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THE

JOY BRINGER:

FIFTY THREE MELODIES

OF THE

ONE-IN-TWAIN.

FEBRUARY-MARCH, MDCCCLXXXVI.

A BIRTH-DAY GIFT,

FROM

FOUNTAINGROVE.

1886

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THE JOY BRINGER.

WITH GREETING.

THE sheaf of Song that is clasped in the pages of the 'Joy Bringer,' represents not the gleanings of a past harvest, but rather the first gifts of a new Summer in the Muse's field. Borne to expression from the pain and sorrow of a constant and preternatural burden-bearing and holding for many, these melodies will serve in some degree to indicate the present organic state, the occult encompassings, the meditations and experiences of the one who thus holds and bears.

It was observed by one of the family in hourly attendance upon him, that his written diary, continued for years, had ceased, but that, after coming forth, and before retiring to his nightly seclusion, he was frequently communing with himself, in a low voice that was almost song. Being reverently approached, it was inquired of him, if 'he would repeat the melodious sentences that they might be preserved?' He gave to this request a partial but hesitating assent, and the fifty three melodies that are here printed form a series of those that were thus gathered during February and March of the present year.

It will be understood, as a matter of course, that permission was given for private printing, and that this does not extend to publication, either in America or abroad. On the fifteenth of May will occur the sixty third anniversary of our father's birth in natural time. It is our desire to present the 'Joy Bringer' to our brothers and sisters, as a memento of the joyful occasion. Peace, love and abundant hope be with all.

FOUNTAINGROVE, May 1st, 1886.

THE JOY BRINGER.

I.

FEBRUARY 17.

BRIM your festal bowls again
From the fountains of the Day.
Paradise comes forth to men.
Work is play.

Motions of the gliding feet
Weave the form in bright array.
Heaven descends the Earth to meet.
Work is play.

Twine the blissful Social Band:
Welcome in the blithe-heart Fay.
Hold with Heaven in heart and hand.
Work is play.

Roses ope on Labor's thorn:
Gold-light kindles in the gray.
Fairy Phoenix winds the horn.
Work is play.

Brim your festal bowls anew
From the fountains of the Day.
Hearts of Love your life renew.
Work is play.

II.

FEBRUARY 18.

If you would slay the Social Snake,
That brings the bosom grief and ache,
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
For Heaven comes forth in social play.

If you would call the Heavenly Choir,
In all your breathings to respire,
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
For Heaven is in your social play.

Voice forth your loves in joyful song:
'Tis music makes the spirit strong:
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
The song of Heaven is in your play.

The Powers that labor for the End
Upon the Social Choir attend.
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
Till Earth uplifts for social play.

III.

FEBRUARY 19.

If you should meet dear Parson Kiss,
He'd say, 'Sweet, by your pardon;'
Then dance you on, for social bliss,
Into the Parish Garden.

There's Lady Sue and little Fan,—
The matrons with the misses,—
And many a noble gentleman,
Whose lips the Joy Queen kisses.

There's Dolly Doughnut, Annie Peach
And Rose and Flora Butter:
'Twould take a life to form in speech
The joys their hearts that flutter.

The kindnesses within the breast
Dance forth their feet to tickle;
Especially when in the west
The young moon draws her sickle.

The ladies are in gold-light clad,
For social wreaths entwining;
The knights like brave Sir Galahad,
The Holy Grail a-finding.

IV.

FEBRUARY 20.

To bring the gladness of the LORD,
That makes the blithe, blue weather,
Let hearts for love with hearts accord:
Then dance, oh, dance together!

To woo the LADY of DELIGHT
Forth from Her Golden Star-land,
Let hearts with hearts for love unite:
Then weave the social garland.

So glides the blissful Bridal Queen,
For new-born gladness given;
Till but a mist-wreath floats between
Your Social Choir and Heaven.

This is the Land of Love-the-Lord!
'Tis here the Bride Girls gather:
With ours their graceful motions chord,
Led by the MOTHER-FATHER.

V.

FEBRUARY 21.

It is the LORD of Hearts' Desires,
Whose breath is in your social fires.
Attune the feet to measures gay,
For Heaven is in your social play.

Sir Cheerful Courage, he is bold,
To do and dare, to give and hold:
With cheerful courage lead the way,
For Heaven is in your social play.

Sir Constant Valor, he is great;
'Tis he who leads the rising state:
Ascend with him to meet the day,
For Heaven is in your social play.

The heaven and earth in you would meet,
From heart and soul to hands and feet.
In fairy loves your lives array,
For Heaven is in your social play.

VI.

FEBRUARY 22.

ALL lovely gifts on Love await:
Our LADY OF THE SPRING
Draws nigh, through Nature's vernal gate,
Her blossomed wreaths to fling.
The sorrows of the World abate;
The birds awake to sing.

It was a Bird, a golden bird,
And yet a Fay sincere:
His call the fairy love-wind whirred,
For Lady L. to hear:
Those heavenly airs were gently stirred,
As if the End were near.

When Fairyland begins anew,
For human breasts, to bring
The pearl-drops of its social dew,
And wake the loves to sing,
Then fairy eyes for rapture view
Our Lady of the Spring.

Then when for social joys we meet,
The Fairy Choirs attend:
The gold-clad dancers to the feet
For social play descend.
As hearts to hearts grow blithe and sweet,
There's promise of the End.

VII.

FEBRUARY 23.

SIR Comfort Blessing told his tale:
Quoth he,—‘I saw the Holy Grail:
The cup was in our LADY’s hand:
I saw our LORD beside her stand.

‘He pressed the blossom of Her breast;
The milk-white love-wine was exprest;
And, as the sacred cup it filled,
All Fairyland for joy was thrilled.

‘Pledge to the Grail, the Holy Grail!
The wine of life shall never fail;
But flow and flow, and rise and rise,
Till human hearts hold Paradise.

‘Pledge to the Grail! its gifts diffuse
The virtue that our life renews.
They in Her social wreath who twine,
Taste of the MOTHER’s holy wine.’

VIII.

FEBRUARY 26.

THE End shall be here and the Morning
Lie spectral and dead on the plain.
The Night, from her tower of scorning,
Shall laugh in the pride of disdain,
And scatter fierce cold without warning,
Like frost on the blossoming grain.

I quaff from the cup of God's pleasures,
Till melodies fashion and flow;
But, meeting mankind, the blithe measures
Dissolve into murmurs of woe:
Then Night shows me, out of her treasures,
The gifts she is bearing below.

As when the starred WOMAN OF HEAVEN
Brings forth the Man Child to Her knee;
Then clothes him with lightnings, far driven
By rapture and splendor to be;
So cometh the End; yet 'tis given
For none of the wise to foresee.

But lo! the Man Child, he shall find him
The Woman Child, regnant and warm,
And she for his mission shall wind him
In quietude deeper than storm;
Till she in her bliss hath enshrined him,
And led her full life through his form.

Then, forth from invisible spaces,
The darkness shall come; it shall cleave

To the Earth and shall rest on the faces
Of men, as the mist-wreaths of eve;
Then fold the dim orb for embraces,
And curtains of shadowing weave.

As choirs in the music of motion
Lead on for the joy of the dance,
The Man Child who moves in the ocean
Of rapture and light shall advance;
Till Nature out-breathes for devotion;
Then pierces her space, as a lance.

Yea, yea, 'tis the Nature-Soul, hid-len
So long in the silence of sleep,
Who forth from her chamber hath slidden;
Who lifts to tho hight from the deep:
Her bosom she parts unforbidden,
That life through her Planet may leap.

Behold, how to meet her, desiring,
The Soul of the Heaven stoops low,
Till bosom with bosom respiring,
They fold and involve and inflow;
Then move, one-in-twain, re-attiring
The day for delight as they go.

Oh, Nature-Soul! fed by such kisses
Thrill forth for a music divine.
Uplead thy glad race from abysses
Of darkness and dreaming supine:
Go bearing the cup of God's blisses;
Wake Morn with the flow of the wine.

IX.

MARCH 5.

LIKE tiny suns, o'er Paradise,
To infant blossoms prest,
The love-light from my Lady's eyes
Woke fragrance in my breast:
I slid from Earth with glad surprise,—
In Homeland with the blest.

Pilgrim and stranger I am here,
But not a stranger there:
I breathe that blissful atmosphere
As 'twere my natal air;
And oh! 'tis sweet to disappear
From Earth, that life to share.

Yet memory is there as well;
The social wreath ye twine
Holds up your images, to dwell
In that Ideal Clime:
My songs your happy lot foretell,—
Eternity in Time.

And when the End, or soon or late,
Shall bring the great release,
Ye too, through Love's transposive gate,
May find that Land of Peace.
The Shining Messengers but wait
Till closing hours decease.

X.

MARCH 6.

MY Love, once as the evening star,
 Vailed in the sunset glow,
Comes now as lifts the dawn afar
 Before the morn-winds blow;
Yet, nearer than the Angels are,
 Breathes with me where I go.

Perchance, if you would hear her voice,
 'Tis in the vernal breeze;
Where balm-breaths bid the flowers rejoice;
 Where blossoms tempt the bees.
Where noble hearts make God their choice
 She comes to these, to these.

The chiming of her silver bells
 Is heard while thoughts ascend:
No more they ring for sad farewells,
 No more with griefs they blend:
Still each delicious tone foretells
 The music of the End.

When thoughts in happy languor swim,
 Fed by the dews of sleep;
When eyes for kind repose are dim,
 She glides her charge to keep:
O'er the horizon's shady rim
 Her watch-fires rise and leap.

She moves in kindling flames, that burn
 Where souls for blessings pray;
In sympathies that reach and yearn
 For spirits led astray:

Her heart is like the lucid urn,
Whose waters brim with day.

She stoops beneath your tender feet,
That ye the Right may hold,
And make your pilgrimage complete
Where Heaven's new gifts unfold.
If I have known her pure and sweet,
For you her powers are bold.

She glides to meet you in the play
Of twinkling feet that dance.
She brings the gladness of the fay
To fill the soul's expanse.
Touch, tone, vibration, all display
The BRIDAL WORD's advance.

Behold her then, as weaving now
Your blessed social state:
In speech she may not yet avow,
But radiant and elate,
She moves with dawn-light on her brow,
To reach the Morning's gate.

'Unbind, unwind;' she sings to me,
'The secret doors unclose,
That lead celestial melody
To bosoms in repose.
Be pent no more! move, as the sea
To meet the shore-land flows.'

The BEAUTIFUL CONSOLATRESS,
The Mother yet the Bride,
Dwells in these fragrant lips I press;
This heart my heart beside.
She beareth gifts, your lives to bless,
Till ye with Her abide.

XI.

MARCH 7.

WHILE droop the curtains of the Night,
Celestial Sister-Bands invite,
'To Lady-light, to Lady-light!'

The pulses of the heart's desire
Thrill for the MOTHER's quickening fire:
In Lady-light our loves respire.

In Lady-light, in Lady-light,
Celestial songs upon the night,
Lift for the airs that hearts requite.

The MOTHER yet the LOVERESS
Displays Her Form, that Heaven may press
Its lips to Hers, for blessedness.

She rises to celestial sight,
Enorbed, illumed from hight to hight,
For Lady-light, sweet Lady-light.

Ye who in sorrows grieve and pine;
Whom wreaths of shadowings entwine;
Take comforting in Love Divine:

For lo! She will your hearts unite
With Hers, and bless you all the night,
For Lady-light, kind Lady-light!

XII.

MARCH 8.

My heart is like the Summer sea,
That flows to meet some Blessed Shore,
With tides of liquid melody,
That chime forevermore.

The silver swans, through mists of sleep
That in the murmurous rapture move,
Are love-songs, gliding o'er the deep,
Borne to me from my Love.

I wake in Life's new morning hours :
The East with rosy light is dyed,
While round me throng the Heavenly Powers,
Attendant on the BRIDE !

Where long I met the shafts of Ill,
Yet rose elate from every blow,
My bosom lifts and thrills anew,
From her who loves me so.

Then I lead forth my happy songs,
Wreathed in the radiant social zone :—
Each heart that with my heart belongs
They call, to meet mine own.

XIII.

MARCH 9.

THIS heart, where dwells the BRIDAL WORD,
Is tender as the Mother Bird,
Soft hovering o'er her nest,
Where wingéd infants rest.

Lo, in my songs the Bridal Voice!
They bid the fluttering choir rejoice :
They glide from tone to tone,
With music all Her own.

They move when all the night is still,
Your lives with comfortings to fill,
That flow from breast to breast,
With music of God's rest.

They circle while the morn upsprings,
With loves in loves, like wings in wings;
Then gleam for happy eyes,
In light of God's uprise.

Through day-dawn lustres, kindly clear,
They carol; for our Spring is near,
To lead, by charms in charms,
Our Summer from her arms.

Ye wingéd ones, desire, aspire !
Weave, life in life, your Social Choir ;
Your song shall then be heard,
Born of the Bridal Word.

XIV.

MARCH 10.

Rise for the gifts of YESSA'S hand :
The motions of Her bridal wand
Lead on the joys of social good,
In Sisterhood and Brotherhood.
Rise ! to the loftier thoughts that swell,
Borne from her golden marriage bell.

Offspring of sorrow and of loss,
Ye rise by stairways of the Cross ;
But o'er it still Her bride-bird sings,
With hymeneal carolings :
The tumults of the World retire ;
Ye breathe from Yessa's heart-desire.

The lenten season touches now,
With solemn thoughts from brow to brow.
In the procession of the year,
The holy Passion Week draws near.
Chasten your spirits, meekly, so
As Pilgrims of the Passion go.

Through what a storm of human grief,
Our Yessa bends for soul-relief !
Through what resistances of Ill,
Her heart throbs forth your hearts to fill !
Reach for the gifts of Yessa's hand ;
Then by them rise to Savior Land.

XV.

MARCH 12.

God moves by kind and gentle ways:
No more the Spirit strives;
No splendors, from the heavens a-blaze,
Affright your timid lives.

Sweeter and stiller to the end
Shall God's dear coming be;
And softer, calmer shades descend,
Till darkness fail and flee.

Blessed of God are they who learn
To walk where hearts go still:
Paths that to Paradise return
For them the round fulfill.

Blessed are they on God who call,
In deep restraint of breath:
The curtains o'er them fold and fall
That close their lives from death.

Blessed are they by whom our Christ
His love in Christa shews:
Their hearts shall be imparadised,
Till Heaven by form disclose.

XVI.

MARCH 13.

I WAKE when the Night is breathing,
From airs of her LORD's desire,
And gaze on the mists out-wreathing,
Formed forth from the fire of fire.

Then, then, to the sight surrenders
The darkness o'er mortals cast,
And the Land of the Living Splendors
Beams forth from the shades at last.

Then my spirit evolves, to open
Transposive the flesh ye know;
And words of delight are spoken,
That never were heard below.

For the Heavens glide forth to greet me,
Attired as a bride should be;
And the flowings of love that meet me
Surround as a vital sea.

Then I bathe in the living essence,
I breathe of the living flame;
Till I touch the Lord by His Presence,
And know by the hidden name.

O, ye, in the sorrow pining,
Whom shadows of time disguise,
For you is the night declining;
For you shall the morn arise!

The waves of Her bridal passion,
From CHRISTA's breast as the sea,
Your lives shall illumine and fashion,
That ye with her LORD may be.

Do I see by the open vision?
Then ye, by the open heart,
May touch to the Life elysian,
And hold till the shades depart.

XVII.

MARCH 14.

THIS lowly social home of ours
Is guarded by Mysterions Powers :
O'er its pavilions are unfurled
The curtains of God's Occult World.

True, they disclose not to the sight,—
Those Lords and Ladies of the Light ;
Yet there is one who, did he say,
Wonders on wonders might array.

This air-vail parts for him, to shew
Sky within sky, and that a-glow
With splendors of the Two-in-One ;—
God's Presence forming sun in sun.

Therefore, he stands for light of grace :
God alway shines before his face.
One walks with you, by ways untrod,
Who in his very flesh sees God.

For him, when nightly shades prevail,
The heavenly mysteries unvail :
With hand in hand from heart in heart,
Forms through his form the counterpart.

Not by subjective sight alone
The sacred mysteries are shewn :
Where seers divined in trances dim,
God's Occult World comes forth for him.

Perchance, to thrill the outward ear,
Celestial love-birds warble near.
Perchance, encircling, hand in hand,
Glides the irradiant Sister Band.

This marriage chamber, edged with thorns,
Holds light of Love's eternal morns :
Comforts and healings from it glide,
To bless the children of the BRIDE.

XVIII.

MARCH 15.

ENCAMPED in their scarlet pavilions,
Where Night for the vision unbars,
I saw the irradiant millions ;—
The kingdom and queendom of Mars.

New flames from the MOTHER have kindled
A glow to the uttermost parts
Of their land, and the distances dwindled,
Because of the fire in their hearts.

With senses that grow telegraphic,
Their loves for the touch travel far;
So they seek to infuse the seraphic
Delights of their Star in our Star.

They move with swift motions of blisses;
Their bosoms yield rapture as wine.
They fain would transpose the abysses
Of Earth to a fashion divine.

O, Land in such sweetness respiring!
Red Love Star, the Orb of the Bride!
I touch, with a sacred desiring,
Thy hearts formed in hearts where they glide.

I draw to the Lady, who queenly
Is throned where thy lives overspan:
She beams on my vision serenely,—
Sweet Woman, full formed in Strong Man.

For Lo, by the Womanly Order,
She lifts with the rise of the will:
She leans o'er the blossoming border,
That love-force of theirs to instil.

Though mine is a Planct of Sorrow,
Though mine is a People of Scars,
We, too, shall transpose on the morrow
That brings the blithe Marriage of Stars.

XIX.

MARCH 16.

LET the sword fish, as he noteth,
Strike against our beak of steel:
He shall strangle, till he floateth
As a corpse beneath the keel.

For the WOMAN of the WATERS,
In Her oceanic hand,
Bears our social barque, through slaughters,
To the Blithe and Blessed Land.

Did the subtlest soul of magic
Sting your hearts to bleed and ache?
By a doom-stroke, swift and tragic,
Died the siren of the snake.

She whose art revived the venom
Of the dread, primeval hell,
Lies anear the vale of Hinnom,
Where her house of dragons fell.

For the WOMAN of the WATERS,
From Her Kingdom of the Sea,
Leads Her social sons and daughters,
Till the wicked shall not be.

XX.

MARCH 17.

SHE with lips like crimson buds unclosing,
Holy Issa, kissed me in the night:
O'er our Planet gliding yet reposing,
Then I saw the LADY of DELIGHT:—
Loving Issa kissed me in the night.

Issa led through me, from lips to fingers,
Blisses exquisite in pure divine;
And I weave the blessed sense that lingers,
For this song-cup, filled with holy wine:—
Issa kissed me with her lips divine.

When ye meet in star-time, blithe and social,
Lady Issa, from her marriage bed,
Wafts, to find your bosoms, the ambrosial
Sweets of Heaven wherewith my lips were fed:—
Issa kissed me from her marriage bed.

She, the Queenly Muse, is for the singers,
She the Bride Girl of the World's new song;
She for they of harps and viols, bringers
Of the thrill that leads the dance along:—
Issa kissed me for her bridal song.

XXI.

MARCH 18.

THROUGH forty days our CHRISTUS toiled,
Scaling the occult cliffs of Time,
Where He the Foeman met and foiled,
While Heaven to meet Him bowed sublime.

Through forty years the Pilgrim Host,
As old religious legends tell,
Warred over alien climes and coasts,
Within their conquered land to dwell.

This lenten season comes to me,
Closing the lines my feet have trod,
In occult toils that none might see ;
Tracing the passion-path of God.

I feel the World-Soul from below
Thrill through the labyrinths of tombs ;
While the vast Heaven-Soul, all a-glow,
Inbreathes with airs of bridal blooms.

Day unto Day and Night to Night
The sacred mysteries reveal :
My being opens for delight,
Through all the pangs I felt and feel.

My pilgrimage shall be complete
When lenten seasons are no more ;
Yea, when the One-in-Twain shall meet
Our vision at the Morning's door.

XXII.

MARCH 19.

No gifts are lost that Love denies ;
She forms to give ere blessings rise :
Still we must hold and serve and wait,
Until she opes God's garden gate.

Yet there are gleams through crystal walls
From her melodious water-falls ;
Bird-song and blossom-breath, the play
Of colors from that garden gay.

The senses ope as they transpose
For scents of hyacinth and rose,
Borne from the lips of white-robed maids,
At home amid Love's garden shades.

Her tiny airs, that wake and thrill,
Flow to you when your hearts go still ;
And fan your bosoms with soft wings,
Led from celestial comfortings.

Let hearts to self be well denied :
Be lives to holy ends applied :
So shall ye rise, a social band,
To dwell within Love's Garden Land.

XXIII.

MARCH 20.

I know where my Love is: she dwelleth
In music and morn,
And there by her sweetness foretelleth
Of raptures unborn.
The touch of her exquisite fingers
Makes healings in mine,
And flows her pure breath where it lingers,
Like odors of wine.

I know where my Love is; my ocean,
O'erleaning the shore,
She folds me in blisses of motion,
Till sorrows are o'er;
And ye may inspire from her passion,
And glow by her spray,
While, sea-like, she rises to fashion
Your lives for her way.

I know where my Love is: when folding
In prayer-time for rest,
I rise with a holy embolding,
She opens her breast;
Then lifts me,—white bosom transposing
In melody so,—
Till, wreathed round my frame for reposing,
Her blossom-robcs flow.

I know where my Love is, when wheeling
 As doves for their flight,
Her fires glide by feeling in feeling
 Delight in delight;
When ye in the social assemble,
 And she, all unseen,
With pulses for loving a-tremble,
 Leans forth as your queen.

I know where my Love is! belovéd,
 With me ye shall know :
Till care from your way is removéd
 She bows to bestow.
Then tune ye the harps and the viols;
 Lead wings through your feet;
Ascending from trials and troubles,
 Your Darling to meet.

XXIV.

MARCH 21.

THE MOTHER'S WORD in Social Worth
Is bounded, based and set:
'Tis so it holds upon the Earth,
Till Heaven and Earth have met.

For this we lead our Social Choir,
With holy dance and song.
Let lives aspire as hearts desire,
Till hearts and lives grow strong.

Let Righteousness and Holiness
For social worth unite;
OUR FATHER then the days shall bless,
OUR MOTHER charm the night.

Let Righteousness in Holiness
To social worth unfold;
Till man shall change his mortal dress,
For robes of living gold.

I set the word-staff firm and fast,
Where opes the Mother's well,
That Righteousness on Earth at last,
With Holiness may dwell.

I summon forth the awful Powers,
Within the Rock that hide,
That ye may rise, through sacred hours,
To meet the LOVING BRIDE.

XXV.

MARCH 22.

WHILE in the moist, delicious hours,
Fed from the freshness of the Spring,
Glad Nature glides with quickening powers,
Her floral gifts anew to bring,
MOTHER, in social joys we meet,
And lay our offerings at Thy feet.

While in the grass are bridal nests,
And bridal buds on every tree;
While gladness flows in human breasts,
From fountains of immortal glee;
MOTHER, with Thine our lives unite,
Fed by the ever-new delight.

While, from Thy Life's Creative Deep,
In crimson shells form orient pearls;
While tides of music rise and leap,
From choirs of laughing Ocean Girls;
MOTHER, we touch Thy queenly hand,
And hail Thee for our Social Band.

XXVI.

MARCH 23.

I POUR my verse, by sacred art,
In many a deep, full flowing strain,
From ruby flagons of the heart,
To crystal goblets of the brain :
By song-cups, that for jewels shine,
I bathe your lips with lyric wine.

Mine is the art that, long ago,
Led Poesy from stage to stage,
To ope her dewy breasts and flow
Melodious o'er the Silver Age :
I chant, I charm, I call, I cheer,
Till Adonai's men are here.

Mine is the art whereby the Stars
Grow fruitful from the Bridal Word :
Its real face is hid by scars ;
Its real voice but faintly heard :
I hold but yet a votive shell,
Filled from the MOTHER's music-well.

I fashion so this verbal clay,
As by the Potter's flying wheel ;
Yet, like some holy urn, my lay
Is sculptured o'er with forms that feel,
And from its traceries gleam and glide
Spirits that in the Word abide.

XXVII.

MARCH 24.

O YOUTH! O Love! O Life!
With you I rest upon the grassy mountains,
Lulled by the music of celestial fountains,
With balms of blessings rife.

For I was born again,
Born as a Golden Child: the MOTHER fed me,
Glad from her milky bosom: then She led me
To dwell with deathless men.

She sped my steps afar,
Through dewy depths of odorous wildernesses;
On where blithe Morn lets down her golden tresses,
Crowned with the eastern star.

She fed my lips with fruit
From the enchanted gardens of the Muses,
Where song distills from the nectareous juices,
Thrilled by the Summer's lute.

She led me through Her Bands,
For social wreaths by melody entwining;
Through splendors whence the suns draw light for shining,
In Her deep-bosomed lands.

While here I seemed a Shade,
Aged and weary; aye a form of sorrows,
Fearing the nights, afflicted for the morrows,
Grieved, wounded and betrayed;

Only my Shade was here:
I dwelt not with the Seeming but the Real;
Taught by the wisdom of the pure Ideal;
All mind, all heart, all ear.

So, as the years passed by,
My life was led through sacred songs and dances;
Till in my feet the World's New Day advances,
When man no more shall die.

O Youth! O Love! O Life!
I lead your essence from these grassy mountains,
Fed from the MOTHER's bosom for their fountains,
That Earth may cease from strife.

XXVIII.

MARCH 25.

THERE comes an end to grief.
Transposive powers, that through the frame have risen,
Shall liberate the Spirit from its prison.
Rejoice, the years are brief.

OUR TTWAIN-IN-ONE have said,
' They will not cease, will not suspend their motion ;
Till Nature vibrates like the smitten ocean,
And Earth casts out its dead. '

Sweeter the silence grows.
The Powers whereby our pathway is attended
Yet labor on, but all their toil is ended ;
Save that which leads repose.

The World Soul rises more,
But stirs not for the battles of the nations ;
She rises not for plagues and inundations :
Catastrophe is o'er.

Mild, matronly and sweet,
Her eyes rain pity, as the dew that falleth,
When the soft South Wind to the Summer calleth,
And stars the sunset meet.

I say but little yet ;
Only the Bride-Bird stirs her shell to open :
The lines of our captivity are broken :
Nature with Heaven has met.

XXIX.

MARCH 26.

TASTE heart's repose, taste heart's repose ;
From flagons that the Bride bestows.
Uplift your golden cups for wine,
Shed from the MOTHER's music-vine.

Drink heart's delights, drink heart's delights :
The Savioress your joy invites.
With wreathing feet the dance pursue,
Thrilled by the holy music-dew.

For comfortings, for comfortings,
The Bridal Bird unfolds her wings,
And fans you with delicious airs ;
Till Paradise shall end your cares.

Breathe melodies, breathe melodies,
Borne from the flying music-seas :
Weave blisses in your social band,
Led from the MOTHER's music-hand.

In blessedness, in blessedness,
Unto the end your lives possess ;
Till hands of Heaven your hands shall meet,
And lead you to God's rapture-seat.

XXX.

MARCH 27.

THROUGH atmospheres of vital seas
The men of Mercury respire ;
Their powers evolve by social ease,
Till thoughts are light and words are fire.

I ope this occult page, wherein
Is traced the order of their way ;
And lift the word-staff, so to win
Touch from their Star's translucent way.

Surely it is a blessed sight,—
Here where mankind is frail and old,—
To penetrate our weary night,
That sun-lit people to behold ;

Still to unwind that thought of theirs,
And gather, as a flying robe,
The woven lines of heavenly airs,
Wrought for the system of their globe.

There fills the Omniarch his place,
With breast that draws the solar gleam,
And rules by exquisite embrace
Of powers that form the music-stream ;

Uplifts, enzones, delights, inspires,
And by soft airs, as Summer bland,
Leads the majestic social choirs,
People in people, band in band.

These are our Brethren ; kindred they
By sympathies of mind and heart ;
Waiting with us the promised day,
Their gifts and graces to impart.

Bright Archer of the heavenly host,
Fit the sure arrow to the string :
Soon for its flight from coast to coast,
Shall Freedom wake and Virtue sing.

XXXI.

MARCH 28.

RETURN to us again,
O ye, the starry People of the Night,
Who, when the CHRIST-CHILD beamed on mortal men,
Led music in its flight !

Come when the shades are deep ;
Come when the skies for day weave bright attire ;
Come, and from many a battlemented steep,
Lead your aerial choir.

Come, and our silence fill
With deeper silence ; hush your hearts in ours,
Till ye are poised above our Planet, still,
With folded songs and powers.

For Heaven must silent be ;
In the dance-motion of its countless feet
Uplifted ; held in one full harmony ;
That Earth her LORD may meet.

XXXII.

MARCH 29.

By what weird mysteries are mortals bounded!
What curtains close and fold!
Prisoners are they by palaces surrounded,
Whom chains awhile must hold.

Anear us, all unseen, flows on the river,
Pale river of the ghosts.
Vibrations touch the airs we breathe, that quiver
To the Hadean Coasts:

Chills are borne in upon us from the vallies
Of the drear Under-World;
Echoes from trumpet-tones, recalls and rallies,
Rustle of flags unfurled.

Spared are we from each painful revelation;
Yet here our flesh must bear,
By many a deathly chill and emanation,
From griefs and sorrows there.

Eyes from whom earthly day-light has departed,
Through ours, would touch the sun;
And spirits whence Heaven's presence is averted,
Approach the TWO-IN-ONE.

Here, where we stand or kneel on Nature's floor-ways,
We hold the middle ground :
The luminous and shadow-mantled door-ways
Both in our frames are found.

Our lives, of mingled qualities possessive,
Touch to the far extremes ;
When Heaven for joyful slumber stoops caressive,
Through us glide peaceful dreams ;

That pass for pleasure o'er the pallid sleepers,—
Sad failures of our race :—
We serve the BRIDAL WORD as vision-keepers,
There, where the lost have place.

In social union, when the bliss o'erfloweth,
It tingles where they dwell ;
And the New Life that here our LORD bestoweth,
Opes there the MOTHER's well.

By that new way whereof the Truth has spoken,
The social loves entwine ;
And She who feels heart-break for the heart-broken
Makes comfort there divine.

O ye! of Love's pure sorrow here the sharers,
Hold bravely ; for so on,
The MOTHER makes you for Her burden-bearers,
Till sorrows all are gone.

Earth hears not, sees not, feels not of our labor,—
Shuns while we would bestow ;—

Yet from it, tuneful as with pipe and tabor,
Blessings glide forth below.

They come, they come, those mournful apparitions,
When music sounds its call;
Glad for the foretaste of divine fruitions,
As here God's blessings fall.

In clouds, like withered leaflets of December,
They tremble while ye sing;
Till hopes revive, as dimly they remember,
How life once held a Spring.

Joy, that the MOTHER's Way at last is open!
Joy for Her gifts unbound!
Joy that the sceptre of Despair is broken!
Joy that the lost are found!

XXXIII.

MARCH 30.

THE trout leaps quivering from the pool,
For gladness of the setting sun.
Fragrance arises moist and cool,
From fields of blossoms all as one.

Then hark, O hark! from yonder bough
The lark trills forth her vesper lay;
While song-wreaths blossom for the brow,
Dipped in the dewy cool of day.

The pine tree sways her graceful spire:
For worship bows the wind-swept wood:
The breathing heavens to earth respire,
And swell the sacred rapture-flood.

What pulses tremble in mine own!
What joys-in-joys for blessings glide!
O'er airy fields, whence Day has flown,
Through silver star-light gleams the BRIDE.

Night comes for sleep to weary men;
In still oblivion Nature lies;
But we by star-time glow again,
To hail the LADY OF THE SKIES;

By sacred song our hearts attune,
Till melodies the dance inspire;
Then glide o'er floor-ways, all bestrewn
With radiance of the MOTHER'S fire.

XXXIV.

MARCH 31.

THE banners droop not in the hall,
The shields and helmets o'er ;
The trumpet hangs not on the wall,
And the sword is there no more.
For the Knights, they go, they go
To the door-ways of the East ;
And their hearts with fire are all a-glow,
As the Bridegroom for the feast.

They come, they haste, but none may see
Those Knights of old renown ;
Blithe in their marriage blazonry,
Bright with the bridal crown :
For in martial ranks they go
Through the shades of night deceased ;
While the morn-winds bid their banners flow
For the Bridegroom in the East.

But they shall stoop to slake their thirst
In Yessa's holy well,
Till the fires their sacred bosoms nursed
Leap forth, by deeds to tell :
For the Knights they go, they go,
With the trumpets of the East ;
With us in hours of triumph so
To hold the Bridal Feast.

XXXV.

APRIL 1.

YON western hill-tops burn with crimson flame,
Lit from the unseen altar of the sun:
Fair Dian' fills her silver throne, to claim
The royalty of Night, and day is done.

So comes at last the Beautiful Desire,
The Hope of all the ages and their crown:
The heavens awhile are tinged with roseate fire,
Before the shadowed world to sleep lies down.

It is as if the MOTHER touched the veil
Of ether, and, with rosy fingers prest,
Wrought a bright symbol, ere old time should fail,
That man might so compose the anxious breast.

Faint blushes, evanescent, these must be,
Borne through obscuring dimness to the sight;
Yet, lo! the MOTHER's veil was lifted me,
And I beheld Her, ruling o'er the Night;

As if Her radiance had o'erflowed its urn;
As if the fountains of her vital wine
Pulsed in arterial rivers, to return,
Again diffusive from the cup divine.

Wonders environ us: the heart of Heaven
Is full for love, that will not brook delay:—
Yon azure firmament shall yet be riven,
And dawn the MOTHER in red light of day.

XXXVI.

APRIL 2.

SUBTLE ISSA pricked me with a pin ;
Pierced my bosom by a tender trouble ;
Wrought a grief, till every joy was double,
As her wingéd loves to mine drew in.

Holy Issa, blooming as a rose,
Yet had thorns to wound me, till the grieving
Led my years to open, so bereaving
All the weary night of its repose.

Why did Issa wound me from her bliss ;
Causing so mine ancient times to open ;
Wakening voices of dead griefs unspoken ?
Loving Issa never does amiss.

LOVE must open if she would restore :
Love must pierce the being to its essence ;
That, by every deep and sacred presence,
She may lift and light forevermore.

I, who worship so the pure Ideal,
In the Daughter of the BRIDAL WORD,
Grow to form her being in my real ;—
In the present all the past restored.

Thus 'tis ever the Ideal gives ;
Piercing, quickening, till our cloud surrenders ;—
All its shadows kindling into splendors,
As the Bridal Word within us lives.

XXXVII.

APRIL 3.

WHY does fond Nature weep to bring
The floral graces of the Spring?
All are but tributes, fair and gay,
Heaped on the altars of Decay.

So the grave Aztec rarely smiled,
But wept to greet the new-born child;
Another pilgrim, come to tread
O'er paths of sorrow to the dead.

What Nature claims our Faith denies:
What Nature lacks our Faith supplies:
Where Nature fails through suffering hours,
We clasp and lead Eternal Powers.

While Buddha taught submission still
To the inevitable ill,
We strive where loftier stairways tend
To the Full Good that knows no end.

The staff I lift with prayers for men,
And touch the Living Rock again:
Know ye the Land where Beauty dwells,
And everlasting life out-wells?

Know ye the Land where manhood holds,
And the Full Good for aye remolds,
While the pure passions of the prime
Their grand, melodious octaves climb?

I lead you there! 'tis nearer far
Than mortal griefs and troubles are:
Could but these outward forms transpose,
Ye would amid its bowers repose.

There CHRISTUS dwells, in that bright form
He won from the sepulchral worm;
Spirit and flesh all interknit
By the indwelling Infinite.

While thoughts take wings let hearts arise:
Not we, 'tis death that for Him dies:
By Him the glorious highs we scale,
Where the Immortal shall prevail.

XXXVIII.

APRIL 4.

In pallid shade the weary Day declines,
Yet mine are glowing chambers of the West,
Where the red rose-light softly flows, and shines
Over the pictured landscapes of the Blest.

My pathway opens to a paradise,
Where, in the calm and quiet afternoon,
Issa presides amid her spiceries,
Ere sad mankind droops to its final swoon.

These are the odors that enchant the frame,
And soothe it into languor and sweet rest ;—
Odors that burn to a diffusive flame,
Yet only by a sleep their touch attest.

These are the perfumes that extract the grief
Of life's long trouble from the breast they still ;
The sense opes for them with a glad relief,
The elements of age and death to spill.

When smiling Issa touched me by the hand,
A vase of odors, that anear her stood,
Opened and rose its genius for command,
In loveliness of Social Sisterhood.

It was the spirit of that fragrance, thrilled
To rise and by the subtle sweets deploy :
So the mild ether was transfused and filled,
And I inhaled the breath of social joy.

But Issa said, ' the genius must retire :
Too much unfits thee for thy work below :
I neutralise the fragrant passion-fire. '
She spoke, and opened then an urn of snow.

A form wherein death's awful loveliness
Was weirdly mingled with young love's delight,
Rose by a virtue on the sense to press,
Yet with the deeper spirit to unite.

Then Issa said, ' This is the joy-in-pain,
The love-in-anguish, led to martyr men ;
To those who for their suffering kind attain
All highs of sorrow, and are victors then. '

Sweet subtle Issa led me by her will,
Through many marvels of her spicery so,
Until the roseate West began to fill
With mystic shades the valleys dim and low.

Thence I returned ; but in a blessed mood,
Changing the joy-robe that I wore afar,
For Earth's dun mantle, and the sober hood,
By which I seem where mortal dwellers are.

XXXIX.

APRIL 5.

In the white water-lily's golden chalice
Creative wonders open to the sight:
Sprites of intelligence find there a palace,
Whose arches ope to valleys of delight.

Star lips to star in joyful osculation,
Where, on the azure ocean of the skies,
Opened as lily-buds for their creation,
Full wreaths of golden-hearted planets rise.

For aye the LADY of the BLISSFUL WATERS,
From flower-buds as from planet-buds achieves
Her innocent, mild races, sons and daughters
Of Morn and Evening, in the wreath She weaves.

We suffer here from Evil's defloration,
Yet our true life, not lost, is but deferred:
Our human flowers by endless impregnation
From the pure fountains of the Bridal Word.

High thoughts that visit man, sublime, supernal,
Are not impressions; they are living things,
That draw their essence from the Life Eternal,
And in the MOTHER's joy-breath plume their wings.

In woman's sacred breast are floreal oceans,
With rapture from the MOTHER's love that swell:
There precious joys and exquisite emotions,
Hived in the lilies of the waters dwell.

O thou, the Bride, blithe daughter of the Morning,
This mystic record I have won from thee,
In palaces of Heaven, that rise adorning
The Lily Islands of the golden sea.

XL.

APRIL 6.

NECTAREOUS juices, fragrances full flowing
From the rich lips of Poesy divine,
Led to this song-cup of the Word's bestowing,
Its pallid waters change to ruby wine.

From Love's dear voice falls many a floral scripture,
And where its wreaths diffuse they form again
To glowing, gleaming, pictured architecture;—
Ideal palaces for god-like men.

For man who born in Truth to find his dwelling,
That bridal poesies for aye adorn;
With music there for a divine foretelling,
And gladness for a guest from morn to morn.

I touched in Issa's hand a sacred missal,
Wrought to reveal the story of the year;
Spring's blossomed gospel, summer's warm epistle,
Autumn's apocalypse;—no winter drear.

There, as entranced, I read the mystic story
Of heavenly seasons in their birth and rise;—
The Mother's sweetness and the Father's glory
Shaping through human gifts for paradise.

That luminous pure world of the Hereafter,
Whereof your spirits from such scrolls have heard,
Glides as a star-winged babe, with song and laughter,
Borne from the bosom of the Bridal Word.

It forms its life in continents and islands,
Clear flowing streams and music-breasted seas,
Aerial highs and swift irradiant skylands;
Still by the law that fashions earths like these.

That which was first a breathing emanation
Of thought and passion, energising still,
Becomes at last a radiant revelation ;—
The Word inworlded shaping so its will.

From God, in God, to God, the heavens fulfilling
Vast rounds of empire shape the eternal way ;
The One-in-Twain their human life instilling,
By joys of motion in pure bridal play.

Divinest Christa not a day is older
Than when yon sparkling dew-drop met the morn ;
Yet the arch-solar nations did behold her,
Before a planet of our sun was born.

Still circling to an ever-young renewing,
The One-in-Twain ye love and worship so
Shine sun-like, aye inglobing and bedewing
Immortal systems nobler than ye know.

Yea, and our Christa, ere the sun was fashioned,
Breathed deep for rapture in Her marriage bed,
And from such bliss, imperial and impassioned,
Her constellated thoughts to space were led.

In that Infinity of Pure Existence
The heavens ye long for tremble, yet abide ;
And they shall fold you, formed through full persistence,
Sons of the Bridegroom, daughters of the Bride,

XLI.

APRIL 7.

DIVINE Forgetfulness!

Of thee for joy my happy songs confess.
I fold thee to this weary heart, and then
The agonies that I have borne for men,
The memories of grief and trouble fail;
As when the south wind breathes adown the vale,
While, with her dewy, glowing lips that thrill,
The Naiad melts the ice-wreaths from her rill.

'I am Forgetfulness!'

Murmured kind Issa; 'waters I possess
That with an opiate languor steal and swim
Over the senses, till the eyes are dim;
Leading a still oblivion, as the rains
Of Lethe o'er the memories of pains.
The mind, transposing for a sweet relief,
Is lost to recollections of its grief.
New joys rise like coral reefs, to crest
The undulant Pacific of the breast,
For archipelagos of loves at rest.'

I touched her fragrant zone:

The waters of her life flowed through my own
Cold sea of bosom trouble: I forgot
Of grief; it was as never, and as not;

Yet all the sorrows, viewless, without noise,
Died in delicious calm, then rose as joys.
I clasped for blessedness her pearly hand:
It flowed to limpid odor, soft and bland,
Then through the sparkling waters grew bright shells:
She wreathed them to my ear, as tinkling bells
For a melodious chime; then led swift heat,
Through all her glowing sense, my sense to meet.

By miracles like this
Her bright pavilion opened, bliss in bliss:
So there she sang to me, again, again,
Of sacred seasons that await for men,
Who by delights the Summer Isles possess,
And from their pains have found forgetfulness.

XLII.

APRIL 8.

WHY do I weave impassioned themes,
Seeking to clothe in stately verse,
Truth's fair original, that dreams
Of folly from mankind disperse?

Still 'tis the instinct of the mind
From the Ideal to create;
For powers by song their wealth unbind,
Whilst ills retire and griefs abate.

Stand where the Heavens and Earth have met:
Feel where the rains of virtue fall,
From streams toward our world that set,
To fold it in their lucid pall.

When man shall breathe these flowing airs,
The crisis of our fate is past:
Then o'er him steal, for end of cares,
Seas of creative life at last.

For God, who is our Fountain-Head,
Shall then be owned as GOD THE SEA,
And through the waters, lulled and led,
We shall arise in bliss to be.—

I sped where sacred Issa dwelt,
In Father-light of Mother-might.
Lo, there to her divineness knelt,
My Love, my lily of delight.

Swift, through her frame's transposive wealth,
Great Issa was involved, and shone,
Full worth of worth and health of health,
Pleased in her being to enthroned.

Envailed in sacred Issa's powers,
My Lily rose, a-fire, a-glow.
So I respired for heavenly hours,
'Neath the new morning's iris bow ;

Breathing the fluid airs that bring
The final flood of light and peace ;
Then wakening in the world to sing,
While round my feet the pains de cease.

XLIII.

APRIL 9.

KNOW ye the Lady of the Land,
Our MOTHER as the Bread-Maker!
A loaf was fashioned to my hand;
Then I was glad for Her, for Her.

It multiplied, when round me drew
A swarm of hungry ghosts unwise:
Their hearts were weak as dripping dew;
Fainter than whispering winds their sighs:

And oh! their frail and wasted hands
Held but as dying leaves that fall;
And dry their bosoms, like the sands,
Swathed in the drear sirocco's pall.

I broke and gave the Mother's bread,
And still each morsel filled with wine:
They by Her sacrament were fed,
And thrilled for pity all divine.

I touched a wasted ghost; the worm
Of evil from her bosom gray,
Drew forth, till in her hands infirm
She caught to cast it far away:

For lo! the virtue in her hands,
Drew the chilled serpent from its den,
While woven in the mercy-bands
Her dying psyche lived again.

So shall lost woman light and lift,
Restored from ways of sinful strife,
When Earth shall taste, for bridal gift,
Our MOTHER as the Bread of Life.

XLIV.

APRIL 10.

In the Valley of the Lamentations,
Where for opening of the ways I trod,
Enter now, with songs and exultations,
Bridal Play-mates, one-in-twain of God.

Where the evil under-world held revels,
Piercing hearts to drain the wine of blood,
As the scythe the ripened grain that levels,
Sweeps the sword-edge of the MOTHER's flood.

All that splendid vesture of illusion,
Dropping as a garment from Her hand,
It is plunged, for waste and dissolution,
Where the tide-waves of Her sea expand.

Streets of statues where, in robes imperial,
Images of Earth's dread anarchs shone,
Melt away as clouds from their aerial,
Where the trumpets of the Morn have blown.

Vast, envenomed, magical pavilions,
Where the crowned voluptuaries lay;
Dens of dragons, where the sordid millions
Swarmed 'mid fetid vapors of decay;

Shrines and temples where the priestly spoilers
Held their dread pontificate, and so
Wrought by impious arts to bind the toilers,
Who for Earth's delight its martyrs go;

Monuments of ancient creeds abhorrent,
Proud bastiles of every age and name;—
Through them burst the tempests of Her torrent,—
Waters that flow forth from breasts of flame.

While I met the vision, billows voicing
Heavenly adorations crowned the sea;
Till the murmurous, full deeps rejoicing,
Rose to one wide pæan of the Free.

Then came forth celestial sons and daughters,
Wreathing o'er the flood their social bands,
Worshipping the WOMAN OF THE WATERS;
Blest by waftings of Her bounteous hands.

And She stilled the billows by Her motion,
And She set Her seal upon the waves,
Till She led, from the retiring ocean,
Heavenly odors o'er that vale of graves.

Say no more of Tophet and Gehenna;
They have perished, as a death that dies;
And the MOTHER's mercy-clouds drop manna,
Till Her new creation there arise.

XLV.

APRIL 11.

THE dying rose of day
Wastes its faint scarlet petals, and the West
Leans forth from azure solitudes to say,
‘ Rest, weary mortals, rest ! ’

Over Time’s westering highs
We may behold the scarlet flower arise,
Entwining and o’erarching for delights,
Far to the eastern skies.

Mysterious flames display,
Till the vast firmament’s majestic hall
As the pavilion of the Bride is gay,
Ere her white draperies fall.—

Thou dying, dying world,
The WOMAN OF THE MORNING, from Her tent
Of azure, has yon scarlet flower unfurled,
For one divine event.

‘ Hush ye for comfortings ! ’
Her Sister-Bands breathe softly as they glide,
‘ Rest for the dewy night, to Earth that brings
Unveiled, the LOVING BRIDE ! ’

XLVI.

APRIL 12.

THE SOCIAL CHRIST whom I behold,
Wears for his robes the morning gold:
The lifted planet's pulses brim
With gladness for the joy of Him.

Lord Christ and Lady Christa led,
From their eternal marriage bed,
A new Ideal for mankind:
So radiant Issa met the wind.

Divine yet human, she appears
More as the sacred end anears.
In her pure veins warm rivers flow,
From the eternal morning glow.

Cold is she, as the soul of ice,
To every form of social vice;
But, where the social virtues chord,
She leads the sunrise of the Lord.

When age and death had else prevailed,
Strong Issa for my life unveiled;
Love's everlasting gospel she,
Wrought in Arch-Nature's harmony.

I touch the deeper secret, hid
Within the morn's irradiant lid:
The social effluence that plies
From Christus-Christa lights her eyes.

The pale blind creatures of the tomb,
Abortive births of Nature's womb,
Touch to her by their dormant powers,
Like buried seeds, that would be flowers.

Her blossomed hands all subtly clasp
Where Earth's resistant forces grasp;
She reaches to the last extremes,
Where man but as a phantom dreams.

With silver light she builds and paves
Celestial pathways from the graves,
And sets her star of silver fire,
Where else eclipsed the souls expire.

Dear social Issa they may feel,
Who lifted for her dances wheel,
When new-born joys, than song more sweet,
Glide from the bosom to the feet.

From the Creative Rapture she
Forms to you for the social glee,
And brims your joy to overflow,
That hearts may rise and find her so.

Still blithe and blissful, kindly warm,
She meets the planetary storm;
Till through mankind the MOTHER's breast
Is opened, that Her babes may rest.

XLVII.

APRIL 13.

A PULSE of gayety and pleasure thrills
To Nature from the Over-Soul to day.
Come, walk abroad and taste of joy that fills
The atmosphere from fragrant winds in play:
Be happy, as ye may.

The Social Heaven is folding, rich and warm,
To the dimensions of our earthly space;
Weaving its lines until they shall conform
And hold us, blissful, in the vast embrace,
Our sorrows to efface.

Through the dim labyrinths, that were the tombs
Of human failures, outcasts from mankind,
Flow rivers of sweet life, and lamp-like blooms
Open from crystal stems: for heart and mind
Pure odors they unbind.

In the translucent water-ways are doors,
That open by transpositive laws we know,
And so make exits to illumined shores
Of Islets that are named as 'Bliss-for-Woe.'
The MOTHER makes it so.

These are more real dream lands; souls infirm
Rise to them, almost as from some dim lake,
Bursting its shell, the creeping water-worm
Becomes a wingéd, shining joy, awake
Its prison to forsake.

Souls of our race almost ephemera,
Who lived a sightless, torpid life while here,
Are not the subjects of each weightier law,
That governs reasoning men.—The End is near
When these new gifts appear.

XLVIII.

APRIL 14.

WE know but little of the way
That the Sacred Fates pursue ;
But the weary old time fades away,
And then we greet the new.

There are no bursts of human strife ;
No battles vex the plain ;
But the heedless old wears out its life,
And shall not rise again.

The mighty forms of Social Wrong,
Like the hosts in full career,
Ride on with trump and battle-song ;
Then fade and disappear.

There is no rending of the Earth,
No fierce, convulsive throes ;
Perish the forms of man's unworth,
As sunbeams melt the snows.

The End comes gently as a sleep,—
I say again, again,—
And the new time into life shall leap,
As verse from the poet's pen :

And the new-time bloom shall meet the skies,
And the world shall laugh for glee ;
As the blossomed wreaths of the spring-tide rise
From the buds of the orchard tree.

XLIX.

APRIL 15.

You ask me, 'if I have forgot
The sorrows that are left behind?'
Their substances to me are not;
They are as bubbles of the mind;

As cups that long ago might hold
Pain from the bitterness of grief;
But now are wrought in pictured gold,
To flow for healings and relief.

The wild winds rose, the wild winds blew,
With blistering steel they met my way;
Yet now their memories are as dew,
That sparkles in the morning's ray.

'Tis thus the years to sight transpose,
And twine their shadows where I glide;
Then fold at last to still repose,
And live but as the dreams abide.

L.

APRIL 16.

STILL as we keep the Social Feast,
And brows for calm delights are crowned,
The Mother-light o'erglides the east,
And silver mists are folded round.

The occult pictures in the wall
Mysterious images reveal:
So I behold a social hall,
Where bands of graceful dancers wheel:

But, when your motions touch to theirs,
Perchance they pause and glide apart:
Not yet ye breathe with full-toned airs,
The gladness of the Social Heart.

Not yet ye learn to modulate
Your lives to the diviner key:
They feel you as a present weight,
While drawn so nigh to lift your glee.

But still they hold, and still they weave,
Oft as ye meet, the social charm,
So gliding on from eve to eve,
Till ye shall fold them, arm in arm.

LI.

APRIL 17.

IN ISSA'S bower I saw a pleasure-child.

Laughing she held it in her round white arms;
Then tossed it in the air, and sang, and smiled,

And like a mother, hungry for the charms
Of her sweet babe, she kissed its limbs and drew
Her mouth as if to taste it through and through.

Anon the golden-crowned one dropped adown

Her sparkling tresses, and around it lay
Glories and gleams as from the northern crown,

And the babe wove in them for rich array,
Till all its lithe and lucid limbs were dight,
In robes of flowing rainbows for delight.

I said to Issa, "Tell me;" then she caught

The infant, and she tossed it as a ball,
Until it met my bosom: swift as thought

Wings fluttered from its shoulders; for her call
It flew and carolled, till the air was wet
With fragrant dews, as when the sun is set.

But Issa laughed upon me with rich mirth,

And said, 'this babe is many babes in one.
Deep in my bosom these young sprites found worth,

Till such large folds of infancy I spun;
Then lifted them, all in a social choir,
Shaped into babyhood by such attire.

‘ This is an human form of fairy-land,
Where all these tiny people glide and glow:
But I will scatter them by sea and land,
When FATHER-MOTHER shall the morn bestow:
Then each shall be a joy-babe, in the breast
Of some sweet woman, of God’s love possess. ’

LII.

APRIL 18.

WHEN, lifted o'er the earthly pain,
Transposive powers for rest attain,
The secret pathways of the night
Open to Valleys of Delight.
I found a Land of limpid streams:
The WOMAN OF THE WATERS gleams
Therein, by many a flowing dress,
Diffusive from Her loveliness.

As water-columns from the sea
Her Powers uprose and fronted me;
Then, gliding o'er those heavenly plains,
I saw the Ladies of the Rains.
As in their joyous dance they sped,
The palpitating airs were fed
With fertilising dews, to play
In crimson cloud beneath their way.

I sat beside a rippled rill:
With song my thought began to fill:
Lo, the coy Nymph who ruled the spring
Had risen, through mist-robcs glistening,
Wreathed all in fragrant water-flowers.
She touched and sprayed me with her showers;
Then met mine eyes with sweetest look,
And radiance from her bosom shook;
Extended so her sparkling hand
And clasped me in a fountain-band.

“ O Nymph ! ” I said, “ by Her caress
Who rules all heavens for gentleness,
Leave now for me thy waters bland ;
Come forth for blessing on the land. ”

She thrilled and trembling drew aside
Her watery veil, and then a tide
Of odor-breaths, divinely warm
And precious, folded round her form.
Soon o’er the blossomed sward she flew,
Clad as a Maiden of the Dew,
Sported awhile in silvery air,
Then touched her earth and met me there.

“ O Nymph ! ” I cried, “ By Her pure Name
We serve, this hour with thee I claim. ”
She answered, in the fountain’s tone,
‘ Behold me, as thy very own. ’
My Issa was the nymph ; she smiled,
Bearing aloft her pleasure-child.
The wingéd infant for its play
Led from my Nymph her rapture-spray,
Then turned and from her odorous mouth
Drew kisses, balmy as the south,
Condensed the sweetness whilst it fed,
And on my lips lay Issa’s bread.

O Joy, that in our sorrow lives !
O Love, that aye for solace gives !
Wonders like these encharm you all,
Waiting but till the shadows fall.
All unimagined, all unheard,
The Powers that serve our BRIDAL WORD
Through Heaven descend, through Nature rise,
Till evil ends and sorrow flies.

LIII.

APRIL 19.

L' ENVOI.

THE SENTINEL, with weapon bare,
Guards the Asylum of the Knights,
For watch and ward, till Heaven shall share
With Earth its flagon of delights.

Though o'er me breathes the Bridal Muse,
Impassioned still her gifts to bring,
I dare not much the mind unloose,
For joy's mysterious hours that wing.

My thought is on the lower key ;
I may not scale the loftier chords.
The brightening gladness that I see
Is caught as through the gleam of swords.

I dip my helmet in the spring,
And proffer, to your Social Band,
The warrior's blood-bought offering,
Borne to you with the weaponed hand.

FINIS.

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