Los Angeles Times. Col. Otis also held the position of president and general manager of the Times Mirror Company.]

California "Where Sets the Sun". Los Angeles: The Times-Mirror Company, 1905.

A Wondrous Land (1879.)

II.

Dark-eyed and drowsy-lidded, with face brown
‘Neath centuries of suns; with cheeks touched with
The rich carmine of the wild pink’s flush, and
Wearing the gold of the wild poppy on
Her breast, regal in queenliness; her
Majestic forehead the Sierra’s front;
Her breast the swelling hills, smooth-rounded, and
Her lithe limbs the fair valley stretching to
The sea, clad in rich garments of springing
Grasses and set with precious jewels of
Bright blossoms multitudinous; with a
Voice of liquid melody heard in her
Running streams and the soft whispers of the
Summer breeze, in the old past, which like a
Dream has vanished, was California,
Loved of the Sun, a maiden fair,
wearing the golden arrows of the
Burnished West, flaming with tropic splendor,
As the rich clasp for the sunset mantle
Round her voluptuous shoulders thrown, to
Which the wanton breezes gave caressing touch,
While spicy odors lent their perfumes rare
To all her garments.

Sun-warmed and sun-browned
Were all the races, too, that told their love
Of her, with tawny cheek~ warming beneath
Her ardent gaze. Upon the sunlit heights
They leaned to her and touched her robes with
Reverent fingers. The flowers which
Lay within her garment’s folds had for their
Ears soft tongues of speech. Sierra heights were
Holy altars from which the mists of Morn
Uprose like sacred incense. The running
Streams babbled a prophecy of never-

Ending being as they ran on to see
The Ocean's vastness, beyond which lay the
Happy hunting-grounds, and the Good Spirit
Smiled. The wigwam's curling smoke rose to the
Blue, losing itself in sunshine. Peace was
In all the shining air, and Nature these
Her native asons fed lovingly. How fanned
The giant oaks their bronzed foreheads, and dropped
Them nuts to ease their hunger! How leapt the
Wild hare for their arrow's sport, and how stole
The deer into green thickets when their bow
Was strung, and the Sea laughed beneath their light
Canoes as swam the fishes for their rude-
Wrought nets. Ah! Nature loved them, her simple
Children, and California's heart was
Warm with their caress; yet still she kept it
Fancy free, and cast coy glances at the
Coming years, as if her dusky eyes held
Glance prophetic, and, vision-brightened, saw
The glory of her womanhood. She let
Them pass, those tawny chiefs who wooed her, and
The later race of Andalusia's
Sons, and kept her riches and her rarer
Graces veiled till came the final Conquerors.
Ah, then how gathered she her wines and poured
Them for their tasting! The orange bloom she
Twined in garlands for her forehead. The rich
Poinsettia made a ruby for her finger.
Her garments of wild grasses she threw off,
Attired herself in robes of golden wheat,
And decked herself with silken tassels of
The growing corn. White roses formed the
Border of her mantle, and "Cloth of Gold"
Was round her garment's hem. Her diamonds
She caught from playing fountains, and the light
Within her eyes was like the sunlight falling
Through swaying palms.

And then her lover came.

The one she was to wed, within his hand
The glorious banner bearing of the
Stripes and Stars. And she will be mother of
Royal sons, and Queen of Freedom's golden West,
And at her gates shall surging Empire rest.

III. (1886.)

I see a city smiling in the Sun,
 'Tis one of valleys and of emerald hills,
 And rolling river that its green banks fills,
And mountain peaks that pierce the upper air.

I see a city smiling in the Sun,
 Where tropic palms lift up their emerald crests,
 And orange orchards on the glad plains rest,
Where rarely shadows of the storm-clouds come.

Afar the Sea its sapphire length uncurls,
 And island mountains watch above its blue,
 And songful birds the clear air winging through,
Till Night drops down with all its starry worlds.

I smell the fragrance of the orange flowers,
 The odor of ten thousand budding sweets,
 And, lo! my listening ears the bee's hum greets
No less in Winter than in Summer hours.

I throw my windows wide to catch the Sun,
 Whose soft, warm kisses press December's lips;
 While crowding lilies through his finger tips,
He wakes the blooming roses one by one.

The nestling pinks and pansies open their eyes,
 And yellow-bellied arbutelons swing wide
 In airy dances, as if they were beside
Themselves with gladness under such fair skies.

The highest tree-tops are alive with song,

The mocking-bird has every note attune,
He scarcely for the robin leaveth room
While telling all his gladness to the Morn.

And soft airs lull me in the lap of Night,
And gentle breezes bring me balm and sleep—
In restful slumber all my senses steep,
Till on the hill-tops wakes the morning light.

Angelena. (1896.)

She sitteth at her mountain's feet—
Her mounts with crests amid the stars,
Uplift above Earth's misty bars,
Yet anchored in her valleys sweet.

And, lo! she lifteth up her eyes—
Large-lidded, gracious eyes are they—
And looketh toward her ocean way,
Her ocean vast as are her skies.

And through the future's open gate
She looks afar and tiptoe stands,
Her flowing skirts clasped by her hands,
And sees approaching Empire wait.

And then she moves across her plains;
Her trailing robes are very fair,
Broidered with blossoms everywhere,
By fingers of her winter rains.

And sweet the rose-hue of her mouth,
And bright the splendor of her hair,
As suns were in its meshes fair—
The bright suns Of her golden south—

The suns she loves, for nestle warm
Their golden beams within her breast,
And peace and calm find there full rest,
Nor broodeth fear of cloud or storm.

And as she walks men follow near,
And follow her with loving gaze,
And ever still about her ways
Do fair and happy homes appear.

A girdle of such homes she wears;

The morning weaves them robes of light,
Weaves them in red and gold and white,
And all the colors Nature dares.

From mounts to sea they stretch adown,
In every one home-voices swell,
And little children come to dwell,
And farther onward grows the town.

And then her gracious hands she spreads—
Her loving hands, so warm and white,
Jeweled with days of golden light—
Above her many children's heads.

And one hand's rosy finger tips
She lays upon her Mountain's side,
And one on Ocean's silver tide,
And then the whisper from her lips:

“O waiting Empire! fair with hope,
Let here thy halting footsteps stay
In my wide valleys which do lay
Between my sea and mountains' slope.

“You cannot dream how fair these vales,
How rich with harvests manifold,
Where never doth the year grow old,
And where its beauty never pales.

Through all the year my birds do sing,
Through all the year my suns do shine,
Ripen my fruits and flows my wine,
And Summer never taketh wing.

“And Freedom's soul is on my heights,
And in my aisles of pine and palm,
Where broodeth ever Nature's calm,
And gleaming world-cathedral lights.”

Then Empire smiled and stepped within
Her bloom-lined valleys; seas of gold
And seas of harvest round her rolled;
It seemed an Eden without sin.

And there beside her templed shrines,
Star-lighted and star-crowned she stood,
In perfectness of womanhood,
And Empire halted on her lines.

And here beneath her orange trees,
Beneath her lightly-swaying palms,
Within her noon of golden calms,
Between her mountains and her seas,

Shall Empire stay, and she shall see
Glad Freedom ply her loom anew,
And golden threads draw through and through
The warp of human destiny.

In Westlake Park. (1901.)

O days of joy! I sit and view
 The sunlight fall like rain
From the deep heavens above so blue—
So old and yet forever new—
 Upon the fair green plain.

The lake before me lies outspread,
 All dimpled o'er with light,
The leaf-clad trees above my head,
As to the living, sunshine wed,
 Turn golden to my sight.

An happy song-birds fill the air,
 Or twitter 'mid the trees,
And blossoms open everywhere,
And fragrance steals around them there,
 Soft-footed as the breeze.

Within the sky one faint white cloud
 Like angel's wings I see;
About it teeming fancies crowd,
While winds are hushed nor breathe aloud
 Their message unto me.

Before me lovely palm-trees rise,
 And eucalypti tall,
As beck'ning to the bending skies,
Like silent high priests in disguise,
 They tower high o'er all.

Beside the tropic palm the pine
 Stands dreaming in the sun,
And sombre cedars fall in line,
And cacti girdled with sunshine
 Stand motionless and dumb.

The tender grasses never die,
The roses ever bloom,
The spotless lily's golden eye
Turns upward to the smiling sky,
While all the earth makes room

For countless blossoms to unfold,
And on the park's wide breast,
Bathed in the nursing sunlight's gold,
Our world of Nature, never old,
In fadeless youth does rest.

The soul of song is hidden here,
I feel it in the streams
That pour their shining waters clear
Into the lake, and fill my ear
Like lullaby of dreams.

I hear it in the sighing trees,
As million-leaved they stir
At the soft whispers of the breeze,
Which finds a voice in all of these—
Each leaf-tongued worshiper.

And Care slips by as here I dream,
And Joy's own face I see,
Visions of Hope steal in between
Each shadow like a glad sunbeam,
And weary doubts do flee.

Lilies. (1901.)

A fragrant lily in my garden grew,
 White-lipped and fair; the bees' hum softly fell
Around it there; at dawn the silver dew
 Lay in its heart as in a crystal well.

The roses grew and nodded by its side,
 The pansies upward looked about its feet,
And all the spaces of the garden wide
 Drank in its flowing tide of fragrance sweet.

The world was brighter for its presence there,
 Although it was a little thing within
The great walled spaces where all things were fair,
 And Beauty from each growing thing did spring.

How like the lily in this world of ours,
 The Christian's life when it is pure and true,
How sweet the fragrance which it daily showers,
 How rare the graces which it brings to view.

The fragrance of self-sacrifice it yields,
 The whiteness of its purity we see,
And like the lilies of the Summer fields
 It sheds a sweetness that is full and free.

God walks with us if we but walk the way
 That Jesus trod. His presence makes it sweet.
Take thou our hand, O Father! be our stay,
 Lilies of Faith make blossoms round our feet.

San Fernando.

[On the centennial celebration (Sept. 9, 1897,) of the founding of San Fernando Mission.]

I see a vision of the Past that's vanished,
And voices hear that long, long since were still;
And dusky faces that old Time has banished
Once more these hoary piles do throng and fill.

The footsteps of the lurking savage greet me,
I hear the tread of many sandaled feet,
The snowy sails o.f drifting galleon meet me,
As turn mine eyes unto our sunset deep.

This tent of skies above me bends in glory,
The old Past halts to close its pond'rous gates,
And o'er its page of yet unwritten story
The smiling Future holds her pen and waits.

Waits till the silent air wakes to listen
To glad Te Deums from the treetops flung,
Where in the morning sunshine gleam and glisten
The Mission bells amid the oak boughs swung.

There swing they till the Mission walls uplifted,
Beneath tiled roof in stately beauty stand;
Bells of the Past! whose music slowly drifted
Above the altars of this heathen land.

'Twas then the clanging doors of Superstition
Swung to, and waiting Progress seized the key
And dawned the morning of Hope's glad fruition,
Whose fullness lay in the bright Yet-to-be.

'Twas then that History here began her story,
The old Past died, the Future's day began;
These sacred walls, today so old and hoary,

Spoke first of hope and heav'nly life for man.

The untaught savage heard and gladly listened,
His altar fires went out upon the hills;
Triumphantly his new-taught Glorias answered
The ringing music of his running rills.

O Mission walls! how sacred is your story!
O blessed milestones on the weary way
From the dark night of savage Superstition
To the full light that crowns our land today.

Decay has seized you, yet ye shall not perish—
This pledge we give with firm, uplifted hand;
Your walls, so pregnant with grand deeds, we'll cherish,
The unknown Future still shall see the1n stand.

Semi-tropic September. (1891.)

September's laughing harvests,
Her skies of deepest blue,
Her meadow-larks and singing-birds,
Which wing the wide air through—
I sing of them.

Her swaying vines and roses,
And fields of growing corn,
Her soft-winged, fragrant breezes,
That fan the cheeks of Morn-
I sing of them.

Her vineyards _purple-tinted,
Her green, nut-laden trees;
Her wide alfalfa meadows—
Like billowy emerald seas—
I sing of them.

O low-voiced running waters!
O waving pine and palm!
O spaces orchard-broidered,
And filled with summer calm—
I sing of you.

September's light is on you,
Her dewy-lidded eyes
Drop warm and tender glances
From out her cloudless skies.

On cedar tree-tops singing,
The mocking-bird I hear,
And, all the warm air filling,
The robin's song rings clear.

The lark pours out his gladness,
And rises to the sun,

As if the May-time glory
 Again to earth had come.

Rose-tinted breaks the Morning,
 Gold-paved the shining Noon,
And Evening feels the pulses
 Of tender bud and bloom.

We dream through golden sunsets,
 Through nights of stars and calm,
We wake to rose-hued mornings,
 And fear no storm's alarm.

Our December Days. (1890.)

These winter days are infinitely fair,
As if they held the soul of the whole year's
Sunshine. How bend these bright December skies
Above the world, filled full of pulsing light!
Winged breezes sweep them softly, as if they
I. Joved to loiter dreaming in their deeps, kissed
By the circling Sun, and breathing fragrance
Which the sweet Earth pours from all her flowering
Altars. How laugh the tender, grassy blades,
As springing from the earth they feel the thrill
Of blessed resurrection! Down through the
Soil these messengers of life, the winter
Raindrops, fall, their silver tides stretched out to
Find the roots of sleeping grasses and of
Waiting bush, that all the summer long have
Dreamed. That mystery of contact! That strange,
Growth-renewing power! Beneath the ground the
Roots stir, the sap flows upward, circling the
Plant as does the blood circle through human
Veins, and the mystery of fresh new life begins.

Ah, Nature! how little of thy
Grand pages can we read, and ho~ dim
The twilight of our knowledge is! These yearly
Miracles are wrought before our eyes, and
Yet we see not how they are accomplished.
The quickening process hidden lies. We
Say things grow. But what is growth? It is the
Answer to God's thought that things shall be and
Thrive. He speaks and it is done. Earth, Air and
Water but his servants are. The Sun, the
Shadow of his smile.

O semi-tropic
Days! in which the year so brightly passes
To its close; when stars drop de'v, and Night dreams
Balmily, and flowers shed their fragrance
As the Sun its light; when winds are hushed and

Star-worlds sleep in the serenest depths of
Blue, and when bird-song like a river flows
Across the breast of Morn, and the fair Earth
Decks herself in robes of green, and puts her
Flowery sandals on, girdling herself
With silvery streams, while golden oranges,
Like shining spheres, swing 'mid the green-boughed trees
How near ye are unto the Eden of
Our souls most pleasant dreams!

The Old Year Asleep. (1891.)

O snow-crowned mounts! ye miracle of light,
As Moses stood before the burning bush
In ages gone, near holy Horeb's mount,
Reverent with awe and wonder stood I
But yesterday where grand Sierra heights
Were lifted to the skies, while thick fogs trailed
White garments round their sides, girdled with twin
Rainbows. Gray San Antonio, Time's
Elder brother, hoary as centuries,
Lifted his scarred crest above the clouds, and
Pillowed it where the stars were hid, curtained
By light within the deeps of air. In dim
Shadow the valley lay beneath a
Canopy of darkened mist, but the light
Of heaven was on the mountain top. The
Sunshine poured its gold upon its snowy
Mantle; warm, rosy sunset lights, and gleams
Of amber, royal purple tints, glowing
Crimson flushes illuminated its far slopes,
while the sky seemed bending down to catch its
Smile. A light cloud—or was it the backward
Sweep of some archangel's wing?—fluttered a
Moment o'er its summit and was gone;
While, like a banner from heaven's ramparts
Trailing, the sunset clouds were luminous
With opalescent lights. The Old Year lay asleep
Within the valley's calm, where golden swung
The orange spheres, and vines were ready to
Put forth their leaves. The light winds sang low
A lullaby to dreaming grasses, while
Fluttered the butterfly, its wings astir,
Like gleams of sunshine in the lambent light;
The falling raindrops whispered of life and
Blessed resurrection. How oft the
Old Year breathed, his dying eyes still clear; his
Face unfurrowed; his heart still warm, pulsing

With beauty. Like the old gray Pyramid
By the lotus-guarded Nile, the snow-clad
Mountains stood, white as if Death had touched them.
Within thi tropic land all other things
Throbb'd warm with color and with life's fragrance
Were these Sierra heights, with heads touching the
Unseen stars, to be the Old Year's sepulcher;
Their snows his shroud, their choired wings the singers
Of his requiem as he passed from his
Twelve months' reign of Summer? Nay, not these. For
Him all things that Summer loves around
His bier shall crowd; birds singing softly as
In the sweet June hours. The perfumed flowers
Are like the voice of immortality,
And cradled with them shall the Old Year sleep.

Winter Land. (1885.)

Far up beneath the Arctic skies,
 Where Winter's frozen wings are spread,
 And all the earth lies cold and dead,
I see the rude barrabkies rise.

The blue smoke, like a slender thread,
 Above their sodded roofs is seen;
 And one small window, thrust between
Their grass-grown sides, lifts up its head.

In the short summer-time the day
 Through all the weeks grows scarcely dim—
 Only the twilight's shadowy rim
'Twixt night and morning's rosy ray.

And all the dull gray summer through
 Sit thousand seagulls on the rocks,
 And the choochkies come in countless flocks,
And gaily-crowned sea-parrots, too.

The meadow-lark sings sweet and clear,
 And makes a pathway as it flies
 Of happy song unto the skies—
The only singing minstrel here.

And little children, dark and brown,
 With high cheek-bone and stolid face,
 Without a single winning grace,
Live 'neath the cloudy summer's frown.

No sport have they to make theIn glad,
 No playgrounds, and no pretty toys,
 No dogs, nor ponies for the boys,
No dolls for girls all neatly clad.

No pleasant walks nor garden flowers,

No lovely trees with branches green
In all this northern land are seen—
Tis all unlike this land of ours.

With ice the Winter spreads the sea,
The frozen ground is white with snow,
And winds in awful tempests blow,
And far the drifting iceberg flee.

And sometimes on some drifting floe—
The lone Columbus of his kind—
The polar bear sets out to find
More southern seas, and sailing slow,

He ride along those northern shores,
A lonely sailor fierce and grim;
Ah! who would like to sail with him
While he some far-off sea explores?

Short are the winter days, and dim,
The twilight falls soon after noon,
The long dark night comes on full soon;
Swift sets the sun behind the rim

Of the white seas so still and drear,
And the bright stars hang in the sky,
So low they look, you almost try
To reach them, for they seem so near.

Oh, who should give this life we know,
It starry nights, its golden days,
Its fruits, and all its wooded ways,
For that north world of storm and snowP

This Morn Of Fog. (1903.)

The fog this morning curtained all the heights,
And wrapped the sky in sullen folds of gray,
Dimming the glory of the Dawn's full lights,
And shutting out the golden sunbeam's ray.

But when the fog was lifted, O how fair,
How beautiful the distant shining hills,
The radiant, glorious, sun-filled air,
Which the soft throb of Nature's pulses thrill!

It was as if new-born the whole Earth lay,
A miracle of beauty, stainless, fair,
Within the clasping arms of smiling Day,
God's cleansing hand upon its everywhere.

II. (1903)

Today! It fills the chalices of time,
With silent motion by us full and sweet,
Only to blossom in tomorrow's light,
Which but for it could never be complete.

Tomorrow is Today when it is here,
With glowing centuries upon its breast,
With centuries to come still drawing near,
With great Todays into their fullness press.

Today! It fills the chalices of time,
It makes the largeness of the years to be,
It holds the seed of every thought sublime,
It is the rootlet of Eternity.

When The Rain Came.

Oh, what were the birds saying, what were they singing
 Out in the woods one day,
After the rain had come, and the old brown Earth, so dumb,
 Found something sweet to say?

The grasses were stirring, with their soft roots purring
 Down in the earth so dark,
And sure in the wood, where I listening stood,
 A robin called, hark! hark!

And his mate drew near and bent down an ear,
 Stirring never a wing,
As he leaned and listened where raindrops glistened,
 E'en forgetting to sing.

Oh, what did he hear on that morning so bright,
 When the Earth was awake
With the kiss of the Rain on mountain and plain
 Through the long misty night?

Hark! hark! peep, peep! tweet, tweet! his glad little feet
 Kept time with the song in his breast,
For he knew that the rain meant harvests again,
 And plenty of gladness and rest.

Then from the tree's crest I saw the bright breast
 Of an oriole flash.
And yellow the gold on the feathery fold
 Of his waistcoat and sash.

And a crow black as night swept down on my sight,
 And a thrush stirred its wings,
And a lark rising high to the deeps of the sky
 Makes a path as it sings.

And bobolink, bobolink, what do you think?

Rain is coming," says he.
"Yes, yes, tweet, tweet!" said the mockingbird
"And I'm as glad as can be."

Then the dove called and cooed in the depths of the wood,
And the swallow soared high,
And a little brown wren twittered softly again
'Neath the roof of the sky.

And the butterflies came like blossoms of flame,
And the spider came out
With a velvet-like tread, and gaily he spread
His bright silver about.

And the striped-coated bee buzzed on merrily,
And a rush overhead—
'Mid the curtain of leaves on old forest trees—
Showed the squirrel had sped.

Sing, sing! cried the robin, as he started a song which rippled along,
And the bulbul drew near,
And the oriole gay sang sweet from the spray
Where the wren twittered clear.

Sing, sing! for the rain is coming again,
And the flowers will shine,
Like earth stars between the grasses so green,
With a glory divine.

Then with voices sweet as Summer when the wild bees murmur,
Sang the birds in gladness,
And the songs they poured were like blessings stored.
Freeing Earth from sadness.

Then bud and blossom stirred, as happy Nature hears
These her high priests singing;
Roots began to grow, grasses to breathe low,
As all to life were springing.

Bogoslov.*

The great ship plowed the pathless sea,
The night was round us dim and dark,
And all that Northland's mysteries
Seemed closing round our moving bark.

The stars o'erhead were strange and new,
The land a lonely land and drear,
No cities rose upon our view,
No voice but the sea's voice we hear.

Around us lay an island world,
Rock-ribbed and frowning vast and cold;
Mighty the waters that were hurled
From the gray, sullen heights so old.

On, on, until the morning woke,
And the sun rose in smiling mood,
And round our ship the great waves broke
The mighty pulse of Solitude.

Afar a lofty mountain rose,
A giant 'mid the mountains there,
Mantled in it eternal snows,
Its head within the frozen air.

A burning mountain-smoke uprose,
And from its yawning crater leaped
In awful blackness as Night's heart
Were in its vast alembic steeped.

Across the blue its train outspread,
Veiling the sunlight, and the world,
Like the wide, blackened sky o'erhead,
Seemed dumb with terror; daylight furled

Her robes around her, pine-trees bowed

Within the wild wind's frenzied clasp,
And the mad billows roared aloud,
And leaped and leaped as if the vast

Great sea in terror sought to find
A refuge from the mountain's wrath;
Mingled with bellows of the wind
Its wild waves sped along our path.

Oh, that far world, so near the Pole,
Seems like the ghost of all we dread,
Where terror flees and finds its goal,
And Nature's tender soul is dead.

*Word of God. This island of Bogoslov, in the Bering north of the Aleutian chain, was thrown up from the depths of the ocean years ago, and from its volcano fire and steam spouted, visible for miles at sea.

On The Desert. (1903.)

I crossed the desert's wastes, a11d lo!
The white sands paved their vast wide floor
Where weird wild cactus plants did grow,
And Desolation's wings spread o'er
The silent vastness; sunset fell,
And swift the plains transfigured lay,
Like something that had blossomed new
Within the clasping arms of Day.

Such wondrous lights around us lay,
Such wondrous colors fell around,
The scattered rocks no longer gray
Shone with a glory most profound.
Gold, crimson and rich amethyst
Gleamed in the sunset's burning light,
A new world on the desert's breast
Was bursting there upon our sight.

Afar, along the desert's rim,
The mountains rose like crimson towers
Whose light might nevermore grow dim;
Unnumbered little. sand-born flowers
Lifted their heads the rocks beside,
And seemed to softly smile as we
Along that waste of sand did ride,
No longer white but glorified.

O wondrous artist is the Sun!
How rich the colors that he takes,
How fair the picture when he's done!
There's magic in the scene he wakes
From the dead whiteness of the plain;
As he sinks downward to the West,
His beams reach every grain of sand,
And there like shining gems they rest.

Prediction.

Upon these sunset shores shall Freedom place
Her crown of Empire; here shall arise the
Cities of the future, resplendent with
The liberty which maketh great. The love
Of Freedom shall be strong as the rampart
Of these eternal hills, whose heads, pillowed
Upon the world-old firmament, for aye
Defy the earthquake and the thunderbolt,
And tell the patient stars the story of
Their centuries of life.

Passed hence the sun-
Browned children of the soil, whom Nature had
So fondly nursed and fed, that here beneath
These skies the later off spring of progressive
Time should build its fairest citadels, and
Science light his torch and poets sing, and
Modern Raphaels find divinest power,
And statesman shape the laws for human good.
O glorious Empire of the Golden
West! Time itself shall slumber in decay
And the wide and billowy ocean cease
To surge, and the transcendent mountain fall
Prone on the sunlit valley's breast before
Shall perish here the love of Freedom.

Dawn Of The Centennial. (1876,)

O Golden Land with skies so warm and tender,
With fragrant breath of never-dying flowers,
With solemn mountain robed in purple splendor,
And built with rocky battlements and towers!

I love the beauty of thy quiet cañons,
Sunlighted through the summer's dreamy hours;
With orange bloom and shining palm and banyans,
And the rich fruitage born of winter's showers.

In thy green aisles and through thy sounding arches
Float tenderest whispers of far tropic climes,
And dreams of Italy, with glowing masses
Of sunset clouds, and deep blue skies, and vines

On sunny slopes, lifting their purple clusters
All kissed to richest ripeness by the Sun,
And soft airs from the Adriatic's waters,
With every hour of thy fair daylight come.

How shall I write the story
 Of the year that is gone?
What shall I do with the glory
 And what do with the wrong?
Go out of our life, O dead Year!
 Lay in thy sepulcher,
Sleep with the Past!

What hast thou to do with the ew Year?
 Thy reign could not last
 But through thy twelvemonth;
 Go sleep with the centuries,
 And come not to vex us
 With troublesome memories
 After thy exodus.

Vain hope! O heart of mine,
Though dead is the year,
Though to hinder its waking
You sit by its bier,
And seal up its sepulcher,
Still it is shaping
And making Today.

The New Year must feel the thrill of the Old
Even though it be buried and dead and cold.

Write its deeds, then,
In fair letters of light,
That shall shine as the Sun,
Where glory has won
A brightness undying.
Then let pale Penitence
Write deeds that were wrong,
And writing, weep tears
That shall wash them a white
As Forgiveness can make them,
More white than the light.

Why vanished the forgotten race?

O Queen of Nations! land which God hath made
For His great workshop, where His hand has laid
Foundations deep and strong, and bulwarks high
For Freedom; where He has unrolled the sky
A shining banner with its fields of blue
Star-fretted, and grandly stretching through
It thrown the white stripes of its Milky Way,
bright as 'twere the birthplace of the Day,
Reared mountains mid whose air the brain and brawn
Of giant intellects and patriot souls are born;
And through great fields has stored vast bed of coal,
Made ready for our use in ages old;
Enough to feed our vulcan fires and keep
All busy industries a whirl, and keep

The giant Steam to utmost fullness fed,
While round the Continent with thundering tread,
O'er countless iron roads he pushes on
The Iron Horse, bearing to distant wilds,
Where now, with Nature slumbering, Silence mile,
The Tide of Empire to the setting Sun,
To the far waters of the Oregon;
To California sitting by the sea,
With germ of Empire budding silently,
With skies so bright they do but seldom bear
Only rain of sunshine in their golden air;
With soil so rich its fruitful hills and plains
Seem never thirsting for sweet summer rain;
Spread lakes like pearls, and inland seas that bear
Th white-winged ships of Commerce, and such fair
Green fields, like emeralds in sunshine set,
And round them dewy diamonds, that fret
The sunshine with their brightness; and stored
The earth with mines, and their dark caves floored
With rich gold, and precious stones, and ores
Of iron and copper—such vast stores
As fill a nation's need; and floods of oil
Hid in deep wells beneath the bounteous soil,
Enough to make a beacon for the world;
And round the great, vast continent has curled
Two mighty oceans, through whose broad highways
Perchance shall come in coming future days
Great tide of travel from the ancient East,
Bearing rich stores of pearl and amethyst;
The Old World's greatness, with its wealth of lore,
And all things fair to make more fair the shore
Of this New World.

The land is old which we call new,
Its buried cities lift their face,
Tombstones of a for gotten race,
Old as the Pyramids and Sphinx,
Perchance as old almost as Time—

Monuments all wrapped in mystery,
With no Today, but Yesterday
Written all o'er them; not a line
But's gray with hoary touch of Time—
How marched the white sands o'er the place
Where once their high-walled cities stood,
Leaving them ghost-like in their shroud?
But Echo gives back no reply,
And Silence sits all solemnly,
And Fate says, " 'Twas not I
Who made forgetfulness their grave;"
And History says, "On page of mine
There is nor word, nor leaf, nor line
The wherefore of their destiny."
Then Faith looks up with her steady eye,
And words of clear-voiced prophecy,
And says, "But I can make reply
Why vanished that for gotten race,
Not one of all its many sons
To claim a heritage or place
In all this continent of space."
Then I, so still and reverently,
While Faith made clear the wherefore, stood
And felt that all she said was good.

In the old-time land of the flood,
That faces all the centuries,
The land of Nineveh and Rome,
And ancient Greece and Athens' own,
Of Egypt and of Palestine,
Of England, royal in her line;
Of China sitting by her seas,
Counting her life by centuries
Of Spain with Inquisition fire;
And Germany, where first the glow
Of Reformation' fires began,
Sat trembling Freedom, dumb with woe
In days we call the Long Ago.

In all the lands beyond the seas
That face all Old Time's centuries,
Was manhood's sacred trust denied;
The right of man to be a man,
Unless high-born, was crucified.
All the Old World was tainted by
The tainted breath of Bigotry.
But Tyranny, all blindfolded,
The way to Freedom's pathway led—
Unknowing that it was the way—
Across the white sea's foaming yeast
To Winter, rocked with cold and storm,
With forest-temples vast and grand,
And long aisle filled with organ note,
Wind-thunder of a frozen land,
Slow sailing over unknown sea,
And wild, storm-fretted lengths of bay,
The Mayflower come to this new world,
And Freedom's banner wide unfurled.
For this did pass that vanished race,
To give to Freedom here a place.

It is two hundred years and more
Since first upon that rocky shore
The white-sailed ship fought with the breeze,
And ploughed its pathway through the seas,
"Each man an unencompassed host,"
So sternly standing at his posts
Daring for Freedom's sake to breast
The dangers of the wilderness.

Faith ceased, and then I sat and mused
Of all those far, wild solitudes;
And turned and faced the Then and Now;
The Then, when a wild forest waste
Covered a continent of space;
The N ow, when thick as forest bough
That in those old, dim forests stood,

Stand cities where did stand the wood.
And then I said, Hath Freedom wrought
All that she dared, or wished, or sought?
And then I looked from east to west,
From west to east and back again,
And looked upon the whitened sand,
And on wide stretch of lengthened plain,
And saw vast fields where men were lain,
Sleeping on tentless camping ground;
Whole armies without breath or sound.
And then I said, Oh, what is this
What fills fair Freedom's home with graves?
Have fought with them the winds and waves,
Or here hath stalked all gaunt and grim,
With wasting foot like hurricane,
Famine, another name for Death?
And then there came to me again,
As if the graves were filled with speech,
As if from each a victor rose
All glorified with his repose,
A sound that was not voice nor speech,
That told to me the tale of each,
Of all the countless sleepers pale,
That slept by wood, or sea, or vale.

Oh these are they who came from far,
From every corner of this land,
To meet their treacherous foes' advance,
Marched boldly as an avalanche,
And won a glory bright as stars,
The far-off stars by which they passed
From battlefield through prison-bars,
Where Immortality doth wait,
And Fame stands sentry at the gate.
But long the land was desolate,
And long the tents stood thick and white,
Like ghosts of mist-wrapped moon at night;
And long the sentry's silent tread

Kept steady marching to and fro,
And watched lest every hillside tree
Should hide the form of stealthy foe;
And watched the rocks, and gripped his steel
Whenever breath or shadow fell;
And watched amid the frozen storm,
When all the world was dim as death,
And warmth was chilled in every breath,
And Nature lay as in a shroud,
A frozen, misty shroud of white;
And watched in Summer's sultry heat,
When all the sky seemed scorched with flame,
And burned at night and noon the same.
Then came long marches over sands,
With white dust filling all the air
Like smoke of some old Trafalgar;
The lips all parched with fever heat,
Yet pressing on the weary feet;
And all along the tiresome way
The patient horses sink and fall
And pant amid the burning sand,
Till strength to pant has passed away.
And then the battle's front, and din
Of thousand cannon shot and shell,
And brave men fighting long and well,
And many a white and upturned face,
And glazed eye looking to the sun,
And many a ghastly, bleeding wound,
And red blood washing all the ground.
But still with arms as strong and true,
Unyielding as the sturdy oak,
mid the blood and battle smoke,
Brave patriot men moved ever on,
Bearing our starry Flag of Blue,
The red and white stripes gleaming through
The black and murky smoke of war;
And where it led they followed on;
Unflinching, and bravely fought,

Like lover fighting for his bride,
And had no thought, no wish beside.
Th pushed the hosts of Treason back,
They made them bite the very dust,
And then they gave us Freedom's trust,
To keep and hold for Freedom's land.
And they who bought our land anew,
Who gave their lives a sacrifice,
They died to, give a down-trod race
'Mid Freedom's rightful heirs a place;
They died to make each man a king,
A mightier king than throne or state,
A monarch that should dare and do
All things for Liberty's dear sake.

And thus with this undying trust,
This year, and other years to us
Have come and gone and found us true,
Tot one star faded from the blue
Of the old Flag for which we fought
As Freedom's bright embodied thought.

The brave Chief who our armies led,
With heart as leal and strong today
As when amid the battle's fray,
With steady hand has held the helm
While we were drifting on the sands
And 'mid the rocks where ships go down,
And guided us where we may lay,
Nor ail, nor anchor cast away,
Amid the shining isles of Peace.
And he whose white plume shone afar
Where shot fell thickest, and grim War
Rained wounds and death with grape and shell,
Till all was dark and hot like hell—
Brave soldier from the Buckeye State,
His hand shall grasp the helm of state,
Shall guide to nobler triumphs still,

To bloodless victories, which will
Bring grandest conquest to the right,
And make a nation's noblest might.
All hail to our Centennial!
Let Liberty be glad,
And only tyrants sad;
This great New World is free,
The very soil doth laugh,
And all its dimples take
Of fruits and grain the shape,
And busy Industry
Has million forms afit,
And Manufacture's whirr
Has million wheels astir,
And busy Commerce speeds
Its sails o'er all the seas,
And all the lands sit down,
Glad in our free renown,
Beside the cradle of our Liberty;
And from the East
The New Year beckons with a smile of peace.

Garfield. (1881.)

It is God's will, and so it must be right,
Although at every pore the Nation bleed;
But God looks onward, past the brief dark night
Of Time, and while we blindly grope,
Crying for light, His sunrise crowns the hills,
And then we see what love His purpose fills,
How better far His wisdom than our hope.

No coffin-lid can on his manhood close,
No dead white silence on his name can fall;
In the grand stillness of his last repose
He lives among us mightier today
Than when in battle Freedom's hosts he led,
Or, thunder-tongued in eloquence of speech,
Spoke words undying in the Nation's ear—
Word that all coming centuries hall hear.

The grave of Garfield! Oh, such graves we need
A stepping-stones on which the race may climb
To the grand heights where Freedom's steps shall lead;
They are our Jacob's ladder to the skies—
To the clear heavens of Freedom's shining day.
Such dead die not, though hidden from our sight;
Such graves have voice; each triumph of the Right
Is the embodied thought, the deathless I
Of heroes born to immortality.

Mock not his memory with mere idle speech!
Let acts, not words, the Nation's sorrow tell—
Great acts, and true, that shall uplift a well
Toward the grand, pure height on which he stood.
Guard well the memory of his noble life,
Keep fresh and green as heritage for Time
His manhood's greatness and his deeds sublime.
Friend! Soldier? Statesman! Chief! hail—and farewell!

Greatness. (1882.)

I looked into the night,
After the sunset's glow had fled,
And there before me lay
A revelation by the darkness made—
The mystery of the skies,
The glory of the Milky Way,
The star-crowned heights
The longest life of years
Would not suffice to reach,
Glimmering through the blue,
Just faintly shining through
Like atoms, those great vast globes of light.
And what of these? The far-off stars
Shall fall like tears from off Creation's face,
And of their shining glory there shall be no trace.
I saw a man elate
With pomp and kingly power,
Of thought the potentate—
The nations revered him;
Of Nature he was king,
Her law he read as from an open book,
Her mightiest forces took,
Like harnessed steeds, to do his will,
Making the lightnings thrill
With swift intelligence of thought,
And the till air he taught
The mystery of speech,
Until it came to be
A vast, grand whispering gallery.
Yet he, with eloquence as silver-toned as song,
Died, life's noblest mission yet unwrought,
He gave to lonely griefs nor help nor thought.

Before me stood a woman, pale
As the pure lily' white-tipped face;
Genius, nor aught of beauty's grace

Had she, so lowly born;
The world could see no glory in this trife
Of her meek contests—life
Brought no renown, and fame no wreath
Of shining bay or laurel leaf.
But she had dropped like dew
Her tender speech; she knew
The greatness of the sad soul's needs,
And her sweet word and kindly deeds
Had softened widows' woes,
And orphans' blessings round her rose,
And men, too, who had borne such weight
Of sorrow that it seemed as Fate
Were God, and God were naught,
Had by her such sweet faith been taught
That sorrow had for them a blessing wrought.
And God shall write her great,
Unto life 's noblest mission true,
That mission which is only but to do
Ever the duty that lies nearest you.

*In San Francisco Chronicle

“The Star Of Empire.” (1885.)

(Read before the Ohio Association in Los Angeles.)

Fair California, sitting by the sea,
With germ of Empire budding silently,
Thy skies so bright they do but seldom bear
But floods of sunshine in their golden air;
Thy soil so rich its fruitful hills and plains
Seem never thirsting for soft summer rains;
Sweet singers in the old Past sang of thee,
And ships made paths across the pathless sea
To reach thy golden shores, for bards had told
Of thy sun-flooded plains and mountains gaunt and old;
And those brown Children of the Sun had dreamed
Of thy fair skies, until to them they seemed
Not quite of earth, for their wise ones had said:
“Close by the gates of Paradise, sometimes ajar,
 Brood endless summer o’er a wondrous land,
 With shining skies and golden strand,
And beauty like the undimmed brightness of a star.”

Out from the valleys where the skies are old,
 Yet bend in varying splendor o’er the earth,
Where Freedom’s steady pulse has long been told
 In deeds heroic and in patriot worth,
The State of Brough, of Garfield and of Grant—
 Proud galaxy of Freedom’s noblest sons,
We come upon these sunset shores to plant,
 Not only ‘neath these glowing summer skies,
Our broad rich vineyards which by sunshine kissed
Yield ripened fruits which gleam like amethysts;
Not only orchards, where like golden suns,
 Through the cool emerald of their thousand leaves
Glow the ripe orange, and with harvests done,
 Like mighty pyramids lie our ripened sheaves;
Not only to build cities that shall stand
 And face the centuries in their pomp and pride,

Come we as pilgrims to this sunset strand,
Where the brown Children of the Sun have died
To give us place—O not for this they passed.
‘Tis not for this dead ages serve today,
And sleeping centuries lift their heavy lids
To watch the march of Empire’s westward way;
‘Tis not for this that like some sculptor great,
Lifting with pride the veil from off the stone,
Reveals the colossal statue insensate
Yet with a god-like grandeur round it thrown.
Time lifts the curtains of this Sunset West,
Flings open wide its mountain-guarded gates,
While all the land from its tranced slumber wakes—
From the long night of its unhindered rest.
But here sits pregnant Empire young and fair,
The sun of Progress kissing her white face
As she makes ready for her coming heir—
The grand New Life to which the Old give place.
‘Tis ours to watch with her, to build the State,
To mould its laws, and blaze the path for Right,
Our sunrise and our sunset homes to mate—
Twin in their glory and their patriot might.
But here beneath these glowing skies
Of cloudless summer glory,
We’ll ne’er forget the Buckeye State,
Nor fail to sing its story.
The State of strong and stalwart men,
Of statesmen and of heroes,
Of prairie land and forest glen,
Of commerce-laden rivers;
Of lakes that lie like spreading seas,
Ploughed by the keels of Plenty;
Foremost in warfare with the Wrong
Her sleepless sons stand sentry.
An athlete on the fields of life,
With muscles never tiring,
With heart and brain and brawny arm
To grander deeds aspiring.

Oh, here beneath these glowing skies
Of cloudless summer glory,
We'll ne'er forget the Buckeye State,
Nor fail to tell its story.

Grant Dead And Triumphant. (1885.)

To Mount McGregor silent height
 An unseen army came,
In the splendor of the morning,
 When the trees were touched with flam—
With the golden glowing glory
 Of the unhindered sun,
And the bending arches of the heaven
 Like a vaulted roof were hung.

There was no sound of marching,
 And no tread of coming feet,
And no banners met the vision
 From the lofty mountain's sweep;
There was no sound of bugle,
 And no echo of the drum,
And no voice of thundering cannon
 Was by answering echoes flung.

From the trees rang glorious anthems
 Of the bird-life glad and free,
And the Summer breeze caressing
 Touched each forest-leaf and tree,
While the shadowy battalions
 From the summits of the sky
Swept silently as the sunlight
 In their lengthening columns by.

“Let us have peace!” the watchword then
 Along the mountain height;
“Let us have peace!” the end had come,
 Triumphant was his flight.
The warrior rose, saluted Death,
 And then his foe withdrew,
Heaven's gates swung wide, and, victor still,
 The Nation's Chief passed through.

* * *

Soldiers of Grant! Shade of our heroes!

As from the far shores they rallied round,
What a welcome they gave to the hero of battles,

As he stood there with peace eternally crowned.
He fought it out on the line of patience heroic,

He climbed the far heights of Faith and of Trust,
And life's shattered tent he left gladly behind him—

He is done with earth's battles, so lay dust unto dust.

Christopher Columbus.

'Twas a fair city of those olden times
To which Columbus came, hugging his dream
Of undiscovered lands lying across
The shadowy sea, as yet unploughed
By keel of any ship than the blue, starlit
Skies more pathless. For years, by night and day
Had the great Pilot heard its voice calling
Him with enticing speech. Arise! arise!
The beckoning west seemed crying. Beyond
The horizon's purpling lines the lapping
Seas seemed kissing golden shores, and as he
Breathed Seville's soft airs, heavy with odors
Of fragrant jasmine and spicy pomegranate,
And dreamed beneath her opalescent skies,
Or within her Moorish temples worshiped
Where saintly statues rose, or walked in courts
Of marble, where fountains sang in tinkling
Melody, and grand cathedral walls, set
With bright gems, echoed the music of the
Swaying bells, and where he drank the lemon's
Spicy breath, or trod beneath green-needed
Pines, their aromatic wine inhaling,
And watched the ships lying at anchor by
The Golden Tower, and had speech with men
Of science and of thought, he nursed his hopes
Anew, and the New World brightened to his
Vision. O large-souled man! waiting and
Waiting still, through weary years, till thy smooth
Brow grew furrowed, and Disappointment's stern
Winter whitened thy hair, divinest patience
Was thy crown until the New World, mid its
Smiling seas, rose to thy sight, set in the sunset's heart.

But not from fair Seville, where
Guadalquiver's shining waters sunward
Flashed, sailed his proud ships toward the setting
Sun; but from small Palos, dreaming by the

Wave, home of sea toilers, did at last—like
A star out of midnight—set the great Captain
Forth to find the waiting world within the
Unknown West. The little town ran to and
Fro to see the three small ships upon the
Shining sea, mere motes upon the waters;
And women, with their babes upon their breasts,
Bemoaned his folly in defying death;
And some among the curious watching crowd
Talked scornfully, and winked their eyes, and shrugged
Their heavy shoulders, and called him madman,
Fool, and driveling foreign idiot, who
Yet should bait the fishes with his flesh when
In the restless deeps of unknown seas the
Maddened billows raging in their wrath should
Howl his requiem. The criminal, with
The strong iron bars 'twixt him and freedom,
Shut from heaven's blessed air and day's sweet light.
The foul dungeon walls his sunless and his
Starless firmament, his strong limbs cramped by
Narrowness of space, scorned liberty when
Offered at the price of sailing with this
So-called mad adventurer, and hugged his
Chains, and hugged captivity and noisome
Prison cell. Our God was there. The New World's
Shores were not for such as he.

O ever

Blest Rabida! Beneath thy red-tiled roof,
Loved by the morning sun, kissed by his beams
When sinking to the west, beacon upon
The pine-clad heights of Palos, thou nursing
Mother of those mighty hopes cradling a
World unknown! God touched the eyelids of
Thy children, and friar and padre bridged
The deep with prayers, helped to swing backward
On their ponderous hinges the great Past's
Iron doors. And there with steadfast gaze walked
Silently the noble Admiral, while

Scanning sea and sky, Hope's fire burning beneath
His lids, and his large-visioned
Eyes, forever seeing things unseen, turned
To his golden dreamland of the fair yet
Undiscovered world. Upon thy shores, O
"Memory-haunted Palos" the midnight
Of Time's past gave place to golden dawn of
Freedom, and those rude caravels, like specks
Upon the great sea's breast, saw a New World
Rise upon far western waters, where, sleeping,
Lay the whole world's hopes, broad'ning the round, sweet
Earth, and broad'ning man as he inhales
Its atmosphere of freedom. O dawn most
Pregnant when these small ships sailed from Palos!
The starlight pales within the glowing east,
From La Rabida's height Columbus comes
With hurrying feet; youth's heart seemed stirring
In his breast once more. The years of waiting
Are behind him now. The fluttering sails
Move him like angels' wings. The hurrying
Steps of sailors on the decks is music
To his ears. The boatswain's whistle is like
Gabriel's horn. The Cross is there above
His vessel spars. The rising breeze swift fills
His waiting sails. Farewells are said, the anchors
Weighed, the unknown sea before them, but
Mystery beyond the blue horizon's walls.
O days and days with naught but sky and
Sea! the blazing sun, the far and silent
Stars, or clouds and rain and howling tempests'
Wrath, and those small ships upon the boundless
Waste of mighty waters. A mocking ghost,
Despair, sits at the helm and clutches each
Sailor's heart; only the leader's soul lost
Not its faith; only his dauntless courage never failed.
But one wet morn, when purple
Lay the West, and Morning's star shone on
The sleeping skies, and calm was on the sea,

And white birds floated on the rippling waves,
And berry-brightened boughs seemed laden with
Hope's wine, floating the deep, sweet as the starry
Paeon at Creation's birth, when sang the
Morning stars together, one glad note ran
Across that unknown sea. "Land! Land!"

Then pealed
The signal gun and shouts and joyous cries
Of sailors swept the air, and glad Te Deums
Broke upon the decks. At last! at last! the
Waiting years were crowned.

Four hundred year! four hundred years!
And a continent we bring,
Where from ocean unto ocean
Each man's a sovereign king.
Fling wide our starry banner,
No slave beneath its fold,
And tell our children' children
This deathless story old.

Sometimes. (1898.)

God's day does sometimes come
Through darkness and the gloom
Of a dead nation's tomb.

Som time from blood and death
The fairest blossoms spring
And Hope finds surest wing.

Sometimes God lifts His arm—
We hear His anvil ring,
And then may Freedom sing.

O struggling nations, hear!
God's arm is now uplift,
And His new day is near.

I see its blessed dawn,
As in the heaving main
Sink the great ships of Spain.

And as I see afar,
Above the isle-gemmed seas,
Our banner in the breeze,

So proudly flung, and there
See Freedom's sure advance,
Strong as an avalanche.

O blessed "Sometime," when
God as our captain draws
His sword in righteous wars,

And when, with ear attent,
Unto His children's cry
Salvation draweth nigh.

When The Battle Breaks. (1898.)

We know not what may be; th' unwritten years
Are dim with clouds of heavy doubt and fears;
Peace hides her face, and war with dripping hand
And horrid front within the future stands—
We hear the thunders from the cannon' throat,
Black'ning the air, its poisoned smoke does float
In sulphurous masses like the breath of hell;
Hear curses, shrieks and the despairing ell
Of routed forces; see the watery main
Torn as by cyclones, covered with the slain,
Reddened with blood of heroes brave and true,
Who die for Freedom and for me and you.
And oh! the countless other hosts who die
For cursed Tyranny, who forgotten lie
Dead on the deep beneath a tropic sky,
And on the land by castle's front and fire,
Mown down in ranks, these martyred host expire,
While tossing waves fling on the waiting shore
The white-faced dead whose battle are all o'er—
The brave, the true, the gallant and the young
Whose deeds shall yet by Fame's proud voice be sung.
O white immortals! Freedom's noblest sons!
Heroes who stood unflinching by your guns!
Nor swerved one inch amid the leaden hail,
Nor did the might of your strong courage fail.
Nursed in the years of perfumed peace, ye grew
High-souled as truth, and to your country true.
Ye cannot die, though Spanish guns I may beat
Your great souls deathward; though your bannered fleet
Sink, like the Maine, beside that alien shore.
Deathless are ye, deathless fore, forevermore,
Brave men, grand heroes who for us have bled,
Life is as nothing in the scale where shed
Is human blood for Freedom; War's red scars
Are Honor's badge beneath the Stripe and Stars.
Boom, boom, O guns! the leaden hail may plow

The sea and shore, but ever at the prow
Of our great battleships, courageous, calm,
Shall stand our heroes with unfaltering arm;
Strong for the right, and swift shall be unfurled,
Earnest of peace, unto the watching world,
The Star and Stripes, the ensign of the free,
The priceless flag of sacred Liberty.
E'en the black torpedoes beneath the ships
Shall speak, with their terrible blackened lips,
Freedom for man, and out of the thunder
Shall the calm of Peace come, riven asunder
The strength of th' tyrant whose throne shall be hurled,
Broken and crushed, 'neath the feet of the world.

America. (1898.)

It is a long, long march from savagery
To the heights of Freedom, where man looks forth
Glorious in manhood's fullness, king of
The world, master of self, ruler of his
Own passions, with soul aflame
With godlike longings, aspiring upward
To the great and true, which are immortal.
Here existence is not life. To truly
Live, the soul must be awake with all its
Powers. It must be up and doing, and winged with
Mghty purposes, warm as the blessed
Sunlight, active as the winds which walk the
World and sweep the far-off skies. There is no
Limit that we know to man's attainment.
Forever on and on is Being's law;
Forever up and higher tends the soul
When true unto itself. 'Tis thus we walk,
'Tis thus we rise, till, lo! the savage in
Our nature dies, and man is made fit for
Freedom. O Starry Banner! emblem of the free!
How hath the race moved onward 'neath thy folds!
A continent to Liberty hath here
Been born beneath thy stars; and where once did
Roam the savage, lo! today the grandest
People that Old Time hath known doth high-souled
Walk the path of Progress. Humanity
Doth feed their hearts with pity for the weak,
And their souls are tender for the needy.
The Stars and Stripes speak to the listening world
Of Humanity's great brotherhood. The
Very air seems freer where they weave, and
Stirred by tenderer pulses. Free from stain
Is the grand, starry flag of the free and the brave
As the blue of the heavens overhead
When the day shineth clear of a cloud and
The glory of sunlight filleth the world

With its light. Land illumined with splendor,
Fair as the sun, with a story as white
As the stars, no blot on thy name, no step
That leads backward, but on, ever onward
For Freedom and man doth America
Press, while watcheth the whole world with amaze.

Freedom's Land. (1901.)

This continent of ours between the seas,
A vast wide empire on whose breast might rise
Thousands of cities great as Rome of old—
Greater in might and in free majesty—
Its farther shores bathed in the sunrise light,
While its great West is resting in the arms
Of star-crowned Night, and where, while winter walks
Upon its sunrise borders, Summer loth
Sit beside its western seas, breathing sweet
Balms and fragrance, her feet flower-sandaled
And her robes woven of rich emerald
Grasses, her air filled with the melody
Of birds and the symphony of running
Waters—this land is Freedom's own, pregnant
With promise for the race. Glorious with
Hope, the future turns to it her smiling
Face, while Tyranny doth slink into his
Darksome paths, and, trembling, seeks the shadows
Of some other clime where tyrants, iron-
Shod, dare walk and murder Liberty. O
How fair thy shining pages when unrolled!
Here God hath set thee 'twixt two mighty seas,
Gemmed thy great breast with lakes like oceans in
Their vastness, and they've grown white with sails of
Commerce; here, like some unslumbering god
Of old—some mighty Titan—stretched the "Great
Father of Waters," and unrolled the wide
Prairies, where may grow unnumbered harvests;
And elsewhere lifted mounts that thrust their heads
Into the blue deeps where planets shine, and
The Sun's great eye forever looks undimmed
Upon the bright heavens. Land whose harvests
Are enough to feed the world; whose mines of
Gold and silver might fill the treasuries
Of all nations; 'neath whose soil is stored full
Seas of oil, enough to light all lands, and

Furnish fuel for all industries, and
Where Jehovah's hand hath reared uncounted
Forests, whose green leaves weave a canopy
Of shade when Summer sleeps within the wood,
And, touched by the gentle breeze, send lute-like
Music forth to glad the listening ear,
As if somewhere a seraph whispered 'mid
The silence. There are giants in these woods
Amid our high Sierras who clasped hands
With Time when youth was on his forehead, and
The race was in its infancy, dwelling
In tents or sleeping 'neath the stars. The proud
Sequoias lifted their heads above
The fair young earth and gladdened it with their
Fresh loveliness. The golden sunbeams on
Their swaying leaves fell softly as they were
Nature's kisses full of tenderness, and
Warm, nursing care. The air, which, like a fond
Caress touched the bronzed foreheads of Bethlehem's
Shepherds, wafted across the oceans wide,
Blew 'mid their leaves, while happy birds among
Their branches sang. Land where Science doth sit
Garbed in her grand achievements, conqueror
Of Nature's forces; where we do speak across
The continent and make the lightning's tongue
Whisper our message for us. Land where church
And school and mighty printing-press are thick
Sown as stars in the blue vault of Night, where
Each citizen is king, sovereign of
His own destiny. Land of proud heroes
Whose immortal deeds are deathless as the
Liberty for which they fought; thy soil is
Sacred soil, made holy by the baptism
Of patriots' blood, and by the countless
Graves made glorious by their sacrifice.
And not until Night's countless stars
Shall pale, and the great life-nursing Sun go
Out in utter darkness, shall thine own sons

Prove false to Freedom and to thee,
O land we love! great Land of Liberty.

Anarchy.

(September 18, 1901.)

Hell ope'd its door and from its awful deep
A horrid monster crept. Blacker than hell
Itself its loathsome form. Its baleful eye
Burned with a lurid light; its tongue was flame,
And each word dropped was fire to kindle all
The vilest passions of the soul. Hate is
Its offspring, and bloody Murder is its
Twin. On cruelty it doth feast, seasoned
By unmeasured treachery. No deed too
Black to stay its vengeful lust for power;
Its fangs are full of poison and are held
In readiness to make their deadly thrusts
When'er occasion offers. Swift as the
Thunderbolt and fatal as the awful
Lightning stroke are they. Its plotting are in
Secret. Friendship is not sacred, and its
Guisé conceals the foulest purposes.
A hydra-headed monster this and many-
Armed, its track covered with venom's poisonous
Slime, and today it walks abroad fattening
On Murder, lifting the assassin's arm,
Striking at all those who represent the
Majesty of law, and seeking to pull
Down the safeguards of Society, all
Barriers to crime, and make the world drunk
With the wine of lawlessness. O how the
Great heart of this Nation bleeds today through
What this awful monster's blood-stained hand hath
Wrought! Damnable as hell its deeds,
And black as its awful midnight. It hath
To conscience, and God it doth not fear. The
Brand of Cain is on its forehead, and Satan
Is its consort. Anarchy, spelled with the
Hellish alphabet of Crime, its dreadful

Name, and Assassination the black robe
It wears. As freely as the Sun drops its
Life-giving beam, so freely doth it wield
The dagger's point and the dread pistol-shot
Of the assassin. O great free land of
Ours, weeping in anguish by the Nation's
New-made grave, all loyal hearts rent with their
Speechless woe, up! up! and swear before high
Heaven, in Freedom's holy name, that this
Great land, baptized anew in th' sacred blood
Of our beloved and martyred President
Shall purge itself of Anarchy, nor give' it place
To set its crime-stained foot, or move its blood-red
Hand or lift its voice, mouthing at all times
Foulest blasphemies against Liberty
And Law, beneath the sacred banner of
The glorious Stripes and Stars.

"It is God's way," cried he, our nation's martyred son,
"It is God's way, not ours. Oh, let His will be done!"
And then he softly murmured—O, hear from sea to sea!—
While holy trust sustained him—"Nearer, my God, to Thee."
It is God's way, we cannot doubt, to make this people see
The threatening dangers that are hid in lawless Anarchy,
And so unto the Cross we cling, through all this anguished night,
But still, O Land of Freedom! rise in thy glorious might—
While this great stricken people do bleed at ever pore,
Oh, let them rise and swear again that Anarchy no more
Shall find a home among us here on Freedom's sacred shore;
Make this dear grave a stepping-stone to Freedom's noblest height,
Then may we see God's purpose clear, and then he grow light.

This Waking West. (1902.)

In the old days, ere was our Flag unfurled
Upon these farther shores that front the West,
As now upon the sunshine's golden flood,
This dreaming, semi-tropic land did rest.
Th' wild-flowers bloomed, th' emerald grasses grew,
Bird sang from dawn until the dewy eve,
And summer lingered all the happy year.
The caballero, with his eyes of night
And hair as glossy as a raven's wing,
Rode his proud steed as if it were a part
Of his own frame, doing his will, as did
His ready arm or his wandering feet,
While the gay señorita, with her dark,
Ljquid eyes, beautiful as the starry
Midnight, smiled on him as she whispered words
Of honeyed sweetness, and bet soft laughter
Was like the tinkle of a silver bell.
How glad the hours when their swift-flying feet
Kept time to the soft strains of mandolin
And sweet-voiced guitar, o'er which their ready
Fingers ran, waking delightful melody.
Life then was but a long Today, a breath
Of ceaseless gladness, and their Tomorrows
Walked unquestioned and uncared for. It was
Enough for them To Be, in this glad world
Of sunshine and of fragrance. To do was
Not their creed. What mattered that yet unborn
Tomorrow which they might not see? Today
Was theirs, and it was full of beaut, and
They were glad in it brightness and its charm.
What though proud Progress walked not ever here?
What though the homes of sun-dried bricks were all
Their hands did raise to dot th' emerald sward?
Was not the glory of the sunshine fair?
Was not the splendor of the hill most bright?
Was not the flooding sunshine ever warm?

Was it not June through all the gladsome year—
A June of blossoms and of summer air?
Why, then, should they be sad or have a care?
No, life was like a song, and every day
Was filled to fullness with delight and joy.
The earth did blossom for them, fruits did grow,
The land was fair with Plenty's overflow.
It was enough, what more could they desire?
And so this realm lay waiting for the time
When Progress stirred, and when another race
Should come to find the riches hid within
The soil, and plant great orchard and wide vineyards
Here; build cities grand, and open Traffic's
Door; bid Commerce enter at our Golden
Gate, and lightning steeds climb our great mountain
Heights, and busy Industry set all her
Wheels a-whir, until then land should ring with
The proud march of ever-moving feet, and
This waking West should be the glory of
Expanding Freedom with her Stripes and Stars.

The Land of the Stripes and Stars. (1902.)

This wondrous land of ours, how wide it is
And full of beauty! A continent of
Space, stretching from sea to sea, with vast plains
Outspread, and mountain heights uplifted till
They look the bulwarks of a world, so strong
Not e'en the giant Time could topple them;
With mighty rivers, the broad highways of
Commerce, singing clear the sounding anthem
Of unceasing Progress, and with lakes like
Inland seas, upon whose shores great cities
Lie, the wondrous marts of traffic, feeling
The pulse of trade throughout the whole round world.
All zones are clasped in its embracing arms.
On our far northern borders Winter is
Throned as king, with the iceberg for his scepter,
And the long Night, jeweled with stars, as the
Mantle for his shoulder. And here the wild
Winds thunder and beat in frantic madness
The frozen shores, and th' sun walks timidly
Near the horizon's line, not daring the
Zenith, and trees grow dwarfed as fearing the
Cloud-touch of the frozen sky. Nature here
Is solitary. No singing bird or bee
E'er breaks the silence, save when the wild lark
Soars from his nest as th' pale ghost of Summer
Comes for a few short weeks to wake th' grasses
And to coax the few strange wild-flowers into
Transient bloom. Next comes the zone of singing
Birds and might forests, whose hills are girt
With trees, whose rivers leap in gladness and
Run tally on past meadows green, and the
Tasseled fields of corn and billowy seas
Of ripening wheat, the land of singing
Brooks and of plenteous harvests. Land of
Green valleys and of prairies wide, vast as
Some Old World empires. Summer and Winter

Hold each the scepter for a season here,
And Winter wears his robes of white until
Laughing Spring comes tip-toe o'er the way, and
Paves a path for blooming Summer's feet, a
Path of roses and other blossoms fair.
The Earth smiles at her coming and is glad,
And makes ready her rich harvests for the
Oncoming Autumn, whose feet are sandaled
With swift-falling leaves, and who put on robes
Of sober brown as Winter nears again,
To take the scepter from her hand and shroud
The Earth in his white and frozen silence.
Then on we pass across the continent
To the fair borders of this Sunset Land,
Where all the year is like a golden June,
And all the months have harvests rich and rare,
And where bird-song is never out of tune,
And Growth is piping gladly everywhere.
Our fruitful soil cold Winter never treads,
All blossom-garlanded December comes;
The orange ripens in his golden air,
Th' bee and butterfly within his sunshine
Float; the lily lifts its gracious head and
Smiles; our vineyards bend beneath their ripened
Vintage rare, and glowing clusters lift their
Faces to the Sun in joy; pineapples
Glad us with their lusciousness; bananas
Beckon in their yellow sheen, and guavas,
Garmented with rich coloring, do tempt
Our lips to taste their juicy fruit. Here glad
December walks like June, and ever wears
His emerald robes, and Day forever
Bids us out of doors, 'neath bending skies,
Filled full of warmth and light,
And arched like a gleaming sapphire o'er th' world.

Kindred With Nature. (1895.)

There's that within me which does ever feel
Its kinship with the Earth—the wide, sweet Earth,
Environed with its atmosphere of calm,
Its sky jeweled with stars and lit with suns,
And its broad, green lap silvered with rivers,
And walled round with majestic mountain heights,
Capped with white snows or thick with wooded spire,
Rising till their loftiest pinnacles
Seem fretted with the ever-twinkling stars.
Then, purpling, they dream at last upon the
Breast of Night, or, waking, smile within the
Clasp of Day, which baptizes them with light
As if new-born, though great and vast as heaven;
And the sea, spreading its pulsing deeps so
Far they touch the Orient, where first man
Lay cradled on the breast of Time. Away
Their shining waters run, shadowed sometimes
With storms, then their wrinkled waves are smoothed
By fragrant calms borne from far lands of spice,
From vales sun-lit, rose-filled, where bright birds sing
And tropic loveliness a-swoon does lie
Within the noontide's stillness. The world speaks
To me with thousand tongue that hide within
Each leaf and grassy blade, each petal of
A flower, each bush, each tree, each perfect
Rounded grain of sand, and rain bowed drop of
Crystal water; within each pebble, so
Carved unto perfection, and each sunbeam
With its gold melted to fullest brightness.
Sweet are the idylls rivulets do tone
In silver note as they do onward run.
The harmonious anthems changed by
The river's voice seem ever to repeat
Truths wonderful, as does the might sea,
And all the breathing winds, low-voiced as love,
As they were living this fair life with me,

As if somewhere a soul were waiting for
Them through which they might find the Eternal.
I lay my ear to the warm breast of Earth
As if to hear the baby roots astir,
To catch the trickling raindrops as the soil
Drink in their fullness, rejoicingly
Moistening their lips within the glad Earth's
Nursing bosom, where does hidden lie the
Mystery of growth. How does life touch them
There with the glad breath of resurrection?
And what are life and growth, those strange
And mysterious forces, working so
Silently, so unrestingly through all
The vast, wide realm of God's great universe,
Wherever circle stars and suns and the
Far planetary spheres; where'er is thrust
A root into the wide Earth's ready soil?

I held within my hands a little blade
Of grass, so cunningly shaped, so perfect
In its texture, so rich in coloring
That it became my teacher. It seemed to
Ask, am I not marvelous? Say, can you
Explain the secret of my growth—how life creeps
Into the tiny seed and sets my roots
To stirring in the silent dark of the
Great Earth's bosom? What force is it that gives
My young life strength to thrust itself up
From its earth sepulcher into the air
And the warm heaving of sunshine? How springs
At last my tender, emerald leaf, filled
With its succulent richness for the hungry
Kine? What force is it that, silent and
Unresting, day by day, lengthens my slender
Blade, and then at length does bid it pause in
Full completeness? You say 'tis Nature's law.
But what is Nature's law? Is it some blind
Force hidden in matter, some unconscious

Agent that with unerring skill doth year
By year, and age by age, unfailing
Fashion me always the same in color,
Shape and texture? Is Matter vaster in
Its skill than Mind? Nay, thou sayest; yet look
Among thy race and find, if so thou canst,
A man to form me—one who can create
A single grassy spear, or shape the seed
From which it springs, and give it strength to grow.
You cannot. Then will you proclaim that Nature
Is my maker? That dull, senseless matter can
Create even the tiny seed from which
I spring? Nay, behind all growth, all being,
Animate and inanimate, above
All law—law being but the expression
Uniform of this controlling will—is
God, the Infinity, thy God and mine.

God, Nature And I. (1897.)

The sky! how blue it looks today, how fair!
No cloud within the infinite deep of air;
The winds run softly through its shining ways,
As if half dreaming still of Summer days
When on the breast of Calm they slept, while low
They breathed, and all the tender, leaf-crowned trees
Stood hushed and still, as if they feared to stir
The pulseless silence. Only the soft whirr
Of bird-wings broke the stillness. Flowers smiled
In gardens and upon the hillsides wild,
As if a soul were in them which did know
The gladness and the glory which do flow
From Nature's heart when, warm and bright and fair,
She nurses Summer in the sunlight, where
Life takes form, and beauty has its birth,
And hastes to garment all the glad, sweet Earth.

When all the world is glad, why should not we
Be glad with it in fullest sympathy,
And hear the voices which the breezes bring
As well as those of happy birds which sing,
And note the joy within the blossoms' smile,
And list the murmur of the streams, the while
They, rushing seaward sing, yet ever pour
Their tuneful resonance unto the shore?

Oh, life is sweet, with Nature's pulsing heart
Throbbing with tenderness. Kindred with it am I,
And love, sweet love, I find in earth and sky;
The world was made for me, its heart is mine,
And of its fullness I am but a part,
God made it all, and I, O God! am thine,
The blessed cradle of my rest, Thy heart.

The Penitent. (1898.)

O still the night and starless; all the dark
 Of dusky skies and cloud was overhead;
 The winds were sleeping, and all sound seemed dead
On the bare plains far from the city's streets.
But one there was who walked alone. And hark!
 The silence stirs; the still and shuddering air
 Shrinks at the cry of that lone soul's despair.
"Alone, alone with my great crime for aye!
It walks with me and will walk till I die!"
 A maniac shriek he gives, looks at his hand,
 Rubs it, tears at it, yet still the brand
Of Cain he sees, red, red is it with blood.
 "O wash it, wash it white," he cries, and then
In that lone desert, far from sound of men,
 In the white sand he wallows, and shrieking
Until the circling vultures seem to shrink,
And starts the lion at the desert's brink.
 Then came wild wails and sounds of bitter weeping
 And then mad laughter, as his soul were swayed
 By demons; then a soft sigh his laughter stayed.
He rose and knelt upon the sands and prayed.
 His soul grew calm as on the desert's brow
 Fell the first light of sunrise. Holy now
That desert place, a penitent was there
Whom God had heard and blessed with answered pray'r.
In such grand temple it is good to be.

I Miracles Of Nature. (1899.)

The little flower lift up its head
 Unto the bending sky,
As if it sought to learn and know
 Life's wondrous mystery.

O shining blades of grass! how great
 The marvel that ye be,
Man's utmost skill could never make
 Such perfect things as ye.

O leaf upon the swaying bough!
Dropping soft shadows down;
The shapely tree-trunk lifted high.
Doth wear you like a crown.

No sculptor's hand could chisel here
Such perfect thing and fair,
With life within each tiny vein,
And motion pulsing there.

O water-drops within the stream
That shimmer in the Sun!
A perfect globe, a wondrous sphere,
Hides in you, every one.

O little grain of sand! so white,
So shapely do ye lie,
More perfect is not star or sun
Within the far-off sky.

O Nature! folded in thy hand
On every hillside's breast,
On every plain beneath the Sun,
A miracle doth rest.

A miracle of power and love;
Of skill that is divine;
Each tree, each blade of grass, each flow'r,
Father of all, is Thine:

Formed by Thy hand. The shining Sun,
The great, unresting Sea,
All things are Thine which Nature shows,
And Thine, like them, are we.

Our Father. (1899.)

The great, blue heaven look down a if to find
A soul within the Earth, an answering mind;
For they are lonely in their cloudless light,
E'en when the Sun shines gloriously bright,
And swiftly down steals the soft-footed breeze
To templed aisles amid the swaying trees—
Steal sin and out amid the smiling whole
Of sky and Earth, as if it had a soul
To bear to Earth the whisper of the skies
As it in hushed and wondrous beauty lie.

Somewhere in hiding there must surely be
The soul of things which throbbeth warm and free,
Perhaps the winds which silent-footed do,
Through the vast highways of the shining blue,
And the sweet woods and meadow spaces far,
Steal on us as sure as light of sun or star,
In occult language which we do not know,
Bear some sweet message as they onward go—
Whispers of love and of divinest care,
Of the great Power which keeps us everywhere.

And the glad birds which sing today so sweet,
Perhaps great Nature's yearning heart repeat,
And bud and blossom make their swift reply
To rolling sea and overarching sky.
The drowsy hum of many million bees
The leaf-tongued voice of the swaying tree,
May lisp some words our spirits do not hear,
But which are caught by Nature's listening ear.
But somewhere, somewhere over all is One
Who cradle Earth within His tender hand,
Who sees each leaf, each blossom's opening face,
Each blade of grass, and gives to each its place,
And hears each voice from shining sea and land,
And all their needs does fully understand.

He is Our Father, and like Nature we
Are all His care, and 'tis His ministry
Guards Earth, sky, sea, and 'tis His love that broods
O'er life and growth, and in Earth's solitudes.

And, O my soul! how it doth long to know
More of this Father, and to truly feel
Within my heart His great love's overflow,
And sometimes by a sweet-tongued flower I kneel
And feel Him near, feel that He's in that place,
As if I'd met Him in it, face to face,
Know that in all things God's own life abides,
In sky and earth and ocean's restless tides.

Nature. (1901.)

The dimpled lake sleeps in the cradling arms
Of the green slopes that lie about it, crowned
With glory of the groves, never a sound—
Save that of rippling melody which charms—

Comes from its depths as if its waters sang
Of blessed calm and holy peace and rest;
The sunshine falling now upon its breast
Writes golden notes perhaps like those which rang

Thro' starry spaces at Creation's birth,
When the glad morning stars together poured
Their glorious symphony while they adored
The great Creator of the heavens and Earth.

O these glad mornings! Peace lies pillowed here,
And Beauty sleeps upon the breast of Day;
And all along the emerald-bordered way
Incense is poured upon the atmosphere

From spaces where the nunlike lilies lean,
And where the roses bloom so very fair,
And blossoms drink the sunshine of the air,
And the tall trees a silent priesthood seem,

And far beyond as the tall mountains rise;
The sky like one bright sapphire shines above,
The winds breathe softly, while love, only love,
Seems filling earth and dropping from the skies.

With Nature. (1892.)

I love to steal down cañon paths,
 Between the emerald hills,
And hear the voiceful Sabbath psalms—
 The chorus of the rills.

I lay my head upon the grass,
 Beneath the singing pine,
The rhythm of their swaying boughs
 Is like to sacred chimes.

And grand the all them which I hear,
 Borne down from heights afar—
These mountain heights whose symphonies
 Ring out from star to star.

Divine the songs which Nature gives
 From tongues of tree and flower,
They sing of loving tenderness,
 While mountains sing of power.

Come Walk With Me. (1903.)

Come walk with me, come walk abroad,
And see the glory of the sky,
The beauty that around does lie,
And hear the Wind-Sprite strike a chord

Of softest music 'mid the trees.
Their thousand leaves are breathing low
Above my head where'er I go,
The sweetest wood-born symphonies.

And here a bird spreads wings in air,
And rise upward toward the Sun,
And there a spider's web is hung,
A swaying silver bridge so fair.

And here the busy ants are seen,
What lessons may we learn from them!
They should wear Labor's diadem.
The world of Industry doth teem

With no more tireless hosts than they.
And ah! just see the silver sheen
Of the fair lake that lies between
The dreaming hills where shadows play

Beneath the swaying peppers there,
And see the eucalypti climb
Above the tallest stalwart pine,
As reaching for the upper air.

And far the lofty mountains rise,
Soft, lambent light around them glows,
The flood of sunlight overflows
Beneath these cloudless, sun-filled skies

The faces of the wild-flowers meet

My eyes along the paths I tread;
How sweet the perfume which they shed,
As on I go with willing feet.

And Silence walks the hill today
And Beauty, clad in Natures' dress,
Walks with me, too, my life to bless—
I feel the richness of her sway.

And here a rock lifts up its head,
Magnificent in wealth untold,
The countless wealth of lichen's gold
O'er its broad sides so thickly spread.

And see the stores of silver gleam,
No Croesus ever had such store
As that which ceaselessly doth pour
Adown the waterfall's full stream.

Oh, could we weigh the gold that's hid
In every sunbeam that we see,
Or learn the wondrous alchemy
Of change beneath the harvest lid,

Transmuting sunbeams into grain,
Full of rich ripeness for our need—
Enough the whole great world to feed—
Giving the dead seed life again,

What wisdom would be ours; but ah!
How blindly onward do we go!
Of Nature's miracles we know
Scarce more than of the farthest star.

Forever Nigh. (1904.)

The little bird beneath my green vine leaves
Does twitter softly, then anon he weaves
A full-voiced melody. The breezes hear,
And bear it onward ringing sweet and clear,
Making Day gladder and Earth more divine.
I watch the fullness of the May sunshine,
And hear the merry hum of flies and bees;
I see the golden glory of the trees,
Crowned with the sunlight of the dreaming Noon
That lies asleep above the blue lagoon.
How light the ripples on its placid breast,
Like happy smiles they on its surface rest,
As if 'twere glad the bright days are so fair,
And Summer sweetness filled the balmy air.
The rose-bush leans above the dewy- grass
The humming-birds above it lightly pass,
Dear spirits of the Dawn they seem to be,
Telling their gladness to each bush and tree.
How many tones in Nature's joyous voice,
How many ways she bids us all rejoice!
She gladdens us with fullness of delight
By the rich glory of the Morning bright;
With golden splendor of the Noon she stirs
The hearts of all her countless worshippers.
In star-crowned Evening we may also see
The high, far gateways to immensity;
And looking, we may feel how small are we,
The deathless atoms of eternity.
And yet our thoughts the highways of the air
From star to star may traverse everywhere.
We weigh the nightly worlds that fill the deep,
Where suns and stars in their vast orbits sweep,
And find that in the Earth and boundless sky
Our Maker, God, is still forever nigh.

Two. (1881.)

I see a river wide and shining fair,
Set with green isles, where rarest blossoms
And fill with fragrance all the morning air,
And singing-birds are ever on the wing.

Above it bend such bright and glowing skies,
No clouds above their sunrise-glory shed
Their shadows on the stream; no eddies rise
In the grand river by the streamlets fed.

All things are lovely, and the bells ring out
Their melody of music by the tide,
And boats are drifting here and there about—
Some drifting singly, some float side by side.

O fair bright river! this life's loveliest one
Float on thy sunny breast, while Hope sing sweet,
And Trust has built her palace on thy wave,
And Faith's white lilies bend their heads to meet

Thy sweet cool tides, that in their ebb and flow
Baptize them with the silver of their waves,
And kiss them with soft lips before they go
Where their pure waters all the green shore laves.

Adown the flowery bank come, hand in hand,
Two unto whom life still is young and fair;
Love watches them from this far Sunset Land,
And though divided, we are with them there.

For now, on Love's bright river, lo! they launch their boat,
Its white sail spotless in the glowing light;
And down the silver-rippled stream they float,
To the wide Ocean, just within our sight.

There may be clouds to hide the golden Sun,

There may be storms that shall beset their way,
There may be troubled seas to be outrun,
And deep, dark waters where the breakers play

On some dread Scylla or Charybdis" side;
But safe their boat shall float along if they
Have Love, the mariner, their helm beside,
And life be with them one long blessed day,

Spent in fair isles, with tropic splendor crowned,
Filled with the heart's best fruits of Peace and Trust,
Wherever Hope's sweet singing-birds abound,
And fill with song the Eve's "enchanted dusk."

The True Woman. (1898.)

[Written for a meeting of the Woman's Parliament assembled at Redlands.]

Down Time's broad path we'll walk awhile today—
Walk backward o'er the long and shadowed way
The race has trod since first Time's morning broke,
And, fair as light, in Eden's garden woke
The perfect Mother of the Human Race;
Perfect in beauty, modesty and grace,
Grand in the grandeur of that love which makes
A woman royal, and which ever takes
Self from her vision, showing to her eyes
Earth's needy ones, whom through self-sacrifice,
Or kindly word, or ready outstretched hand,
She may lift up and help them yet to stand
On nobler heights. Woman as God made thee!—
Creation's crown!—let us turn back and see
What was thy glory, what made womanhood
The best of all things God pronounced as good.
O eyes of mine, O longing vision! see
The vast unfoldings of infinity,
Walk softly down the path that man has trod,
Since sinless stood he face to face with God.

O Mother Eve! Lone mother of thy race,
Young Time it was that smiled into thy face,
That stood before thee, nothing was behind,
But God was near. O first of womankind!
Fair, new-created, thou didst feel the thrill
Of His hand's touch as if it lingered still
Upon thy forehead, and thy heart did keep,
Like the rich perfume of the blossoms sweet,
Adam's first words of' greeting. Love crowned thee
With nobler grace than that of royalty.
Thus in that garden where the Past began,
Stood woman, helpmeet of the perfect man;

Who came as comes the blessed light of Day
To the dark Earth when Night had passed away.
All things were brighter for her being there—
E'en sinless Eden was itself more fair,
And Adam stood with grander mien of grace
To meet the marvel of that woman's face.
Hers the great calm of trust; serene she stood
In the pure majesty of womanhood,
Nor questioned ever which the greater, she
Or the man Adam. The great royalty
Of perfect purpose was around her there
In everything: in the sweet lucid air,
Thrilling with bird-song, pulsing with the light
Of the new-made Sun gleaming in the white
Face of the opening lily's flower,
And in the glory of that morning hour
When Earth is fairest; in the breezes low,
And in the music of the river's flow.
A hush fell on her spirit, to her soul
A deep sense of reverent worship stole,
Holding her heart captive. To be and do
That which is highest, holiest and true
Did her soul yearn for; self passed from sight,
As stars pass from our vision in the light
Of the glad Morning, when the golden Day
Laughs on the hilltops, and love held its sway
Over her soul, born with her perfect life,
And waked to music by the name of wife
When Adam spake. 'Twas then the Home had birth,
And for the coming races of the Earth
Brightened the future; it stood out divine,
Luminous with glory. The way did shine
As if sunlighted, and Eve's gladdened eyes,
Filled with the beauty of the earth and skies,
And the sweet greatness of her woman's soul,
Turned unto God and Adam, and the whole
Pure Eden atmosphere enfolding them
Breathed in an ecstasy of gladness when

Eve spoke, and the Day put fresh glory on,
And looked with prouder face unto the Sun;
The flowers seemed crowding closer as if near
They would bloom lovelier; all things hushed to hear
Her first earth utterance. 'Twas as if her lips
Were soul-anointed, and, self in an eclipse,
Saw God and Adam only, or, still more,
God's purpose in her being. A smile o'er
Her bright face stole, as does o'er the flower
Steal the glad sunbeam, while the hour
Tingled with beauty; and then, low and sweet,
As 'twere some blossom breathing at their feet
A perfumed melody, did Eve's voice break
The waiting silence, and at once did make
Sound perfect music. Ah! what words were these
Owning her joy in being? Symphonies
Of trust were they. Waiting to be and do
All that her God would have her. Adam, too,
With his white soul, strong, sinless, half divine,
Echoed her utterance, while at the shrine
Of her pure womanliness he, thought-wise,
Gave highest reverence, and his glad eyes—
His starry eyes-grew brighter as to him
His life's full completeness seemed to brim
Th' perfect cup of being. Two souls as one
Into that morning of Young Time had come;
She holding her own soul in her glad eyes,
He reading it in joy and sweet surprise,
Glad that God made him greater, giving her;
She, glad to be thus given, without a blur
Upon her new life's page, to find her place,
With the warm light of his proud, tender face
Shining upon her; and to walk with him
Within the path of Duty, sometimes dim,
But leading heavenward always. O divine
This self-forgetting! Woman, it is thine
To walk like Eve, self in eclipse, elate
In thoughts for others, great, most truly great

When thus thou livest, with no outreaching hand
Grasping for place and rule, feeding on husks
Of vain Ambition; waiting as in th' dusk
Of tyrants' power, when woman was a slave,
And then a plaything, and her heart the grave
Of noblest hopes, when vainly she sought to climb
The grand highways of Progress; for her time
Had not then ripened, deeds not blossomed yet
That should yield fruitage, though the soil was wet
With tears of struggling effort. But today
The darkness of that age has passed away;
In this great moment of the present she
May rule by might of gentle purity,
May tread the highways of man's highest thought,
Where the great battles for the Right are fought.
Open for her is every gate that leads
To God's grand purposes, where wisdom feeds
And the world brightens. Woman, be
Strong in the promise of thy destiny!
Earth hath no power to work for human good
So vast and grand as gracious womanhood.

Lazarus.

The day had broken fair o'er sleeping
Bethany. With diamond luster fell
The warm, bright sunshine o'er the swooning plains
And sleeping hills. The breezes, winged with
Coolness, with but the lightest pulses stirred
The Summer air, and the thinnest veil of
Quivering heat lay like a misty blur
On the bright landscape. Behind, fair as a
Dream, its pleasant slopes looking to the Sun,
As forth it came from the dusky arms of Night,
The lovely Mount of Olives rose, a
Tireless sentinel, where waved the pale,
Silvered leaves of sighing olive boughs, which
Shed their cool rain of shimmering shadows
Upon the summer-dried and thirsty soil.

'Twas here within these quiet streets, o'erarched
By waving boughs, and flooded with the song
Of birds, whose Summer nests were hidden by
The silver of the olive leaf, and by
The swaying palm, that Jesus often walked,
As bent his weary feet toward the loved home
Of Lazarus, where busy Martha dwelt,
And gentle Mary. Lovely was Mary,
Her white lids, with their long, golden fringes
Drooping above the clear azure of her
Wondrous eyes, beneath the perfect arch of
Her snowy forehead, her cheeks smooth-rounded,
And touched with dimples, like a child's, and a
Rosy flush sweeping in delicate waves
Across their velvet softness. Her lips were
Curved like the strung bow made ready for the
Arrow's flying; and gentleness lurked in
All their lines, and there sweetness lay cradled,
And soul of tenderness, transforming her,
Until it seemed as heaven shone in her

Lips and face. Bird-songs were not as sweet
As were her gentle tones, and her glad smile
Warmed one like sunbeams. And Lazarus loved
Her. She was his comforter and solace,
And hand in hand they oft did steal away
From bustling Martha's presence, and together
Talk of the lowly Nazarene, whose coming
Often blessed them, and whom they revered
As the Christ, the Son of God, and so Him did worship.
But now Lazarus, the beloved
Was sick. In all his veins the consuming
Fever burned. For days he'd tossed upon his
Couch, and oft his eyes turned a-seeking for
A presence that he missed, and his lips moved
Beseechingly; and yet no sound he uttered
For speech died there upon his tongue, slain by
The oermastering demon of Disease.
But Mary knew for whom his spirit yearned,
And in brokenness of her heart she murmured
Oft, "Why cometh not the Master?" But still
He stayed and came not.

On that morn the day

Had broken sultry. Not a single
Leaf stirred in all the pulseless air. The hot
Sun burned scorchingly, and steely lines of
Heat quivered before the vision. Not a
Cloud dimmed all the wide expanse of blue,
But all the world seemed swooning in the
Shriveling heat. The sick man moaned and in
His wild delirium tossed restlessly
Upon his couch. The window of his chamber
Opened toward Jerusalem, and lifting
Her white hand from his still whiter forehead,
Mary, when he had soothed him by her gentle
Touch, would rise with steps as noiseless as the
Wind's across a field of wheat, and from the
Open casement look, with eyes filled full of
Longing, down the long olive-shaded way,

Toward where the Holy Temple's towers were
Gleaming, and Jerusalem was cradled
In the splendor of the unhindered light,
Ever the same sad whisper upon her
Troubled lips: "Why cometh not the Master?"

The Sun sank lower, and dark'ning shadows
Fell on Olivet. Again the streets of
Bethany awoke to breathing life, and
Sounding footfalls came and went, and many
Stayed a moment at the door to learn of
Lazarus—was his fever less, and had
The Master, whom he loved, come yet to heal?
"Strange! strange!" they whispered, as they turned away,
"Why he doth tarry."

Night passed, and o'er the
Still gray heights Dawn pressed. The ashen olive
Leaves stirred tremulously in the faint breeze,
The purple shadows melted in the East,
Which grew warm with rosy flushes. Bright tints
Of amber and a crimson flood of light
Fell like a mantle on the towering
Heights, and the wide East waxed into the
Golden splendor of the new-born Day. The
Glory streamed in a long lance of living
Light, and fell upon the pillow pressed by
The pale cheek of Lazarus. Like a crown
It lay a moment on his forehead. But
His breath so feebly came that Mary bent
Her ear to list if breath were there. A quick,
Faint flutter, then his eye unclosed. His lips,
Moving in broken whispers, said, "Dear
Master, come!" Then like white snowflakes fell his
Heavy lids o'er eyes dim with the eclipse
Of Death. His chest ceased heaving. Then a swift, faint
Shudder ran through all his frame, and Lazarus
Was dead.

The soft winds came laden with the
Breath of violet and the lily white, and
Holding the coolness of the dew, and its
Light wings bore bird-song and the melody of
The happy lark, which made melodious
Pathway to the skies. Sweet incense rose from
The far Temple's altars, and their smoke looked
Like pale fingers pointing unto Heaven.
But Mary saw it not, nor took note of
The fair morning. Her young head, with its bright
Aureole of golden hair, was bowed upon
Her hands, which lay like white lilies on the
Couch where Lazarus slept. Not paler was
Her brother's pallid cheek than the snowy
Whiteness of her own, rounded to perfect
Beauty. Her lips were ashen, too, as they
Made moan: "Dear Master, hadst Thou been here, my
Brother had not died! " Yet still he came not.

Four days had passed-days sorrow-filled,
For in his stone-wrought Sepulcher had been
Laid away he whom Death had claimed,
Noble and well-beloved Lazarus. Martha
Was busy in the house, and sought to crush
Her sorrow in her daily tasks. Yet she
Wrought silently, and on her lips a strong
Fixed pressure hardened them to look of
Sternness. But Mary sat alone within
The chamber where Lazarus died, close by
The open casement, and with eyes fixed on
The familiar street, so often trodden
By the Savior's feet, as came He to their
Home to tarry with them for a night of
Rest; and now and then, as lifting her drenched
Lids she would make moan, "Where art Thou, Master?
O Lazarus loved thee well! and hadst thou
Been with him he had not died." Pale as the

Moon's white mist she sat so sorrow-touched, so broken
With her grief. But at length a step she hears,
And someone calls her name. She lists with heart
Throbbing tumultously: "Mary, the
Master cometh and calleth for thee." Swift
Riseth she, and with trembling feet makes haste
To seek Him.

O the sad beauty of His
Face! The pitying tenderness within
His eyes, as Mary, wan as pale moonbeams,
Falleth at His feet, and clutching at His
Garment's hem, cries sobbingly, "Hadst Thou been
Here my brother had not died."

What was it
Burst upon her ear, smiting her words, and
Hushing the pulses of her soul, and melting
It with tender pity for another's
Woe? O dying world, be still! O sin-cured
Earth! God's pitying love enfolds thee. That
Face divine that o'er the sorrowing
Mary bent was we with tears, for "Jesus
Wept." O holy Nazarene! O God made
Manifest in flesh! Thy love is round us
Like the atmosphere, and thou dost pour
The wine of Hope upon the troubled heart;
Breathe not, O winds! while breathless there
The gathered throng doth stand about the grave
Of Lazarus.

List, and let your hearts leap
'Mid your tears, and Hope touch Sorrow with her
Holy hand, lighting her eyes with gladness.
O all Earth's voices! be ye dumb while speaks
The Nazarene:

"I am the Resurrection
And the Life. He that believeth on me,
Though he were dead, yet he shall live." Mary

Has hushed her tears and risen to her feet;
Her eyes are fixed upon her Lord. A smile
Has touched her lips, and as one entranced she
Stands waiting His will:

“Roll ye the stone
Away!” All breathless stands the multitude,
While from the yawning Sepulcher the stone
Is rolled. Such silence then! No breath or sound.
A moment, and then with lifted hand, and
Mien majestic, Christ moveth toward the tomb,
And then the still air hears his voice ringing
With power. The waiting multitude close
Round. What do they hear? The singing-bird hath
Hushed its voice, and not a leaf stirred on the
Olive trees.

“Lazarus, come forth!” The
Multitude stood trembling, filled with a
Solemn awe. A shadow stirs within the
Sepulcher. A white-robed form is seen. It
Moveth slowly yet steadily, and lo!
Bound hand and foot, into the broad sunlight
Lazarus doth come. The crowd stirs not for
Wonder and for awe.

“Loose him and let him
Go,” low saith the Master. Then moveth Martha
Forward with swift steps to loose his bands,
And there upright in the bright day, the glow
Of health warm in his cheeks, and his eyes filled
With the radiance of strong manhood’s prime,
Death hath found its Conqueror.
Lazarus stands forth before them all.

What Am I?

Oh, I would love, could it but be, to take
This wondrous soul of mine within my hand,
And then with largest spirit vision stand
To learn the self of me, that which doth make
To thought, that of me which alone can slake
Its love and high ideals, true and grand,
Within th' infinite sea of being, and,
Stronger than Death to endless Life may wake,
When Time shall die, and Earth itself shall be
Less than a shadow, vanished endlessly.
Oh! I, what am I? Can I be a spark:
Dropped from God's being? A speck of thought dust-born
Into the mystery of earth life dark,
Waiting God's touch to bring life's better morn?
I am God-made, this truth I surely know,
And till God ceases I shall never cease,
And when for me shall end Time's restless flow
My soul shall reach the fullness of God's peace.
Gates Ajar. (1876.)

. . . I looked, last eve, upon the rosy bar
The sunset flung across the glowing West,
And wished some hand would set the gates ajar,
And let me enter through them into rest.
Yet would I go, life's labor still unwrought
And hope for heavenly joy and holy calm?
Could I thus gain the rest for which I sought
If, faithless here, I had not won my palm?

Faith. (1878.)

My bark is drifting toward a shoreless sea—
The great grand ocean of the vast To Be.

And by and by Death's tidal wave shall surge,
And bear me far beyond Time's outer verge.

No starry light my mortal eyes shall see,
For they shall close in sightless mystery.

And standing dumb upon that waveless shore,
No human voice shall reach me evermore.

Over the waveless sea of Silence, pale,
Dead, yet undying, I shall turn my sail.

How shall I reach my port, how guide my bark
Across the trackless waters, soundless, dark?

O dead, blind eyes! O dull, unlistening ears!
O luring phantom sails of faithless fears!

Ye cannot wreck my bark, ye cannot make me stray
A single league from out the sure, safe way!

For lo! a silver thread from out the cloud
Of darkness that lies round me like a shroud!

A silver thread, a shining oar is seen,
White-winged pilot stands the sails between.

Clear-visioned Faith! he makes the darkness light,
And lo! Celestial shores burst on my sight.

Soul-speech. (1880.)

Words cannot write the poem which was flung
Last eve, in sunset rhythm, on the sea and beach—
The great calm sea where scarce a ripple sung,
And only low-voiced waves the sands did reach.

In some fair Sometime yet to come
Shall not the poet learn new tricks of speech?
Words that shall have soul, color, warmth and light,
And pulsing fire, and quick thrills such as now
Are but the intangible essence of unspoken thought?—
Thought-words can no more clothe than can the hand
That guides through fresh Spring furrows the sharp plough,
Clothe the dead bones the plough upturns with aught
Of life.

Shall we for aye thus voiceless stand,
Mocking emotion with the shallow thing
Which we call speech? Dumb, voiced with emptiness
It is, filling the soul no more than does the stone we fling
Into the great sea fill all the bosom of the deep;
No more than does the mote, which in the sunbeam floats, fill
All of space.

O soul-speech! not until we sleep
And wake to higher life shall it be ours,
Full-voiced and sweet as God's own lips had spoke,
Breaking the silence which this life has never broke.

Transfiguration. (1882.)

The fog crept up and covered all the hills,
As if God trailed His mantle from the heights,
The lofty mountain heights that stood beyond,
Transfigured in the glory of the sunset lights.

Ah! how shall words paint colors such as those?
How frame the sunset glory in mere sound?
The ruby walls, the jasper peaks which rose
Above the shrouded hill-tops like a crown?

'Twas like a new creation! no more uplift
Were the bare, frowning mounts that through the day
Had walled us in. Their cold gray peaks,
Their rock-ribbed fronts, they all had passed away.

And there, as if the gates had dropped ajar—
The gates that lie upon the Border Land,
Disclosing to Earth's vision all the heights
Where God's redeemed in the new life shall stand—

Uprose the mountain in a flood of gold,
Luminous as the Sun, with banks where flowed
Rivers of rubies, sapphires melted down,
And all outspread where peaks of amber glowed.

Below, the cold gray fog spread like a sea,
A pall between me and the mountain grand,
Even as Death's darkness lies between us here
And the bright glories of the Better Land.

The World's First Christmas. (1882.)

Under the starry skies, outspread like a
Glorious curtain o'er the sacred hills
And fair green plains of Judea's holy land,
Watching their flocks, the ancient shepherds sat.
The tinkling waters of a silver brook
Made melody beneath the graceful palms;
The dark-hued olive dropped its ashen leaves,
Raining soft shadows on the crystal stream
Whereon the moonlight slept, while the far stars
Looked down, as to another heaven, where
Jordan rolled, and where Gennesaret's pure
Waters lay, world-starred, mirroring the
Midnight skies.

Men of such noble mien those
Shepherds were, with kingly brows, where thoughtfulness
Enthroned marked every line, and reverent
Faith shed, like a halo, light upon each
Dark Jewish face, touching them with such look
Of grand repose as if their souls were
Anchored fast unto some living hope.
Since fell the twilight they had sat and mused,
Not as in sullen silence, but as those
Who ponder some great thought, and turn it o'er
And weigh it well, and view it in all lights,
And by some subtle process of the mind
Sift it free from sophistry and darkful
Doubts, till, like the Sun, unclouded as its
Noon, it shines forth unhindered in the light
Of clear, unquestioned truth.

At last, of these
The eldest, he with long, dark, flowing beard,
And eye bright as the fires that burned on
Jewish altars, spoke. Ben Ezra was his
Name. His tone was full of fervor, and his
Speech dropped hope like dew, breaking the stillness
Of the quiet hour, so that the echoes

Woke and murmured o'er his speech:

“Brothers, we

Know the prophets well, for day by day, through
The long years since childhood's morn, in our down-
Sitting and up-rising we have conned
Them o'er, and we have talked upon the
Hillsides green, and by the running brooks in
The bright noontide, and in the starlit hours
When the clear heavens seemed whispering of
Peace, of Him the Prince of Peace, whose conling
For we wait. Last night I dreamed, as silver-
Lipped the stream murmured in its melodious
Speech of running waters beside me where
I slept, the emerald grasses for my
Pillow, and the starlight dropping in a
Tender flood of radiance, while the Moon
Hid her bright face for a few moment' space
Behind the shining whiteness of a cloud.
All yesterday, you know, our speech was full
Of Him for whom all Israel waits—the
Mighty One, the Promised, who shall bring to
deliverance from Caesar's yoke, and
Make Jerusalem again the glory
Of the Earth. Well, as I said, I slept; my
Sleep at first profound and dreamless; then
Something seemed to touch me, and my inner
Senses fill with beatific vision.
Like Israel, our father, in the
Ancient days, I saw down-reaching from the
Starry heavens a ladder, with its rounds
Of light, like the spun gold of sunbeams. 'Twas
Slender as the spider's web, and yet it
Shone, lighting the night with radiance that
Dimmed the brightness of the moon, so bright the
Brightest sunbeams of the noon would have seemed
Black beside it; while down it came, descending
With a step as light as Summer air, with
Face o'ershadowed with cherubic wings, and

Form enwrapped in robes of trailing glory,
Fairer than the white light of the awak'ning
Day, an angel messenger. I felt its
Breath upon my spirit, as whispering
With a still small voice it said, "The blessing
Of the Highest, O son of Israel!
Rest on thee and on thy people, for lo!
The fullness of the time has come, and
Zion's king is waiting at her gates."
Scarce had Been Ezra's story ended, while
His listeners sat in wondering silence
Round him there, when lo! the heavens grew bright,
The infinite skies stood wide asunder,
And a glory that was not of Earth
Lighted the hills, and all the plains waxed
Into splendor, and before them stood a
For in whiteness brighter than the Sun, and
More irradiate than diamonds in
Its lustrous shining. With open wings spread
Wide, it came downward from the midnight skies.
"Fear not," it said, and its angelic speech
Was like the melody of song, "for unto
You I bring glad tidings of great joy; for
Unto you is born on this glad day the
Savior promised, which is Christ the Lord." The
Angel ceased, and lo! such multitude of
Heavenly hosts from the invisible
Deeps of air outsprang, it seemed as Heaven
Had down-dropped to the Earth, and all its
Glory poured upon the sacred hills of
Judea, and the Earth waked to their music;
Not an echo but seemed angel-tongued. Birds
Filled the trees and trilled melodies of Eden;
The rivers were like lutes and poured melodious
Symphonies of waters; every breeze-
Touched leaf was lipped with song, and from the
Flowers unfolding there arose from 'midst
Their dewy petals a tide of fragrant

Incense, with sweet, harmonious undertone
Of praise.

But over all rang the angelic
Chorus, "Glory to God in the highest
And on Earth peace, and good will to men!"

II.

O angel hosts above Judea's hills,
The Earth drinks in the melody you pour
Through all the starry spaces. The hills lift
Up their heads as they would thrust them
Farther heavenward, and wave their cedars
In bannered gladness. The little brooks leap
Down and their waters pour in hallelujahs,
While fresh melody is hid in Jordan's waves.
O hour so fair, so full of flowery fragrance,
Poured like incense sweet on Night's dim altar!
What means the glory of that rising star?
Like God's eye it shineth in the East, and
The starry spheres fall on their faces as
It brightens when the world worship. Even
The air is pulseless, and a smile is on
Nature's face as if God's hand had touched her.
Ah, and it hath! God's self is there. No eye
Did see His coming, but as a little
Babe at Bethlehem, God hath put on the
Garments of our flesh, and angels pour the
Melody of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Cradled With God.

(Lines on the death of a little child, 1885.)

We call thee dead, sweet baby, but our earthly eyes are blind,
We cannot look beyond the twinkling star,
Unto the land with golden gates ajar,
Where life and light in endless glory shine.

Thou art not dead! Thy little life, so sweet, so pure, so fair,
Just budded here, and then an angel. came.
We call him Death—we do not know the name
He bears in Heaven among the bright ones there.

He touched thy lips and breathed upon thy face till it grew white—
Thy little hands like folded lilies lay—
Oh, the sweet beauty of that breathless clay!
And then with him you vanished from our sight.

Blessed baby! Now thine eyes
Open wide in Paradise;
And the loving Savior's breast
Is the cradle for thy rest.

The Triune God.* (1887.)

How can I of the unconditioned reason?
What notion hath my understanding of
It save as negation vast of the
Conditioned? Yet consciousness premises
It, and reason holds it fast as truth
Positive, truth apprehended and
Perceived, while yet beyond the full grasp of
Our finite comprehension. Yet bid me
Prove that I the infinite can conceive
Of as a thing positive, a something
Possible, and argument is dumb; she
Hath no words to show through speech of
Logical deduction the modus
Operandi of her thought. I only
Say my consciousness attesteth this, for
Of my consciousness it is fact ultimate;
Therefore, as well might you bid me to
Ascertain "What is it that precedes the
First," or what supports the firm foundation,
As to make plain to you the process of
My knowing.

Vainly the finite seeks to
Span the infinite, and dark the way it
Wanders, until lost to all thought save the
O'erwhelming one that at the end of what
We know lies something more that we know not.
On this far frontier shall we stand and reach
No farther? As we feel the infinite
Beyond us and above o'ershadowing
Us, like God's spirit o'er wide Chaos brooding,
Shall we turn backward feeling all effort
Vain for the mind to further strive? Shall we
Grovel in the finite, saying all beyond
Is dark, unknowable? No! there is still
A pathway we may tread, leading the mind
To where it may o'erleap the finite.

Following this path, no limitless
Abstraction do we vainly seek to grasp,
Nor do we to no vast unclothed infinity
Outreach, at which the mind is staggered; but
Here we may lay hold of personal
Infinity, all clothed in gracious
Attributes, boundless in love and mercy,
Unlimited in all things, omnipotent
And omnipresent, filling heaven and
Earth, and through Him we truly may conceive
The limitless, e'en as we apprehend
The boundless sky, which we but see in part,
While its far bounds are set beyond our
Utmost vision. Comprehend we may not,
But we may humbly know and worship God,
Infinite and eternal, seeing him,
The invisible, through far-visioned faith,
Not face to face, with full sight comprehensive,
But "as through a glass darkly." Meanwhile our
Consciousness, with still, deep voice, which naught can
Hinder, naught can hush, proclaims God is, and
Him conceives of as the Eternal,
Unconditioned Cause of all things. Thus, that
God is we know, and knowing we may read
Of Him. The star-sown skies in shining
Alphabet write of creative power;
The mighty mountains voice omnipotence,
And the wide sea, in never-resting waves,
Activity eternal does proclaim.
While the round Earth, set 'mid the starry spheres,
Circling through space illimitable, speaks
Of infinitude.

Yet still how weak our
Cognizance, how small our knowledge of the
Eternal One. Eternity may shed
Its dews of knowledge on us, and the light
Of God's presence shine around us there,
"Unhindered and undarkened by a sun,"

Refulgent in its glory, and we may
Rise from throne to throne of higher heaven;
But still above us, oershadowing the
Universe, and holding in His hand stars,
Suns and systems, and shaping by His
Universal will all life, all law, sits
The Eternal, while all the hosts of heaven
Veil with their shining wings their faces from
His ight, bending in worship.

But while with
Winged sweep the ages roll through the bright
Effulgence of eternal years, God's works
And ways shall we essay to know, yet
Vainly strive to compass. Our light will be
Like shadow to His light, and all our knowledge
Be to His as is the dewdrop to the
Ocean vast. In all eternity there is
No mighty Pisgah for our thought to
Climb, where we may stand oerlooking the wide
Sweep of Infinite Intelligence and
Of Eternal Purpose, and proclaim no
Higher knowledge lies beyond us to attain.
Like the stray particles of light which God's
Hand takes up and fashions into starry
Spheres, so shall we take up knowledge, yet not
Absorb it all, no more than all the worlds
Of myriad stars consume the brightness
Of the effulgent Sun, or equal it
In glory. As well might we seek infinite
Space to span with our small fingers, or cast
The plumb-line of our thought to measure its
Far deeps where not an atom floats, where stars
Cease circling in its worldless void. With
Reverent hands, and faces filled with holy
Awe and wonder, shall man redeemed turn
The vast volumed pages of His Providence
And power, and find still ever added
Pages through eternal years, and, kneeling,

Worship in o'erwhelming adoration,
Feeling to old Eternity sublimer
Bliss in knowledge gained, while still upborne by
Wingéd Progression to high and higher heights
Unending, where God more of Himself reveals.
How then, O feeble child of Time! conditioned
As thou art, and thick-hedged round with mortal
Hindrances, thy vision darkened, seeing
But in part, dost thou with feeble voice
Proclaim God is not what His own Word declares—
The Triune One! the Christ who walked with Adam
In the pleasant shade of Eden's garden,
Who trod the fiery furnace with the
Faithful three of Israel's sons, and who
With Abraham, of faithful souls the
Father, on Mamre's plains talked face to face,
Discoursing of His purpose toward wicked
Sodom, and who from Manoah's startled
Sight uprose to heaven on flaming pathway.
Wilt thou deny because the mystery
Of the godhead is beyond thee? Is this
The daring yet unspoken language of
The thought: "God cannot be beyond what man
Can think. Reason no such Being complicate
Can understand, and therefore it is not?"
And, questioning farther still, doth say, "How
Could the Almighty thus withdraw Himself
From this wide universe, and clothed in flesh,
Tread earthly fields through many-changing years?
And how can God be God, the Father and
Yet Son Divine, eternal?"

Canst thou explain what God is, or set in
Jeweled language how He no beginning
Hath, yet is and was and shall be? Or when
He on awful Sinai stood, His
Feet shod with earthquakes, until the smoking
Mount cried out in thunders, while He with His

Meek servant Moses talked, and saw the Dawn
And close of forty earthly days, as He,
Jehovah, communed with him there, how still
He held sway in heaven, and by the forces
Of His mighty will kept all the star-spangled
Universe circling through space, each sun and
System revolving round its center?
Was heaven meanwhile unlighted by His
Glory? Did all the angelic hosts in
Silence, soundless and profound, stand
Speechless, and hell itself rejoice that for
The time God's presence was not felt where Hate
Rebelled against its power? Did he, the
Humble Gallilean, speak but in bold
Assumption when He himself as "from
Above" proclaimed, while men "are from
Beneath,"
And bade them with His voice, "Come unto me?"
Was it as man the prophets spake of Him
When crying in the wilderness, as herald
Of the Christ, he of Him said: "The Lamb of
God behold, who taketh the world's sins away?"
Or was it but a human soul that passed
From cross-crowned Calvary when the Earth was
Rent in horror, and from the opened graves
The dead came forth, and the Sun hid its face
Above the Crucified?
O world without a Saviour! The sin-burdened
Soul shrinks from the thought. But all the ages
Down, in symphony as sweet a heaven's
Music, swept from the harps of high archangels,
Sounds the Christ-voice to fainting souls:
"Ye believe in God—believe also in Me."

Our Unseeing Eyes. (1892.)

We talk of marvels that our eyes have seen;
Of world-old pyramids defying Time;
The gray and sad-eyed Sphinx with stony gaze,
Looking the bleached sands of the desert wastes
Across; of Memnon, who, with each rosy
Morn's first kiss of light, breaks that deep spell of
Silence to breathe one strain of melody
Into the ear of the young Day, waking
Within the cradled gold of Sunrise;
Of mighty Alps, the throne of rushing winds
And awful avalanche-mountains the stars
Companion with, and which know the mystery
Of the upper air; of the dread thunders with
Cloudy hands beating against the stars—
Sentinel heights, moveless in majesty.
We talk of leaping, foam-lipped cataracts
Pouring the mad anthems of their watery
Tides, and of great surging seas with billows
Bellowing to the storm, as if afar
Our steps must pass to behold Earth's wonders.

O blind! for our eyes are hid from seeing,
We note not where God walks, nor where His hand,
Under our very feet, before our eyes,
Works daily miracle. This tiny blade
Of grass; this opening flower; this perfect
Leaf are marvels wondrous. This tall tree
Half heavenward lifted, catching the light
Among its boughs, its leaves burnished with gold,
And answering to the kiss of the soft breeze
With tremulous whispering, is God's thought
Made manifest. The color of the rose;
The fragrant purple of the violet;
The whiteness of the perfect lily's bloom,
And the sweet gaze of pansies looking up;
The morning-glory's bells swung on the vine,

Hanging 'twixt Earth and Heaven, as waiting
The touch of angels to ring celestial
Melodies; the perfect painting of the gay
Poinsettia's leaf, glowing as the sunset;
The lotus, dreaming by its sleeping tides;
The pink, rosy as the cheek of beauty;
The orange when its buds do burst
Into a rhythm of glad fragrance sweet;
The purple of the heliotrope, with
Breath like the frankincense burned on altars
Old; the varied bloom, like that which blazing
Shines in the fire-opals of the far-off
Orient, seen 'mid the many hundred
Petals gay of that proud flower which blooms
Through the long months of Autumn-time;
The green and lace-like fern delicately
Wrought, each hair-like line filled with perfection—
All these are marvels we oft fail to note,
Though thick as golden sunbeams round us spread.

O the mystery of Growth! of color
And of form! Soundless the little blades creep
Up and lengthen day by day; noiselessly
Does the rose unfold its tiny bud and burst
Into full flower. Silently the tree
Springs from the soil, uplooking to the clouds,
And the green leaf unfolds unto the light,
And round us everywhere the miracle
Of growth expands without our heeding it.
Truly, O brothers! are we not blind indeed?

The World's Story. (1897.)

O would that we could know the mysteries
Of far-off times; the many hidden ways
Of long-dead feet; could look with vision clear
On that far morning when the world was young,
And men built pyramids which face today,
And first the skies upon the silent Sphinx
Looked down in their own voiceless wonderment.
O shadowed Past! the ages wrap thee round,
Yet ceaselessly hath moved unresting on
The procession vast of men and nations,
And graves are sown upon the earth as thick
As heaven's own stars. Cities are but motes
Upon the breast of Time, blown by his breath,
Crumbling to dust of years as doth Decay
Gnaw at them with his tireless tooth, munching
So hungrily. The Nile sweeps onward and
Growth dreams in its arms, and smiles the land
Beneath its tender touch, and break:s into
Its joyous blossoming as when of old
The infant Moses, rocked by its tide, lay
In his little ark upon its breast in
The cool shadow of the rushes growing on
Its banks, and proud, great-templed Egypt held
His race in bondage. But that old Egypt long since
Did darken. O cruel Time, with
Thy large, hidden eyes turned ever to the
Future, gorging thyself upon the Present,
Today the morsel which they hungry maw
Insatiate seizes, what of the vanished
Nations which thou hast known and nursed upon
Thy ample lap? What of the world's heroes
That have lived, moving the world with their great
Might of mind, shaping the destinies of
Peoples before whom trembled Tyranny
And toppled the Oppressor's throne, while his
Armies melted like the mist before the

Dawn? Prophets and priests that stood before the
Young world's altars are no more. The glory
Of many kingly crowns melted before
Rome's mighty Caesars. Freedom for ages
Trode the groaning earth, robed but in sackcloth.
The clash of arms and the tread marching
Armies drowned all the air, and Liberty
Lay in a death-like swoon for centuries.
O storied Past!. O prehistoric Past!
O days that are and days that are to be,
When God's recording angel shall have laid
Aside his pen, and written "Finis" on
The last full page of Time, shall then the luster
Of men's later deeds brighten, like some great
Sun, the whole world's story? Will God then say,
'Tis well, the sun is good and th' eternal
Years will round to greater perfectness, to
Vaster worth because man was and is and
Shall be? Earth's dross is lost; and lo! behold
The godhood in man brightens gloriously!

The Rainbow. (1880.)

A little girl came to me yesterday,
 With eyes as blue as our own shining skies,
 And in them lay such look of glad surprise—
 “O tum wif me! Dess where I was at play,
 There’s tummed a rainbow wif such lovely wings,
 ‘Tis dess the boofulest of things!”

I took the dimpled hand in mine, and led
 Through the bright garden paths, I came
 Where on a white rose, like a living flame,
Fluttered a gold and scarlet butterfly—
 A miracle of color—embodied light aglow,
 Swayed by the breeze so softly to and fro.
 “Poor ‘ittle rainbow! it has lost its way,
 I saw it drop right down from out the sky;
Say, don’t you fink if I should only say
 A ‘ittle prayer that Dod would hear, and fly
Right down for it? I fink that I will try.”

Then kneeling down, with white and folded hands
 Upon her bosom like the seal of peace,
 She prayed its wanderings might cease.
Her sweet faith hindered by no dark eclipse
 Of doubt, she had nor thought nor fear
 But that her words would reach the Father’s ear,
As they softly fell from her baby lips.
O for this living faith that childhood knows,
 Which holds for aye the golden gates ajar!
 O were this ours, we should not wander far
From the safe path where gates of peace unclose!

Fairyland. (1882.)

Under the old pine, lying asleep,
 Where shadows and sunbeams danced and fell,
And the soft winds played at hide-and-seek
 With the lily buds and the asphodel,
With her dimpled hands tucked under her chin,
 And her blue eyes folded beneath their lids,
Lay sweet little, dainty Ethel Wynn,
 While her lullaby-song the katy-dids
Sang soft and sweet, and the pine boughs stirred
 Lightly above her, and whispered low
To the gentle breeze, and a humming-bird,
 From the heart of a lily white as snow,
Sipped the honey-drop, then away it flew,
 Like a bright-winged rainbow through the air,
And lost itself in the sunny blue.
 But what sees Ethel lying there
Fast asleep 'neath the old pine tree?
 Ah, she has gone to Fairyland,
Where every beautiful thing you see.
 Now she sees a busy band
Of laughing elves, they have opened a door
 Into the trunk of the ancient pine;
Such cunning dresses were never wore
 By anything of human kind.
One has a coat of daffodil,
 And his cap is made of a sunflower leaf,
And he carries a cup which he hopes to fill
 With a dewdrop. Hi sword from a sheaf
Of grain he plucked, and a spider's web
 Furnished the silver for his shield.
Up he goes, singing; far overhead
Is a floor of a shining sunbeam made,
And there such a throng of fairies tread,
 And dance to the song of a bumble-bee,
And a grasshopper sits on his long hind legs,
 And hums the strangest melody,

But the fairies laugh and dance and sing,
 And you catch the scent of the apple bloom
 Which forms the vest of the Fairy King,
 And one wears a robe of lily leaves—
 She is the Queen of the fairy throng;
 Her crown is made of a baby's smile,
 Which she stole as she kissed his eyelids' down
 In the rosy light of the early morn.
 'Tis the brightest thing you ever saw,
 Fairer than pearls, or gold, or gems,
 The loveliest of all diadems.
 And one little fairy with sweet blue eye,
 And lips like a pretty rosebud's bloom,
 And hair like the gold of the sunset skies,
 Sits thoughtfully out in the light of the moon.
 What is she dropping downward now,
 Pure and white as the flakes of snow,
 Down on the little Ethel's brow—
 There, and everywhere they go.
 Guess if you can—why, don't you know?
 That is the Dream-fairy, and she flings
 Into our minds when we are asleep
 All of the wonderful, beautiful things
 That we see when our eyes are shut.
 She it is who gives us wings;
 She of all the fairies is the best, but
 One—out right under the polar star,
 Don't you see sitting the strangest of elves?
 Who is he? Oh, he's the dearest of all;—
 See if you can't think of his name for yourselves.
 No! then I'll tell you. When Christmas is here
 He is the fairy—Oh, now you know
 Santa Claus! But where are his reindeer,
 And his old fur cap and beard of snow?
 Oh, he leaves them up at the old North Pole,
 For he doesn't need them now, you see,
 The grand old fairy—Old is he?
 No; fairies, children, don't grow old

In the soft airs of Fairy Land;
 So, at least, I have been told.
Just by the touch of a fairy's wand
 All the wrinkles are smoothed away—
Only at Christmas time is he,
 Dear old fellow, wrinkled and gray,
For then he journeys o'er land and sea.
 But goodnight fairies; lying asleep,
Dear little Ethel, let her dream
 Of Fairy Land. Sometime we'll peep
And have a glimpse of them all again.

The Mamma And Her Dollies. (1884.)

Oh, dollies you are naughty,
And bad as you can be;
Such dreadful tricks I am ashamed
And very sad to see.

Sweet little Ruth, my bestest doll,
Sits still within her chair;
She doesn't spill her bread and milk,
Nor pull her sister's hair.

I'll put you in the closet, Bell,
And there you'll have to stay,
Because you struck your sister Rose
And took her peach away.

And naughty Rose I'll put to bed,
And close the shutters tight,
And shut the happy bird-songs out,
And all the pleasant light.

Now think of all that you have done
So very bad today,
Of how you teased each other,
And quarreled in your play;

And pinched poor Touser till he barked,
And hurt the kitty, too;
Such very dreadful naughty ways,
My dollies, will not do.

But when you are truly sorry,
My dollies I shall be
The gladdest mamma in the world,
And you shall come to me.

A Child Again. (1891.)

Sweet fancy makes me once again a child,
Glad in the green fields and fair June meadows sweet,
Starred with the buttercups and daisies wild
Where thistledown goes flying at my feet.

I'll find again, amid the grasses hid,
The groundbird's nest, and watch the cricket play,
And listen to the music of the katydid,
And hear the nightingale sing far away.

I see the woods behind the meadowland,
I hear the music of the running brook,
And shoulder high amid the grass I stand,
With leaf and blossom, each an open book.

Come to the hillside looking to the East,
The road runs just beyond it, and the pines
Rise cool and green, and to a welcome feast
Beckon the berries, where a cool spring shines.

The air is full of aromatic sweet,
Of piney odors and the happy tunes
Of bird and bee, and everything we meet
Seems breathing music through these afternoons.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in the shadow dim
Of the deep wood, is standing by the stream
That sings his psalms; I wonder if by him
The flowers are soothed when anything alarms.

The tall white birch-tree rises close at hand;
From out its bark we'll form a pretty cup,
And there above the little line of sand
Grow berries red with which to fill it up.

And there are acorns on the old oak boughs,

With “cups and saucers” for our happy play;
The black and yellow caterpillar plows
Through fallen leaves his quiet, happy way.

I find an apple in my pocket stored;
With pieces small I fill my acorn cup,
And in the saucer water drops I’ve poured,
And you and I will sit and drink them up.

And now, green-coated and with yellow vest,
A great toad comes and stares at us awhile,
And overhead a bird has built its nest,
As if to watch the opening blossoms smile.

We make believe, oh, that indeed is sweet!—
This “make believe” of happy childhood’s hours—
That we are grown-up folks, and for our feet
We have a carpet wrought of moss and flowers.

The massive boulders wall our parlor in,
Between their sides the cooling shadows lie,
And in one corner does the spider spin
A silken curtain ‘twixt us and the sky.

The smaller rocks make tables for our stores,
And stools on which to sit; the bee, we say,
We’ve sent for honey through the forest doors
That open wide to flowery hills away.

The golden butterflies are winged with light,
The merry cricket’s chirp is sounding clear,
We pause to watch the happy robin’s flight,
And the ant army that is coming near.

The “pussy willows” on their branches shine,
The dandelions look up with yellow face,
And clinging vines about the old rocks twine,
And overhead the squirrels run a race.

Our dinner plates are made of green oak leaves,
For tablecloth a bit of paper spread,
And never were there sweeter nuts than these
In the green beech boughs just above our head.

Our apple then we cut in many shapes,
And with our “make believe” we change them there,
Some into white bread, some to tempting cakes,
And all things wanted for our bill of fare.

Our dinner over and away we run,
Down to the beach “to wade,” and soon you see
Our shoes and stockings on the green banks flung,
And hear the echo of our careless glee.

And then the swings among the forest trees!
The glad see-saws, the hop and skip away;
The blind-man’s buff. Oh, pleasures such as these
Fill full of gladness all the summer day.

And then at home our mother’s dress we don,
And go a-calling just across the room
And our tall husband papa’s coat puts on,
And how we love him, through he’s just a broom.

Our dolls we dress and take them out to ride,
Down still, green lanes, all bright with flowers and dew,
And tell each other with a mother’s pride
The cunning things our dollies say and do.

Oh, I am glad to be a little child!
In wide green fields and fair June meadows sweet,
Starred with the buttercups and daisies wild,
Where thistledown goes flying at my feet.