Towards the Light

A Mystic Poem

By

Princess Karadja

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Note

THIS poem which is now brought to the knowledge of the British and American public was originally written in Swedish. It was published in that language a few years ago and met with extraordinary success. Six large editions were rapidly sold out. German, Dutch, and Danish versions soon appeared. French, Italian, and Russian are to follow.

I have myself undertaken the English translation, but am indebted to several friends for many a valuable hint.

It is no easy task to handle poetry in a foreign tongue. I claim the indulgence of my readers for this first attempt at English blank verse.

PRINCESS KARADJA

Bovigny Castle
Gouvy, Belgium
THE poem that I now publish was composed under strange circumstances.

On midsummer night, 1899, I was alone in the chapel at Bovigny Castle, praying on the tomb of my husband and eldest son, when I suddenly heard a voice whisper: "Fetch pen and paper."

I obeyed. My hand drew automatically a sun, and wrote the words "Mot Ljuset" ("Towards the Light") without help of my personal will. When I took the pen in my hand, I had no idea about what I was going to write, but nevertheless I
Preface

wrote fluently hundreds of verses. I must have become entranced. . . . It seemed to me that the temperature fell quickly. . . . I felt chilled, although the summer heat was oppressive. My soul was detached, all my senses were sharpened and acquired an extraordinary lucidity. I was so distinctly conscious of the spirit voices that it was almost as if I had written under dictation.

Everybody who reads this poem might probably believe it to be the result of long religious meditation, but such is not the case. The soul whose evolution is narrated was an utter stranger to me. Most of the thoughts contained in this poem were not mine five minutes before I wrote them down.

[ viii ]
WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

No satisfactory answer can be given to that question. Telepathy is the only possible explanation of such phenomena. Telepathy — transmission of thought — must take place in some way similar to wireless telegraphy.

Vibrations of thought flash through the ether as well as electric waves. This now little-known psychic force will probably be mastered in the future. Living men will then, without difficulty, be able to communicate with their disembodied friends. Fifty years ago the idea that two people might exchange thoughts at a distance of a hundred miles, by telephone, would have been considered preposterous. For my part I am absolutely convinced that free intercourse be-

[ ix ]
Between liberated spirits and incarnated souls is simply a question of time.

In every period of history each new idea has to fight its way. Most people consider everything that they have not personally experienced to be more or less incredible. I shall therefore not be in the least surprised if my statement concerning the origin of this poem is doubted, contradicted, or ridiculed; but I have decided to endure with resignation the annoyances to which I may consequently expose myself.

Nobody who is not willing to endure personal inconvenience for the sake of truth is worthy to bear witness of eternal verities.

[ x ]
Towards the Light
Towards the Light

Oh! Watcher in the silent hours of night,
Art thou prepared to greet thy noiseless guests,
The messengers from distant spirit worlds?
On rapid wings they now are speeding hither.
They float around thee; canst thou not perceive them?
Soon shall thy spirit's eye discern their forms.

[ 13 ]
Towards the Light

Hark, child of earth! A chime of silver bells
Descends to thee from starry worlds above,
While gentle fragrances enchant thy sense.
The darkness dies.

A radiant light appears.
Behold the ambient flame encircling thee,
That flame of living light—it is my soul!

My voice now whispers gently in thine ear:
I too was once a mortal such as thou.

[14]
Towards the Light

I am not dead, although my dust has lain
Deep in the silent tomb for many years.
I am not dead! My spirit still is living,
Serene and strong, robed in immortal garb.
I will to thee my earthly life unfold,
Then shalt thou comprehend thy future fate,
For I shall show thee all the path I trod
From earthly darkness to the spheres of light.
Towards the Light

Thou art a tool, chosen by Higher Powers,
To tell the world what thou shalt here behold.
The gift of words is thine; thou shalt express
My mighty thought, which dominates thy mind.
Unknown to thee I hither led thy steps;
Thy destiny I welded link by link.
My hand, oh woman! chiselled out thy soul:
Resist thy Guide no more! Submit in peace!
Towards the Light

No blessed crop can grow on untilled ground;
Deep furrows have been driven in thy heart,
And now at last I sow: mine hour has come!
May God in mercy overshadow us!
I lift thy soul up to the source of Light;
Help others as I now am helping thee.
Write down the message that I bring to-night
With humble thanks because thy hand was chosen!
"Who art thou?" — dost thou ask. — I am a sinner,
Towards the Light

Who through repentance has atoned his crimes.
My name on earth is utterly forgotten;
My race is swept away from off its face.

I was a man who once had rich possessions;
Alas! A sorry use I made of all. . . .
No gentle memories of loving deeds
Survived me in the dismal hour of death.
Yet once I did possess a thousand treasures—
Towards the Light

Rank, beauty, health and riches —all were mine.
Men envied me as fortune's petted child.
I deemed myself created to enjoy,
And carefully fulfilled that pleasant mission.
No broken sob could reach my deadened ear,
Nor raise an echo in my empty heart,
Where on a throne of ice my spirit dwelt,
Adoring as supreme Divinity,
As centre of the world, as Lord and God

[ 19 ]
Towards the Light

The only being whom I loved—

Myself!

But years rolled on . . . ever the well-known round!

Earth had no pleasure left for me to taste.

I was so weary that life's pageant palled,

And duller, greyer, grew the lengthening days.

My selfish soul was filled with blank despair.

I grew to hate the joys that could not still

My craving after something I had missed,

[ 20 ]
Towards the Light

A precious *something* I had failed to win.

What might it be, I knew not—only this:
Without it life was wasted, drear and void.

At last when I had emptied to the dregs
Life's pleasure-cup, I longed for dreamless sleep.
The chill embrace of death would cool my brain. . . .
Rest! Rest! Eternal rest—oh, priceless boon!
I had no terror of the starless night,
Towards the Light

And scorned the thought of coming Judgment Day.
Annihilation seemed to me elysian,
For I was weary — weary unto death.

But in farewell I first would summon round me
All that in former days had charmed me most:
Wine, women, music, light and fragrant flowers —
And so surrounded I would breathe my last.

It was a merry night and I the gayest,

[ 22 ]
Towards the Light

Because Life's dreary farce so soon would end.
'Twas my last pride to smilingly approach,
Without a trace of fear, my yawning tomb.

The flickering lights burned low; the flowers drooped;
The hour grew late; my noisy friends had gone.
One guest remained—I was alone with Death
Whom I had dared to summon to my feast.

[ 23 ]
Towards the Light

A flash—a shot—then deepest silence reigned.
One thrill of anguish quivered through my frame—
Then all was still! A sense of dreary numbness
Crept slowly, surely over all my limbs.
Around me deepest night . . .
Yea . . . ebon darkness.
If death had come why did it fail to bring
The blessed sleep for which I yearned so long?
When would oblivion sweep away the past?

[ 24 ]
Towards the Light

Why this delay? At last a dawning fear
Shook me that something would begin — but what?

I waited thus with panic-stricken soul.

Death I had courted to escape my thoughts;
I had destroyed myself; I must be dead!
I felt my body growing stiff and cold;
The heart had ceased to beat, the pulse stood still.
I was a corpse — mere matter — nothing more,

[ 25 ]
Towards the Light

A thing which surely was bereft of sense —
Yet — after death — how could my body think?
I was aghast, for now at last I knew
That I had failed to murder all in me,
One part was left — my thought was still alive!

No mortal words can ever paint the terror
That seized me when I grasped that awful fact.
My senses seemed to whirl in stormy chaos —

[ 26 ]
Towards the Light

What would my future be? When should I know?

The night was dark; nowhere a ray of light...
And I must wait... For what?
I dared not guess.
Was it eternity—was it an hour
That I endured this torture of suspense?
I cannot tell! It seemed a thousand years,
To be alive against my will!
What doom
For me, who hoped the grave to be the end!
Towards the Light

Could there be truth, then, in
the Devil's creed
Of an avenging God, who, merciless,
Condemns all sinners to eternal hell?
If so, I meant to bravely meet my Judge,
And to receive erect the cruel sentence.
I courage felt to calmly all endure—
If but the torture of suspense might end.

Still time went on. . . . In vain I claimed my doom.

[ 28 ]
Towards the Light

No Judge appeared! A cry of keen distress

Broke forth at last, deep from my frenzied heart;

I clamoured wildly: "Oh, have mercy, Lord!"

A voice at once replied from out the gloom:

"What is thy wish? What favour dost thou claim

From God, whom thou hast all thy life denied?"

I murmured humbly: "Lord, a ray of Light!"

[ 29 ]
Towards the Light

At once a flash of Radiance fell on me,
And I beheld myself! Oh, bitter shame!
Most ghastly is that moment for the man
Who lived in utter darkness here on earth.
Pray for the blind, that they may not despair
When after death at last their opened eye
Shrinks from the sight which they are forced to see,
A human heart in hideous nakedness!

[ 30 ]
Towards the Light

The angels of the Lord behold it trembling,
And turn away at once their shuddering glance.
In abject shame the soul attempts to hide,
And, full of anguish, begs for solitude.

God grants that grace. The soul is left alone—
Alone with all the shadows of the past.

I saw my earthly life glide past in vision . . .
Scene after scene, forgotten long ago.

[ 31 ]
Towards the Light

How blind — insanely blind, had I not been!
The sight of all my crimes confounded me.
They crushed my spirit with their leaden weight.
At last I whispered: "Punish me, oh Lord!"

The voice replied: "God claims no penalty.
Sin punishes itself. Each evil seed
Allowed to grow in wanton liberty
Must bear its bitter crop of pain and woe."
Towards the Light

The angels of the Lord no anger feel
At human crime; they see its fruit and mourn.
Unhappy spirit, thou hast asked thy sentence!
Learn, then, that long ago thy fate was sealed.
'There where thy treasure is, thy heart will be.'
Thus spake the Christ. These words contain thy doom.
Each man has something which he dearest holds—
His God, —a fellow-creature, or himself.
On earth he is at liberty to choose
Towards the Light

A treasure to be kept eternally.
The soul can after death no more abandon
What during life it found most fit to love.
What was thy treasure? Hapless fool—behold it!"

A flood of light streamed down and I perceived
A lifeless body stretched upon the floor
Amidst a pool of blood. It was my corpse.
"Behold thy treasure! Thou canst claim no other.

[34]
Towards the Light

Thou art compelled to keep thy cherished God.
Thou mad'st an idol of a lump of clay,—
No more to leave it is thy awful doom.’’

“No, no!” I shrieked, “I will not thus be fettered!
Ah! Loose me from the body I destroyed!
I love no more this thing. I hate to see it.
Oh, set me free! In mercy break my chains!”

“Hark! Thou hast entered spirit life unbidden;

[ 35 ]
Towards the Light

No room with us was yet prepared for thee.
The threshold of Eternity no man may cross before his final hour has struck.
The plans of God no mortal ever altered:
He is the Master over Life and Death.
There is a lesson all on earth must learn
And none may slip away, the task undone;
Nor lightly fling the human garb aside,
Until the soul is fit to leave its dwelling.

[ 36 ]
Towards the Light

Woe to the man who scorns the gift of life,
Who, greatly daring Heaven, would extinguish
The spark Divine, which burns within his soul!
The deed is vain, he only makes more sure
The fate he has created by his acts.
The sacred tie, uniting soul and body,
Is only severed at the Lord's Command.
The will of thy Creator links thy spirit
Still for a time to this poor clay.

... Submit!

[ 37 ]
Towards the Light

Learn to abide in patience — captive soul —
The day when liberty shall dawn for thee."

"So hope remains? My punishment will end?
I am not chained for all eternity?"
I cried aloud, all thrilled with gratitude.

The angel answered: "Every pain will end.
One sin alone can never be forgiven,
The sin of pride that does not wish for grace,

[ 38 ]
Towards the Light

For then the spirit dooms itself to darkness.

God's arms are ever open. Every soul
That struggles bravely upwards finds the Light.
Though far the Goal — yet it is reached at last!"

I murmured low: "Most merciful thou art.
Oh, glorious angel, let me know thy name."

"Canst thou not guess it? Often I approached
Thy stony heart and strove to gain admittance,
Towards the Light

But was repelled as soon as I drew near.
I am the mournful angel men call Grief!

The Lord of Mercy sends me down to earth
To show the way, which leads men up to Him.
I sow in sinful hearts contrition's seed,
Then buds humility from burning shame.
The yearning soul strives hard to leave the mire;
Though weak and trembling still it bravely seeks

[ 40 ]
Towards the Light

To climb the thorny path to which I point.
Then hasten to his aid the Radiant Host,
Who, in the name of Christ, work deeds of love.
Their gentle hands cannot remove all pain,
But they give strength to bear the heavy cross.
They fill the weary soul with hope and courage,
And whisper promises of coming bliss.
The pilgrim soon is taught to fix his gaze
Towards the Light

Above the darkness of this present world,
Up to the distant home where all is peace.
For thee there still remains thy crown to earn
Of Faith and Hope and Charity entwined.
These thou must tend and nourish in thy heart,
But first the arduous task of 'Patience' learn!"

How desolate and cold the graveyard seemed!
My only home in dismal winter-nights

[ 42 ]
Towards the Light

If I had better used the gift of life
Preparing me a nest in faithful hearts,
My frozen soul might now have been their guest,
And found relief and warmth at friendly hearths.
Alas! On earth was none of human kind
Whose grief attracted with magnetic power
My wretched soul, by all alive forgotten.
I was alone in solitary gloom,
The one companion left—my lifeless frame.

[ 43 ]
Towards the Light

Despairingly I searched a thousand graves
In hope to find another living soul
Chained to the empty forms that mouldered here
Beneath the snow. . . . Alas! It was in vain!
Each soul had left the worn-out shell of dust
In former days the object of its pride.
Each one had gladly flown. I—I alone
Was still a captive in this place of dread,
Indissolubly fettered to my corpse.

[ 44 ]
Towards the Light

No thing on earth e'er filled me with such loathing!
My ghastly treasure! . . . With intense disgust
Day after day I watched its slow decay.
Sometimes the broken eyes would seem to weep
As though, attempting to express my grief,
They fain would bring me the relief of tears. . . .

One night I wandered round the dreary grounds
And reached the gate. Then in the dismal darkness

[ 45 ]
Towards the Light

I heard a broken sob, a feeble wailing.
Who could it be? Who broke the ghastly silence?
A living being? If so—why came he here?

It was a child, a small deserted child,
Left here to perish in the winter snow.
I felt compassion for the tiny waif
Who softly sobbed himself to sleep forever,
And anger 'gainst the mother who could leave

[ 46 ]
Towards the Light

Her child alone to meet a frozen death.
What punishment too great for such a sin?
What could atone for such a cruel deed?
In righteous wrath I cried:

"Accurst be she Who has abandoned this defenceless child!"

Like clap of thunder rang the answer forth:

"Man, who art thou, who darest thus call down
The holy wrath of God upon thy sister?"
Towards the Light

The sinner thou hast recklessly condemned
Thou shalt behold! Repent thy malediction!
Leave to thy God, the Strong Avenger’s hands
The care of vindicating martyr’s blood!”

Beside me stood an angel. Sad and stern
I found his look, which seemed to pierce my soul.
He grasped the hand I tremulously outstretched,
Then, swift as thought, he swept away with me.

[ 48 ]
Towards the Light

He took me to the city where I lived
In former days. We reached a den of vice,
Where during life I was a constant guest.
At his command I entered it again...

How weird, how strange appeared the house of sin!
Aghast, I saw among the shameless crowd
Unnoticed guests from silent spirit-worlds
Stand dark and threat'ning close behind the living.

[ 49 ]
Towards the Light

I saw how evil souls with deadly hate
Urge fallen men to ever darker deeds;
I saw God's angels struggling hard to save
The sparks of virtue, not extinguished yet.
This noisy palace was a battlefield,
Where little recked the mortals that their fate
Hung on the silent fight 'twixt light and darkness.
But many gloomy spirits, too, I marked,
Who did not fight, but wandered round the place

[ 50 ]
Towards the Light

In dismal watchfulness and dumb despair.
These were the souls, who once had thriven there.

Mortals, who spend their lives in wanton revels,
Mourn bitterly, when solemn death appears,
And sternly summons them to leave this world.
They strive against their lot. . . .
They fain would linger
Still on this earth, whose vilest pleasures
Emprison after death their hapless souls.

[ 51 ]
Towards the Light

They have no strength to rend the loathsome fetters, That vice has forged. Earth's joys they still remember. . . . Alas, poor slaves! They love and miss them yet. Their evil lusts remain and torture them Since they no longer can be satisfied. Thus they remain until desire is dead, Compelled to watch the sins of living men. At length they loathe the very sight of vice. Then slowly they forget their low delights:
Towards the Light

Unclean remembrances are swept away.

The soul begins to long for purer air

And lifts its weary glance from dismal earth.

'Till lo! It sees a ray of distant heaven

And stretches unaccustomed arms in prayer.

The heavy chains slip off: the soul is free!

Magnetic force attracts it up to God.

When no regrets enchain the soul to earth
Towards the Light

Then it is lifted up by ardent longing
To radiant spheres, that it cannot approach
Until it learns that Death means — Liberty.

I noticed then a spirit standing by,
With wistful gaze intently bent on me.
How well I knew the form. . . .
It was my mother!
I flew to greet her with a cry of joy,
But she drew back avoiding my embrace.

[ 54 ]
Towards the Light

On earth my mother's arms were never closed
Against the son she tenderly adored.
Now—mournfully she pointed to the crowd
Surrounding us. . . . With burning shame I cried:
"Oh, Mother! Mother! Have I brought you here?"

She bowed her head in silent, tearless sorrow. . . .
Then brokenly she whispered:
"Oh, my son!
You were my idol—dearer than my God,

[ 55 ]
Towards the Light

Who granted me the gift of motherhood.

Enthralled by trammels of an earthly love,

No soul can rise. The tie must first be broken—

The clay we worship from its altar flung.

When death approached, I yearned to stay with you.

I had my wish! I was no longer free.

My love had grown a chain attaching me

Close to your side. Invisible I stood

[ 56 ]
Towards the Light

And read within your heart your guilty thoughts. —
I followed you with horror to this place. . . .

My son! My son! You were my pride and joy,
But now my head is bent in shame for you.
You added grievous burden to my cross
By dragging me with you to degradation.”

I stood amazed and overcome with grief:
“Oh! Mother! Dearest mother — pardon me!

[ 57 ]
Towards the Light

I did not know. . . . Oh! had I only guessed
That your pure eyes could see my darkest deeds,
My evil angel should not have prevailed.
Nay, I had fought him then with might and main.
No man on earth can surely be so fallen,
That he would plunge in vice, if but he knew
His mother's eyes could follow him. . . . Each one
Would shudder at the thought that the departed,

[ 58 ]
Towards the Light

Dear to his heart, was thus compelled to be
A silent witness to his hidden sins!
Atrocious is my doom! Yet—well deserved. . . .
But you! What crime is yours?
Your love for me?
Are mothers punished for their deep devotion?
Unjust is He, who such a verdict passed."
The shade of holy wrath, which long had darkened
My mother's tender features, vanished now.

[ 59 ]
Towards the Light

She gently smiled: "Do not so quickly judge.

The sacred laws, you fail to understand.

If keener pain is measured out to me

Than I deserve—I suffer not in vain!

It is for your dear sake... I murmur not.

One day, my grief shall be your gain, my child.

When once you truly grasp the love of Christ,

Who suffered meek a thousand pangs for us,

[ 60 ]
Towards the Light

Then at the mem'ry of your mother's grief
You will adore the mercy of the Lord."

"You love me still—although you now have gazed
Into the deep abyss, down which I fell?"

I cried, all trembling with surprise and joy.

Then in a whisper soft the answer came:

"I love you still—but now with tender pity.
My blind devotion helped to ruin you.

[ 61 ]
Towards the Light

No mortal man is fit to be adored;
I worship you no more! My broken idol
Has lost the power to enthrall my heart.
Woe unto me! . . . I knew not, in my blindness,
That women harm the men they long to serve
By giving all and claiming nothing. Love
Must be the recompense of noble strife;
A price to victory—then it is precious!
The love a man deserves—he values high;

[ 62 ]
Towards the Light

The love unearned, despises wantonly.
Once I was weak — the slave of my own heart;
Now I am strong: the ruler of my love.
It has no more the power to hold me down;
Strength from above is granted it — to raise!"

"Oh, mother dear! Do not abandon me!
I am unworthy of your love"
—I cried.
"But do not leave me, hopeless and alone!

[ 63 ]
Towards the Light

You have your liberty: I still am chained. . . .
Remain with me, though you at last are free!"

She answered gently: "Such a sacrifice
Would bring no benefit to you, my son.
My mother-heart would gladly share your woe
If, by the sharing, I might rend your bonds.
Alas! Each spirit has to fight alone
The strenuous battle with the lower self.

[ 64 ]
Towards the Light

No other back than ours may bear our load;
No human aid can drag for us our cross.
The only help I can bestow—is prayer.
Allow no hopeless sorrows to consume you,
Because I am compelled to leave your side.
My yearning lifts me upward: you will follow
When you have learned to meekly bear your fate.
Be brave! For every victory you gain

[ 65 ]
Towards the Light

You will receive sweet comfort from above."

My mother vanished. I was left alone. . . .

No friend in all this crowd! I felt myself Abandoned, lost and utterly forlorn,

My heart was filled with bitterness intense.

Then to the angel at my side I turned:

"Behold! Oh Lord! Even my mother shuns me. . . .

Let me return unto my lonely grave!

[ 66 ]
Towards the Light

I will not linger in this noisy crowd:
Abhorrent to me is the sight of sin,
I suffered less in my dark solitude."

"Remember thy companion at thy grave,"
The angel gently said. "Fulfil thy mission!
The child is still alive. Go—
find its mother
And crush her with thy righteous malediction!
Behold the woman in that corner crouching. . . .
Towards the Light

Draw near! 'Tis she—go and observe her well."

In silence I reluctantly obeyed. The pangs of grief had cooled my earlier wrath; Revengeful thoughts within me long had died. What could I have to do with that poor creature Her shocking sin was no concern of mine. I could not clearly see the woman's face, For she had hidden it with both her hands,
Towards the Light

And 'gainst the table rested wearily.

Exhausted, desperate, she seemed to be

A wounded animal that yearns to die.

She could not laugh, as others of her trade,

Nor weep. The fountain of her tears had dried.

I watched the hapless creature till my heart

Grew soft to her. The angel whispered low:

"This is the woman, thou hast dared to curse!

[ 69 ]
Towards the Light

Remembrance of her child now tortures her. . . .
Behold her grief! What pang hast thou to add
To crush more utterly that broken heart?
Why art thou silent? Dost thou fear to judge
The fallen sister, who before thee stands?
God's justice she shall not confront alone:
There is a man whose sin is greater still.
That babe a father had! It was his duty

[ 70 ]
Towards the Light

To give protection unto child and mother.
He cast them both aside! This coward deed
For vengeance cries to heaven, though on earth
Such acts are not condemned by human laws.
God made man strong that he might help the weak
Whom now he ruins, careless of remorse.
Behold this woman here, so deeply sunken!
There was a time when she was sweet and pure;
Towards the Light

Her only treasure—her chaste innocence—
She, thoughtless, gave away with lavish hands.
The man she loved and trusted took the gift
And in return gave lifelong shame and grief.
He needed not her love. . . . An idle hour
It gratified a passing whim—no more!
Cold scorn and mockery assailed her steps
Wherever with her nameless child she went.
Towards the Light

Each door was closed. . . . This one alone was open;
So in despair the little one she left.
Who for this crime should justly bear the blame?"

Impulsively I cried: "The heartless father!
He murdered both the mother and the child.
So base a scoundrel is not fit to live!"

The angel murmured: "Look at her once more
And beg thy God to be a lenient Judge!"

[ 73 ]
Towards the Light

I looked — and looked again — with wonder filled. . . .
And suddenly it seemed to me I knew her. . . .
Her bended form familiar was to me.
I sought 'mid half forgotten memories:
I must have known her — surely, ah! But where?
She raised her face: I saw the pallid features. . . .
Oh God! 'twas she — the happy, playful child,
Whose rosy lips — alas — had tempted me.
Towards the Light

I recognised the spot beneath the curls,
Where I had kissed her last with languid lips.

I sank together with a shuddering cry.
The angel sternly said: "Thou art the man!
The helpless infant, flung away to perish,
Whom thou hast deigned to pity— is thy son.
The tiny victim waits. . . . Come, watch him die!"

Once more I stood beside the lonely spot,
Towards the Light

Where — on his bed of snow —
the boy was resting.
He was alive as yet, although the breathing
Could scarcely be perceived, so faint it was.
I bent despairing o'er the prostrate form
And cried aloud in bitter helplessness:
"Oh, could I purchase with a thousand pangs
One hour of life — that life I once disdained,
How quickly I would fly to summon help.

[ 76 ]
Towards the Light

My hapless child, thou wouldst not perish thus!

My sigh no echo raised. . . . It died unheard.
The howling gale alone gave me response
By heaping higher drifts of glitt'ring snow
All round that fragile wreck of human life.
The child would perish if no help arrived. . . .
No hope was possible—yet still I hoped!
It could not—should not be . . .
I must prevent

[ 77 ]
Towards the Light

My crime from reaping such a bitter harvest.

Alas! I had no power to help. I felt

My utter nothingness. My very soul

Rose up to God in ardent supplication.

In that dark hour of anguish faith was born—

Faith in the mighty Lord, whose hand can snatch

Away from death its victims. I attempted

To lift my being on the wings of prayer,
Towards the Light

Humbly imploring God to spare my child.
I then perceived a multitude of angels;
Their silver voices chanted—
"Pray as we:
Thy will be done in heaven and on earth,
Oh God of love, forever and forever!"

I sank again down from the dazzling worlds
To which my ardent thought had tried to soar;
Half blinded by the glories there perceived

[ 79 ]
Towards the Light

I never dared to stammer forth my prayer.

How dismal, cold and dark the earth appeared.
Poor child! Why had I wished to chain him there?
No! No! I ought no longer to prevent
His pure, white soul from taking instant flight
Straight to the arms of Christ — the children’s friend.
A martyr’s crown waits those who meekly suffer
For others’ guilt. . . . My son had won that crown.

[ 80 ]
Towards the Light

"Ah! What is this? Whence comes this wondrous light
Which now illuminates the night with brilliance?
It emanates from me!" I saw a flame,
Which issued from my icy heart — 't was love.
That spark from heaven, kindled by my child,
Was fed with burning fuel of repentance.
All thrilled with joy, I felt a stream of warmth,
Of radiant light, all through my being glow.
Towards the Light

At last I knew how sweet it is to love,
And felt most grateful to have learned that lesson.

The end drew near.... A snow-white childish soul
Emerged from out its broken fragile shell;
And I drew back, not daring to approach,
Lest he in terror should recoil from me,
And shun the father who had given him
The wretched gift of life,—and nothing else.

[ 82 ]
Towards the Light

The child was gazing out. . . .

He felt alone

There on the threshold of that
unknown world
To which he had been sum-
moned. Would he still

No father find, with sheltering
arms outstretched?

On earth his greeting was a
mother's tears. . . .

Though innocent, he was the
child of shame.

He had been born. . . . That
was his only crime!

Was not that crime by death
atoned in full?

[ 83 ]
Towards the Light

Now that to spirit life he had returned,
Was there no father who his duty knew?

He looked around and then perceived at last
The flame, which from my soul leapt forth to meet him:
"I missed thee, whom I never knew on earth!"

He whispered, nestling in my hungry arms—
"Oh father, where thou stayest, let me stay!"

"No! No! Around me all is cold and dreary....

[ 84 ]
Towards the Light

Poor child, I will not share with thee my woe.

My crime against thee would still more oppress me

If I delayed thy luminous ascent.

Look up! Behold the thousand stars of heaven:

Thy home is there! Spread out thy snowy wings!

I love thee. Gladly will I now renounce

The joy thy presence would have given me.

Farewell, we soon shall meet. I follow thee,

When in His mercy, God my pardon seals."

[ 85 ]
Towards the Light

The child then cried: "See, see thy chain is broken!
Oh father! Thou art free! What blessed joy...
Now, hand in hand to heaven we can rise
We two—together—always.
God is good!"

What glorious bliss it was at last to fly
Away from cloudy earth in liberty
And to approach the sun, whose golden rays
Surrounded us with roseate brilliancy.
Divinely fair is the eternal dawn,
Towards the Light

Which greets the first ascension of the soul.

Its wondrous splendour mirrors faintly forth

The great Creator's own magnificence.

Praise, glory and thanksgiving unto God,

Who made the sun — an emblem of Himself.

The human eye cannot endure its radiance;

When spirits lift their glance to it they tremble

And reverently bend in adoration

Of that sun's origin, the Source of Life.

[ 87 ]
Towards the Light

Man can by virtue of his thoughts create
A tiny world of beauty for himself.
The thoughts of God gave birth to lustrous heavens;
The stars are a reflection of His glory.

Life, Love and Light compose the Trinity.
A myriad sparks proceeded from that source.
Each spark must grow till it becomes a flame,
Which through Eternity will not be quenched.
Towards the Light

How is the soul to grow? Through sorrow only,
For grief makes man grow greater than himself.
Affliction winnows tares from out the wheat.
The wheat grows up. It is the crop of God.

Behold the drops of rain, which fall from heaven;
They mingle briefly with the dust of earth,
Until the sun recalls them from the clay,
And lifts each sparkling drop up to the skies.

[89]
So shall at last each wand’ring soul return
Unto the Source of Life from which it flowed,
There to enjoy communion with the Christ
And merge in perfect unison with God.
There is no Paradise of idle rest,
Where blessed spirits dwell in aimless joy.
The highest goal to which we can aspire
Is to resemble God. To reach that end
We struggle upwards through a million years.
Towards the Light

Eternal hope brings us eternal joy:
We paradise create within our breast.

When Sorrow comes to visit human hearts,
That Angel's mission is to sweep the Temple
Where God Himself elects in grace to dwell.
We follow in the mighty steps of Grief
With gentle tread and cool the burning wound;
We kiss away the tear which hides the sky.

[ 91 ]
Towards the Light

Another Angel comes. . . . His name is Peace.
He finds in broken hearts a resting place.

To ev'ry spot on earth where prayers rise
We quickly fly and carry them to heaven,
Descending swift with blessing from above.
We watch in patience by the bed of pain
And guide the falt'ring steps of infant souls;
We fill the poet's dreams with wondrous beauty,

[ 92 ]
Towards the Light

And bid him hear a strain of angels' songs.
His silent sobs we melt in harmony.
His highest thought is but a gift from us.

Say! Can there be a fairer paradise?
Can mortals dream a joy exceeding ours?
Like Christ, we always sacrifice ourselves,
Yet keep eternally more than we give.

Now dawn is near. Thy lamp is burning low!

[ 93 ]
Towards the Light

Thy weary head sinks down in lassitude.
Thy task is done: Our spirit child created!
Fruit of my thought—it has grown up in thee;
In pain brought forth, but yet of love begotten.
The seed he bears within is Life Eternal.
That seed will germinate in bleeding hearts
And ripen to a crop of richest blessing.

BOVIGNY CHAPEL, BELGIUM.
Midsummernight, 1899.