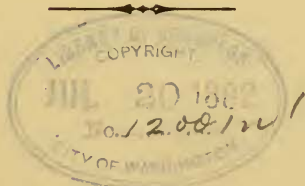


THE  
LIGHT OF PROPHECY,  
OR  
THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

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BY  
EDWIN A. HOLBROOK.  
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# THE LIGHT OF PROPHECY.

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## CANTO I.

### INVOCATION.

Immortal chieftains of the ages past,—  
Who struck for truth, nor yielded to the last,  
And then your thoughts in human hearts enshrined  
As guides and benefactors of mankind;  
Who on the heights above the valleys stood,  
And viewed all evil in the light of good;  
With eye prophetic hailed the noontide day,  
In whose bright light the shades shall pass away;  
Who from the sunny side of nature took your view,  
Eliminating from the false the good and true;  
Who saw dark streams of passion surge below,  
And into seas of blood and carnage flow;  
Those set apart to good, the vile to win,  
Apologizing in the ranks of sin;  
Proclaiming love and peace as man's true aim,  
Yet foremost in the ranks of war for fame;

He danger met, pain to alleviate,  
And without murmur yielded to his fate.  
His own soft hand had soothed the fevered brow,  
Though to the malady his will must bow.  
His life a mirror of the age to come,  
His name prophetic of millennium ;  
His love, his sacrifice the world admire,  
His deeds, his life, his thoughts my pen inspire.



## INTRODUCTION.

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John Howard's name is great, for he was good,  
Revered; for it is linked with brotherhood;  
He ranks as one of England's truest sons,  
Whose heart beat warm for all her suffering ones;  
Who gave the wealth that he inherited  
That hearts in sorrow might be comforted;  
Bequeathed his health, his strength, his life, his all,  
And died administ'ring to mercy's call.  
Being himself imprisoned for the right,  
The prisoner to cheer was his delight.  
For earth's unfortunates he dungeons braved,  
And many lost to penitence he saved.  
Salvation from earth's evils was his theme.  
His effort proved his theory no dream.  
Through peace he saw a nobler goal for man;  
And peace and mercy formed the God-like plan  
To elevate a world from sin's dark thrall,  
Imbue its laws with equal rights for all.

Who wrote of grace and peace in prose and verse,  
Then eulogized with lips the blis'tring curse,—  
As ye looked down upon a world below,  
And saw the conflict of man's weal and woe,  
And viewed the darkness in the light of day,  
And gave us records of your grand survey,  
Exalted now upon the mountains higher,  
Enlightened now by love's transfig'ring fire,  
Who in the glory of celestial light,  
That knows no shades of intervening night,  
Can view the valley of life's grov'ling plain,  
Its contrasts reconcile of joy and pain,  
Its bursts of passion, unrequited love,  
The murd'rous falcon and the cooing dove,  
The full soul longing for the reign of peace,  
But mocked and jeered until its efforts cease ;  
Ye shades of heroes, now with vict'ry crowned,  
Who lived to solve life's mysteries profound,  
Draw near to one who would discern the law !  
Be ye my guide, assist my pen to draw  
The line where mercy, truth, and justice meet,  
To make the law of recompense complete ;  
Lead me in wisdom where the truth transcends,  
And means are viewed with reference to ends :  
In realms of light beyond this narrow view,  
Give me, ye shades, the vision that is true.

Thus yearned my soul for wisdom and the light,  
To know the law and to be guided right.  
While struggling tow'rd the inner light there fell  
Upon each outward sense a mystic spell;  
And on my spirit sense in glory shone,  
A light, revealing things before unknown:  
Worlds sprang to light adorned with zones and  
spheres,  
And myriad spirits from the vale of tears;  
And from below, out of the vast unknown,  
Rose plains of life ascending with each zone,—  
With habitations where the spirits dwell,  
Commencing down within the lowest cell;  
With dark surroundings, incomplete and crude,  
That looked the dread abode of solitude;  
Yet where immortals, still in love with ill,  
Together mingle of their own free will,  
And waiting for the voice from circles higher  
To break the spell and waken new desire.

I saw each zone linked to the zone above,  
And to it looking for more light and love;  
Where homes and habitations grow more bright,  
Ascending upward until lost from sight;  
And spirit forms grew bright and brighter still,  
Clothed in the products of their own free will.

My spirit longed to interview more near  
Each spirit form, and learn of its career,

Each subtle tie that linked it still to earth,  
Each circumstance of death, of life, of birth,—  
All bearing still, with more or less degree,  
Upon each soul to shape its destiny;  
And in each sphere to learn what mem'ries blend  
Of deeds that hinder, or that upward tend;  
To know what born of throes of earthly strife  
Are here the elements of real life;  
To learn how sure is compensation's law,  
A chain without a missing link or flaw.

Thus musing, inspiration's fires burned,  
My spirit more the spiritual discerned;  
Sweet voices broke from out the ambient air,  
As though in answer to my inmost prayer.  
Before me stood a form of heavenly mien,  
His robes of light seemed glory's very sheen;  
The halo of his presence seemed so bright,  
'T was but an object for celestial sight;  
And brilliant stars seemed in the halo wrought,  
As emanations from his inmost thought;  
Yet, viewed more closely, counted one by one,  
They seemed but records of the deeds he'd done.  
He'd lighted up with cheer the pris'ner's cell,  
Removed the cause by which the victim fell;  
He'd to the fallen lent a helping hand,  
And had a brighter future for him planned;

Had dropped soft pity's tear o'er human woes ;  
Deemed those his friends whom others deemed as  
foes,—

Seen their surroundings, knew their adverse lot,  
Against them all the past remembered not ;  
And when stern justice had her victim claimed,  
In pity wept while others only blamed.

And now these stars had formed a circle bright,  
And ranged themselves in words of golden light,  
“He lived the Universal brotherhood !”

I knew that Howard's form before me stood.

And then his spirit to my spirit spoke :

“Out from the circle that your prayers invoke  
I come in answer to your inmost prayer ;

As prayers are answered only when and where  
The humble spirit in its firm desire

Moves other spirits in the circles higher ;

And then the light as from the central sun

Through others comes to thee : His will is done.

Spirits are messengers to do His will,

To answer prayer and prophecy fulfill ;

When strength through harmony with these is  
sought,

The soul finds help although he changeth not.

Thus much of prayer, I saw 't was in thy mind,

To know how prayers are answered to mankind.”

## CANTO II.

“And now I come to be thy angel guide,  
Descend with thee into the vasty deep,  
Where lowest flow of lowest human tide  
Begins its ocean journey tow’rd the shore,  
Where grov’ling spirits listless dream and sleep,  
As though the life begun would soon be o’er.

“Then we’ll ascend upon the spiral road,  
And learn the lessons of the circling spheres,—  
Each soul’s surroundings in its own abode,  
Its progress upward from the spheres below,  
Gained through experience and toil of years,  
What’s proved man’s friend, and what has been  
his foe.

And now transported by my will alone,  
In faith relying on my heavenly guide,  
I had descended to the lowest zone,  
Where spirit life begins its upward course,  
Struggling intent to keep the out-bound tide,  
And sometimes ebbing backward to its source.

I asked my guide to solve the mystery,  
Why life must struggle on so low a scale,  
For years must labor through the first degree,  
Must pass through discipline the most severe,  
And even then may in its efforts fail,  
And trembling backward shrink in servile fear.

Said he: "All life in lowest forms began,  
As nature's outgrowth when the world was crude,  
A germ of progress to develope man,—  
From rudimental rounding out complete.  
In each degree the old life is renewed,  
The new is added, and the chain concrete.

"And transmigration is the doctrine true,  
To lower forms that to the higher tend;  
Life from the old is added to the new:  
The old and new linked in the circle higher;  
Neither is lost but mutually ascend,  
And higher forms are born of new desire.

"But when the life develops to a soul,—  
A soul that's one and rounded out complete,  
With will and wisdom that can hold control,  
And self-sustaining like the worlds in space,  
In which the elements of nature meet,  
As self-controlling planets keep their place,—

“There ’s from below no transmigration then ;  
Souls are *transmitted* as the bodies are,  
Of parents born, and are the sons of men,  
And if they ’ve reached the self-sustaining line,  
They pass to spirit forms and circles, where  
The soul must upward tend tow’rd the Divine.

“Though all is dark, no memory extends  
To former states on transmigration’s line ;  
With this new consciousness sweet mem’ry  
blends,—  
Joys, sorrows, friendships of this vale of tears,  
By it transmitted with the life divine,  
Shall sweeten friendship’s tie through all the  
spheres.

“On transmigration’s plains, towards the higher,  
All rudimental souls in parts remain ;  
Transmission’s plain brings mem’ry and desire,  
Of faculties complete these are the last ;  
These rounded up shall in full self-hood reign,  
Cognizant of the future and the past.

“But here no arbitrary line is drawn  
Between the brute below and human kind ;  
Where blend the two immortal light may dawn,



Each by its rays be guided for a time,  
Each with some wisdom, will, and strength of  
mind  
May leave the earth and seek the spirit clime.

“And for a little season well they run,  
The lower tending always back to earth;  
And when their work in spirit form is done,  
Their mission ended in the circles lower,  
Their higher progress comes through human  
birth,  
And then returning to the spirit shore.

“Likewise some spirits that you here behold  
Are men who prematurely entered here,  
And now give signs of growing feeble, old;  
Their spirit force of love and light is gone,  
And soon will end their dark and sad career,—  
See tow’rd the earth some now are journeying on.

“These will to earth, and for a season seek  
New habitations for a place of rest,  
Use earthly forms, through others’ organs speak,  
Their limbs distort, their forms depress to earth,  
Dethrone the reason of the one obsessed,  
And seek at last another human birth.

“ As demons by the sea of Galilee  
Their victims left before the Voice Divine,  
Then from the path of progress sought to flee,  
And hoped to eke out life a little span,  
By using bodies of the herd of swine,  
Ere they anew progressive life began.

“ And now, returning from the earthly shore,  
I saw a band of spirits circling near,  
Who 'd entered on their spirit life before,  
And prematurely sought to reach the goal;  
But these seemed tending to a higher sphere,  
Through greater strength and harmony of soul.

“ But on this dark and lower plain I saw  
Dark spirits gather from the world of sense,  
The victims of progression's broken law,  
Striving to reap where they had never sown,  
In disappointment making recompense,  
No spirit guides,— forsaken and alone.

“ As in the hive built up by industry,  
With honeyed sweets, the fruit of summer's toil,  
As winter's food for but the faithful bee,  
And none but those that labor well can thrive,  
The drone attempts to fatten on the spoil,  
And finds himself ejected from the hive.

“ These are the hells with raging fires within,  
Where clashing elements in conflict dwell,  
Where souls grown limp upon the fruits of sin,  
Striving in vain to pluck forbidden fruit,  
Breathe from themselves the atmosphere of hell,  
Whose pleasures are in common with the brute.

“ The fires here continually do burn ;  
Their fuel from the earthly sphere supplied ;  
While many spirits back to earth return,  
The few, refined as gold from out the dross,  
Have strength in spirit progress to abide,  
‘ And saved, though they themselves have suffered loss.’

“ This is the lowest sphere of life, between  
The zones of outward and of inward life,  
Where both the penitent and weak are seen ;  
The one advancing but by slow degree,  
The other tending back to earthly strife,  
A hell, from which all struggle to be free.

“ This state, as sometimes seen by modern seers,  
As Dante, Swedenborg of much renown,  
A state of evil fixed to them appears,  
And not permitted to the view beyond,  
The outward seeming, is a sinking down  
In endless sin, with hells to correspond.

“ But deeper vision sees the fires expire,  
When each soul wills no longer to remain,  
But flee the place, or cleave to circles higher,  
And leave to coming souls to take their place ;  
As thou perceiv'st there is no lower plain,  
No final evil to the good efface.

“ That good enstamped upon the human sense,  
And lived in prospect when the human germ  
Was in the lowest planted, and from whence  
'T was destined upward in the scale to rise,  
And made life sacred in the grov'ling worm ;  
Ever the evil as an end defies.

“ There is a depth to which man's sin may lead,  
But goodness bounds for aye all depths below,  
So back through evil may the soul recede,  
And step by step its errors may retrieve,  
But through the bounds of goodness cannot go,  
Deceive itself, but love cannot deceive.

“ 'T was from the low, the higher to evolve,  
That God incarnate in progressive forms,  
Caused systems, worlds, and planets to revolve ;  
To law and order brought chaotic strife ;  
From molten seas and elemental storms  
Carved out the myriad grooves of sentient life ;

“Fixed cycles for the outward life to run,  
Progressing upward as the worlds mature,  
Returning oft to where it first begun ;  
And inner cycles fixed to correspond  
For inner life that shall for aye endure,  
And seek its source through progress far beyond.

“Though step by step the progress may be slow,  
And life’s experiments may often fail,  
The soul turn back in bitterness and woe,  
Yet as it cannot in inaction rest,  
Another trial will at last prevail,  
’Tis Wisdom’s plan, and Wisdom knoweth best.

“But wisdom only acts through wise design,  
And that design defies all incident ;  
And since the planning wisdom is Divine,  
No force exists but by His mighty will,  
Hence none can baffle the Divine intent,  
Nor change the end designed from good to ill.

“Though hells are many, yet their fires of wrath  
Are not consuming, as to thee appears ;  
They but remove the stubble from the path  
Where harvests have been sown and gathered in ;  
And though the soul may sow and reap in tears,  
Still unconsumed remains the good within.

“The love of evil may predominate,  
And social life may also correspond,  
And thus upon a plain degenerate,  
Pleasures may correspond to that degree ;  
The soul feel satisfied, nor look beyond,  
But where the evil is the good shall be.”

And here the valley intermediate,  
The under-world of spirits, passed from view,  
And mem'ry lingers o'er its saddened state ;  
Its horrid specters haunt my spirit still,  
And only contrast with the good and true,  
Viewing as good in less degree the ill,—

As fore-ordained in wisdom's forming plan  
To bring from lower states to higher goal  
The crowning good,—creation's capstone, man,  
Through Love Divine and wisdom incarnate  
In lower forms, the great embodied soul,  
My soul is satisfied, resigned to fate.

But trembling still between life's hopes and fears,  
I from the pall of darkness turned away ;  
And light, down-streaming from the upper  
spheres,  
Revealed new scenes of brighter joys above,  
As through the night the mourner waits the day,  
And comfort seeks in everlasting love.

## CANTO III.

My guide upon my meditation broke,  
And beck'ning tow'rd the upward winding way,  
I from my painful revery awoke,  
Obeyed his bidding, and the power of will  
Soon brought us to a higher plain, where lay  
An open vista bordered by a rill.

Low grasses, strange and stunted shrubs appear,  
A few moss flowers from tiny buds begin  
To partly open ; and the atmosphere  
Exhales some incense as the flowers ope ;  
First stream we'd seen for the parched tongue  
of sin ;  
First flowers to cheer the longing eye of hope.

By quick ascent we gained a rising ground.  
A plain of life appeared o'er which I gazed,  
Of vast extent, no finite eye could bound,  
Stretching away beneath still brighter skies ;  
Far in the distance suns and planets blazed ;  
Progress was here with all the word implies.

For serried ranks of beings walked the plain,  
All moving onward tow'rd the heavenly light,  
Each striving to some higher good attain,  
Whereby from circles low they hoped to reach  
Ever through merit the next circle bright  
In deeds of good, each being help to each.

And now I longed some interview to gain  
With beings here who from the earth had passed,  
And from each soul to learn what earthly stain  
Still to it clung, its progress to impede ;  
What virtues had its destiny forecast  
With light and love the soul to upward lead.

Then said my guide : " None here return to earth  
Except upon some useful errand bound,  
They 've passed the line of transmigration birth,  
Yet some researches they neglected there,  
Easier and sooner with success are crowned,  
Than in more subtle life and regions, where

" Results from causè are disconnected quite,  
And though results may follow in the spheres,  
Requires a nearer view to guide aright,  
Where truth with grosser form and substance  
blends  
And moments there are sometimes more than  
years,  
In subtler climes to which the soul ascends.



“And then the soul is anxious still to find  
What deeds of good are to its credit placed;  
How far they’ve served as blessings to mankind,  
And can be made to weigh on virtue’s side;  
How far results of evil can be traced,  
What remedy to them can be applied,—

“As when the worker views the work he’d done,  
To know if he has builded ill or well,  
If he as builder confidence has won;  
Or if the work some finish still require,  
That in his future interest shall tell,  
And prove the lab’rer worthy of his hire.

‘And in this sphere sometimes, to make amends  
For error past, or confidence betrayed,  
They travel earthward to their former friends,  
And often cause them to their will obey,  
In checking discord that their sin has made,  
And make more calm and bright their upward  
way.

“Thus must the spirit for results atone,  
Although repentance may remove the sin;  
Must reap in sorrow from the field it’s sown,  
And bear its share in all that it may yield;  
And only when the sheaves are gathered in  
Can the immortal reaper quit the field.

“This sphere to earth is bound by many ties,  
And has from earthly homes arrivals, more  
Than other spheres, and less’ning as they rise,  
And heavenly visitants to earth, grow less,  
Of friends and kindred who have gone before,  
As they advance in grace and holiness.

“This sphere is childhood’s home, and voices sweet  
Of innocents snatched from paternal care  
The mother’s heart doth cheer, and often meet  
The mother and the child, bereft of all,  
Each for the other fills the vacant chair,  
And love and duty blend at childhood’s call.

“And so the mother finds sweet substitute,  
In guardian care of infant life begun ;  
And with her charge will journey in pursuit  
Of weeping mothers, that her hand may bless,  
To mother’s arms return the little one,  
Until perchance she feels the soft caress.

“Behold, what tender love and sympathy  
Imbue the circles of the second sphere !  
What deeds of love to bring to harmony  
Each circle with itself, and to prepare,  
By discipline and constant culture here,  
For higher spheres and sweet communion there.

“All progress seems arranged to this great end,  
As guardian spirits from each higher plain,  
Upon the forms of lower life attend  
Good resolutions strengthen, and direct  
The falt’ring soul to rise in strength again,  
And walk in virtue’s upward path erect.

“Creation’s plan was to protect the good,  
And in it incident defects to cure,  
Through means of a progressive brotherhood,  
By its great agency dispensing light,  
To make the law of compensation sure,  
With an eternity the wrong to right.

“And so the circles of the worlds were made,  
To give to good eternal, ample scope,  
To be to evil as the sun to shade;  
All darkness in its warmth and light dissolve,  
And in the sunlight of celestial hope  
Immortals circle as the worlds revolve.

“His image mirrored in the myriad forms  
That people worlds and realms of life unknown,  
Gathered and gathering from the winds and  
storms,  
And tempests where the evil passions surge,  
And seas of death on which life’s bark is thrown,  
That from this ill may lasting good emerge.

“Thus disciplined, there’s good in evil’s power :

Without it virtue has no dwelling place,

And in the graces charity no dower ;

The highest gifts that render life sublime

Would all be wanting ; and a heartless race

Cleave to its end within the bounds of time.

“There could no immortality endure

In finite beings, worthy of a God,

Without earth’s pressing evils to mature

The inward faculties of heart and mind,

And but an aimless, listless, inert clod

Would be the highest type of human kind.

“Nor would the glory of the upper spheres,

To him be glory, if he’d never wrought

Into his soul, by discipline of years,

The fine appreciation, and the sense of right,

And carved through adverse fate the grooves of  
thought,

As night prepares the soul for morning light.

“The crowning glory of the Infinite

Lies in the products of his mighty will,—

In, out of darkness, bringing worlds to light,

In bringing motion from chaotic rest ;

In work, the mighty void with forms to fill :

So man in toil of heart and brain is blest.

“Then think not, mortal, of a means of grace  
To bring thee blessings without care and toil,  
For thee is work, and nought can take its place;  
By work the soul was destined for the skies,  
A substitute the plan Divine would spoil  
Himself in forms to individualize.

“Electric force is but the great world’s breath,  
With countless positives and negatives,  
As myriad points of life and points of death,  
The positive in everything prevails;  
’T is thus the universe itself still lives,  
And warmth and life drinks in, and death  
exhales.

“And with the world’s pulse beat each atom  
breathes,  
And with all atoms beats in sympathy,  
Each ever force inhales and force bequeathes;  
In friendly interchange both forces meet,  
And space cannot destroy the harmony  
When these electric circles are complete.

“The light and darkness are but varying phase  
Of this great element throughout all skies;  
And in it suns and planets burn and blaze,  
For this electric force itself is light,  
Where atmospheres the molecules polarize,  
And come in contact with the nerves of sight.

“So, in the subtler realm of mind and thought,  
All harmony results from active force ;  
Through will-power positive is wrought,  
And labor for adjustment must be done,  
So that the mystic fluid in its course  
May freely flow, and bind all hearts in one.

“As atoms must obey the same great law  
By which the planets move in harmony,  
And inner force alone has power to draw,  
And positive to all opposing incident,  
Through truth and love without hypocrisy,  
Souls form a union of self-government.

“This sphere of being is a field of work ;  
And none who join it from the spheres below  
Can in a thought or deed their duty shirk,  
Nor pass this circle to the one above  
Except their faith and zeal for truth they show  
In thoughts of goodness and in deeds of love.

“Hypocrisy, deceit, come of the ground,  
And without fruit of good must back return,  
As tinkling cymbals and an empty sound  
Are prayers but simply for the form of prayer :  
The fires of love that on the altar burn  
Will smell of incense where angels are.

“And deeds that come of over-soul desire,  
Breathed for the fallen and the destitute,  
Will raise a soul toward the circles higher;  
And prayer is answered in more hearts than one  
When, though the very lip and tongue be mute,  
The spirit breathes the prayer, ‘Thy will be  
done.’

“When prayers of love are crystallized to deeds,  
And all the altars of the soul are bright,  
And in the realm of human wants and needs  
The spirit strives and bears its genial sway,  
The spheres in harmony of will unite,  
And double blessings follow when we pray.”

## CANTO IV.

Kind reader, think not that I dwell too long  
On scenes near earth when glories beam beyond;  
So many objects here my vision throng,  
So many themes of thought arrest the sight,  
I can but to their urgent call respond,  
I hear the word and in obedience write.

Before me lie the bounds of life's short span,  
And as I'm nearing my three score and ten,—  
The twilight eve that bounds the life of man,—  
Still more intent I dwell upon the shore,  
As does the mariner, storm-beaten, when  
The beach he sights and knows his voyage is  
o'er.

And if my vision in thy soul can wake  
A firm reliance, as it has in mine,—  
If thou with me the feast of joy partake,  
And find thy faith and hope in good renewed,—  
See in the path of duty wise design,  
Thou mayst forgive me that I thus intrude.



Some wise men think it fore-ordained of Heaven  
To close the future life from mortal view,  
And so to mortals there's no sign been given,  
Lest with the present it might interfere,  
And so must rest on faith to deem it true,  
And trust the vision of the ancient seer.

That light too much might cause the soul to pine,  
And long for glories of the higher spheres,  
And man no longer could his soul resign  
To all the evils that surround him here,  
By self-destruction he'd cut short his years,  
And leave this vale of tears without a tear.

But such was not creative wisdom's plan,  
To link with life a goal of destiny  
So inconsistent with its sphere in man  
That from the one the other must be hid,  
And all the glories of eternity  
Be to his waiting, longing soul forbid.

Such are relations of that life to this,  
And in the progress so connected are,  
With all the means that lead to holiness,  
That certain knowledge of the life beyond  
Must lead to greater effort to prepare  
The soul by deeds that to it correspond.

Each sphere of life in harmony must be  
With what the knowledge of the future brings ;  
Each part must with each other part agree,  
So that the knowledge of a higher sphere  
Will guide the soul aright in earthly things,  
And give it strength to live its duty here.

If life beyond was but a life distinct  
From that on mortal, dying man bestowed,  
And with the lives and acts of men not linked,  
A gift of glory and an act of grace  
That down to passive man in glory flowed,  
His life and deeds to end and take their place,

Then man might rush unbidden to the feast,  
And, if the feast before the sight were spread,  
His soul might long from earth to be released,  
To end the ills within his pathway placed,  
Consign the mortal to its cold clay-bed,  
And onward to the feast of glory haste.

But all the light and joy to be attained  
By finite beings must from action flow,  
Through evils conquered and through knowledge gained,  
Through strength acquired, appreciation keen,  
The blessings surely come, however slow,  
Nor can be ever prematurely seen.

So let the suicide the lesson learn,  
Life not to spurn, but patient live its length;  
With greater zeal his heart to duty turn,  
Nor think to rush to blessings not his own;  
Greater the conflict, greater is his strength,  
Greater the harvest of the field he's sown.

Could men with open face the future view,  
And find their faith and hope to knowledge  
turned,  
Behold the state of those to duty true,  
Could see the blessing from the soul withheld  
Until through deeds of love the prize is earned,  
How soon all wrath and wrong would be expelled.

The future then would be reality,  
And form a portion of life's earnest plans,  
No longer doubting immortality;  
That knowledge with his acts would correspond,  
He'd make life joyful here with willing hands,  
By deeds that live to bless the life beyond.

Let but the miser view the upward road,  
That leads through golden light to bliss untold,  
How soon he'd drop the sordid, crushing load,

Recount his gains as alms, the poor to feed,  
His soul advance in value more than gold,  
And be from sin and selfish folly freed.

And give the proud aristocrat to know  
That all distinctions in the race he makes  
Are false and damning as the hells below ;  
That man is valued for his heart and mind,—  
When he the good promotes, the bad forsakes,  
He takes a higher rank among mankind.

When all shall learn that man's oppressors here  
Their own soul's future upward course retard,  
With all their gains they're sadly in arrear,  
And the oppressed will lead them on their way,  
The voice of justice they will then regard,  
And equity shall on the earth bear sway.

So when the world's great mystery's unsealed,  
And, in the light of true progression's laws,  
The pathway of that progress stands revealed,  
And man his future destiny there reads,  
Can see effects, and trace them back to cause,  
'T will more than governments and laws and  
creeds

Exalt the low, from pride bring down the high,  
Attune earth's discords into harmony;  
'T will heal the nations, hush the battle cry,  
Sweet love and charity no longer fail,  
And equal rights with truth and honesty  
Will in the social ranks of men prevail.

All hail, the dawn; millennial glory, hail!  
Forseen by prophets, ancient bards, and seers!  
When love and wisdom shall adjust the scale;  
The dawn shall come as darkness flies apace,  
And man shall see the glory of the spheres,  
And seek therein through love his dwelling  
place.

And men will meet upon the Sabbath day,  
And without fee will call upon the Lord;  
And some will volunteer to preach and pray,  
And all their words shall crystallize to deeds;  
And charities bestowed shall bring reward  
More than the millions spent on human creeds.

And in one body without creed or ism,  
And in one spirit shall all parts unite,  
And this shall be the church without a schism,  
In which one standard and one rule is known,  
Not of believing, but of doing right,  
With faith in goodness for its corner-stone.

And true religion with its friendly aid  
Shall bless with homes the poor and fatherless ;  
When all the millions now for dogmas paid  
Shall be supplied to succor the distressed ;  
Earth's pleasures shall increase, its woes grow  
less,  
As giver and receiver both are blest.

And mercenaries shall no more cry, give !  
That they themselves be sleek and plethoric,  
Until their victims may but barely live,  
Then give them homilies about the poor,  
And send them empty to the needy sick,  
With prayers to render their salvation sure.

But Christian truth a substance shall become,  
Its love and kindness not a mere ideal,  
Its holy place a sinecure to some,  
While others languish for their daily bread ;  
Its living shrines and altars shall be real,  
And not commemorative of the dead.

A hireling priesthood shall be known no more,  
Nor gorgeous palaces with spires and domes,  
Where men shall outwardly the Christ adore ;  
No more their wealth shall feed their vanity,  
But be bestowed on needy hearts and homes,  
The world have faith in true Christianity.

Christians shall meet with honest faith and zeal,  
And not to boast of special holiness ;  
For others' wants, and woes, and wrongs shall  
feel,  
And bring their surplus stores to their relief ;  
'T will be an offering that the Christ shall bless,  
Without regard to shade of men's belief.

The days primeval of the church return,  
When truth for progress asks no purse nor scrip,  
When love's bright flame shall on the altar burn ;  
When human hearts again shall be inspired,  
And deeper words than flow from tongue or lip  
Of hireling priests and prelates be required.

A true religion from the soul shall spring ;  
Its zeal and love shall every tongue inspire,  
And none shall tribute ask for priest or king ;  
No price be laid upon the words that flow,  
For warmth and light from love's baptismal fire  
On every altar of the heart shall glow.

Religion shall with science be combined,  
And youth be students in transmission's laws,  
Till better bodies for immortal mind  
Shall tread the flow'ry walks of this fair earth,  
And all enlist in nature's holy cause  
As man's redeemer from the taint of birth.

And, freed from all hereditary sin,  
In heavenly images these forms of clay —  
Temples of the Divinity within —  
Shall to a higher plain of life ascend,  
The world be saved as men these laws obey,  
Till Heaven and Earth shall in communion blend.

And truth alone shall be authority,  
And spirit teachings pass for what they are ;  
Man's normal plain, his will, identity,  
With reason ever his true friend and guide,  
Shall be the field of culture and of care,—  
By these alone all spirits shall be tried.

Hail, op'ning vistas ! hail, immortal light !  
The highest boon and choicest gift of Heaven ;  
Whose rays shall guide at last the world aright,  
More glorious than the wheeling orbs of day ;  
Last revelation, best to mortals given,  
To lead them upward on the heavenward way !

On primal man its first faint rays were shed,  
Then woke the latent gift of prophecy ;  
From bondage to the land of promise led,  
On Bethle'm's plains it shed its genial rays,  
And quickened faith along fair Galilee,  
Then oped the spheres to its resplendent blaze.



For this prophetic age the world must wait,  
Must seek the new and still conserve the old,  
Till higher truth the mind shall elevate ;  
Then hungry souls shall eat the bread of Heaven ;  
The word of life, that 's neither bought nor sold,  
Shall freely be received and freely given.

## CANTO V.

But here the intruding thought my soul inspired  
Reluctantly I from the page dismiss ;  
Back to the theme from which my pen retired  
Would now return, and to the second sphere  
Reserving others till we've done with this,  
And let us seek for entertainment here.

The hoping soul on thoughts of Heaven dwells,  
And each draws fancy pictures of its own ;  
And some draw fancy pictures of the hells,—  
As men have fancies of their dwelling place,  
One fore-ordained of fate a burning zone,  
The other granted by an act of grace.

Haply the truth between extremes doth lie,  
And there 't is found when by the reason tried ;  
Thus far we've seen this simple rule apply :  
In upward progress human good and ill,  
Both work and grace, in union are allied,  
And blend in one the purpose to fulfill.

So come with me,— the field is ample, wide ;  
Workers and work in multitude appear ;  
We 'll join again the living, moving tide,  
And may, perchance, the useful lesson learn,  
By studying well each motive hope and fear,  
How loss through evil may in good return.

Thus spake my escort : “ From this lower vale,  
Arise degrees of life in varying phase,  
Circle on circle in the upward scale ;  
And in each circle are degrees and plains,  
Such as the motley field of earth displays,  
Where to the eye but seeming discord reigns.

“ Each mental state has its own atmosphere,  
Where those who 're in like quality of mind  
Together dwell, and find good grace and cheer,  
And so each local circle has its bound,  
That corresponds with those among mankind,  
Where the peculiar bliss of each is found.

“ The heaven of each must truly correspond  
With its peculiar quality of soul ;  
None can enjoy the higher bliss beyond  
More than the lower pleasures they 've outgrown ;  
As youth no pleasure sees in manhood's goal,  
Nor childhood's toys, but seeks and makes its  
own.

“So to the dweller in a higher sphere  
A far off lower plain may seem a hell,  
Because to him the mental atmosphere  
Is such for him to breathe it would be woe;  
And ’t would be misery for him to dwell  
In plains above, or mental states below.

“The hells are heavens but diff’ring in degree,  
As more or less of good and truths abound;  
The more expanded the capacity,  
The love and truth the more can enter in,—  
The soul becomes more heavenly, glory-crowned,  
And what *was* heaven becomes the hell of sin.

“Here in this sphere where zones with earth unite,  
And lives of each so oft in common blend  
In deeds of love to guide each other right,  
Much can be learned unfolding wisdom’s plan,  
Of means ordained progressive to the end,  
And vindicate the ways of God to man.”

And now a multitude seemed circling near  
Of varied forms in groups and companies;  
They seemed from lower circles of the sphere,—  
Some on a mission to their friends on earth,  
Some being taught in science of degrees,  
Some meeting friends, arrived through spirit  
birth.

I saw these last on taking spirit form  
Came weak and trembling from the twilight  
    shade,  
And loving hearts of guardians beating warm  
Received their spirits from the earth-cold clay,  
With helping hands that gave them strength  
    and aid,  
And led them forth rejoicing on their way.

Saw groups of youth in all their graceful charms,  
Whose forms had grown more beautiful and fair  
Saw gleeful infants in their mothers' arms,  
And infants that their mothers' arms had left,  
Content and happy in the guardian care  
Of loving matrons, of their own bereft.

The golden links of love are thus kept bright,  
The selfish loves of human hearts expand,  
And when the hearts bereaved again unite,  
Broader and wider has the circle grown,  
As those to each unknown meet hand in hand,  
And hearts they knew not claiming for their own.

As souls arise to plains of heavenly joy,  
As kindred loves the more expand and grow,  
And universal love without alloy  
Must crown the glory of celestial spheres,  
These streams of love that rise in earth below  
Are thus expanded through affection's tears.

And soul to soul becomes the more endeared,  
And in one circle stranger-spirits meet,  
For they are friends whose soothing voice hath  
cheered  
Loved ones, unconscious given to their trust;  
Thus are our souls more rounded and complete,  
And thus "affliction cometh not from dust."

All real progress only can advance  
Through all the subtle agencies of means,  
Nor is it left alone to grace or chance;  
But hearts to others linked in the great scale  
Each intertwine in life's transpiring scenes,  
And love prevails and progress cannot fail.

Thus is life real in its attributes,  
The faculties of mind are not in vain,  
But each must bear its share of golden fruits,  
An active agent in a growth Divine,  
Whereby the soul to fruitage shall attain,  
And still more bright in radiant glory shine.

Thus is the life a fixed identity,  
And has the mainspring of its power within;  
Its states of growth may differ in degree,  
But through the will, as moved by higher truth,  
The soul shall rise from ignorance and sin,  
The young mature, and age renew its youth.

These golden links are counted one by one,  
And form the steps o'er which all feet must pass;  
Each step attained marks well some duty done,  
Each easier taken when the last we gain,  
As guides and teachers of a higher class  
New combinations of the truth explain.

For guides and teachers dwell in all the spheres,  
Both of a given plain and plain above,  
A guide for youth and childhood's tender years,  
To lead in ways experience has learned,  
Expound the Power, the Wisdom, and the Love,  
And show how these may be to progress turned.

Without these agencies no soul could rise  
Above the knowledge that is gleaned from earth,  
No channel found for heavenly supplies;  
A fun'ral pall would on the scene descend,  
Silence and death, without a second birth,  
Would brood o'er all things and proclaim the  
end.

As wisdom, knowledge, on the earth would die  
If in them man had no inheritance,  
And had no teachers to the want supply,  
To point the truths thus far in man's pursuits,  
Blank ignorance would fill the void of sense,  
And men descend and travel back to brutes.

My guide here paused, and I in vision saw  
A few bright spirits from the earth appear,  
Who seemed imbued with knowledge of the law,  
Who 'd lived on earth subduing earthly strife;  
These passed the lower circles of the sphere  
And onward pressed direct to higher life.

My friend here placed his hand upon my brow,  
A moment paused, then said: "To thee 't is  
given  
To see the light where saints in glory bow,  
To hear the music of the hosts on high,  
The highest vision mortals have of Heaven,"  
And then appeared far in the upper sky

A dazzling splendor far above the sun,  
And palaces and domes of crystal white,  
Whose walls seemed but of deeds that men had  
done,  
With open gates, and streets of golden hue;  
All seemed transparent in the golden light  
And stretching onward until lost from view.

And spirits came and went on wings of thought,  
Some down descending to the realms below,  
And to the lower peace and comfort brought;



While some returned with messages of love,  
And cords of light with glory seemed to glow  
Between the waiting souls below and friends  
above.

Each dwelling seemed as of transparent glass  
Through which the rays of golden glory shone,  
Through which immortals seemed at will to  
pass ;

From all, and each, there seemed to radiate  
A light more dazzling than from sapphire stone,  
Or tints that from the diamond emanate.

And multitudes of forms were dwellers there,—  
A mighty host no mortal tongue could count,—  
Each bearing floral gems from gardens fair ;  
And, crowned with love's immortal diadem,  
More bright than on transfiguration's mount,  
Before me was the New Jerusalem.

And then the song of the redeeming love,  
As though from earth below, from land and sea,  
And from the air and circling spheres above ;  
It seemed as though the all-inspiring word  
Had struck great nature's chord of harmony,  
And the grand music of the spheres I heard:—

“All glory, glory, to the Highest be,  
For death, for life, for immortality !  
Glory, for the gift and light of prophecy ;  
All glory, glory be to God on high,—  
*The Saviour triumphs*, man shall never die ! —

“Glory, for strife and war and sin shall cease ;  
Then glory, glory, for the soul’s release !  
All honor, glory, to the Prince of Peace !  
All glory, glory be to God on high,—  
The Saviour lives, the soul shall never die.

“Hail, day of universal love and light !  
Kindness shall rule the worlds instead of might ;  
Wrong be subdued, and conquered by the right,—  
All glory, glory be to God on high ! —  
The Saviour lives, redemption’s ever nigh.

“All glory for the evil and the good !  
The mission of the evil understood,  
The bond of universal brotherhood ;  
Let worlds below the spheres, and worlds above,  
Join in the song of the redeeming love !

“Let praise and glory from all hearts ascend,  
And from all forms of life in chorus blend ;  
The good shall live, the evil have an end,—  
Then from all being let the anthem rise,  
From spheres and zones, to the celestial skies ! ”

Here from my sight the vision passed away  
With all the glory I had seen and heard ;  
The lower sphere of life before me lay,—  
My spirit guide, the busy multitude,—  
All, so confused and strange, appeared  
The moment the abode of solitude.

## CANTO VI.

And, now, another object claimed my sight,  
And in my mind strange interest awoke ;  
It seemed investigation to invite,—  
A spirit with a history to relate,—  
Approached more near, and plaintively thus  
spoke : —  
“ I seem the victim of an adverse fate.  
  
“ My birth was on the lowest human plain,—  
As though where brute and grov’ling manhood  
meet,—  
And life from this view was a pang of pain ;  
No father’s smile, no mother’s sweet caress,  
No path of virtue for my wand’ring feet,  
I see it now, a moral wilderness.  
  
“ All my surroundings a debauch of sin,—  
No light of love or hope from overhead,—  
The portals closed where joy might enter in ;  
And bacchanalian riot ruled the hour,  
My mates but corpses of the moral dead,  
My soul spell-bound and in the demon’s power.

“My life was but a drunken, grov’ling hell.  
I’ve been a sprite in other hells, beside  
The inmate of a dungeon, prison, cell;  
But parents of that pre-existence birth  
I’ve never seen, and doubt if they reside  
In self-sustaining form in sphere or earth.

“I see it now, a pre-existent state,  
On which I am permitted back to look,  
Its strange weird ventures recapitulate;  
Though I the picture feign would turn aside,—  
I pray some day it be a sealed up book,—  
A past that to my mem’ry be denied.

“Of life my first faint recollections are  
Of squalid filth, hunger insatiate,  
That, like a haunting specter of despair,  
Still mocked me when for bread I humbly plead,  
And of a hand that gave a scanty plate;  
The next is of a guardian, drunken, dead.

“Then the beginning of a life of crime,—  
When my adopted matron gave me free  
Lessons in theft, and how to steal a dime,  
And how a pocket I might pick with ease,  
And then a chast’ning for delinquency,—  
How my success would this strange being please!

“And in return she viewed me with strange  
pride,  
And for me built air-castles fair and bright,  
But had no word that leaned to virtue’s side ;  
I came to view the world as lawful prey ;  
Success in wrong to me became the right,—  
I knew no better and no upward way.

“Associates in crime I did not choose ;  
They grew up with and claimed me as their  
own ;  
’T was deemed a wrong their counsel to refuse,  
And deemed a virtue to their will obey.  
Thus lost to good, to evil only prone,  
The night of sin grew deeper, and no ray

“From sun, or star, from circle, sphere, or zone,  
To quicken conscience or resolve awake,  
Through all the gloom upon my pathway shone.  
’The very breath of demons filled the air,  
And evil only to my conscience spake,  
And left its bane of deadly venom there.

“And then I drank, mere shallow drafts at first,  
To keep for deeper crime my courage up ;  
And soon I felt a burning, growing thirst,  
A quick’ning of unhallowed low desire.  
I in my madness drained the poison cup,—  
It woke new thirst, and set my brain on fire.

“And then I slept; at first oblivious sleep,  
My being paralyzed in every sense;  
Then gradually, as from the dark and deep  
Of some strange under-world, I seemed to rise;  
It seemed as though my day of recompense  
Was dawning in the far-off upper skies.

“As further from the nether depths I rose,  
And of my senses had gained some control,  
I thought me nearing to a band of foes;  
For voices came down through the upper deep,  
And fiendish shapes,—a night-mare on my soul!  
Then woke to comprehend a drunken sleep.

“And then I slept again, and slept and dreamed;  
My dream of all the mem’ries of the past,  
And all my evil thoughts, a reflex seemed,—  
Of robberies, of thefts, and burglaries,  
Of victims ruined, standing pale, aghast,  
Of ribald song, and of midnight orgies.

“And then I dreamed of bacchanalian feasts,  
Where passion base ran riot, uncontrolled,  
Where beasts aped men, and men appeared as  
beasts,

With pond'rous jaws, cheeks high and foreheads  
low,

Haggard and wrinkled, prematurely old,  
Eye-balls protruding with a fiendish glow.

“Had I a soul full born to live for aye,  
Released from brute-life, individualized,  
That to the lower could not fall a prey,—  
Possessed of wisdom, will, and power to rise,  
Through love perfected and immortalized,  
To spheres of glory in celestial skies?

“Then hear the story of a mortal doomed!  
Whom fate had destined to the furnace-fires,  
In sepulcher of living death entombed,  
To reap the harvest his own hand had sown,—  
The consummation of his low desires,  
Receiving back and feasting on his own!

“From crime to crime in sin I deeper sank,  
And more abandoned grew from day to day;  
Insatiate for gold, of blood I drank;  
While in pursuit of victims and of spoils,  
A traveler I met on the highway  
And slew him, took his gold, and then the toils



“Of law and justice and a prison’s cell  
Were round about me ; then the trial came,—  
The anguish of that hour no tongue can tell ;  
’T was conscience struggling, wakened from within ;  
The spark I knew not of became a flame ;  
My thoughts conspired to taunt me with my sin.

“The verdict,—‘ Murder in the first degree !’  
My reeling senses heard the words unmoved ;  
They added nothing to my agony ;  
I only longed to cease to be,—to die ;  
And what I longed for that my heart approved ;  
To this curst life ’t were well the end were nigh.

“And then came priestly aid,—a grave divine,  
Calling for penitence for deeds I ’d done ;  
Spoke of a suff’ring Saviour ; called him mine ;  
To seek his aid in this my dying breath :  
And then I, too, as did the Spotless One,  
Redeemed, would rise triumphant over death.

“’T was strange I found the first good company—  
And who religious, moral precepts taught,  
Who proffered to me good society,—  
When every claim to life I ’d forfeited ;  
That this should also come to me unsought,  
As did the vileness I inherited.

“Although for this frail life too late to ask,  
Yet I could in one breath so pure become  
That in eternal sunshine I might bask  
With saints in glory, who ’d been saints on earth;  
With lease of an eternal life to come,  
And I, of course, would covet such a birth.

“Such growing worth I failed to comprehend,—  
Myself to such conditions how adjust?  
And then I thought of the untimely end  
Of one I’d slain, who, unprepared by grace,  
Could never join this circle of the just,  
Although I felt he more deserved the place.

“But then the moral sense in me was weak,—  
To equity I’d long a stranger been,—  
And one who seemed so humble and so meek  
Must by such frailty be presumed to know  
How joys eternal can be built on sin,  
And modest virtue be the base of woe.

“And then I thought it strange the human world  
Had so ignored, belied, so good a cause,  
When it from earth and life the victim hurled;  
And held that warring on him to the knife  
Was safer,—more protection to the laws,—  
Though born of grace, unfitted for this life.

“But then I grasped the crucifix, as though  
There might be virtue in atoning blood  
To wash from earth the stain of human woe,—  
Not only of the blood my hand had spilt,  
But all that sin had rolled in as a flood,—  
And prove an antidote for deepest guilt.

“And so the forms of penitence and prayer  
My mind and grov’ling faculties observed  
To fit me for the closing, and prepare  
My stunted soul for angels’ company,  
Under a better master than I’d served,—  
The priest and gallows had prepared for me.

## CANTO VII.

“The hour of doom! the final prayer! the crash!  
The pangs of all life’s agonies in one!  
The thunder’s roar, the piercing lightning’s  
flash!

As earth and heaven in conflagration met;  
And then forgetfulness; oblivion!  
My light of life a blank in darkness set.

“A glimmer of returning consciousness,  
Of darkness, and a few faint streaks of light;  
A sense of lassitude and weariness,  
Of also falling in a boundless deep;  
Of foes pursuing, and no power of flight,  
The nightmare of a weird and broken sleep;

“A body for an almost blasted soul  
Preparing; with life’s bound’ries undefined;  
A will-power faltering in control;  
To struggle back to life or cease to be!  
To either was my aimless soul resigned,  
I’d but a glimpse of immortality.

“My life a struggle was, a war with fate,  
And would sometimes tow’rd angel life incline ;  
My new-formed body, so attenuate,  
Was incomplete, and wanting in each part,—  
Too frail to hold so gross a soul as mine,  
Half formed by nature, half supplied by art.

“ ’Tis well, perhaps, I ’d counseled with the priest,  
It wakened thoughts of angel life in me ;  
It made me more a human, less a beast,—  
Better, perhaps, I ’d sought direct my place,—  
But as to that exalted company  
Of angels I had gained through gift of grace

“I searched in vain to find ; the eyeballs glared  
Of darker spirits I had known before ;  
And as for feasts, my soul no better fared  
Then when I feasted on my stolen gains ;  
I ’d missed by many leagues the golden shore,  
I found no Saviour’s blood had cleansed those  
stains !

“Those bloody stains ! the deep and damning  
guilt !  
They would not out ; but still my soul upbraid ;  
There could no blood atone for blood I ’d spilt ;

And as for angel life, the question was  
Whether I lived at all, or gained control  
Of that frail spirit form through spirit laws.

“I sadly learned the struggle on that line  
Where souls in bodies may immortalize,—  
Where love and wisdom with the will combine,  
And with an effort barely gain the goal ;  
Or wanting power to individualize  
Must seek through other forms the growth of  
soul

“That shall in bodies spiritual survive,  
And positive to forces of decay  
Shall for the better and the upward strive,  
And with the angel band join company,  
Though not by blood that washes guilt away,  
But through the use of every faculty.

“Friends I had many who would lead me on,—  
Who far too friendly in earth life had been,—  
And when my strength of will was nearly gone  
Would some new thought or theme or act propose ;  
And higher spirits strove my life to win  
In vain ! I felt it drawing to a close.

“In that first sphere, the under world of woes,  
Close joined to all that's low and vile in this,

Through which the tide of moral death still flows,  
The stream of evil seeks its lowest bed,—  
Its lowest pleasure is its highest bliss,  
And none so helpless as the moral dead.

“The wretched murd’rer of his fellow man  
Can for his soul no outward body gain,  
Embodying angel love ; and never can  
To higher forms of spirit be allied  
’Till *transmigrated* to a higher plain,  
‘In him doth no eternal life abide.’

“This truth I felt, when guilt my conscience  
stung,  
And sometimes struggled to avert my doom ;  
I knew ’t was death, and still to life I clung ;  
I clutched at earthly forms to find relief,  
And looked through others’ eyes to light the  
gloom,  
And into human forms stole as a thief ;

“Subdued their will and consciousness to mine,—  
Spoke through them, wrote my undeveloped  
thought,—  
Dwelt on things heavenly, loves divine ;  
On sacrifice for sin, and means of grace,—  
Such as the priest before to me had taught,—  
And felt at ease in my new dwelling place.

“ Friends gathered round, companions in my woe,  
And all upon the same strange errand bent,  
And multitudes of earth ran to and fro ;  
And so to eke our weird existence out  
With them we oft in darkened circles met,  
And from their minds removed the load of doubt.

“ Our lying thoughts we through their organs  
spoke ;  
Described the beauties of our spirit home,—  
And in their willing minds strange fancies  
woke,  
Of meeting with us in our own blest sphere ;  
From which we never could consent to roam  
Except to bring to friends on earth good cheer.

“ We personated friends and kindred lost,  
And ponderable substances we moved ;  
We gave them gospel, without fee or cost,  
In rappings, tippings,—and the tests we gave  
To doubting minds the pleasing doctrine proved  
That there ’s immortal life beyond the grave.

“ We used deception and hypocrisy ;  
Without them our last hope and prop must fail ;  
Had we disclosed our true identity



As demons, witches, we 'd been exorcised,  
And driven back to our own bodies frail,  
And our approaching fate have realized.

“But these were only moments of relief;  
We roamed the earth for other forms of clay;  
And in the desperation of our grief  
We seized the weak of feeble will possessed,—  
Their forms distorted, reason stole away,—  
Consigned to lunacy by fiends obsessed.

“Some here in love with ill revenge still seek,  
And roam the earth their instruments to find;  
With forms effeminate and will-power weak,  
Who 'll do their bidding and their victims slay;  
And to the Booths and Guiteaus of mankind  
The good and innocent may fall a prey.

“With earthly life resentments may not end,  
And from the murderer you are not free,  
Whom unrepentant from the world you send,  
All wreaking in his vengeance and his sin;  
On God you cannot shift responsibility  
By means of gallows or the guillotine.

“Would you reform the vicious and the weak?  
In durance hold them to their conscience still,  
If for them you true penitence would seek,

Until their vengeful passions are subdued ;  
Obedient to the word, ‘Thou shalt not kill,’  
Less hands would be in brother’s blood imbrued.

“To thee, O man, are given love and power,  
And heavenly wisdom in degree is thine,  
Thy fellowman to save, not to devour ;  
Thy duty do ! ’T is base and cowardly  
To force the Wisdom and the Love Divine  
To do the work that should be done by thee.

“At length the doom of destiny drew nigh,  
The homicide is dying in his sin ;  
I saw I had a second death to die,—  
My will to conquer human wills had failed,—  
I sought brute forms, and feign would enter in,  
And then all objects on my vision paled.

“And such the world might deem the final end  
Of undeveloped being steeped in crime ;  
But since in nature all things upward tend,—  
The subtle as the gross is not destroyed,—  
Though efforts seeming fail, ’t is left to time  
The effort to renew and fill the void.

“To me ’t is given that frail life-line to trace,—  
From that last conscious, sad, and gloomy hour  
I gained no angel-life by gift of grace ;

But in a genial form I did a soul appear,  
O'er which the second death hath no more  
power,  
Another earth-life passed, and now am here.

"'T is well oblivion throws the friendly veil  
O'er all such lives of dark and adverse fate,  
Lest as the first the second life might fail ;  
The soul finds its responsibility  
Enough without a pre-existent state  
Menacing it with its delinquency."

## CANTO VIII.

- “The earliest memory of the life anew  
Is of a childhood, joyous, pure, and free ;  
Of loving parents to their duty true,  
Of brothers, sisters, round the fireside,—  
Disporting with a merry, merry glee,—  
The cherished objects of paternal pride ;
- “On Christmas morn of starting with a bound  
From beds so warm at the first peep of day ;  
Of Christmas gifts in well-filled stockings found,  
Of toys that made the heart of childhood glad,  
The sunny hours of prattle and of play,—  
We saw the good, and thought not of the bad.
- “The well-filled baskets for the needy poor,—  
Whose wants called forth sweet heart-felt sympathy,—  
The welcome greeting as from door to door  
The ‘Merry Christmas’ was with smiles returned ;  
I learned the noblest gift was charity,  
Such was the flame that on life’s altar burned.

“Was taught that heaven is in the loving heart,  
Its bliss unfolding but by slow degrees ;  
That of its riches each must gain his part  
By acts of goodness and in loving deeds ;  
It comes not e'en to downy beds of ease  
Where'er the ear is deaf to human needs.

“It comes not dazzling to the outward sight,  
In outward form through faith and grace,  
Unless the glory with the inner light  
In correspondence and communion blends,—  
Is not confined to world, nor time, nor space,  
But where the soul through love to glory tends.

“Although I could not in my former state  
By prayer and penitence to glory rise,  
And join the circle of the good and great  
With heart and hand in brother's blood defiled,  
Yet I might gain the far-off heavenly prize  
By first becoming as a little child.

“Toward the progress all things seemed to tend,  
All my surroundings peace and harmony,  
In each wise counselor I had a friend,  
And all example was on virtue's side ;  
As brethren dwell in peace and unity,  
One common sympathy our souls allied.

“In intellectual lore I was not taught,  
Except the practical to be applied  
To real life ; and so my mode of thought,  
As of my parents, was by labor bound ;  
But still my intuitions seemed to guide,  
And soon a broader field of thought I found.

“My mother was of nature sensitive,  
Her power of will was easily controlled,  
Her thought and reason seemed intuitive,  
She saw things real that to other eyes,  
And other natures cast in different mould,  
Were only fancies clad in truth’s disguise ;

“Beheld at distance by her inner sight  
Events and scenes transpiring on the earth.  
Time proved her each prediction to be right,  
All without knowledge of her outward sense,  
Which may explain my transmigration birth,  
And of my origin the why and whence.

“This nature plastic I inherited,  
And from my neighbors, sisters, brothers, all,  
I differed in the things I thought and did ;  
Events I viewed by some strange inner power ;  
If on the group some evil were to fall,  
I gave the fact, the place, the mode, the hour.

“I see now how when human life began,  
Ere soul-transmission had become the law,  
How intuition was the guide of man,  
And, wanting outward precepts to direct,  
Drew from the inner world, and visions saw,  
And to the inner law became subject;

“But learning more to study and reflect,  
Less passive and more positive his mind,  
Truth comes through reason and the intellect,  
With more of wisdom as his powers expand,  
And though now far less common to mankind  
The intuitions more sublime and grand.

“Tis not for outward man the truth to know,  
The median line where form and substance meet,  
Or through what channels spirit force may flow,  
The links unseen that form the mystic tie,  
That must unite to make the chain complete,  
And in each seeming want the void supply.

“And could men backward trace each human life,  
And trace the elements that gave it form,  
Behold in them the struggle and the strife  
To individualize upon the human plain,  
Divine affections in hearts beating warm,  
In place of blame mild charity would reign.

“My mother, though to earthly form allied,  
Seemed breathing of another atmosphere,—  
She seemed on earth a spirit glorified.  
At middle life she left her form of clay,  
Passed through this circle of the second sphere,  
And now my guardian on my upward way.

“Severe the blow; my soul was bowed with grief,  
A tie mysterious was snapped in twain,  
But soon my stricken spirit found relief,  
The messenger of death my pathway crossed,  
'T was welcome, and I gained the spirit plain,  
And joined the sainted presence I had lost.

“I linger here but for a little space,  
My strange, sad pre-existence to review,  
My higher being from the lower trace;  
A task to which perhaps few may incline,  
A gift that seems but granted to the few,  
That soon in higher life will not be mine.”



## CANTO IX.

“The Buddha taught of being’s wondrous sea,  
On which the waves of life their courses run,  
And never from the ocean fully free,  
The giver back receiving what it gives ;  
So souls return, and with the Giver one,  
‘Unto Nirvana where the silence lives.’

“The dew-drop slips into the shining sea ;”  
There lost, that sparkling jewel is no more ;  
But man has hold upon identity  
By will-force, not the outward force of wind ;  
Waves are *propelled* and break upon the shore ;  
Man is not God, but God in finite mind.

“These forms in infinite variety  
From fields celestial to the lowest zone  
Are but the will and thought of Deity,  
Wrought out by beings as you here behold  
On plains of life, each working on its own,  
And thus the God-hood faculties unfold.”

So spake my guide, and then my eyes beheld,  
Stretching away from where the darkness dwells,  
Far tow'rd the city where love's anthem swelled,  
In vision, spirits of the countless dead,—  
Some from the earth direct, some from the hells,  
But all were hung'ring for more heavenly bread.

I saw the hindrances to their advance,  
And traced them backward to an earthly source,  
Saw no condition was the sport of chance,  
But through perversion of progression's laws,  
Perverse volition or from outward force,  
And each legitimate effect from cause.

I saw the stern oppressors of the race  
All upward struggling from the hells below,  
And on the outward boundary of grace  
Asking of their oppressed a helping hand,  
Praying that grace from out the depths of woe  
The chastened contrite spirit might command.

Beheld the strange reverses in the lot  
Of those who mingled in earth's busy strife,  
That deeds of good and ill were not forgot,  
But, as a faithful monitor within,  
Retarded or advanced the spirit life  
As good or evil the earth life had been.

Some who on earth were sinned against and  
wronged,  
Misjudged, and wrongly by the world con-  
demned,  
Had borne the shame that rightfully belonged  
To others, gladly lent their friendly aid,  
And those who wronged them were with grief  
o'erwhelmed,  
Repentant, till the penalty was paid.

I thought me, oh, that mortal man might see  
The real wealth that must the soul adorn ;  
How all earth's surplus gains are vanity,  
And must retard the real life beyond ;  
The only riches with the spirit born  
Are those that to the heavenly correspond.

I thought how men would after goodness strive  
Could they but know good deeds alone are blest ;  
That he who wrongs a neighbor cannot thrive  
Till all these wrongs in penitence and prayer  
Receive forgiveness from the wronged, op-  
pressed,  
Then with the wronged the golden glory share.

The golden age by prophecy foretold  
Will come ; and right shall take the place of  
wrong,  
When all the latent human powers unfold ;

When hope that's weak, and faith that has no  
power,  
Shall yield to knowledge. Man has waited  
long,  
But prophecy has fixed the day, the hour.

The light is streaming from the spheres above,  
And multitudes have caught its golden beams ;  
And soon the warm baptismal fire of love  
Shall down descend, the glory be revealed ;  
The truth undimmed shall take the place of  
dreams,  
And life's great mystery shall be unsealed.

And then the wolf shall gambol with the lamb,—  
The hurtful passions be to good subdued,—  
With Christians as with followers of Brahm ;  
For light and glory to all faiths shall come,  
None on the rights of others shall intrude,  
And this shall be the world's millennium.

Then on the circles of the upper spheres  
Shall dawn a brighter day to souls oppressed ;  
For, looking backward through the earthly years,  
Their faults and follies will be counted less ;  
The soul in nobler deeds approved and blest,  
Shall rise to higher plains of holiness.

But here there broke upon my reverie

A spirit form I'd known in earthly guise,  
Who seemed the subject of a history,  
And anxious to his inner thoughts reveal,—  
He'd seen the glory, struggled for the prize,  
And plaintively and sad he made appeal.

It seemed to give his soul a sweet relief,  
His past and sad life-hist'ry to confide  
To one who in his earth-experience brief  
Had seen and known him in his best estate ;  
And known, when by a worldly standard tried,  
His moral value by that estimate.

I knew him well ; he'd banks, and stocks, and  
lands,  
Counted in millions, on the day he died,  
And all the product of his brain and hands ;  
He never took unlawful usury,—  
No one his strict integrity denied,—  
Sometimes responded to the call of charity.

Money his all,—he took no broader range,—  
In his purview of human wants and needs ;  
He watched from day to day the stock exchange,  
Counted his chances in investments made,  
Reviewed his mortgages and title deeds,  
His chances in some bargain, sale, or trade.

His inner life he never recognized,  
His outward physical to him was all,  
For what it gave to this his wealth he prized;  
And lived as though he viewed all else as vain,  
And knew not that it on his sense must pall,  
And that true godliness alone is gain.

Wealth was his god, he worshiped at its shrine,  
Its golden glory was his soul's delight;  
And to his eyes its glow incarnadine  
Was more than all the subtle gems that glow  
In azure space, and crown the brow of night,  
Or sparkle in the light through realms below.

By this he measured every human worth,—  
All thrones and empires to this shrine must  
bow,—  
The governments and laws that rule the earth  
Must all be gauged his int'rests to subserve;  
Hence, his stern civil code could not allow  
The golden rule on earth,—men to observe.

The poor sometimes received his charity,  
And this he claimed to be their highest right,  
They might enjoy it as a rarity;  
But to inquire what wrong had made them poor  
Would be to give his riches wings for flight  
That they to others' comforts might inure.

And so he lived, and in his riches died,  
And in this lowest circle of the sphere  
He found himself with spirits low allied,—  
Scathed and bereft of all his soul had prized,—  
And wept to see their glory disappear,  
Yet with a feeble soul immortalized.

This was the burden of his sad lament,  
He veiled his face before us as in shame ;  
But viewed us as some guardian angel sent  
To lend a helping hand of strength and aid ;  
He bowed in rev'rence at great Howard's name,  
As though his every thought the will obeyed.

What blest his life on earth had proved a curse,—  
He spoke it with a saddened sigh of grief.  
He feign would to the poor his wealth disburse,  
Could he but be permitted to control  
As when on earth ; and thus would find relief,  
And lift the sordid burden from his soul.

He'd tried in vain his will-power to divert  
From those who heired his rich inheritance,  
And think of heavenly things, but found inert  
His powers of mind in all his faculties  
When drawn from dollars, shillings, pounds,  
and pence  
To dwell upon life's true realities.

“But now too late the vital truth I’ve learned,—  
The rich are not more blest than are the poor,  
Unless their riches are to blessings turned  
In deeds of love that make the giver blest,  
Crowning his soul with wealth that shall endure,  
With conscience evermore a welcome guest.

“No one great riches can accumulate  
But some one somewhere is oppressed and  
wronged ;  
I now see millions crushed by adverse fate,  
Their means of sustenance held by the few ;  
When, if by right it fell where it belonged,  
Joy, peace, and plenty would for these ensue.

“Could men but know how this eternal thirst  
For wealth that perisheth e’en in its use  
Has made men poor, their very being cursed  
In spheres of life where love alone is gain,  
How soon they’d learn to use without abuse  
The gifts of earth for pleasure without pain.

“When I review the past, and know that I,  
By hoarding riches far beyond my needs,  
Have been the cause of many a tearful sigh,  
And souls have pined in poverty obscure  
Who might have been renowned for worthy  
deeds  
But for the penury doomed to endure,



“My soul is sad, oppressed, and lingers still  
Amid the scenes of suffering and woe ;  
I feel I have a mission to fulfill —  
To lift some burden from some weary heart —  
Ere I can leave these scenes of want below,  
Of which my very being seems a part.”

My guardian replied : “This grievous sin  
Is but the common error of mankind,  
The very bane of social life has been ;  
'Tis by the law of might wealth rules the earth,  
Riches are in the hands of few confined,  
Without regard to merit or soul-worth.

“Wealth centralized the poor man's suffrage  
buys ;  
It traffics, gambles, in the souls of men ;  
Honor and justice and the right defies ;  
Corrupts and poisons every source of power ;  
It talks of equal rights and freedom when  
It lays its schemes its victims to devour.

“Insidious and hypocritical,  
It claims to be the poor man's faithful friend ;  
That labor is the source of capital,  
And is the capital the mass possess ;  
And that all governments and laws should tend  
To make the burden of earth's toilers less.

“It leads; the masses follow and applaud,  
And ere they are aware are in its toils;  
They recognize, alas, too late the fraud!  
They’ve granted power to never more recall,  
And capital rejoices in its spoils,  
And men as serfs before the Moloch fall.

“Men labor for the wealth that perisheth;  
Substance perishable is their reward;  
The spirit finds no bread that nourisheth.  
In deeds of love, in place of selfish gain,  
The soul can find the kingdom of the Lord,  
And eat the bread of life that can sustain.

Yet wealth with proper use may benefit  
The world at large, each individual bless;  
A nobler heritage it may transmit  
By giving labor to productive thought;  
Gold shall itself be turned to righteousness,  
That hath the labor of the needy bought.

“Of all bereft that was on earth thine all,  
Go seek the bread on which thy soul shall live!  
Go listen to the needy when they call!  
Meet those in kindness who for selfish ends  
You turned away till they your sin forgive,  
And for the past make honorable amends

“By guiding others in the way of good,—  
Impressing on their minds susceptible  
The heavenly law of human brotherhood;  
In blessing others shall thyself be blest;  
The light thou bringest to the skeptical  
Shall guide thee also to a sphere of rest.

“Teach thy companions in the spirit-land,  
Who as thyself bereft are poor indeed,  
The priceless value of the great command—  
To love the Lord with heart, and soul, and mind  
By aid substantial in a brother's need;  
Thus serving Him, by serving well mankind.

“Do this and soul-life thou shalt live for aye;  
It never is too late a life to mend;  
The Great Soul-Father will not close the way  
Against the progress of one soul that strives;  
His mighty love and wisdom will befriend  
The life that seeks the good of other lives.

“'Tis true this progress with more ease is gained  
In contact with the scenes of life below;  
And when through sad experience attained,  
With less facilities to right the wrong,  
More poignant the regret and pang of woe,  
The labor tedious and the path seems long.

“But go, my friend, the goal thou ’lt find at last,  
True riches are laid up for thee in store ;  
Brood not upon the follies of the past,  
But onward press, and one by one you ’ll find  
Jewels more bright than monarch ever wore,  
Purer than from earth’s mines of gold refined.”

We left him, and a smile was on his brow ;  
He felt a nobler life to his had spoke,  
And from his lips we heard the solemn vow  
To henceforth follow in the path of peace,—  
New resolution in a soul awoke,  
That from a heavy burden felt release.

This interview a double blessing seemed,  
A loving soul in blessing had been blest ;  
Around my guide a brighter glory beamed,  
Around me seemed a purer atmosphere ;  
I felt new sympathy for the oppressed,  
And would that earth the precious words might  
hear.

## CANTO X.

We passed beyond this multitude so vast,  
Now ling'ring, trembling near the shores of  
time,—  
Sadly adjusting errors of the past,—  
And gained the second circle of the sphere;  
Farther removed from the results of crime,  
A band of happier spirits circled near.

But these had passed the furnace and the fire,  
Been in the crucible of penance tried,  
Had gained through discipline the circle higher;  
Some more direct, and some through weary years,  
But now more closely to the good allied,  
All were attracted tow'rd the upper spheres.

Refreshing streams meandered through the vale,  
Bordered with garlands of unfading flowers.  
Sweet evergreens, whose fragrance never fail;  
And birds of beauty sang their matin lays,  
Joyous and free in heavenly woodland bowers,  
The very air seemed redolent with praise.

I thought me then how favored, blest, are they  
Who 've gained the peace and rest of this fair  
land;  
Who from earth's darkness turn towards the day,  
And meet the angel hosts who down descend,  
With brighter visions of the glory planned,  
In whose bright beams the soul shall upward  
tend.

Anxious to know the past of dwellers here  
I gazed upon the throng in thoughtful mood;  
And soon, as through my will, a form drew near,  
And with a voice of cheer the silence broke,  
And, as my inmost thoughts he understood,  
Yielded his will to mine, and thus he spoke:

"This plane I've reached through years of weary  
toil,  
And was the victim of another's will,  
I reached the human in the serpent's coil,  
Environed in the serpent's deadly slime,  
And to the damning poison of the still  
I owe against myself the blasting crime.

"The bane of evil I inherited  
In every fiber of my being lurked;  
I bore the woes that others merited,  
Was by the author of my being cursed;  
The foe insidious destruction worked,  
I lived the victim of transmitted thirst.

“In all but this I seemed to goodness heir,  
All other virtues I could emulate,  
E'en temp'rance was to me a goddess fair;  
I looked with loathing on the drunken sot,—  
It was the soul rebelling against fate,—  
To love the thing I hated was my lot.”

Strange contrast in a weird and weary life!  
That demonstrates divinity within,  
That longs for harmony, yet yields to strife,  
As something needful to effect the cure;  
Forefending virtue in the end shall win,  
And for the present sin and shame endure.

“My early childhood through a mother's care  
Was shielded from the ready tempter's wiles;  
I shuddered at the drunken, vacant stare,  
The swagg'ring form, that on the circle broke,  
And little thought the curse the earth defiles  
Would to my neck adjust the galling yoke.

“I thought me drunkenness may do its worst,—  
My soul by this shall never be defiled,—  
And yet I yielded to the burning thirst  
That on the sense of tender childhood palled,  
But now my manhood faculties beguiled,  
My life o'erwhelmed, and every sense enthralled.

“One draft aroused the latent appetite,  
Another woke strange fancies in the brain;  
Of drink I loathed the very thought and sight,  
And vowed I’d nevermore the poison taste;  
And yet the cup was passed, I drank again  
Until my being was a moral waste.

“But for a season youthful love prevailed,  
And romance o’er me held a magic sway;  
A maiden’s charms the citadel assailed,  
And seemed the strongest force my steps to guide;  
I with fair promise bore the prize away,—  
A happy, trusting, and confiding bride.

“But, ah! she little knew the boist’rous sea  
On which she’d launched a frail and tender bark;  
What tempest storms were gath’ring on the lee,  
That must the voyager of life overwhelm;  
What threatening skies, what clouds as mid-  
night dark;  
How frail the hand she’d trusted with the helm!

“The story of that life I need not tell:  
Though lives of millions might be told in mine,  
’Tis but a history that’s known too well;  
Too many hearts the woful record bear  
Of those ‘who long have tarried at the wine,’  
Too many broken vows of love are there.



“I’d children that inherited my name,  
Who shared the grief of one to me too true,  
Who learned to bear with love the sin and shame  
Of one who should be pitied more than blamed;  
Whose thirst was with his being born, and grew,  
And by hereditary force inflamed.

“My appetite in them did not appear,  
Such is the law of man’s perverted taste;  
But in some birth to come what’s in arrear,  
Although a generation passing o’er,  
The insidious foe of mortals can be traced,  
It seizes on its victim as before.

“Those scenes of shame, of suffering and want,  
That made domestic life a fearful hell,  
That sometimes now my higher being haunt,  
I trust the veil of time will hide from view,  
With other scenes on which I’m loth to dwell.  
I now more brief my history pursue.

“My last on earth was in a drunken brawl,—  
The world had no regretful tears to shed,—  
A few hearts mourned o’er my untimely fall;  
And those who never blamed still wept for me,  
And o’er the mem’ry of the early dead  
They threw the friendly veil of charity.

“The first low circle of the second sphere  
Received my soul, awoke to consciousness ;  
And, vacillating between hope and fear,  
I entered spirit-life. In that strange realm  
My first sensations were of weariness,  
On billows tost with no one at the helm.

“At length the mists before my vision cleared ;  
From curiosity strange forms drew near,—  
And in the circle some old friends appeared ;  
And then my thirst returned with pangs of pain.  
In vain my comrades proffered friendly cheer,  
I longed to be in my old haunts again.

“And there were those who deeply sympathized  
In these my longings for the flowing bowl ;  
And when the change I'd fully realized,  
They led me back that I again might share  
The sparkling beverage that blasts the soul,  
Follows to spirit-life, and haunts it there.

“Again I mingled with the drunken crew,  
And round my home where sympathy still  
dwelt,  
And near the hearts that still for me beat true ;  
I drank potations from the poisoned air,  
And, from the breath inhaled of comrades, felt  
Some mitigation of my sad despair.

“And here for years I’d will-power over men ;  
My cup of grief at length less poignant grew  
As good I recognized. I left the den  
Where demons gathered at their hellish feast.  
Then passed from earth my youth’s companion  
true ;  
New glory beamed,—my burning thirst had  
ceased.

“But, oh, the torture of those years of hell !  
The dreadful ordeal of a soul debauched !  
Worse than confinement in a felon’s cell ;  
Where thirst, remorse, and ling’ring hope combine,  
And for one ray of light, through darkness  
watched,  
Itself is hell, and such a hell was mine.

“And yet I realize it more of late,  
So much all grades of life some comfort find  
Adapted to their own peculiar state,  
And present satisfaction to them give,—  
Which is the highest heaven of the mind,  
Until in higher plains it learns to live.

“That sainted soul ! I saw it pass from earth,  
And saw the band of loving hearts attend ;  
I saw the glory of true spirit-birth,—

From weary night a spirit hail the morn.

I knew across life's border I'd a friend ;

In that bright moment were two spirits born.

“ Her presence gently led me from the vale,

As from the shadows of a weary land.

I learned that though all other friends may fail

One heart alone is true, who knew me best,—

Enough that she could lend a helping hand,

And guide the wand'rer to a home of rest.”

Here at his side the bride of youth appeared,

Her smile was one of love and victory ;

She added : “ Many hearts to us endeared

Rejoice that now our union is complete ;

Our cherished ones on earth we often see,

And bring some inward light to guide their feet.

“ Let mortals learn less censure and less blame

For errors that the human heart beset ;

The spark of love may kindle to a flame,

Consuming from the native ore the dross,

And save a soul ; the world will learn it yet,—

The soul that true life gains must suffer loss.

“ The deeper that it down in sin descends,

Deeper the agitation it must find

To gain the point where agitation ends,

Till from its surface pure it shall reflect  
The image heavenly; and the soul, refined,  
Shall be as burnished gold without defect.

“The love that must the soul regenerate  
Is love divine, and from the fountain pure,  
But from the finite soul must emanate;  
As it received to others must impart;  
The soul the saviour of the soul must be;  
The heart that loves must renovate the heart.

“And who shall mark the line of man’s demerits,  
Where outward force and his volition meet;  
How much of moral ill his soul inherits,  
As does his body physical defects;  
How great his power with evil to compete,  
How great the moral sin of his neglects.”

Thus closed an interesting history  
Of frailty, and of love’s redeeming power.  
It with me left a sacred memory,  
And there were other list’ning souls that heard.  
The songs of birds seemed sweeter in the  
bower,  
A heavenly treasure in each golden word.

## CANTO XI.

The vision passed ; another form appeared,  
And he 'd a solemn hist'ry to relate ;  
'T was of a childhood in the cloister reared,  
A manhood that the outward world abjures,—  
A piety most pharisaic, straight,  
That, hating this, a better world secures.

“ My memory of earth brings sad regret ;  
I left it with a bright expectancy ;  
And when I woke sad disappointment met ;  
The mists of doubt my very being chilled ;  
The glory that through faith awaited me  
I saw not ; but in place the skies were filled

“ With clouds that seemed to veil the face of Him  
My faith had taught me I 'd in glory see ;  
I tried in vain to pierce the shadows dim ;  
But faith and hope no longer could avail,  
And still were changed not to reality,  
And thus my prop I saw when tested fail.

“I had been taught that faith was all the strength  
My soul would need for passing through the  
vale ;

That firm reliance was the breadth and length  
And depth of what a Christian life requires  
To reach the highest bliss within the pale  
Of grace divine, to which a soul aspires.

“I saw bright forms, in deeds of goodness rife,  
To touch whose garments I'd no power of will ;  
I saw that mine had been a vacant life,  
Empty of all life's jewels gathered in ;  
With nought but faith the inner blank to fill  
I'd merit less than many a child of sin.

“I learned that vain are dogmas, faiths, and creeds,  
Although a recluse innocent and pure ;  
That only as these crystallize to deeds  
Of loving kindness in the brotherhood  
They can have potency in making sure  
The glory that awaits the true and good.

“By justice man is judged ; and he receives  
For what he is in all his faculties,  
For what he does, and not what he believes ;  
When what he is determines what he does,  
And his good deeds proceed from what he is,  
He's no upbraiding conscience to accuse.

“His life is then a life of harmony,  
With every sense subjected to the right,  
And in his word there's no hypocrisy ;  
In him the graces in communion meet,  
His very thoughts and deeds as one unite,—  
Such is a spirit glorified, complete.

“A deed though evil may not as a whole  
The real nature of a soul express ;  
And so when love of self is in control  
A deed of goodness may predominate ;  
And though the one may curse, the other bless,  
Yet neither gives the soul's true estimate.

“Oh, sadly did I feel the vacancy  
When loving spirits plead in my behalf,  
And I'd to give them but my formula  
Of what by education I was taught ;  
My soul seemed but an ancient cenotaph  
That, empty, for a real tenant sought.

“What I had learned to prize of most account  
I found to be the very least of all ;  
My laid-up treasures proved of small amount  
When by the standard of true value prized ;  
The widow's mite would in the balance fall  
Against all worldly ease I'd sacrificed.



“I’d placed small value on the things of time,  
But heavenly wealth, as taught, well under  
stood;

Sins of omission were my greatest crime;  
My early training seemed at fault in this,—  
Did little evil, and but little good,  
And trusted to another’s righteousness.

“There seemed no blame; no one of faults ac-  
cused,  
No arbitrary penalties I met,  
No outward frown for faculties misused;  
But my unfitness met me face to face;  
For what I had not done I felt regret;  
That what I might have done I’d left to grace.

“I’d prayed for all the needy and distressed,  
As though in some way some one might provide,  
And never dreamed I further must invest  
To help the cause I’d left to grace alone;  
And not one luxury myself denied,  
Since grace had resource so beyond my own.

“So, through the years, at disadvantage sore,  
I’ve labored faithfully to make amends  
In deeds of love I should have done before;  
Though my experience is sad and dear,  
Some progress on the humble work attends,—  
I’ve reached this circle of the second sphere.”

I saw the sorrow from each law man breaks,  
Also the fruits he reaps of his neglect ;  
That he can live but in the world he makes ;  
Beyond himself he never can progress ;  
What e'er his faith, his doctrine, creed, or sect,  
His heavenly plain is his own righteousness.

Man builds himself his heaven,—each golden gate,  
Each wall of sapphire, and each dome of pearl ;  
'T is localized where his own mental state  
Sees all the beauties it can understand ;  
Sweet flowers smile, the balmy breezes curl,  
To beautify the work of his own hand.

And this is heaven ; not made and localized  
For man, through arbitrary forms to gain ;  
But is the form, in wisdom crystallized,  
Of his own thoughts, his loves, his words, and  
deeds ;  
And is the product of his hand and brain,  
The outgrowth of his will, his wants, and needs.

I saw the hypocrite, of base desires,  
With downcast look and melancholy mien,—  
Self condemnation with its fearful fires,  
Consuming still the stubble and the dross ;  
And from the glow his feeble soul was seen  
Emerging, mournful o'er its utter loss.

In his extremes he'd sought for sympathy,  
And gained companionship and confidence;  
Through friendly aid had reached prosperity;  
Then turned on those who'd been his friends in  
    need,  
Struck at the hand that gave him sustenance,  
And honest men fell victims to his greed.

He'd talked of faith, of grace, and holiness;  
Joined in benevolent fraternities;  
By his feigned meekness and his lowliness,  
The good and unsuspecting he'd deceived,  
Till all the virtues they had deemed as his,  
And in his honor many had believed.

I saw how cunning, low hypocrisy,  
When in control through sordid greed for gain,  
Gives but return of dearth and poverty;  
And, missing oft its longed-for goal on earth,  
Brings to the soul but agony and pain  
In all its struggles tow'rd a higher birth.

He who through craft his fellow man deceives,  
By claiming saintly virtues not his own,  
And confidence and favors thus receives,  
Then lies in wait his victim to supplant,  
Finds when upon his real merits thrown,  
And measured for himself, the pattern scant.

The muse thus at a venture draws the bow,  
And aims the arrow at the hypocrite,  
Who fills the world with misery and woe,  
Who with a kiss will innocence betray,  
And if a stunted soul on earth feels hit,  
'Tis but because he's standing in the way.

## CANTO XII.

Now from a higher circle light down shone,  
And in its genial rays we upward rose  
To realms more free from taint of earth,—a  
zone  
Where the desires and thoughts more upward  
tend,  
Where spirits far less dwell on human woes,  
Except in means of cure assistance lend.

I noticed higher as the circles rise,  
And more of heavenly beauty downward beams,  
The soul looks upward for the heavenly prize,  
And though the light may to the earth reflect,  
And souls on earth may catch a few faint  
gleams,  
They come through lower minds and indirect.

And when the highest thought to earth descends  
A scintillation only is received ;  
It with so much that's undeveloped blends,

And so partakes of grosser forms of thought,  
That that which is and that which is believed  
Are so unlike there's much of error taught.

Bright forms drew near in wisdom dignified ;  
They seemed a social group in purpose one ;  
And one whose visage seemed most glorified  
Was the acknowledged leader of the rest ;  
And, said my guide : " This is our Washington ."  
The truth already had my mind impressed .

To hear from him the golden words of life,—  
From him, a nation's counselor and friend,  
Who'd passed through war and governmental  
    strife,  
And now the friend of all humanity,—  
Who from these frail beginnings sees the end,—  
Whose life had neither pride nor vanity,

Except in bliss of seeing others blessed ;  
Whose patriotic love is love for man ;  
Who'd been among earth's counselors the best ;  
To listen to such wisdom from the spheres  
Was joy complete ; and far more precious than  
Earth's teachings, or the visions of its seers .

Surrounded by that patriotic band,  
Whose friendships staid him in life's gloomy  
hour,  
Who struck for freedom, and with outstretched  
hand  
Wrote and maintained the chart of liberty;  
I hailed him as a source of moral power,  
A leader in the golden age to be.

And he drew near and welcomed Howard's name,  
As though familiar friendship made them one,  
And knew his mission, whence and how he  
came;  
For they were soldiers in one common cause,  
For in the work the one on earth begun  
They were a unit by attraction's laws.

Howard, the great philanthropist and guide,  
On earth was less than freedom's patriot deemed,  
But in the progress on the spirit side  
He leads the leader of the battle-field,  
And by the patriot leaders is esteemed  
For deeds his true humanity revealed.

With inspiration from such souls as these  
My hand though palsied could but trace the  
theme,  
And write the thoughts and words of love with  
ease

That came up sparkling from a fountain pure,  
As healing waters from life's flowing stream,  
A balm of love that shall the nations cure.

Then said my guide: "I here a friend have  
brought,  
That he may carry back to minds on earth  
Some useful lessons from the field of thought.  
Gleaned from the circles of our spirit land,  
That may be treasured and of value worth  
When their frail bark shall leave its mortal  
strand."

So much his love for earth, his love for men,  
His visage with a heavenly halo glowed;  
As when some theme awaits the prophet's pen,  
Until the voice from Heaven commands to write;  
Then from his lips the words of wisdom flowed;  
My soul became receptive to the light.

"Not as a statesman, nor a soldier true,  
Nor champion of governments and laws,  
Nor from a nation's patriotic view,  
Have I the stars of freedom's flag unfurled;  
I labor in a broader, nobler cause,  
Its motto brotherhood, its field the world.



“ And of the institutions of mankind  
I take cognizance, and these analyze  
In light of freedom for the human mind ;  
To free the world from that which burdens most,  
That ’s been its bane, its peace to tantalize,  
Its sin-accusing and upbraiding ghost.

“ A brother’s blood, from veins of Abel spilt,  
Down to this hour of sanguinary strife  
Has been to man the damning spot of guilt  
Against which murdered freedom pleads in vain,  
As with the savage code of life for life  
He would excuse or hide the guilty stain.

“ The greatest evil that has cursed the race  
Is war,—the fiend of darkness and of Hell !  
On God’s fair earth its last abiding place ;  
Known in no other world, or sphere, or plane,  
Its depth of misery no tongue can tell ;  
What joys and hopes lied buried with the  
slain !

“ Yet nations claim, in order to adjust  
Their laws and governments to human needs,  
Their manly forms they may command to dust,  
And shed the blood alike of friend and foe,  
Then eulogize their brave, heroic deeds  
To compensate the wailing and the woe.

“In name of liberty what deeds are done !  
Freedom to him who has his brother slain !  
Freedom to him who smites his only son !  
And sees the fatal wound, alas, too late !  
Freedom through friendship’s crushed and broken  
chain !  
Freedom with thirst for blood insatiate !

“There never yet has been adjustment made  
Through war’s deep wounds of wrath, of sighs  
and tears,  
That e’en a moiety its cost has paid ;  
Its added burdens on the burdened fall,  
It brings the world its billions in arrears,  
Defies humanity and conquers all.

“The basest of the passions it enlists,  
And crushes the divinity within,  
On hate for hate in place of love insists,  
The blessed golden rule of life disdains,  
It leagues with darkness, is a child of sin,  
And every nation’s heart to wrath inflames.

“It every soul with thoughts of evil fills,  
Psychologizes every mind with hate,  
Transmits itself with all its blasting ills,—

For children born by wrath psychologized  
Make up a generation cursed, ingrate,  
To murder prone from natures brutalized.

“War nothing settles, save that greater force  
Has right the lesser force to overawe ;  
That might may rule and conquer in its course ;  
All love ignore, that should the parts unite ;  
That States may from the other States withdraw,  
That prove themselves the strongest in the fight.

“Its fated victims year by year increase,  
Its implements improve and multiply,  
Though burdened millions cry aloud for peace,  
And grave divines espouse her righteous cause,  
Then shout for war, while Christian brothers die,  
Join chorus with the rest, and shout applause.

“The world’s sweet dream of peace has been in  
• vain ;  
Prophets and seers its advent have foretold ;  
While still the demon with the mark of Cain  
The duties of the brotherhood disdains ;  
And in his ranks the millions are enrolled ;  
The voice of brothers’ blood from all the plains

“Speaks from the ground its withering menace ;  
As from the widow’s tears and orphan’s woe,  
To pierce the conscience of a guilty race,

And fix upon its brow the brand of shame,  
Out from whose presence it can never go,  
And in all climes still bears its guilty name.

“That name is war,—a name of nameless woes;  
By wild, rude savages at birth ’t was given;  
And by them armed and pitted ’gainst their foes,  
Then, to excuse its murderous intent,  
Claimed that the christening was done in Heaven,  
And that the christened was divinely sent,—

“Lauding the sin of their vile passions born,  
Claiming its source and parentage was God,  
Holding their fellow beings up to scorn,  
Branding as infidels the true and good,  
Who dared denounce and spurn the pious fraud,  
And plead for human rights and brotherhood.

“For peace the prophets of the Lord have cried,  
Which puts to shame this claim to origin;  
For peace the glorious Prince of Peace hath  
died.

War was a demon only to devour;  
To save to peace was but to save from sin,  
Not from Divine but from the despot’s power.

The Mighty Ruler never war ordained,  
As wisdom's plan to human laws adjust,  
For then the institution had remained ;  
Nor seer, nor prophet, would its rule arraign,  
For what's divine is ever wise and just,  
Man needs no saviour from its heavenly reign.

“ But Christians still unsheathe the blade of war,  
And on each other death and carnage pour,  
And with a zeal a savage might abhor  
Pursue their victims in fair freedom's name.  
What could the heathen savages do more ?  
Their sense of right and justice is the same.

“ Yet Christians for their saving faith have claimed  
Its power of love to meet and conquer all,—  
That it the fierce and savage heart hath tamed,  
And brought him humble to the Prince of Peace ;  
Has freed his savage mind from sin's dark thrall,  
And to his captive soul brought sweet release.

## CANTO XIII.

In this the Buddha and the Christ unite,  
And all great philanthropic souls agree,  
That might determines not the rule of right ;  
Right holds its realm by its attractive force,  
Through which wild chaos sprung to harmony,  
And suns and worlds and planets keep their  
course.

“’Tis the enlightened mind in right believes,  
From this comes all responsibility,  
Because the brute no moral sense receives ;  
He’s not subjected to a moral law,  
And man would in the scale no higher be  
With but brute force his mind to overawe.

“In this attractive force each parent deals  
Whose soul is guided by the inner light ;  
In moulding character for life he feels  
That tender love must never yield to hate,  
That loving kindness must maintain the right,  
And never wrong for wrong retaliate.

“Philanthropy is teaching man the same,  
With love to season penalties for crime ;  
'T was this that made our generous Howard's  
name

A synonym for what is good and true ;  
His name is known, revered, in every clime,  
Its mention fans the flame of love anew.

“He had compassion for all human guilt,  
For he its causes and surroundings saw,  
And in the heart that brothers' blood had spilt  
He saw the victim of depravity,  
Whose soul was tainted by transmission's law,  
And sunk to crime by its own gravity.

“Hence, self-protection is the only end  
Society should ever have in view ;  
And law should e'en the criminal defend  
When self-protection is by law attained ;  
Who 'd make life sacred must to life be true,  
And law itself should not by blood be stained.

“To kindle to a flame the spark within,  
Though buried deep beneath its earthly mould,  
And from a soul to help remove its sin,  
Is something worthy of the Church and State ;  
To out of evil see the good unfold  
Is heavenly work, with good to compensate.

“Man may protect, but cannot punish crime,  
Yet retribution's sure no one need doubt;  
'T would never slumber though 't were left to  
time,

And law should fail its victims to detect;  
His sin will follow close and find him out,  
Justice will never fail by man's neglect.

“Vain man; protect thyself from crime, then leave  
Results with him who searcheth deep all hearts!  
Who hath ordained that every soul receive  
The fullest measure for its own iniquity;  
Ever the world receives what it imparts,  
And suffers woe for its obliquity.

“Trust then the Power alone ordained to rule,  
That rules all rulers and defects supplies,  
Thy feet make bare to tread the vestibule  
Of the great temple of His love and praise;  
Burdened with hate thou hast no power to rise,  
And love alone can lead in wisdom's ways.

“Man's inner sense and intuitions lead  
Toward the golden rule the life to guide,  
And in affairs domestic ever plead  
For charity, forgiveness, not for wrath;  
Why not this rule to nations be applied  
Till warriors' feet forsake the bloody path.



“What is this boast that ye so loudly claim,  
That from the church millennium shall come!  
That war shall cease at the Redeemer's name,  
While to the battle-field that name you bear,  
And pray for help; the oracles are dumb,  
A mockery,—a sacrilegious prayer!

“Where shall the Christian reign of peace begin?  
So long as Christian governments rely  
On force to drive in place of love to win;  
And tax their genius, energy, and skill  
To means of death improve and multiply;  
Their greatness measure by their power to kill

“In that short life and frail, that springs from  
dust,  
And back again so soon to dust returns,  
That's only given to the soul in trust  
To gather jewels for a higher life,  
And where the soul but gathers what it earns,  
How vain, O mortals, are this war and strife!

“Ye stars, look down in pity on a race  
The tenants of a few, frail, fleeting years,  
Who thus debase their brief abiding place  
Into a charnal-field for beasts of prey;  
And sow the sin-cursed soil with blood and tears,  
And teach new generations how to slay.

“Man has one rule for the domestic hearth  
To bind a brotherhood in friendly ties,  
And then, instead of brotherhood for earth,  
Another rule not based on worth of mind,  
But what from changed conditions outward rise,  
That grants him right to prey upon his kind.

“A nation with foundations based in blood  
May some day reel and topple to its fall,—  
Its enemy will come in as a flood ;  
What he has lost he’s waiting to retrieve ;  
Blood that is shed for blood again will call ;  
The mete he measures out man must receive.

“The kingdoms boast of military power,  
And for the prestige with each other vie,  
And yet they know not of the day or hour  
The scepter from the ruler may depart ;  
The boasted warrior may prostrate lie ;  
How soon the sword may pierce the nation’s  
heart !

“Famed England stretches out her line of coast,  
And claims the field by blood and carnage  
gained,  
And ‘Rule Britannia’ is her proudest boast

In distant climes and on the ocean wave;  
But minds and bodies, fettered, are unchained,  
And seas of blood her boasted altars lave.

“There is no safety in the law of might,  
It holds on man an arbitrary claim,  
It has no standard for the rule of right,  
But changes with each outward circumstance,  
It has no fixed, no high, exalted aim,  
And leaves its own self interest to chance.

“When built on virtue and a moral force,  
Based on consent of earnest, willing minds,  
A Christian nation starts upon its course,  
And of the greatest number seeks the good;  
And all its sovereigns by attraction binds  
In recognition of the brotherhood,

“And implements of war repudiates,  
And for its foes has nought but love and peace;  
Strength shall be added to her golden gates,  
Her foes disarmed shall shrink in servile awe;  
All opposition from the world shall cease,  
And nations learn the worth of moral law.

“But when in human blood the base is laid  
The military power becomes its strength;  
And though its laws are outwardly obeyed

The arbitrary power asserts its sway,  
Curtailing liberty, until at length  
The ruled refuse the rulers to obey.

“Then comes collision, and the forces meet  
With clashing steel, and lead, and iron hail;  
And then the conquered at the conqueror's feet  
Declare allegiance to power again,  
Consent and will become of no avail,  
And bleeding freedom pleads her cause in vain.

## CANTO XIV.

“It may seem strange, but, as I view it now,  
Your revolution had its grave defects;  
I claim no laurels for the conqueror’s brow;  
I see beyond my patriotic zeal  
A tie more potent, that my soul connects  
With freedom truer to a nation’s weal.

“Those fields of blood! the loved in battle slain,  
The mourning hearts, the forms of weeping  
    woe,  
Have left upon your government a stain;  
And made the law of force a precedent  
That aims at liberty a mortal blow,  
And stays the progress of a continent.

“Never before had patriot or sage,  
Or Christian statesman, so propitious field  
On which to forecast a true Christian age;  
A reign of love and peace inaugurate,

Through which the waiting nations might be  
healed,

And Christian kindness renovate the State.

“Love would have conquered haughty Britain’s  
power

Had men a generation more foreborne,

And saved the world the dark and gloomy hour,  
When freedom’s goddess bathed in blood her  
form;

The Christ again was from her altars torn,

And love went down beneath fierce passion’s  
storm.

“A kingdom founded both of earth and heaven,  
Had they but waited as the Christ would wait;  
The power and the dominion had been given,

To rule a land in peace and righteousness,

Its power not soldiery to guard the State,

But wisdom, love, and freedom of the press.

“Her cause had favor found in Parliament,

In her petitions to the British crown;

The plea for independent government,

In English hearts would soon have favor found,

As it had statesmen reached of high renown,

And soon success would have the effort crowned.

“ ’Tis not in reason that a continent  
    Could long be subject to the British isle,  
    Its increased millions feeling discontent  
By the broad waves of ocean separate,  
    Still non-resistant, cheered by love’s sweet smile,  
    With peace in league, peace to inaugurate.

“ No seeds of dissolution had been sown,  
    No last resort to arms had been declared ;  
    His country’s good, by seeking well his own,  
Each would have sought, and, with a willing heart,  
    Each, by consent, had in the blessing shared,  
    Each of the government a willing part.

“ And brotherhood would then have bound the  
    parts,  
    And each have learned his neighbors’ value more,  
    And charity would more have reached all hearts ;  
Each would have studied others’ wants and needs ;  
    The land had not been drenched in human gore,  
    And sown with tears, to harvest widows’ weeds.

“ A union grand and mighty in its strength,  
    That binds all hearts in trust and willingness,  
    No discord known in all its breadth and length  
With no intent of using force to bind,  
    No dogmas of man’s vain self-righteousness,  
    No pharisaic code to curse mankind.

“Had such a spirit fallen on the land,  
And gained control and conquered Britain’s  
power,  
And in its warmth the government been planned,  
None of the States the compact would have  
spurned ;  
Or had they peacefully retired, the hour  
Was near they would repentant have returned.

“Not long can men or governments contend  
Against the law of kindness to them shown ;  
As friend not willingly will part with friend,  
As brother will not with his brother vie,  
As heart will beat in fondness for its own,  
And for the loved, and lost, and absent sigh.

“What new baptism had the world received !  
On England first the western light had shone,  
And then the nations would have seen, believed ;  
The burdens had been lifted from the poor,  
For hoarded millions were a thing unknown,  
And want have vanished from the poor man’s  
door.

“The world must wait, the reign of peace must  
come,  
Men will of war and tribulation tire,  
But, ere the advent of millennium,



States must no more coerce nor be coerced ;  
On freedom's altar love must light the fire,  
And war's grim heathen idols be dispersed.

“No sister State must use the law of force  
A fancied wrong or grievance to redress,  
As from a union true there's no divorce ;  
It is a bond that holds by love divine ;  
Then guard it well by precept, pen, and press,  
As pure religion guards its holy shrine.

“When from the spheres light on the world shall  
break,  
And knowledge take the place of feeble faith,  
And man shall to his destiny awake,  
And lay up treasures for his spirit home,  
He'll hear the voice of what the spirit saith :  
E'en now the spirit and the bride say come.

“I trust that yet the western world may lead,—  
May learn through discipline the wrath to shun,  
And that the night may pass of selfish greed,  
That day may break, true freedom's sun arise,  
The glory shine, the will Divine be done,  
And freedom bring to peace her sacrifice.

## CANTO XV.

“A new departure was the wise intent,  
Of patriots who freedom’s charter drew,  
To form a union with the free consent  
Of men and States, with no compulsive force,  
But as the needle to the pole is true,  
And as the worlds attract and hold their course.

“From nature’s laws they wisely drew the plan,  
From wheeling orbs a system they evolved;  
As worlds are ruled, so governments for man  
May be the prototype, and nature’s laws  
Applied to mind present the problem solved,  
And all the product of a subtle cause.

“And as each world around the central sun  
Moves freely in an orbit of its own,  
And has its circle well defined to run,  
No power that’s central with it interferes,  
By which one world is from its balance thrown,  
So States were independent in their spheres.

“The charter has their orbits well defined,  
The bounds between them and their central sun,  
And there can be no other power to bind;  
Let either from the other power absorb,  
All must to chaos and confusion run,  
As ruin would attend a wand’ring orb.

“Then let the rule by States intact remain,  
Each local right be left within the sphere  
Of each proud sovereign, that he may maintain  
Within his grasp the rights to him bequeathed,  
E’en as his life and liberty are dear,  
As precious, as the air the fathers breathed.

“To make your great elections pure and free,  
The people must the one-man power withdraw,  
And must themselves in each locality  
Their servants choose the offices to fill,  
And have in place of this old kingly law  
A government based on the people’s will.

“Between despotic and the people’s rule  
There is no interchange or compromise,  
You need no mongrel governmental mule  
On which aspiring patriots ride to power,  
But modest worth must take the glitt’ring prize,  
While peace, not anarchy, shall rule the hour.

“No president should patronage dispense  
To greedy applicants throughout the land;  
True freedom’s sons must rise in self-defense  
Must save their liberties from jeopardy,  
Their rulers’ lives from the assassin’s hand,  
By choosing men who shall their servants be.

“Let but attractive moral force be known,  
That shall of many make a people one;  
In human rights let each claim but his own;  
A brotherhood of States,—my last appeal;  
Such was the farewell of your Washington,  
For man such is the love that fires his zeal.

“No warriors mailed, required for self-defense,  
Where each has rights and int’rests of his own;  
With life and freedom for inheritance,  
A title to the soil that yields them bread,  
Men are invincible; on these alone,  
May rest all power ’gainst the invaders’ tread.

“The moral force would hold the world in awe,  
And soon would cease all effort to intrude,  
As even vice respects the moral law,  
And would its victims choose among the vile;  
So nations, by the law of love subdued,  
Would not fair freedom’s name with blood defile.

- “And soon they too would learn to sheathe the  
sword,  
And turn their genius to the arts of peace;  
With this example they could ill afford  
To seek for conquest by the law of might,  
And so all vengeance from the heart would  
cease,  
And nations, guided by the law of right,  
“Would meet in peace and friendly interchange;  
A brotherhood would soon o’er earth prevail,  
As human thought should take a wider range;  
True science would her mysteries unfold,  
Its truths applied to life be of avail,  
And at its close unbar the gates of gold.  
“In this third circle of the second sphere  
I’ve waited that I might my errors mend;  
My country’s patriots are gathered here;  
And hoping still men’s errors to correct,  
We in the nation’s councils oft appear,  
And by our will sometimes their will direct.  
“We’ve lingered near the horrid field of blood,  
And viewed the error as result of ours;  
Have nurtured each bereft and tender bud,  
Whose parent stem had withered in the blast;  
To stay the tide, exerted all our powers,  
Pleading for love and mercy to the last.

“And when the serried ranks in death went down,  
We met their spirits on the battle-field ;  
We strove to gain for them a brighter crown :  
We knew no North, no South, but brothers all,  
With them our covenant of love was sealed,  
And angels sighed o’er their untimely fall.

“Sad scenes like these still bind my soul to earth,  
Because in them I took an active part,  
While Howard here has passed to higher birth ;  
’Tis well, he wrath and blood for blood disdained,  
That vengeance found no refuge in his heart,  
And to the last he peace and love maintained.

“And so to circles higher, without regret,  
He passed through circles of the lower spheres ;  
But oft in sweet communion we have met,  
With other souls who to our call respond,  
Who journey with us to the world of tears,  
But whose attractions are the fields beyond.

“If peace prevail, then each to each must yield,  
And in the heart no bitterness must rise,  
In compromise the compact be resealed,  
All rights respected, to convince of wrong,  
Then union pure, with all the word implies,  
Shall in all hearts be cherished and grow strong.

“Go, say to partisans throughout the land  
Another freedom’s battle must be won;  
The flame of wrath, by passion’s hot breath  
fanned,  
Must be subdued; and strife and war must end  
Before the spirit of your Washington  
Can upward to celestial plains ascend.

“The gods e’en speak through oracles long dumb,  
And from the heathen temples voices break  
In revelations from the life to come;  
A light reveals the paths of destiny;  
And each must choose the better path to take,  
Through golden gates,—the path of charity.

“Nations shall by the revelation learn  
To meet each other on the plane of peace,  
And for each evil learn to good return,  
While evils and oppressions shall grow less,  
And through wise councils bloody war shall  
cease,  
And thus millennium the land shall bless.

“That day shall come, but not by grace alone,  
For man must work, and angels help to guide,  
Must heed the light that on the world has  
shone,

And human hands must wipe the falling tear,  
From human hearts must flow the healing tide,  
And human tongues must speak the words of  
cheer.

“The patriot’s work shall be philanthropy ;  
No narrow limits shall his vision bound,  
His field the world, his theme humanity ;  
With commerce free, and friendly interchange,  
The nations shall abide in peace profound,  
And jealousies no more their hearts estrange.

“The Christ that is to come shall raise His voice  
Against war’s tribute unto Cæsar paid,  
And in his strength the people shall rejoice ;  
In tribute paid to peace the poor shall share,  
No more on them be heavy burdens laid,  
For others’ burdens each shall help to bear.

“Then wait, O earth ! for compensation wait !  
Justice will come though she may travel slow ;  
And in adjustment Mercy may be late,  
But her soft hand of love shall be revealed,  
And be amid earth’s closing scenes of woe  
The balm by which the nations shall be healed.”

The vision passed, and twilight veiled the sky ;  
The words of prophecy here ceased to flow,—  
I lose their inspiration with a sigh ;



Earth looked more cheerful as I downward gazed,  
And from above I caught the golden glow  
That from the higher spheres of glory blazed.

Then said my guide: "Behold the higher zone,  
Where more exalted love has fixed its seat!  
Where wisdom more celestial has its throne,  
The vestibule of freedom's temples bright,  
Where lovers of celestial science meet,  
To search new truths in fields of dawning light."

I looked, and, lo! the starry diadem  
Shone brighter round my guardian angel's head  
Than when I first beheld the sweet emblem  
Of deeds of love a noble life had crowned;  
A brighter light seemed on his pathway shed,—  
My willing feet had reached more holy ground.

An incense sweeter than all earthly balm  
Distilled its grateful fragrance on the air;  
And music lent its sweet and mellow charm;  
In bowers enchanted birds their gladness sang,  
And joy and gladness triumphed everywhere;  
Contentment rested on each brow, no pang

Of sorrow or regret; each loving heart  
Had through exalted wisdom found its own;  
Each soul was to some other counterpart,

Although no vow or pledge had made them one ;  
But pure and bright the ties of union shone,  
As rays of light from life's celestial sun.

I saw the law of compensation sure,  
The evil but a transient incident ;  
The good that shall eternally endure  
More lovely, comely, for its conquests gained  
By years in mitigating evils spent.  
O'er earthly woes my soul was no more pained.

The night is but the shadow of the day ;  
The tempest brings the air a purer calm ;  
Behind the darkest clouds the sunbeams play ;  
The dew-drop is the image of the sea ;  
Man's power the product of a mighty arm,  
An integration of eternity.

Now back to earth, with strength of will renewed,  
I wait to hear the boatman's muffled oar,  
And trusting that the scenes in vision viewed  
I may review ; upon this truth I rest  
To evil's problem solve, and ask no more,—  
Eternal Love and Wisdom knoweth best.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## DREAM-LAND.

There's a land of delight, with its evergreen  
portals,

That opens to view in the shadows of this ;  
As a fore-taste of glory, bequeathed unto mortals,  
Its fair regions border the gardens of bliss.

Its mountains and vales are the soul's own crea-  
tions,

Its blossoms so sweet but conceptions of mind ;  
And bright forms that greet us are but incarna-  
tions

Of beautiful thought and reflections refined.

This beautiful dream-land is left to the keeping  
Of bright, fairy angels, to mortals unseen ;

Its glories awake as the senses lie sleeping,  
And the starlight of peace tints its borders of  
green.

Of our brightest ideals it is the fruition,  
In fairy delights to the spirit portrayed ;  
And its grandeur and glory but ope to the vision  
Of those who've the laws of true being obeyed.

Of this land of delights not a soul takes possession  
Unless from the burdens of sin it is free ;  
'Tis when there's no outward or inward transgression,  
From whose frightful specters no mortal can flee.

And so when in death our mortality slumbers,  
Far brighter fruitions will ope to the view,  
If no taint of passion the spirit encumbers,  
And the evergreen fields will be real and true.

The soul shall find rest from each trouble and sorrow ;  
More bright than in dreams our dear loved ones shall seem ;  
The rest shall be sweet, nor awake on the morrow  
To find life's best pleasures have proved but a dream.

## IN MEMORIAM.

We have wept o'er the form of our precious and  
dearest;

We have mourned, and our tear-drops have  
fallen like rain;

And we'd almost forgot that her presence was  
nearest,

And an angel to cheer us was pleading in vain.

We'd almost forgot that our souls were not parted;

That our faith and our hope had for us rent the  
vail;

That the love of our Alice, the true tender-hearted,

Was our solace in life, and in death could not  
fail.

We had almost forgot that the dark-flowing river

Was bright in the distance, with lights on the  
shore;

And as free as it came from the hands of the  
Giver

A beautiful spirit had passed on before.

In the beautiful spring-time, ere roses were bloom-  
ing,

As buds were beginning their leaves to unfold,  
While the fingers of nature the dead were un-  
tombing,

Our sweet bud of promise lay stricken and cold.

Meet,—yes, we shall meet when we pass the dark  
water ;

Already a bark waits to carry us o'er.

The love that is true of companion and daughter  
Beams bright through the darkness, a light on  
the shore.

Meet,—yes, we shall meet where lights, trimmed  
and burning,

Reveal sparkling gems from the valley of tears,  
Where the forms of the aged to youth are return-  
ing,

And souls are not bowed 'neath the burden of  
years.

Meet,—yes, we shall meet, for already we're  
meeting,

And more hallowed the ground where her youth-  
ful feet trod ;



More sacred the halls and each place of our  
greeting;

'Tis her presence sustains,— we pass under the  
rod.

And the sweet bud she's left in the vase of affec-  
tion,

More dear than the casket that bore her away,  
We will watch as it blossoms,—a link of connection  
That binds her still near to the casket of clay.

Ah, many sweet jewels earth holds in her bosom,  
But lovelier far are the gems that have fled,  
Too frail for so sweet and so tender a blossom,—  
We cleave to the living and not to the dead.

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

Ye famed Adirondacks, the pride of the land,  
Your green summits wreathed with white gar-  
lands of snow,  
In your primeval glory and grandeur still stand,—  
The font of life's nectar, the source of its flow!

Where are steep frowning cliffs, whence the cool  
shadows fall,  
From whence the proud eagle rounds up tow'rd  
the sky,  
And the 'plaint of the loon gives response to his  
call,  
As his shriek of proud freedom is heard from  
on high.

Where nature's sweet perfume distills from the  
pine,  
And the spruce and the tamarac odors impart,  
That are borne down the vale, as the breath of  
the wine  
Of nature's distilling to gladden the heart.

Where the hare and the bluebird in solitude dwell,  
And the foot of the hunter hath never yet prest,  
And the sound of the rifle with tremulous swell,  
Coming up from the valleys, can never molest.

Where the storm gathers first from the ether afar,  
And the elements marshal in battle array,  
And the thunder's fierce bolt, nature's missile of  
war,  
Follows quick on the flash of the lightning's  
fierce play.

Where the streamlet that's born as the child of  
the storm,  
And nurtured by nature's omnipotent care,  
Starts forth on its mission *His* will to perform,  
'Tow'ds its mighty proportions all beauteous  
and fair.

Now it gathers in silence as night dews distill,  
Now it ripples soft music as waves on the shore,  
Now it speeds on its course from the warbling rill,  
Till its music is lost in the ocean's wild roar.

Let the storm and the tempest still gather around  
Thy proud summits, O mountains! ye ever shall  
be,  
Mid the elements' roar and the stillness profound,  
The pure life-giving fountains and wealth of  
the free.

Let your green, shady parks round your foot-hills  
    remain,  
    That their cold, icy caves may be shadowed for  
    aye.  
'Tis the fountain of life ; dry ye not up the vein !  
    Let the forest remain to the tempest a prey.

Around your bald peaks let the fierce lightnings  
    play ;  
    Down your gorges and canyons the bright  
    waters flow,  
Dispensing life's blessings away and away,  
    All sparkling through meadows and valleys  
    below.

Let the battlements rock with wild throes if they  
    will,  
    Let the shivering bolt the tall hemlock lay low,  
So the wine and the nectar of health but distill,  
    And the deep stream of life be left free in its  
    flow.

Let the fisherman's boat o'er the bright waters  
    glide,  
    Let the clattering hoof from the hill-side  
    resound,  
Let the deer and the elk in their fastness abide,  
    Or lead the wild chase of the hunter and hound.

Let the elements gather from regions afar,  
Let the tempest and storm their dread carnival  
hold ;  
Yet let not the ax of the pioneer mar  
This fair Ophir of wealth, of more value than  
gold.

Let the streamlet flow on over valley and plain,  
And the soft showers gather that gave it its  
birth ;  
Still o'er our broad land let the forests remain,  
The fountains, God-given, of blessings to earth.

## THE ORPHAN'S HOME.

A home for the orphans, how precious the word,  
How much of the virtues of life are inferred,  
How many kind hearts are presented to view  
That by the sad pleadings of want have been  
stirred,  
And proved to the call of humanity true.

Oh, blest are the souls that with blessings o'erflow,  
For these waifs that have drank of the chalice of  
woe,  
From the cup of misfortune with bitterness  
filled;  
We never can feel and we never may know  
Of the woe from the fountain of anguish dis-  
tilled;

Of the fond mother's grief whose last pleading  
prayer  
Commended her all to the pitying care;  
Of some heart in the furnace of sorrow subdued,  
Whom fortune had blest with a bountiful share,  
With heavenly meekness and kindness imbued.

Thrice blest is the life with such memories filled  
That has been by the pleading of innocence  
thrilled,

And the lips that have drank of the fountain  
of bliss,

And the heart that has quaffed of the fragrance  
distilled,

When the cheek is embalmed with the dear  
orphan's kiss.

And sacred the walls by humanity reared,

And the matronly heart to the lone ones endeared,

And the toilers who gather with bountiful hand,  
Their names and their deeds shall by men be  
revered

While the wail of the orphan is heard in the  
land.

May the choicest of blessings forever descend

On those who have proved to the friendless a  
friend,

While the word of approval from Heaven shall  
be

As reward to the faithful e'en unto the end,

"Kind deeds done the orphans ye've done unto  
me."

## TO MY GRAND-BOY.

What theme is this inspires my pen,  
And thrills my very being through,  
And makes this old heart throb again  
With impulse strange and new?  
Two little eyes that beam delight,  
Two dimpled cheeks all rosy red,  
The soul's bright joy and household light,—  
My darling little Fred.

Bewitching smile and roguish laugh,  
That drive dull, anxious care away;  
A kingdom for a photograph  
Like this to keep for aye!  
The patter of his tiny feet  
In contrast with my weary tread,—  
With what a thrill of joy I meet  
My darling little Fred!



It may be foolish ; but a spell  
Comes o'er this weary heart of mine ;  
It may be wisdom,— who can tell ?  
A touch of life divine.  
But somehow as the shadows fall,  
And other lights of life have fled,  
A star seems shining still o'er all  
In darling little Fred.

Perhaps 't is but a wise design  
That age and careless youth should greet,  
As childhood comes with life's decline  
The union is complete.  
I only know for this tired heart  
A younger seems to beat instead,—  
My life in some way has a part  
In darling little Fred.

And if to be a child again  
Means peace and innocence returned,  
I feel life's struggle not in vain,—  
A crown of joy well earned.  
Though all the world were cold to me,  
And I to it were cold and dead,  
My eyes a heavenly kingdom see  
In darling little Fred.

'T is hard to think that bitter tears  
Must blot youth's brightest, fairest page,  
The rosy hue of childhood's years  
Must wither into age.  
Yet prattling innocence remains  
To soothe and cheer the hoary head ;  
With this I'll meet what fate ordains  
My darling little Fred.

## A TRIBUTE

INSCRIBED TO THE PARENTS OF THE LATE HENRY KEEP FLOWER.

How sad and how lonely our hearts are tonight  
As we sit in the shadows in silence and tears,  
Our souls bowed with grief 'neath the ruin and  
    blight  
That have crushed the fond hopes we had garn-  
    ered for years.

And we ask why the bright bud of promise so  
    fair,  
The sweet consummation of love's early dreams,  
As its petals were thrown to the pure morning air,  
Is but dust in the glow of affection's bright  
    beams.

Oh, why, as its beauties began to unfold,  
And it promised in blessings for earth to mature,  
Should it yield to the blast, to the blight, and the  
    cold,  
And to memory leave a frail blossom so pure ?

Oh, may we not cherish the thought as divine  
That the blossoms of childhood can never decay;  
That in caskets more bright they still brighter  
shall shine  
From the blush of their morn to the fullness of  
day?

And the tendrils that bound to the casket of clay  
Can never be severed but brighter shall grow;  
And the light of affection in each golden ray  
More closely shall bind with more warmth in  
its glow.

May we yield then in trust, though in sorrow we  
bow,  
Our loved and our lost to the angels' sweet care,  
Who will wreath brighter garlands of love for  
his brow  
Than those of earth's blossoms from gardens  
more fair.

Those virtues and graces are all gathered there,  
As jewels more precious than gold from the  
mine,  
And yet to be valued as treasures more rare  
When counted again in the life more divine.

Let us cherish the faith that our loved ones so  
dear

Have never forgotten affection's sweet kiss,  
And await in *that* world with the sunlight of cheer  
To dispel the sad gloom and the shadows of *this*.

## SONG OF LABOR.

Here's a health to the laboring million,  
A hand for the right hand of toil ;  
A heart for companion and children,  
Of brothers who delve in the soil :  
To fathers and mothers and children,  
In every department of toil.

The wealth of the world is its labor,  
The right arm of genius and skill ;  
And each for himself and his neighbor  
Must rally and work with a will ;  
In the rock and the soil he must labor,  
A workman of genius and skill.

A welcome to brain, nerve, and muscle,  
That luxury bring to the board,  
That amid earth's commotion and bustle  
Have conquered more wrong than the sword.  
A health to nerve, sinew, and muscle,  
That bring us a plentiful board.

Through labor and toil of true genius  
The metals of earth have been forged ;  
And forms far more lovely than Venus  
The secrets of time have disgorged ;  
And greater creations of genius,  
Are waiting in turn to be forged.

The world for the worker is waiting,  
And wealth seeks investments in vain,  
While genius and toil are creating  
New fields for percentage and gain ;  
The rich and the proud are still waiting  
And wealth without labor is vain.

The wealthy must work, or their riches  
Will fly like the winds and the waves ;  
They've more care than the delvers in ditches,  
To masters more cruel are slaves.  
Joy comes, not unminged from riches,  
Uncertain as winds and the waves.

There is health in hard muscle and sinew,  
A freedom that flows through the veins,  
A uniting of hearts to continue,—  
A wealth that abiding remains ;  
No gold is as precious as sinew,  
And health flowing free through the veins.

Then live not as slaves to the wealthy,  
    Though over supply rules the hour,  
But seek out some region more healthy,  
    And trust to your right arm of power!  
Be never a slave to the wealthy,  
    Nor yield up your manhood one hour.

The world is a workshop, and working  
    Is part of the system divine;  
No laws were established for shirking,  
    But each must work out its design,  
Then be not despondent at working,  
    For by work we become more divine.

Then a health to the patrons of labor,  
    To the toilers, where'er they may be,  
Who've a care for themselves and the neighbor,  
    To the hearts that are honest and free!  
To the men and the women who labor,  
    And their loved ones where'er they may be.



## A ROUNDED LIFE.

READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE 80TH BIRTHDAY OF  
MRS. ROXANA T. STRONG.

At friendship's call we meet tonight,  
The lamps fraternal burning bright,  
    To lay our offerings at the feet  
Of one whose days of four-score years,  
Through earthly trials, hopes, and fears,  
    Have grown more rounded and complete.

The rising sun of life's gay morn,  
In which youth's budding flowers were born,  
    Hath glint the hill tops with its glow;  
And now the length'ning shadows fall  
O'er scenes fond mem'ries still recall  
    In lights and shades of long ago.

And all along the path is bright;  
Nor storm nor cloud can quench the light  
    That shines from virtue's noonday sun.  
A life well spent in doing good,  
That feels the ties of brotherhood,  
    Hath o'er the world the victory won.

Sweet peace the solace of the night !  
Sweet hope that bathes the world in light !  
That lifts the veil as loved ones fall ;  
With faith, triumphant evermore,  
Still pointing to the golden shore,  
The soul is conqueror over all.

What though 't is evening, twilight, now,  
And feebled age, with wrinkled brow,  
Gives outward signs of sure decay ;  
To inner life it is but morn,—  
A spirit from the earth reborn,—  
The dawning of a brighter day.

A thankfulness for noble deeds,  
Done in response to human needs,  
Upon thy memory shall rest ;  
Of those who feel thy guardian care,  
And thy beneficence still share,  
Shall children's children call thee blest.

From life's fair field may it be ours  
To crop as sweet and cherished flowers,  
To cheer the days of our decline,—  
Look backward o'er a life as just,  
And forward with as calm a trust  
As grace these eighty years of thine.

## MEMORIAM.

Lovingly bear the dear form to its rest,  
So lovely, so young, and so fair ;  
Tenderly lay the rude clods o'er her breast,  
For the hopes we had cherished are there.

Softly, tread soft, o'er the green buds that cling  
With a tenure so frail to the earth ;  
For silently opes one sweet blossom of spring,  
And angels await on its birth.

Sadly and tearfully give back to dust  
The form that the throbbing heart prest  
Hopingly, lovingly, yield up in trust  
The soul to the home of its rest.

Trustingly pass through the darkness profound,  
The mystery still unrevealed ;  
Sorrow though deep cometh not of the ground,  
Nor thence is the wounded heart healed.

Lonely, how lonely ! God knoweth the grief !

    'The darkness ere morning shall dawn ;

But there's light, there is love, and a balm of  
    relief,

And a meeting with loved ones who've gone.

Then trustingly, hopefully lay her to rest,

    So gentle in life's early morn ;

Hallowed the places her welcome feet prest,

And the shrine whence a spirit was born.

## SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

Oh, that the slumb'ring world might wake,  
And from its drowsy fetters break,  
    The light to see !  
Might catch the glory of its beams,  
That brings to view, in place of dreams,  
    Reality !

Fitful the shadows of the night ;  
But morning dawns with calm delight,  
    The world is fair :  
But life is but a flick'ring breath,  
And anguish, sorrow, pain, and death  
    Are everywhere.

In vain are grandeur and estate ;  
But dust remains of all the great  
    Men bowed before :  
Conquered and conqueror come to nought,  
The hand that toiled, the brain that thought,  
    Are now no more.

The heir of haughty pride and lust  
Now mingles with the self-same dust  
    Of those he scorned ;  
By spring-time op'ning bud and flower,  
Born of the sunshine and the shower,  
    Both are adorned.

Vanished the pictures from the walls,  
With fame's fair temples, save the halls  
    Of memory,  
Where deeds and thoughts engraved remain,  
All else from dust is dust again,—  
    Equality.

The wealth that follows craft and greed  
Has proved to man a broken reed  
    To lean upon ;  
His stay in life, his strength and shield,  
To waiting kindred he must yield,  
    And all is gone.

There is no outward thing of earth,  
In tracing back from death to birth,  
    Can give him rest ;  
Bereft of all he called his own,  
Sadly he enters the unknown,  
    By hope unblest.

Behind the darkness there is day,  
So dwells beneath these forms of clay,  
    Reality;  
It is a world with all that's true,  
With all that mortals should pursue,  
    Or strive to be.

He who bequeaths one deed or thought  
To guide man right, or cheer his lot,  
    Does for his kind  
More than the millionaire who grieves  
As he departs, and only leaves  
    His wealth behind.

So live that, when thy day is done,  
Calmly shall sink life's setting sun  
    In cloudless skies ;  
And, guided by the inner light,  
Behold through shadows of the night,  
    The morn arise.

## CONSOLATION.

"If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

There is a sensuous life, but 't is not all;  
Its highest triumphs ne'er can satisfy,  
Its highest pleasures on the senses pall,  
Its highest mission is to feast and die.

It is not all, for an existence higher,  
With higher aims, is man's, from deity;  
And heavenward tending is each fond desire,  
Its goal of triumph,—love eternally.

And this is all; let man his nature know,  
And in this heavenward life his duty learn;  
Do well his work appointed here below,  
And on the spiral upward road return.

Yes, this is all; and to this heavenly end  
Loved ones await us in communion sweet;  
Though lonely now, we have not lost a friend,—  
This truth shall be our solace when we meet.