

New-Year's Offering.

A GALAXY

OF

PROGRESSIVE POEMS.

BY

JOHN W. DAY.

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Dedication.

To ISAAC B. RICH, Esq.,

In Memory of his many years of devotion to the interests of
Spiritual Literature and Journalism, and in respectful
appreciation of personal kindnesses received,

This Volume is dedicated by
THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

JOHN W. DAY was born in Annisquam (a part of the city of Gloucester, Mass.), February 17th, 1838. His parents were JOSEPH and AUGUSTA L. DAY. His mother was the daughter of REV. EZRA LEONARD, who in the early days of Universalism became a convert to its teachings, bravely renounced his connection with the Orthodox denomination, and was followed in his change of belief by his whole parish (excepting deacons), to whom he lovingly expounded for years the “new light” of that day, until

“Th’ eternal sunshine settled on his head !”

The subject of this sketch received his education at the grammar schools of the rugged seaport of his nativity, at the High School of Portsmouth, N. H., and at Hampton Academy, where he began fitting for Harvard College. Circumstances prevented the consummation of this plan, and he entered the office of *The Trumpet* (Universalist), and latterly that of THE

BANNER OF LIGHT (a few months after its establishment in 1857), as an apprentice to "the art preservative." Later on he entertained views of studying for the Universalist ministry, and commenced the course; but the state of his sight, which had deterred him from the printing business, also operated with other causes to lead him to abandon the thought and enter into different fields of out-of-door activity — such as two years spent at sea, and five years in the army, where he served with success as private in the Infantry, 2d and 1st Lieutenant, and afterward Captain of Cavalry. He holds certificates of honorable service during 1861–1866 from the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

Returning to Boston, he, in May, 1867, again became connected with THE BANNER, and has served since then as compositor, shorthand reporter, and for many years as its Associate Editor, which position he now occupies.

In February, 1880, he was united in marriage with NELLIE M., daughter of BENJAMIN and LYDIA B. KING, of Cambridge, Mass.

Members of the fraternal orders have in Mr. Day a worthy brother — he being a highly respected member of the Masonic fraternity, the Odd Fellows, the Grand Army of the Republic, and other societies.

In addition to his record as sailor, soldier, reporter, journalist, etc., Mr. Day has gained standing in the field of versification — having written many poems which have appeared in the columns of *THE BANNER*, and various other periodicals published in New England, of which the contents of this volume may be regarded as a specimen sheaf.

The subject of this sketch has a retiring and unassuming nature, disposed to let his works bear witness to his worth. Since his earliest youth his wish and ambition have been to prove true (as far as the imperfections inherent in our common humanity allow) in all the trying emergencies that have arisen in the midst of varying experiences; and this desire to be found doing his whole duty (wheresoever his lot may be cast), when the Angel of Change shall draw nigh to him, is the stay and religion of his manhood.

NEW-YEAR'S OFFERING.



THE WHITE DOG SACRIFICE.¹



EVERY land and every nation
Owns "Our Father" sphered in heaven —
Heaven His brain and earth His body,
We are linked unto Him always.
His the wondrous scale chromatic
Shading on from sand to sunbeam,
Shading past the shallow atoms —
Bidding science stop and falter —
To the mystic realm called spirit;
Deep'ning thence to hues and forces
Which the seraph may not fathom!

We are of His blood the molecules
While we wander here in matter.
Drawn from Him, in spores magnetic,
At the *body's* primal birth-hour,
Lo, our souls like sparks emitted
Quit His eye 'mid thunder flashes
When the air is big with travail!

'Mid the rain of fate descending,
Zig-zag'd through the cloud of sorrow,
Lo! we strike the earth — the circuit
Formed, we join the broad'ning system,
And to wider range develop.

Prescient hearts have felt His life-throbs ;
Prescient ears have caught the music
Of His voice in hours ecstatic ;
Prescient eyes have seen the glory
Of His thronging troops of angels ;
But the mighty mass of mortals —
Spirits for a time in prison —
Hear no music, catch no glory,
May but gaze from out life's loopholes,
Speculate on fragments only,
Powerless to behold the landscape.

They who see and dare to utter
Witness of the sights bestowed them
Man has martyred through the ages ;
Seeking on his bed Procrustean
Every form of truth to measure.
But the cloudless Sun of Being
Hath through all the circling eras
Shed a boundless tidal radiance
On the castle-roof of error ;
And one day its close-tiled armor
Shall be downward fused in ruin
And the daylight flood its dungeons.

When the traveler, worn and weary,
Treads some mighty Andean valley,
Round him swoon the airs mephitic,
Round him blooms the tropic verdure,
Round him lurk the wild *carniv'ra*,
Near him trails the slimy serpent;
But above him towers the mountain,
Grand and glorious, zenith-piercing;
And as further from the valley
Mounts the pilgrim's toiling footfall,
Lo! the forms of death and carnage
Fade — the tropic verdure lessens;
Snow-clad rock and icy brightness.
Now replace terrestrial danger;
Now the storm-cloud's muttered thunder
Far below doth speak its story,
While the thin clear air of heaven
Seems to beck the spirit onward,
Forth from matter's crumbling prison
To a realm of power unending.

So with us; we walk earth's valley
Close beside the soaring mountain
Of the wondrous world of spirit;
Here in dread we trace our footsteps,
Here the chafing stream of sorrow
Wears the hope and joy of living;
Here we front the wild *carniv'ra* —
Passion's hosts and man inhuman —
Here the slander-serpent twineth,

Here the air of wrath mephitic,
Like the fire-damp of the coal-mine,
Flashes oft in grisly warfare.
But this lower realm inferior
Is but as the Father's greave plates,
And the honest soul of Knighthood
Gleams within the keen-eyed luster
Streaming from His visor'd helmet.
Therefore as we grow through progress,
In the life toward which we hasten,
Higher mount we o'er His body,
See His heart beat in the Soul-World,
But His *reason* — who may climb it?

Still that reason holds ascendance —
Throned within his brow supernal,
Tempered by his heart warm loving —
O'er the shifting forms of matter,
O'er the humblest shapes and atoms,
O'er the worlds in highest æther;
And th' involuntary functions
Of the universe wide arching —
Nature's automatic action² —
Coupled are with power and wisdom
From the Absolute — the Spirit!
Man may sweat in rubbish'd workshop,
But 'tis God who builds the chariot!

Therefore 'tis that every nation
Gains a knowledge of His presence,

Such as it may grasp and fathom —
Only such. The thought and worship
Of the barbarous state and order
May be rude, uncouth, repulsive,
To the child of lands enlighten'd,
But 'tis fitted to its orbit ;
And the thrill of true devotion
Regnant in th' aspiring bosom
Is the same though raised to honor
Chrisna, Jesus, Jove, Manito !

Marvel not, then, child of knowledge,
If I tell in fleeting cadence
How th' untutor'd savage wanders
Up to God, through smoke ascending !
Up the sky — progression's symbol —
Steals the white wreath of his offering,
Seeks Manito, the Good Giver —
That Great Spirit nomenclatured
Variously by ev'ry nation —
Bringing answer from the Father
(Of all tongues and forms the fountain)
Fitted to his spirit's uses !

Through earth's grim crust a giant's foot had stamped
a cañon trail ;
Like white-stol'd angels through the sky the curling
cirri sail ;
Like chieftains grand on either hand the dome-brow'd
hills arise,

And silence down the vaulted blue leans with expectant eyes.

he bear rests in his craggy den — the yelping wolf
is dumb;
None save the human echo stirs — the slow-voiced
Indian drum
That beats a cadence weird and faint, like leaded
brain-throbs, known
When fever-toss'd the sick man leans on death with
quavering moan!

The council-fires — the sacred three — flame 'neath
the Lodge of State;
There sits each warrior, crouched beside his red
brow'd child and mate;
“Bring forth the dog for sacrifice!” the chieftain
speaks the word,
And lo! the dusky ranks divide, and anxious sighs
are heard.

They lead him down the murm'ring ranks, a whisking,
fleecy cloud
Of joyous life, that wraps a germ in matter's confines
bow'd.
Bright-eyed, clean-limb'd, and strong to dare his master's
cause to win,
He shines, where looms the grisly priest swathed in
his bison-skin!

Come, beat the drum ! and raise the shout ! and wheel
the victim round !

'Tis not the scalp dance now ye join, no deathful
chant ye sound ;

Save that ye pour on Western air your tribe's sepul-
tural song

As wave before and whites behind, ye linger late and
long !

So rolled the Jewish timbrel-cheer along the roaring sea !
From Rome's arena, God-like grown, the hymns of
Galilee !

From Scotian glen in echo stern "the Cov'nant's"
voice upsprang

When Dundee smote the mountain path and hoofs
careering rang !

The song is hushed, the dog is slain. Swift to the
sacred flame

The priests and chieftains offerings cast in high
Manito's name :

" As mounts this smoke of sacrifice up to the bending
sky,

Great Spirit, hear our lonely call, and in our aid draw
nigh :

" Thou fill'st the bison's stately march, Thou nerv'st
the eagle's wing,

Thou bend'st the storm-bow's shining arch, and riv'st
the buds of spring :

Thou glow'st in fire, thou roll'st in flood the mountain
gorge along,
Thy sunshine warms the freezing earth, thy life the
warrior's song !

“Great Spirit, hear our trembling prayer ; we wander
faint and few —
Strangers and exiles from the land our Eastward
fathers knew.
Accept our off'ring poor and frail, and may we faith-
ful be —
Keep fearless foot on duty's trail, and honest faith
in thee !

“The mighty wave of human life up to thy presence
rolls ;
We seek, through gloom and closing night, the brighter
land of souls.
Be right th' inspirer of our speech, as fade the moons
away ;
Keep us *true Indians* till we meet our next assembling
day !”

.
The white dog took the shining trail beyond the
smoke-fire's glow,
Up from the earthquake splintered vale that crouched
the hills below !
The sun sat in his wigwam door — where twilight
shadows lie —

When, reached Manito's fateful shore, he sought His
presence high !

While many a zealot's stilted prayer limped slow
through darkening skies,

Our Father marked with welcome rare the Red Man's
sacrifice !

GUARDIAN ANGELS.



“They are gone, and here no longer
Shall their *mortal* forms appear;
Make our faith, oh Father, stronger
That their *spirits* still are here.
Oh when round us night is falling,
May our souls, in Truth secure,
Hear *their* holy voices calling:
‘Come where life and joy endure!’”

THE sunset crowns Rome's glittering turrets high,
And evening shadows creep along the plain;
The vesper bell rings out along the sky,
And choral anthems shake each lordly fane!
They sing of her who bore a mother's pain
To bring the Christ, the promised Saviour, down
When Syrian shepherds heard th' angelic strain,
And Chaldean sages stooped his brow to crown
Whose *manly* life-tide flowed 'neath priestcraft's mid-
night frown!

Beyond the broad Campagna's rolling breast,
'Mid twilight shadows bend a pilgrim band;
From many a distant clime their feet have pressed,
To gain th' "Eternal City's" wished-for strand.
Among the shattered wrecks, the ruins grand,

That speak the fleeting breath of earthly power,
They kneel in silent awe, by breezes fanned
Rich with the perfume of the prayerful hour —
The vestal virgin's chant borne from the far-off
tower!

And o'er the kneeling group a woman stands —
A girlish figure, stately and serene —
She points the travelers on, with eager hands
Nobly uplifted 'mid the wondrous scene;
She points, while written on her holy mien
Is traced: "Not *yet* ye rest — your goal is there!
Where, on her seven-hilled throne, an ancient
queen,
Rome sits, and upward from the city's glare,
St. Peter's mighty dome looms through the twilight
air."

.
We seek a holy shrine, through earth's dark way.

Through sin's hot sands, and fierce temptation's
woe;

We seek the portals of eternal day,

And God's evangel cheer our wanderings slow.

Think ye the cadence of the Jordan's flow

Can dull their friendly cars, who've gone before?

Think ye the voice whose kindling power we
know

Is hushed for aye where death's black waters roar,
And Eden gives *no smile* back from her golden
shore?

No ! as the north-lights in the midnight gleam,
When frosty stars in chilling silence roll,
So in the twilight thought, the peaceful dream,
They come to cheer the sin-beleaguered soul !
They bid the beacons blaze, the watch-bells toll
To mark the invading fiend's delusive powers —
They tell how Autumn creeps in russet stole
Through Winter's sorrowing path to Springtide's
hours,
And vernal gales that float o'er fair, celestial flowers.

Oft in *our* wandering comes a vision bright ;
We see the heavenly city's gates of gold,
And all the spirit's power is plumed for flight,
To reach that land — to clasp the loved of old !
'Tis *then* the guardian speaks : " Not yet ye fold
Th' immortals in your arms of crumbling *clay* ;
Life claims your duty ; dare the winter cold
Of trembling age — or manhood's blazing day —
Till God the Father calls along the heavenly way ! "

When human spirits bow in humble prayer,
And doff conceit of pharisaic sway,
Loved friends departed cleave the viewless air,
To wipe the tear from sorrowing eyes away !
They point beyond earth's broad Campagna gray,
Where towering domes and glittering spires arise —
Where Aiden's glory sheds a fadeless ray —
And, fairer than th' Italian sunset dies,
The smiling " Summer-Land " sits throned among the
skies !

JACK.

[OBIT APRIL 20TH, 1884.]

MID gloomy wold, 'neath gust of April rain ;
Where seeks the broad'ning Charles the broader main,
'Neath buttress'd bridge and ship's red-rusted chain,

With hearts that voice demission's sad refrain,
We stand beside a broken chalice, fain
To fill a grave with all that doth remain.

No Statesman, worn with time's unending jar ;
No Warrior, slain in grisly strife afar ;
No Prophet, dead beneath his Morning Star !

We bring — our dog : whose service-years are told !
Take thou these relics to thy kindly fold
And give them fitting use, oh ! Mother old.

We bring brisk feet, each duty's willing thrall ;
Quick ears that sharpen'd at his master's call,
Bright eyes that danced — oh ! grave, we give thee all !

No, Jack ; not all ! Shall mutual love divide
With crumbling arch on Nature's lower side,
And leave on man's but figment for his pride ?

Instinct with Reason clear, doth closely blend :
Who shall declare where such doth reach its end
And miss the hand of Life's Eternal Friend !

Progression's law each dust-grain aye controls ;
Its full-orb'd presence through creation rolls —
And shall it bar these rudimental souls ?

We will not say "Farewell," with heart-strings tense:
No link of Being may be stricken thence —
Its chain is girded round Omnipotence.

Where Truth is bless'd, where Justice lends its grace
Along the files of Life's subtending race,
There such as thou shalt ever find a place.

Shall Honor fail to meet th' approving eye,
And faithful Courage sense no welcome nigh
When earth's weak children find their time to die ?

Shall not Life's Sponsor mark their journey run —
Their surcease gained 'neath Time's dissembling sun —
And to his humblest servant say: "Well done" ?

Oh! Spring, o'erchilled with Winter's lingering snows,
That on far inland mountains find repose —
Oh! sun, cloud-visor'd though the daytime grows:

Oh! crevic'd mists, like shot-riven flags that fly
Along the frontlet of a frowning sky —
No types are *ye* of Being's destiny !

Beyond earth's cloud the sunshine's glory thrills !
Beyond *death's* cloud th' Eternal Purpose wills
All Life shall tread the Amaranthine Hills !

SPRINGFLOWER.



THE artist soul has caught the golden morning ;
Through Time's dull bars th' unfailing glory
streams ;

The living canvas,³ 'neath his bright adorning,
Gives forth a fair creation seen in dreams,
When spirits, free from matter's crumbling prison,
Speed forth enfranchised, hand enclasped in hand,
Where loved of eld, to life and light arisen,
Walk shining fields in Eden's goodly land !

She comes, the forest's pure and radiant maiden,
Illumed with rays prophetic, and the powers
Of golden sunlight ; with a promise laden
That hints a hidden life which death embowers.
Down from her rounded shoulder droops the vesture
Of summer's deep fruition — yet to be
Rather than that which is : each graceful gesture
Speaks symbol'd harvest, russet crowned and free.

But not alone in somber, tangled mazes
Of wilding woods she shines in tender grace,
And cheers the land which on her presence gazes
With rich and varied joy ; her tender face

Speaks to the eye, where'er the hungry spirit
Gives open entrance to her pollen store
Of fruitful thought, and wakened souls inherit
A sweet aroma from the further shore.

Fair index she, that points the fact eternal
That naught but victor hands of conquered self
Can pluck life's truest good from pastures vernal;
Th' ambitious clutch and gain but sordid pelf,
While to the pure in heart alone are given
The precious flowers that gem the shining meads,
Where, sunrise-like, the jeweled porch of heaven
Gleams in the dawn that mortal change succeeds !

With growing strength and firmer hold on matter,
Toward broader light her pilgrim footstep strays
Silent, with stealing steps that lightly scatter
The dew on untrod paths; her lithe form sways
Soft to the quiv'ring breeze. A glorious creature,
Her radiant face upturned, with cheeks of bloom,
An uncheck'd glee in every beaming feature,
That speaks a heart where guile finds never room.

Her deep, moist, gleaming eye, with power æsthetic,
Flashes far-reaching thought for visual ray;
Thence speeds the arrow from the bow magnetic
Unerring — to her victor feet as prey
The rapturous prize of vernal beauty bringing !
Behold bright fields and blossoms cheer the earth;
Trailing arbutus, buttercups are springing —
Her every impress gives a flow'ret birth.

Within her shade anemones are shining,
And on the bank, where winds the slow-paced stream,
The purple Innocence, at ease reclining,
Lights up the floral way ; where joys outgleam
Her spirit onward moves, exuberant glowing
Amid the flush, the wealth of boundless love,
Her smile a close-linked sweetness e'er bestowing,
That speaks to planes below of spheres above.

Her pictured path is decked with sunrise glory ;
She spreads a lover's feast before the eye
Of souls who, crushed by mis'ry's whelming story,
Faint by the way while hope's bright tide rolls by ;
Her loving soul with all their sorrows blending,
She gives them of her life in flowery forms
And juices rich and colors far transcending
The rainbow arch, that spans the parted storms !

In wooded dell where mirror waves are wending,
Reflecting back, amid the blush of earth,
The blue expanse of heaven above them bending,
She waiting stands ; her glance in artless mirth
Expectant turned where sweeps the cleaving arrow
Up to the clouds ; so in its keen-edged flight
Swift swirls aloft the homeward-wheeling sparrow
When fall the shadows of the closing night.

Soft through her raven locks the winds are playing,
Upbearing slowly from her parted lips
Sweet, perfumed utterings, calmly upward straying —
A meed of joy that knows no dark eclipse.

She speaks: "Behold, I come all richly laden,
From realms of light, by subtle force upstayed;
A simple, natural and untutored maiden,
Like poisoning butterfly in forest glade.

"I bloom in hues the blue, the red, the golden,
Far-sighted yellow spring-tide's tender green;
Earth warmly greets me; I am gladly folden
To Nature's heart, a robed tiara'd queen.
I never *seem* — I *am*; all arts dissembling
My honest soul abhors; sincere, I shine
A messenger to turn the balance trembling
In human hearts, from wrong to right divine.

"Armed with love's bow, and thought-shaft keenly
flying,
To shoot the swift-winged truth whereon to live,
Behold I stand by limner's art, defying
Decay's dim veil. The circling years shall give
No darkness to this flower of inspiration,
This nineteenth 'century blossom,' ripely blown;
But endless cycles peal the glad ovation,
To hail the Cause I type to every zone."

Thrice holy Cause, to mourning hearts revealing
That after life whose *hope* had e'en grown dim,
Oh, let us choose this picture's centered feeling —
Childlike and humble, walk earth's river brim,
Till, as the morn mists quit the soaring mountains,
Our souls to higher realms shall gladly fly,
Where Iris crowns the Paradisean fountains,
And human love and joyance never die!

A WOMAN OF HUNGARY.



O’ER the broad moor, white with its wreaths of
snow —

Flanked on each side by shadowy forests deep —
The sun’s last rays in softened luster glow,
Or, halting on the pine-tree summits steep,
Seem waiting for an hour that soon must come,
And Nature thrills through all her trembling
frame —

For lo! with scream of fife, and rolling drum,
And charger’s tramp, and cannon’s breath of flame,
Proud Hapsburg’s legions march the Magyar land
to tame!

Forth from the forest’s darkening aisles they wheel —
The Croatian bold, the Tyrol’s heart of fire!
Up leaps the sunlight from their gleaming steel —
And trumpets hoarse each warrior soul inspire!
Oh fated Hungary — so soon to weep —

Forth from the further shade thy patriots pour;
Thy blood-stained page the circling years shall keep,
Writ with the sword, mid Hist’ry’s magic lore,
Till slumb’ring Europe wake, and kings shall be no
more!

“*Eljehn el Magyar!*” swift the war-cry rolls
In rending echoes down the leveled line.
The volleying musket Freedom’s tocsin tolls —
Low, cannon-smitten, sinks the rocking pine;
Still Hungary’s banner flings defiant scorn —
Still from her front war’s crimson currents veer,
Till like a tempest on the Danube born,
Downward, with bugle-blast and charging cheer,
Bursts through her death-thinned flank the thundering Cuirassier!

Shout, Austrian legions! lo, the field is won!
Back reels the Magyar to his forest lair!
Sheathe the dulled sword, the day’s red work is done,
And shriek and groan swell through the twilight air.
But who art thou that on this fearful spot
Crimsonest with life’s warm tide the shot-ploughed snow?
Thou art a *maiden* ⁴ — nay, deny it not —
Thine eyes are radiant with that mystic glow
That speaks a nearer heaven, man’s soul doth never know!

What brought thee to this field of strife and gloom?
Frail woman’s arm avails not in the fray,
When o’er the plain the trembling cannon boom,
And round the reeking lines the war-clouds play!
Thou liest in death — not in the homestead hall,
Where love’s soft tears distill in gentle rain —

Alone thou liest, where, at fancy's call,
The fainting foe hears, 'mid his deathful pain,
The Drave's low murmuring song — the Moldau's
home-like strain !

Oh soul ! thou art a stranger to this land !
Didst steer thy bark in ages long ago —
Like the bold Genoese — through some ocean grand,
Where bright star-islands in their beauty glow,
Seeking some new world's glory for thine own ?
And wrecked where time's remorseless surges pour,
Was't bound by savage hands, a prisoner lone,
As Afric's sons, on wild Sahara's shore,
Seize on the storm-tossed wretch who 'scapes th'
Atlantic's roar ?

So doth it seem ; for oft against the bars
Thy pinions to the angel choir keep time,
And oft as twilight brings the marching stars,
Thou hear'st the watchword from their ranks sub-
lime !
Oft dost thou see thy duty high unrolled,
And rising grandly, by thy fetters stayed,
Thou shak'st earth's prison through its confines old,
As when the lightning's quiv'ring flag's displayed,
And heaven's fierce cohorts pour the storm-king's
fusillade !

THE EMIGRANTS.



“We have *here* no continuing city or abiding place.”

'Tis the summer's sultry noontide, and the long, dull
voyage is past;
And up through the city highway their line is speed-
ing fast,⁵
As they follow the “Star of Empire,” with a flushed
and anxious mien,
Where it points to the spreading prairies, and the
Western slopes of green!

There is youth with its fond ambition, and age with
its weight of care;
And the mother hastes, with her children, in the
“goodly land” to share.
For the shield of our eagle's pinions, and the hills by
free winds fanned,
They have come from the armed dominions of the
German's “Fatherland.”

That none are left from the column they watch with
jealous care,
Lest the stragglers wander blindly, and faint in the
stranger air.

Their hearts are bold as the Pilgrims' who moored in
old Plymouth Bay —

And the scream of the panting engine is their shout
as they speed away !

Shall *we* miss one soul from *our* column when, up
from Death's harbor strand,

With life's weary voyage all ended, *we* march through
the "Promised Land" ?

When out to the hills of Progress we speed on our
joyous way,

'Mid the vales and streams that glisten with a never-
ending day ?

Shall *one* be lured by "the demons," through the by-
paths of sin and shame,

To a sulph'rous lake that burneth with a never-dying
flame ?

Ah, no ! for the loving angels but smile on these
earth-born fears,

And the creedal damps that darkened the light of our
earlier years !

And we *know*, whose souls are lighted with the rays
that gleam before,

That our Heavenly Father guideth our bark, though
the surges roar.

And grief shall dissolve in glory, and His loving
smile be seen

When out from the "Golden City" we march to the
hills of green !

TO A SEA-SHELL.



THOU tell'st of the bright and smiling sea,
Where the ripples laugh in their winsome glee;
And the smooth beach shines like a silver band
On a maiden's brow in Orient land;
And the white gull rocks on the dreamy swell
As the wild bird rests in the hazel dell.

Thou tell'st of the black and windswept sea,
When the good ship toils from the land to flee,
And the breakers dash on the groaning shore,
And the watery plain to its oozy core
Is stirred by the plowshared hurricane,
And the boasted strength of man is vain!

Thou tell'st of the murmurs, faint and low,
That sweep where the charnel waters flow
When the sailor rests — from his wand'rings passed —
And the wave rolls deep o'er the riven mast,
And the starry hosts on his funeral pall
Scatter bright gems that are free to all!

Oh relic strange of the watery strife,
Your form once thrilled with a conscious life;
A germ in your roseate halls was born

So rich with the tints of opening morn ;
And still through your arcades, weird and dim,
We catch the sweep of the ocean's hymn.

But the life-power died in thine inner breast,
And the waves have cast thee ashore to rest ;
And the dew and sun and the tramping storms
Shall knead thy dust into other forms ;
For the God who thrills in each changing grade,
Not an atom of earth *in vain* has made !

Thou art witness mute 'gainst the olden tale,
Of the rending of time's parting veil —
How the heavens like a scroll shall roll away,
And the isles shall flee in that fearful day,
When the mountains burn like a furnace red,
And the hissing "sea shall give up its dead."

For the sea *doth* give to the earth again
The spoils that sunk 'neath the angry main.
They come, by the force of law divine,
In differing forms from the surging brine ;
But the sailor's risen *spirit* dwells
In the land of fadeless asphodels !

Oh, mourning hearts by the sea-beat shore,
There are angel tones in that sullen roar.
As the waves come up with reverence grand,
And bow on the rocky altar strand,
They *swear* by the God who reigns on high :
"*Not a soul on earth was born to die.*"

“O-GRAB-’EM!”

WHEN Madison embargo⁶ laid
On all New England's thriving trade,
And bade the tall ships fretful ride
At anchor on the restive tide,
Nor seek on foreign shores the gains
Which Commerce gives for sailors' pains,
His mandate rang through all the land —
And servants stout clinched his command —

“O-grab-'em!”

The ruined merchant traced the letters
In mingled order — called them fetters
Laid on the nation's writhing arm.
But quickly burst the hateful charm
When the roused land, its rights denied,
Swung out on battle's crimson tide,
And foemen heard Columbia's shout
Through thund'rous echoes pealing out :

“O-grab-'em!”

But modern day the measure heaps :
“Grab” is the game while justice sleeps,
And patriots frown, and prophets wail
The rising of destruction's gale !

Is there no power in all the land
To bid Corruption’s deluge stand —
To heed the toilers’ bitter sigh
As Mammon roars his soulless cry :

“O-grab-’em !” ?

The creeds in golden armor strong
Peal forth their trumpets loud and long ;
Their feet with “ Gospel ” shod no more
They clang the nineteenth century’s floor.
Their social extradition waits
In hearse-like robes at “ Liberal ” gates.
Shall they, ere long, repeat the cry
That crushed brave souls in days gone by :

“O-grab-em !” ?

No *jest* these serio-comic lines !
Along th’ horizon grimly shines
A blood-red dawn, whose noon-day sun
Must see Truth’s battle lost or won.
Awake ! bold hearts, where’er ye be,
And bid the trusts and zealots flee :
Till honest thought with freedom blend
Where’er Columbia’s hills ascend

“O-grab-’em !”

THE WINE OF THE SPIRIT.



ANOTHER year hath trod th' arena's floor
Where uses stern to Being's call respond ;
And we with gladness hail the loved once more
Who bring their message from the Fair Beyond !
We mark with joy Progression's prophet shine
That streams puissant from that primal ray
When angel fingers from the land divine
Swept the dark lignite clouds of doubt away.⁷

This Cause then born moves on — its conquering
train
Brings peace and light and love to all mankind ;
Round every tribe and race the golden chain
Of world-wide brotherhood its power shall bind.
It comes not to destroy, but to fulfill : —
Not to supplant, but grandly to illumine :
Lead mourning hearts from Death's penumbra chill,
And prove a conscious state beyond the tomb.

We steadfast sow this hour the harvest bright
Whose fruit shall crown each future age with peace,
When we here met shall pass from mortal sight
Where Paradisean skies bring sweet release.

May He whose presence thrills in worm and sun
 Guide all our steps to duty's furrow true,
 Till, matter's surcease gained, soul-freedom won,
 Life's chosen friendships we again renew.

.

They tell of one who roam'd by castled Rhine
 'Mid the rich gloaming of the vesper hour,
 When o'er the hills the parting sunbeams shine,
 And purpling dells are dight with mystic power :
 And who, by elfin led,^s a grotto found
 Where caskless wine (whose years no mind might
 know)
 Flash'd amethyst and ruby glances round,
 Held by its age-formed crust from outward flow.

So in the past man's outward-reaching thought
 Hath fashioned systems oft to serve his needs :
 In creedal cellarets hath earnest sought
 The wine of moral worth, though casked in creeds.
 Each met some human want in partial sense,
 None fed the *all* — none gained the final meed :
 Each through this fact (whene'er deduced or whence)
 But prophet was of that which *shall* succeed !

All souls in being's twilight track the vale
 Where Time's swift river seeks th' eternal sea ;
 Some dogma-laden walk with steps that fail,
 Some with the stride of him whom Truth makes
 free ;

The cave-brewed Soma of man's earliest line
In schemes and forms diverse has flowed for him,
But we this hour may drink the spirit wine
Whose currents need no creed's supporting brim !

As years depart each circling land shall know
The soulful cordial from celestial vine;
And kindly deeds, not webs of faith, shall grow,
And Justice lead the world with power benign :
Till heav'n-illumined man walk hand in hand
With beings free from dull restraining clay —
Till Death shall die, and conquering Life expand
Its widening, peopled, potent spheres alway !

Farewell the pleasant scene, the crowded hall,
Farewell the sights and sounds of friendly mirth;
Years as they speed the bolts of change let fall,
And migrant dust must strew the cooling earth :
Crowd on the sail ! for golden turrets line
The nearing shore : though varying seas we roam,
Mid adverse tides, though sun or lightning shine,
The spirit's course is laid for Heaven and Home.

THE FOREST SPRING.



THE forest holds within its temple grand,
Full many an altar to the Father's praise ;
But holiest is the placid fountain — fanned
By zephyrs, as they breathe Æolian lays
To the low-drooping branches ; up it wells,
Through earth's deep caves and strata to the day —
As the true soul beneath life's bondage swells,
And upward mounts, though errors dark display,
To where the Eternal Sun sheds forth his glorious
ray !

Oh, wondrous stream,⁹ tradition gives thy tide
A silent influence, that follows him
Who tastes it, through his earthly wanderings wide,
Till back it leads him to thy mossy rim ;
To muse on days and hours long passed away
To the dim regions of the far-off lands —
And in a goblet of thy flashing spray
Remember those who from the angel bands
Look forth with anxious gaze to count life's waning
sands !

Solemn communion ! Christ 'mid Salem's towers,
In ancient days, poured forth memorial wine !

Here *Nature*, through the gorgeous summer hours,
Sends up this offering from her inmost shrine!
“Drink, and revere thy great Creator, thou
Who standest here, rapt in a beauteous dream —
For as the dawning light gems morning's brow,
His mercies ever through the darkness gleam,
And light the sloping vale where rolls the ‘Bridge-
less Stream!’”

At morn I lingered by thy crystal wave,
When thrilled the forest-warbler's matin hymn;
And comrades true the gladsome chorus gave,
And pledged their friendship at thy sparkling brim!
Years passed — I drank 'neath twilight's pall of
grief —
For day was fading at thy mystic shrine —
And heard the cold wind sweep the falling leaf;
Still further stretched the forest's shadowy line,
Till evening's vestal star shone o'er the somber pine!

So youth with gladness tastes life's current bright,
While friends and joys crowd round in thick array —
So manhood drains the second-childhood's blight,
And fear's wild host their frowning ranks display!
But as the star-rays glimmered o'er thy breast
When day's last sunbeams faded in their pride,
So faith shall light the spirit to its rest,
Onward, to where the glittering worlds divide,
And golden watch-fires gleam o'er Jordan's rolling
tide!

ONWARD.



ON ye who watch the morning light
By faith through frowning centuries grow;
Ye warders on the wintry height
Whence error's downward glaciers go:
Earth's history, like a warrior's breast,
Clov'n with the stripes upon ye laid,
Bears onward to its final rest
The cicatrix of storm and shade!

The tyrant's arm in vengeance mailed,
The swift scythed-chariot speeding fast,
The scaffold's gory stroke, hath failed
To crush ye in the dark'ling past!
Though fields be heaped with freedom's dead,
And stakes gleam red with martyr pain,
On lands obscure God's rays are shed —
Ye rise to guardian life again!

.
The spirit moves — from age to age
Still brighter streams the conquering sign;
The bigot's power, the hireling's rage,
Check not the dayspring's march divine!

As hours their tireless orbit roll,
And night and day to earth are given,
A change diurnal waits the soul —
From night of life to dawn of heaven !

It calls — the Voice Eternal calls !
Each age, through man-made shadows dim
Creeps further toward th' horizon walls
And lifts an answ'ring cry to Him.
One day shall justice crown the van,
And race with race shall brethren be ;
And 'franchised human sight shall span
Our rolling globe from sea to sea !

THE CHARIOT OF FIRE.—Nov. 9–10.



“And . . . Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. . . .

“And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that behold there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. . . .

“And . . . Elisha took up the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back and stood by the bank of Jordan.” — *2 Kings ii.* 9, 11, 13.

THE sky with midnight horror glows,
The bayonets glare below;
And tramping down each furnace street
The frenzied thousands go.
Wild peal the bells in 'larum loud,
The shrieking engines call;
The ladder's crackling length is bowed
Beneath each crashing wall!

Proud manhood rears his helmet crest
With purpose firm and high;
Straight in the yawning jaws of death
The spouting torrents fly!

Mark, how yon sheeted lightning-burst
Leaps to the vault afar !
Hark to the muffled answer hoarse —
The powder's earthquake jar !

Woe for our city's queenly pride ;
Her fair and regal crown
Sweeps like a blazing comet shaft
From Hope's horizon down.
Morn sees her lintel, roof and tower
In ruin prostrate lie,
As Arctic berg, o'erbalanced, reels
In thunder down the sky.

Above that blazing holocaust
Our BANNER ensign streamed ;
Sphered in that blazing chariot's arms,
Its parting radiance gleamed.
The toil of years, the hope of souls
Whelmed in its ashes, all —
But from the crisping heavens we saw
Its smoke-white mantle fall !¹⁰

Stout hands that fallen flag had borne,
And faced the bigot's scorn ;
Stern eyes with prescient light had glowed
To greet the rising morn !
And angels *since* that gloomy hour
Have stayed their weight of care,
And raised THE BANNER's folds once more
To Freedom's native air !

Oh white flag, dropped from blood red sky,
We hail thee as a sign :
Though earth with hate and strife be dark,
Yet shall the morn star shine,
When Peace and Love, twin seers, shall stand
Death's Jordan billows by ;
And, sunlike, o'er each waking land
Truth's chariot roll on high !

"THE ART PRESERVATIVE."



As mountain cliff that upward soars
From valley'd spring to frosty rime,
Till round its crest the whirlwind roars
With in-sped surge from space sublime,
So, o'er the mass some minds aspire
With tireless impulse stern and high,
Till round them heaves thought's lightning fire,
And cheering plaudits thunder by.

And such, great Franklin, was thy cast —
Like bold Wachuset towering strong;
'Mid toil and humble comrades pass'd,
Thine iron morn-wheels ground along;
Thy manhood raised a brazen targe
To fence Columbia's smitten brow;
Fame's silver crowned life's yielded charge —
Heaven's golden age is round thee now!

Our "quoins" to-night ¹¹ in forests grew
Where Right was soil and Truth was tree,
Whereon, down-streaming from the blue,
God shot the rays of Liberty!

By logic's "mallet" tightly driven,
 With "shooting-stick" of mental steel,
 They compass where true hearts have striven —
 From birth's dark "press" to "Land o' Leal!"

Our "quadrats" mark the resting-place
 By toiling generations won
 Along earth's rolling "turtle" face,
 As hour-shades cast by dialed sun.
 Benevolence — "head-rule" — we greet;
 Our "take" full oft, the fleeting breath
 When raised the nation's "tympan-sheet,"
 And war's black "rollers" clang in death!

The tales of old Phœnicia known,
 The wondrous myths of far Cathay,
 The gleams from Coptic ruins thrown,
 Th' Assyrian's arrow-pointed lay,
 Tell of strange arts, man's willing thralls,
 Lost in Tradition's less'ning flame!
 What power shall breach Oblivion's walls,
 And give their spectres form and name?

The Art Preservative, we sing,
 Whose magic Time and Death defies.
 No more shall learning's living spring
 Be darkly hid from human eyes.
 From ev'ry power man's toil doth gain,
 In student cell, or workshop din,
 Our Art Promethean weaves a chain
 To lead the full-orbed centuries in!

What though with quick and nervous hand
We lay the "form" for life supreme,
Or at Death's "distribution" stand
Like half-dazed actors in a dream?
Life's "fountain," brimmed with "ink drops" red,
Shall in a little "space" run dry,
And Aiden's crystal morning spread
Through each grimed office-window high.

Toil, brothers, for our work, more bless'd
Than thronèd king's or statesman's art,
Bids Reason, waked by Learning's zest,
Pierce every sham, and read the heart.
And as the morning stars began
Creation's round and bar-less lay,
Earth, sometime, crowned by God-like man,
Shall smiling greet a broader day!

Oh Press! God's beacon light to cheer
While storm-winds rocked a trembling world,
Shine, till we reach the golden year,
And Error's midnight wings be furled;
Till Peace come down, an angel guest,
And heaven peal out the morning chime,
And Sin and Care and Death shall rest
Within the close-barr'd grave of Time!

“WHEN MY SHIP GETS IN FROM SEA.”

— “And poured round all
Old ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

WHERE a headland breasts the fury
Of the wild Atlantic wave —
’Neath whose depths in thund’rous midnight
Manhood oft has found a grave —
Stands an ancient rock, moss-crested,
And this tale it tells to me :
“All your fond desires I’ll answer
When my ship gets in from sea !”

’Twas a father’s voice that uttered —
Childhood’s quickening ear that heard ;
Seaward many a pennon fluttered,
Seaward sped the soaring bird.
And the watcher’s youthful vision
Peered across the shining lea
Filled with dreams of joys elysian,
When that ship should come from sea.

But across the far-off billows
Never swept her landward sail.
Though he watched, when tumbling surges
Bowed before the roaring gale —

Or when sunset's blazing banner
 Waved o'er evening's western wall,
Or the distant light-house glimmered
 In the spectral twilight's fall!

'Twas a dream of boyish fancy,
 Smiling spoke, and smiling heard;
But a strange and forceful meaning
 Lurks within each passing word:
Down from yonder vault eternal,
 Soul, thy Father speaks to thee:
"All thy fond desires I'll answer,
 When my ship gets in from sea."

Father, God! on life's wild headland
 Still I watch thy coming sail;
Yearn to see her fair white pennon
 Streaming lordly o'er the gale:
For along her crowded bulwarks
 Friends of old shall smile on me —
Death shall claim a thankful spirit
 When Thy "ship gets in from sea."

THE MILLENNIAL SUN.



OH! wondrous path, o'erarched by centuries gray,
Through which 'mid creedal sands and shadows lorn
The human soul has held its toilsome way
To modern light, from life's primordial morn!
What woeful tales each circling age hath told,
What hearts grown dim 'mid trial's dead'ning round,
Outreaching sadly for the "Age of Gold,"
"Which kings and prophets sought, but never
found!"

And we who see beyond earth's mighty brow
The golden effluence of Heaven's morning rise —
Let *us give thanks*, while fading errors bow,
And Truth walks regnant through the waking skies:
And as we steadfast stand this golden hour,
Where 'Thought's clear heavens with beck'ning
splendors glow,
List ye a legend of the star-world's power
As type of Reason's evolution slow:

Who walks the winding vale at close of even,
When skies are clear, and twilight breezes blow,
May see adown the violet cope of heaven,
The fringe-like constellations trailing low;

Born of the flaming Sun, whose leaven supreme
Burns in all life to human senses known,
Their glittering bands in argent union dream
When night reveals our system's solar zone.

Each filled its place ere yet a human eye
Look'd anxious up from earth's fire-matrix'd plain;
And one by one as years of toil went by,
Men spied these wonders of the heavenly main,
And gave them names, and piecemeal sought each
cause
Which ruled with mystic power their time and tide;
Till Science gave coördinated laws
Through stylus, telescope, and thought allied.

Each planisphere's deflected orb foretold
A potent neighbor hid from mortal ken,
And thus earth's the'ries in the ages old
Outbroadened 'neath the toil of earnest men
Who held dull Matter's pris'ning confines naught,
But God-like trod the empyrean vast,
And, gradual, wrought a path for human thought
From earth to far Uranus — deemed the last:¹²

The link that closed our solar system's chain;
But still th' astronomers disturbance found,
And wrought each careful codex o'er in vain
Till Neptune's disc their seeming triumph crowned;
Then metes and bounds *conclusive* they ordained,
And held the utmost of our system reached,

Nothing beyond the new-found orb remained,
They taught, whose word not lightly is impeached.

But years roll by; and students of the skies
With computations keen, and centered thought,
Begin the startling fact to recognize
That Neptune's self hath not conclusion wrought;
And some with zeal and steadfast faith declare
A huge twin planet, not yet seen, doth roll
In vast ellipse through dim, tenebrous air —
Neptune th' objective — *this* the potent pole.¹³

Thus from the mistiest eras of the past,
On through the nineteenth century's prismic arch,
The human soul hath tracked Truth's precepts vast,
While Apprehension dawned along the march.
Each step attained hath told a greater near;
Each woe o'erspent a greater gladness borne;
Each storm of trial made th' horizon clear;
Each partial truth dissolved in broader dawn.

Years fled, and in His name of Galilee,
(Like Heavenly Neptune) from Judean hills
Streamed forth at last a system claimed to be
The closing word our Heavenly Father wills!
Earth speaks to-day in million-tongued reply;
It hath not brought the boon the spirit craves:
The bigot rules — Christ's love and mercy fly
Like storm-swept birds along its wrathful waves.

'Twas hailed at first by glad prophetic souls,
Whose earnest "wish was father to the thought,"
As "final gift from Him whose power controls
Th' advance of mind; whose will is aye outwrought."
They *sensed* the spirit-planet *then*, but gave
Mistaken credence to th' objective *form*;
But on the Perihelion's circling wave
That planet now returns with pulses warm.

Fair Science waits till coming years reveal
The potent orb so boldly prophesied:
And thinking minds no longer may conceal
In creed's domain the world-awakening wide —
The sense prophetic of an opening way
That leads from faith to soulful actions done;
The Churchman's Neptune dim with errors gray,
Shrinks from the Spirit World's millennial sun!

The telescope, which yet shall glad our eyes
With coming glories in the sphere of soul,
Is formed of medial sayings, trite and wise,
From those who've passed from Death to Life's
control;
It gives a mental prophecy to man,
Whereby the future of earth's moral state
Is outlined clear to all who dare to scan
Its lens, unawed by sneer of bigot's hate.

We stand on Being's glory-lighted hills! .
The cloudy banners of the Night are riven!

Our hearts the volt of Reason clearer thrills,
We sense the noontide from a nearing Heaven.
May He whose presence burns in worm and sun
Guide all our thoughts 'neath duty's peerless ken,
Till time shall see full Comprehension won,
And 'carnate angels walk the earth with men!

MORNING BY THE SEA.



I'VE seen the midnight's eastern star grow dim,
When daylight paled above the black-browed land,
While briny wavelets poured their matin hymn,
And bowed in prayer along the shining sand.
The day rolled upward. Cove and fort and town
Gleamed like a landscape from some fairer world;
And round the beetling summits, old and brown,
The dewy freshness of the morning curled.

The ocean gleamed a quaint mosaic floor,
Where golden tile and sapphire matrix vied:
And free winds trod this temple, as of yore
The high priest walked old Sol'ma's hall of pride.
The lazy smoke climbed up o'er streets and spires,
The sound of man's brisk toiling went abroad,
As Heaven's bright angel lit the vestal fires,
And cried, "Another day is born of God!"

So, when life's clouds and darkening trials end,
Shall fadeless youth in golden dawn arise,
And grateful joy its holy anthem blend
With welcoming chant from saints in Paradise;

And being's aim shall stand at last full told;
Nor time nor change the pulsing heart shall chill;
But scathless from the mortal vistas roll'd
Each soul its deathless purpose shall fulfill!

LADY FRANKLIN.



OH, the human spirit naught can chain —
Nor time, nor tide, nor the lowering sky ;
As the fire-god gives the lightning rein,
 Its steeds through the golden life-sands fly ;
It hath fearless wrought mid the battle's rage
On the rocking plain, and the sounding sea,
But the noblest deeds on its storied page
 Each age hath graven sweet Love for thee !

Where the floe-fields march with their leaders bold
'Neath the red Aurora's guidon high !
The twin barks ¹⁴ steered for the midnight cold,
And the years in silence pass'd them by.
And few were the tales from that charnel land,
Though England marshaled her barks from far —
And the clear, wild gales of the Northland fann'd
The folds of Columbia's banner'd star !

And hope grew dead in the nation's heart,
And all ceased at length from the fruitless toil,
Save the noble lady who bore her part
 With a dauntless purpose no ill might foil.
And all that her power might win she gave,
Till swift, to her tear-gemmed vision dim,

A lone bark skimmed o'er the seething wave,
With her white wings spread for the Norland grim!

And the months crept on — but she came at last!
And bore the tidings of saddening pain —
Of a chief inured, ere the march was past,
Of the barks that crashed in the iceberg's strain;
Of the braves who trod on their journey dread,
With hunger and woe for their comrades nigh —
Of the lonely boat and her sleeping dead,
Watched ten long years by the pole-star's eye!

Oh, man's spirit longs for the truth sublime,
And the sage and the stoic boldly strive,
And up through the gathering darkness climb,
Where the splintered crags through the future drive.
Oh Science! thy votaries wide and free
March in th' Eternal's conq'ring name,
And the desert sand, or the wintry sea,
May never its kindling glories tame!

But, Woman! thou — like the legend ark
By sage upreared in a primal world,
That safely rode o'er the waters dark,
Though no oar she bent, nor a sail unfurled —
Thou spring'st aloft on the flood of woe,
Though low thou liest in joy's sunlight fair,
And bearest thy treasures from below
In the holy arms of a loving prayer!

We steer through a cold and midnight way,
To the magnet-home of our Father's smile —
And the death-ice clutches our mortal clay,
And it crumbles in silent dust the while!
But the soul shall vault from its bark forlorn,
Where the Dayspring's vanward pennons wave,
And wild, at the gates of Endless Morn,
Life's ocean thunders its crashing stave!

AUTOPHONIA.



Up from the land where somber darkness dwells,
Comes a wild stream, and through the fair earth's
bound,
By marshy fen, and cliff-girt valley swells,
Till back to darkness flows the fearful round;
Hearse-like above it, droop the vapors dank,
No sunrays glitter on the pulseless wave,
The marching star-worlds break their glittering rank,
And tremble where its quenching waters lave,
While Luna's white, cold eye, glares on their liquid
grave.

And scaly forms loom through that gloomy tide,
Or lift their huge heads from its leaden breast!
Whence came they, none can tell — nor confines wide
Of sea, or land, or sky, may give them rest!
They slowly drift back to the parent hold,
Where baffled ills, and broken life-clouds fly,
Hope's *name* can chill them like the Greenland cold,
And bid them swift to murkier blackness hie —
But Hope that *looks on them* shall darkly wailing die!

With wan, weird forms crouched o'er each bending
sweep,

Dim, spectral barks along the waters go,
Deep with their load, that brings undreaming sleep —

The drug, the steel, the cord "that shortens woe."
The helmsmen glare along the sloping land

Till some pale mortal, wildered in the mist
Hung blankly round him, calls the grisly band;

Sends the lone soul to wander where it list,
And holds with dark decay a never-ending tryst!

That flood is *self-destruction*! through the earth,

By life's bright wave it rolls, a curdling stream;
But life in heaven-lit hills received its birth —

This in wild caverns where the demons dream;
Life flows 'mid fields and sunny-girdled isles —

This by the jungle weeds, the poisoned flower,
And he, who, trembling in its misty wiles

Peers round him, sees by noon or midnight hour
The strange, fantastic shapes, wrought by desponding
power!

Alas! that sorrow brooding o'er the mind

Should hurl proud reason from its firm-built throne;
Or stern ambition, grasping at the wind

And finding naught should scorn its power o'er-
thrown,

And soar away to brave the future's gloom!

Each has a cross, a weary load, to bear,
As downward tread we to the shrouding tomb!

Heaven help us all to cleave the tempting snare,
And in the land on high the crown of victory wear !

Yes ! let us live till all our work be done,

And 'mid the shadows of the grave-land vast,
His hand for us veils out the glowing sun

Who bade its glory gild our transient past !
Then shall the soul spread forth her tireless wing,

While earth along her dusty orbit jars,
And to the waiting angels raptured spring —

As, when beyond their cloudy prison bars,
The free lights of the north shoot up among the stars !

HOPE.



OH glorious morning ! o'er the pilgrim's way
Thou stream'st puissant from the hills afar —
A reflex of that broad and glorious day
Where risen, triumphant souls in glory are !
Thy mounting beams 'round Reason's colder star
Throw warmest light — Fruition's golden flame ;
Life's crowding clouds, perchance, may briefly mar
Thy conquering course, but Death presents no claim
To *stay* thy rising tide, which erst from Aiden came !

Thou shin'st forever ; 'mid the Springtide's glow —
The warm, rich gales of Summer's ripening hours —
The wild, weird winds of Autumn, when they blow
Chanting a requiem through earth's gloomy bowers.
Thy light immortal streams from heavenly towers
Across the tide ; but mortal eyes are dim —
We call it *night* when life's fair, fragrant flowers
Fade from our sight beyond earth's cloudy rim,
And all our cherished joys in Grief's black deluge
swim !

But still thou shin'st ; thy light shall pierce the gloom
When we are drawn to *our* Emanuel nigh,
And all the lesson learned, the heart finds room

For humble, patient trust in God on high.
Our Brother spake 'neath a Judean sky
The words that oped the blind one's faded sight;
So each dark trial opes the spirit's eye,
And gleams, a Christ, amid celestial light,
When from our rayless orbs is swept the doubting
night.

Oh Father God! thou art the same to all —
The martyr, or the wand'rer from thy face!
Thou bidd'st by Law the fruits of labor fall
To each as Nature's recompensing grace
Beholds the needed gift. Oh may our race,
In coming years, with hope and love be crowned;
Light thou the weary path we dark'ling trace,
And o'er our spirits pour that calm profound
Befitting deathless souls to thy great bosom bound!

NOTES.

¹ In a conversation held some years before his decease with Father JOHN BEESON, the Indian's life-long friend (to whose memory this poem is respectfully dedicated), the writer of these lines was put in possession of several interesting facts concerning the "Senecas" — one of the original "Six Nations" of the North American continent. The tribe is now divided, a portion, some twelve hundred strong, still residing on the Cattaraugus reservation, in New York State. The other branch was located on a reservation in the Indian Territory at the time specified, and the ceremony herein described was one taking place among them every year, the spot chosen for its celebration being as secluded as possible from all presence of the whites (although Mr. Beeson was privileged to attend it on one occasion). A white dog without spot or blemish is chosen, highly adorned with ribbons, beads, paint, etc., and strangled, in a temporarily reared Council Lodge, which has *three openings* in the roof, and upon the floor of which burn *three fires*. Singing, shouting, dancing, and the beating of drums are included in the services. The dog hangs till the third day, and then is thrown, whole, into the flames and consumed, the priests (hideously painted and ornamented) and the chiefs joining in the ceremony, by throwing upon the fires sweet, fragrant mosses, tobacco, etc., which they have brought in baskets, and jointly exclaiming, "As the smoke of our offering ascends to the sky, so may our thanks [mentioning thanks severally and specially for all the blessings of sunshine, rain, food, etc.] go up to thee, oh Great Spirit." At the conclusion the baskets themselves are thrown

into the fire, and the prayer continues : " And now, Great Spirit, we offer *ourselves* to thee : make us faithful to each other, and may we be *true Indians* till we meet here again ! "

It was explained to Mr. Beeson that the dog was selected because it represented the higher qualities of man, — courage in defense of his master, faithfulness to his call, and swiftness for duty ; it was strangled so that, being spotless white in life, it might go up to the Great Spirit without the blemish of broken bone or flowing blood ; the dancing was instituted because " the Great Spirit knew it was necessary for his children " to move about and feel free in his presence.

² See Chapter XIV., " Proof Palpable of Immortality," by Epes Sargent, Esq.

³ These lines are inscribed to Joseph John's superb painting of the spirit Indian maiden SPRINGFLOWER. " The circumstances which led to and followed the course of the preparation of this picture were remarkable. The artist was able to see his subject with clairvoyant vision, and thus had the advantage of the actual model to match with the power of his cultured ideality in the production of the work.

SPRINGFLOWER, who demonstrated herself from the first occasion of her control to be a lively and intelligent spirit, attached herself to the late Mrs. J. H. Conant (the first medium of the Banner of Light Public Free Circles) as an attendant, in the earliest days of her mediumship, and proved to be a most useful and beneficial companion. The account given of her mortal experiences stated, among other things, that she was of the Sioux tribe, and that she was known among the Indians by a name which signifies " The-one-who-shows-herself," as she was frequently seen, as a spirit, near the spot where she met her death. To give any extended sketch of her operations as a spirit attendant at the public circles and private sittings given by Mrs. Conant, would be only to recite a record of faithful devotion and unwavering kindness, but at the same time would be only a repetition of experiences which the media of the

modern phenomena have met with and described, in some measure, and therefore it will not be attempted. The public is respectfully invited, freely, to call at the Banner of Light bookstore, and view this fine work of art, which has been pronounced by Mrs. Conant and several other clairvoyants, who have (by their gift) seen the spirit, to be a striking likeness of the Indian maiden.

⁴ It is recorded that at the close of one of the lost fields fought for the Magyar independence, an Austrian officer was horror-stricken at recognizing in a dying soldier of the patriot forces the face of a lovely Hungarian lady to whom, before the war, he had been deeply attached; she had met death at the hands of his comrades (perhaps his own) as a willing sacrifice for her country.

⁵ Suggested at seeing a party of emigrants hurrying through Boston on their way to the West.

⁶ The attention of the writer was first called to this "saber-cut of Saxon speech" by his listening to the narrative of "Hezekiah," a good Orthodox deacon in a New England village bordering on the Merrimac, who, being financially ruined by Madison's embargo, immediately preceding the war of 1812, used to change the order of the syllables and spelling, making the word "*O-grab-'em*."

⁷ Written for and delivered during the course of the union services held at Tremont Temple, Boston, March 31st, 1887, in commemoration of the 39th anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

⁸ "Such a charming collection I have never seen, and the tuns glitter like the purest gold."

"Truly," smiled his mysterious guide; "the reason of it is because the wine *has formed its own casks; those which were made by men are long ago decayed*. But 'tis not enough to look at them; we must taste, and then you must tell me if you have ever found a wine like mine." — *Legends of the Rhine*.

⁹ In a forest, near the village of Annisquam, on the northern

shore of Cape Ann, Mass., is a bubbling-spring, of which tradition asserts that he who drinks of its waters will surely return to it once more !

¹⁰ This poem sets forth an actual occurrence in THE BANNER'S history at the time of the great fire in Boston, Nov. 9-10, 1872. At the moment when the fire made its appearance upon the roof of the Parker Building, in which the Banner of Light Establishment was situated, the intense heat caused the flag-staff directly over the office to give forth a white cloud of smoke, which was borne out by the wind in the form of a flag, occupying nearly the whole length of the staff. It bore a resemblance to a white field streaked horizontally with blue. It continued in plain sight till the flag-staff crumbled and fell.

¹¹ This poem was written for the Franklin Typographical Society of Boston, on its 50th anniversary, celebrated on the evening of Jan. 17th, 1874.

¹² Uranus was discovered ; and the theories of the seven planets were, ere long, presented to astronomy by the untiring genius of Laplace. . . . In the attempt to construct tables which should serve for the prediction of the places of the planets, it was ascertained that the irregularities of motion of the new outer planet still required the intervention of some unseen power. Two great geometers, independently of each other, computed the elements of a planet which should reconcile the discrepancies. They coincided in its orbit and position. In the very direction predicted by them the planet Neptune was found. — *Prof. Pierce before the Lowell Institute, Boston.*

¹³ But the observed planet is quite distinct in orbit and theory from that which was predicted ; and the theory of prediction throws no light upon the actual theory, nor has it any but an accidental connection with it. . . . To the present case I have given a critical and laborious investigation. . . . My position is that there were two possible planets ; either of which might have caused the observed irregularities in the motion of Uranus. Each planet excluded the other. They coincided in

direction from the earth at certain epochs, once in six hundred and fifty years. It was at one of these epochs that the prediction was made; and at no other time for six centuries would the prediction of one planet have revealed the other. The observed planet was not the predicted one. . . . The potential planet is as splendid a reality as the true planet, and as marvelous a discovery. — *Id.*

¹⁴ The fate which overtook Rear Admiral Sir John Franklin and his ships has been forcibly recalled to the mind of the present generation by a revelation of secret history connected with the disaster. The *Erebus* and *Terror* were last seen in the Arctic regions in July, 1845; but it was not till 1859 — after the English nation had utterly abandoned (after many expeditions) the hope of finding traces of them — that their fate was clearly determined by a little vessel, courageously fitted out by Lady Franklin herself. Rev. J. H. Skewes (Vicar of the Holy Trinity, Liverpool, Eng.), recently published a work in which he stoutly avers that the success of the concluding search-expedition was due to an occult revelation, given in the form of a spirit-drawing to a family in Londonderry, with the outlines and locations of which rough cartograph Lady Franklin and the captain were made acquainted by a party who believed the sketch to be reliable.

