Believeth Thou This

BY

Author of
"The Temple of The Living Christ"
and
"The Ideal as A Dynamic Force"
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And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

*St. John, XI. 26*
Introduction

A preface to a book is usually deemed essential as a justification of motive. These introductory lines, however, do not involve such necessity, being explanatory rather than apologetic; for the writer lays no claim to the authorship of the poems that follow.

These poetic messages were received clairaudiently from a source external to the writer, claiming to be the soul of Adah Isaacs Menken, and are the sequelæ to a volume of poems issued before the demise of that writer, under the title of "Infelicia," and dedicated to Charles Dickens, who gracefully acknowledged the compliment in an autograph letter which was reproduced in that work.

Miss Menken, a most beautiful woman
and a celebrated actress, passed into the Beyond in the summer of 1868. Her biography may be found in the second edition of her book, issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company in 1888.

That the poems that constitute this companion volume, and the unusual method by which they have been produced may be better understood, the writer will explain that for years she has experienced auditory impressions, as if addressed in oral language, so distinct as to leave no doubt concerning the nature of the message intended to be conveyed.

In the early part of January, 1899, the first poem included herein, "Passing Out Into Life," was received. From then until the end of that month an additional poem was dictated daily, at which time the writer’s mission as an amanuensis ceased.

Realizing how impossible it is, outside a work specially dedicated thereto, to convey any distinct idea or knowledge of the psychic faculty herein utilized, the
writer wisely refrains from any attempt to do so.

Her chief aim in penning these prefatory lines is to establish the fact of the spiritual and mental affinity between the real author and herself; and to ask an indulgent public not only to accord to Miss Menken such praise as the poems may deserve, but also to receive them in the same spirit as they are given to the world.

The writer ventures the assertion that, if the reader will peruse the poems in the original collection, he will not fail to note in these later effusions, though they breathe a more optimistic strain, a characteristic similarity to the weird, fantastical diction that clothes the sentiments of "Infelicia." Furthermore, she begs that, should critical minds condemn, or find small merit in this little book, their censure may fall upon her for having failed in some respects accurately to record the beautiful expressions that came to her from one living beyond the grave.
To close with Miss Menken's own words, written in that Past when she was still a plodder in Earth's bleak byways—

"Meekly I have toiled and spun the fleece.
All the work ye assigned, my willing hands have accomplished."

A. P. D.
You promised that I should ring trancing shivers of rapt melody down to the dumb earth.
You promised that its echoes should vibrate till Time's circles met in old Eternity.
You promised that I should gather the stars like blossoms to my white bosom.
You promised that I should create a new moon of Poesy.

—MENKEN: *Miserimus.*
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Passing Out Into Life

I

My pilgrimage through earthly life was one long wail of woe, of yearning and lament:

My soul, unsatisfied, craved for heights I could not reach.

I climbed and climbed the slimy walls of a prison, the bars of which I could not break.

When all the world was clothed in darkness, I breathed out my song of woe:

To a God I could not understand,

To a nation who did not know me,
Believest Thou This

To a world I did not benefit. Unawakened to the great glory of my soul, I turned my longing eyes to heaven to find that the God *I now know*, was always a part of my own being!

When I passed into this glorious reality, 'twas like an awakening from a terrible dream, the horror of which clung to me until I realized I was indeed free from the physical earth-form that had dragged me down to the lowest depths of despair.

Now I breathe the pure air of a beautiful existence I had often dreamed of!

At last I am free—free!
Passing Out Into Life

II

I

WILL not dwell on the ecstasy that filled my soul when freed from its prison.

My grand, triumphal march into spirit land was led by the god I worshipped in the flesh—the god of Love, who inspired my longing heart to express so poorly the sobbing echo of a genius I had ignored.

My mission, unfulfilled then, I shall now start the battle-cry of life!

Life eternal!

Life unencumbered by the carnal flesh I had so abused and mutilated!

I come again as spirit—
An emanation of Divine Mind!
An ethereal Essence that travels like air!
Believest Thou This

A substance without weight!
The glory of my vision has been intensified, and from afar I view the surging mass of poor humanity, rushing wildly into the hell they themselves have created.
Oh, it is pitiable!
And yet Eternal Law must be fulfilled!
The everlasting cry for happiness rushes far into the silence of each soul, and some day, satiated with vain desires of the flesh, the spirit will reach out beyond externals, and grasp the joys that have been buried in the inner senses for ages.

III

To each expression of Divine Mind a mission has been allotted, which must be performed sooner or later.

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Passing Out Into Life

If thou playest truant, the great Schoolmaster uplifts the wand of warning and thou shrinkest back into thy creeping flesh in fear and wrath, because thou dost not know that the God thou hast been taught to worship has been maligned.

O God of Love! God of Truth! Awaken thy children to the mighty powers of the invisible forces ceaselessly working through them out into the light, which shall illumine their pathway throughout eternity!

IV

O UT into the night!
With all the grewsome shades that hover o’er poor humanity, I fold my white robe about me and watch the ebbing out of passions that are weakened by their own force.
Believest Thou This

I know that somewhere in the universe each soul in time shall find its mate, and all the yearnings of the Past shall be forgotten.

I stretch forth my hand to beckon on to higher realms, where longing souls can quench their thirst at the ever bubbling fountain where all is love, hope, and beauty!

I whisper such sweet words of melody to ears that cannot hear. This universal love I feel must a responsive soul attune, for with all God’s creatures I am one!

I want to lift thee by the power of my love to the ecstatic joy that has come to me!

I know the way now; come, let me lead thee!

I passed out of a poor, frail, weakened body only to become a great warrior.
Passing Out Into Life

A multitude of unseen forces are laboring with me to remove the chains that bind thee down as tightly as they once bound me.

Come! unbar the stable door and let the Christ be born!

The divinity within thee is fighting for a mental atmosphere of aspiration!

The Heaven-born child of Wisdom is weary of the charnel house that has sheltered Fear so long!

Come—where all is love and peace!

O H! freedom without limit!
Possession without effort!
Victory without battles!
All—all are thine!
Come—desire! aspire!
And claim thine own!
Believest Thou This

Creep out of that house of flesh at will, and live in the spiritual exaltation where mind governs all things!

Once the limitations have been passed, the aerial flight through space will open wonders to thine eyes and ears;

Thy whole being will expand to a mightiness that will exceed the mind's conception, until repetition familiarizes the soul with its own greatness;

Then with the power of a million worlds thou wilt cry with me—

"We are all one, and one is God!"

If the arid desert of one life be cooled and brightened because of me, my soul in glory will expand and chant sweet psalms forevermore!
To live and breathe throughout eternity!

O Life! how beautiful thou art!

This endless activity—this reaching—climbing—struggling to attain the highest!—

Onward! upward! celestial flight—dimming the stars in our brilliancy!

A shapeless Something ethereal-izing into form, then disappearing into nothingness—and wondered at—

O God, how great thou art!

VI

THROUGHOUT the vast reality of what my spirit recognizes as expansion—in endless ages of a firm desire to be the individual Self—bereft of all
but what contributes to the universal Whole—

The herculean strength increased, etherealized into zephyrs so light, so airy that none but the chosen few can perceive its flight—

Aspiring soul, thou hast no limitation!

Confucius and the wise men of the East, great masters of the esoteric world, probed Nature’s womb, and found all treasures buried there.

The atom in its tiny world reveals strange mysteries to build gigantic truths upon:

So, in that form of matter which thou dreamest is real, no portion but the halo has a substance.

The clinging spirit, in activity and life, gives animation and desire.
Passing Out Into Life

The sepulchred form is but a mausoleum from which the living Christ is born!
Rejoice! O weary heart! and keep that temple sacred to the grandeur of Divine Intelligence!—impregnating thy whole being with a radiance that can illumine and inspire all God’s creatures!

VII

In thy pathway I throw red roses—
Mine own heart’s blood that drop by drop oozed from the house of flesh I once did revel in;
Where I crucified the demon of an earth’s desire.
Sweet violets, too, I hand thee—a symbol of the highest aspiration;
Forget-me-nots and buttercups, that lift their little heads so high
Beliest Thou This

to catch the fragrance of the brighter flowers:—

   Love, aspiration, purity, and truth!

   When wilt thou claim them?
   When wilt thou be free?
   Now! weary one, now!
Ilion

"While Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers."

Mystical dreams that bewilder the senses,
Mystical visions that dance through the mind,
Mystical fairies that hover around us,
Mystical truths that but few of us find!

Doubting yet hoping,
Fearing yet longing
For the weird fancies that few may perceive—
Upholding—sighing—
Denying—crying—

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Believest Thou This

. Why do these images come not to me!

Beautiful thoughts must ennoble the thinker,
Beautiful words bring joy and good cheer;
Beautiful deeds in the moments of sorrow—
Beautiful truths that the whole world may hear!

Waiting and working,
Hoping and trusting,
Patiently striving God's methods to learn;
Onward! keep going—
Believing and knowing
Quicken the fire that forever will burn!

Knowledge will come when we strive for possession,
Wisdom soon follows the mind well attuned;
Love holds the light that illumines our searching,—
Truth the firm rock on which souls have communed!
   Knowledge is thine!
   Wisdom divine!
Following principles of Nature’s vast whole!
   Great in endeavor—
   Aspiring forever—
Man is a god, aye, in power and in soul!

Spiritual courage enlightens the mind!
Spiritual essence of soul life you’ll find!
Spiritual whispers we list for afar,
Spiritual eyes that can pierce through a star!
Believest Thou This

Rapture entrancing—
All things enhancing—
Deep into depths of the Soul's surging sea!
   Joys so ecstatic—
   Truths so emphatic—
Bringing great glory to thee and to me!

'Waken thy heart to this inner sensation!
'Waken thy soul to the great Emanation!
'Waken thine eyes to this vision of beauty!
'Waken thine ears to a sense of thy duty!
   Higher and higher—
   Aspire! oh, aspire!
Delve with the mystics, and learn to be free!

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Ilion

Spirit will guide thee,
Love will abide thee—
There is only one God for thee
and for me!
Repentance*

S TAR of my soul!
I bow to thee in humble supplication!
Thy wrongs were bravely borne.
E'en though I robbed thee of a joyous childhood, I cannot check thy budding soul from reaching beauteous growth.
Every heartache thou hast known, I've suffered for, and through my agony of contrition made atonement!
Every tear thou hast shed, casts a brilliant lustre in the shimmering light that is bursting through the clouds which now encompass thee!

*This message was given for a father to his daughter, G. T. C.  

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My sorrowing child, open wide the pearly gates of Intuition! Let in the light that will soothe and comfort thee forevermore! Be thine own guide; Seek in the recesses of thine inner self, and soon thy tortured heart will vibrate with a strange sensation which will radiate thy whole being into an ecstasy of aspiration and expansion! Teach thy heart the sweet melody which is stealing into the depths of thine understanding — so gently—so softly! lest the rude awakening startle the old thought of grief and fear thou hast nestled so long to thy warm flesh! Tear out these vipers that have sucked thy warm blood, and held thee down to an atmos-
Believest Thou This

sphere which shall no longer contaminate thee!

Reach out, O great Soul!
Revel in the new life which every wave of thought ushers in to lead thee in triumphant glory to the blessings of a real existence!

The echoing sob of a dream thou hast nourished so long may mar the sweet placidity of the new-born soul, until thou tearest out the venomous fangs that pierced thy white flesh!

Thy great love nature, ever longing for response, can never glean one ray of satisfaction in a world of limitation,—

So keen and powerfully magnified are all the fibres of thy nature compared with other creatures!
The very weight of thy passion crushes what it lights upon!
The sobs and tears, forced back into thy bleeding heart, have all been housed with the gods!
Somewhere in Eternity they will float like little gems to light thee on to life immortal.
Child of my real self, draw near me in thought!
I beg forgiveness—
Mine ignorance was the cause of all offense.
My restless soul will anchored be to grief, until thy sweet self will nestle in mine arms content!
I could not more humbly beg thy forgiveness wert thou a million times a Queen and I a serf!
Roll from thy heart that huge stone of Malice;
Believest Thou This

Let love flow in with all its mighty power!  
And when thy slumb’ring soul awakes in that pulse-quickened form—  
Praise God of whom thou art a part!

The beacon light is burning now,  
The signal hath been given thee!  
And from afar I wait with joy  
The hour that brings mine own to me!

Emotion's Queen! Celestial fire,  
That makes thy throbbing heart aflame—  
Dismiss the False—accept the Real!  
Let earth condemn—and Heaven acclaim!
Loves Enjoining

God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind; nor gives the realm
of truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

—Emerson.

I

My child! thy tangled skein
of hope, which hangs so high in air for one brief moment,
Quivers in the breeze of doubt, then falls to earth.
Draw near to me!
Let me question thee.
To be in communication with the psychic forces, whether form

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Believest Thou This

or spirit, thou must keep the beating of the pulse—the mind—the atmosphere wherein thou breathest, in perfect harmony for receptivity;
Sensitive to all conditions—thy chosen friends but few;
Bar out from view—from touch—from thought, such elements as interpose 'twixt thee and thy desires.
Art thou ready all pleasures to forego?—
All actions to forswear but what will benefit the whole?
If thou canst lend submission truly, child of my soul, be great!
I bring thee aid from armies well equipped to win great battles;
I bring thee all the cherished hopes I never realized on earth, now
Loves Enjoining

multiplied a thousand times in power!
I force from out the limitless depths of thine own self the genius thou hast so long neglected!
Thy searching mind has yearned from childhood to bridge the mystical chasm which separates thee from all the glory the aspiration of thy soul now claims.
The forces that ushered thy life into earth-form hovered o'er thee then as now;
They placed the insignia on thy brow by which the world could designate thee from others.
The myriad trials, weaknesses, and faults which did beset thee, have brought thee purified into an existence of bliss,—by the overcoming and the crucifying of the flesh, which thou shalt soon attain.

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Believest Thou This

Communion with the mighty souls that do surround thee, has awakened thy mentality and inner senses to a degree of susceptibility that shall startle the skeptical into an understanding they have so long denied.

Draw nearer, my child!
I love thee so, for thy sweet grace and sympathy to all!
I need not tell thee to waft on every breeze the tidings of our sweet communion!
I want the world to know I still live!—
I *shall* live throughout eternity!
Through the powers of an unseen God, I greet you.
I breathe!—I live!—I love!
Oh, the joy of Live immortal!
Loves Enjoining

II

I am a wave that dances on the sea!
I am a flower, with fragrance so faint and delicate I permeate all space!
I am a star, so brilliant and effulgent, my rays penetrate thy heart and blind the little demons of fear and doubt which have nestled there so closely!
I am electric!
I am magnetic!
An unseen force!
I grasp the filmy, spidery webs that clogged the progress of thy mind!
I will rend them apart, and scatter the fragments into a Chaos thy limited intelligence created!
I will purge the old dogma of
Believest Thou This

Unbelief into a comprehension of thine own greatness!

I will force you with the mighty army of Truth to tear down the false gods of Materiality, and to unfurl the banner of Immortality and Life!

*We are all one!*

We always were!

We always shall be!

*There is no death!*
Invocation

THOU All-controlling Spirit!—Thy mighty and majestic Presence is ever near! All nature bows to Thy supremacy!

In this most glorious revelation to Thy children, I invoke thine aid. Oh, Spiritual Emersion so long delayed, engulf Thy subjects into an ocean so deep, so bottomless, that extrication is impossible, until they have forced the priceless gems from out the grassy meshes of Materiality which had concealed their birth!

Immaculate and holy in Thy conception, let the purity of Thy presence penetrate the mouldy
Believeth Thou This

chasms of their slumbering hearts!
Awaken them, O monarch Mind!
to all their bounteous possessions!
Cleave unto them as the ivy to the oak.
Shield them from the serpent's coil!

O God of Love!
O God of Truth!
O God of Life!

Let Thy spirit permeate every atom of Man's form to the understanding and acknowledgment of Thy presence!
Burn out the lacerated, corrupted mass of ignorance by the fire of Thy love!
Tear open those glassy eyes which have been closed so long they are...
Invocation

creeping back into a wormy brain to rot!
Wedge them open wide that they may behold Thy flaming torch of Truth!
Let Thy fluidic Essence rush into the lymphatic veins, and so course through that universe of flesh that each will shriek with joy—

"God is Life!"
"God is Truth!"
"God is Love!"

I now acclaim Thy power, Almighty Spirit!
Thou knowest

DEEP down in the silence of each soul Mind's essence has been implanted. Starve not thy hungry heart for love. Plunge into the shadowy vale of thine inner life, and drink at the Inexhaustible Fountain, the sparkling elixir that will satisfy thy craving! Let no individual heart claim thee as subject—Be monarch thyself! Wield the sceptre of power o'er all nations! Love is the mighty weapon which
Thou Knowest

embraces and conquers the universe!
Be brave and loyal to thy subjects, e'en when thou art condemned, ridiculed, and jeered at.
Uphold thy just cause—stand firm on the solid rock of thine own convictions!
Hold silent thy tongue;—
Deaden thine ears to opprobrious names;—
Close thine eyes to thy deformed effigy;—
Seek thine own sanctuary, and whisper so softly that only the angels may hear—
"Thou knowest!"

II

THOU knowest all that is endured for Truth's sweet sake!
Thou knowest every weary wave
Believest Thou This

of doubt that rushes wildly into the vast expanse of hope, and so fills true hearts to joyous overflowing!

The blind—the deaf—the dumb, do stand and try to teach the Knowing how to speak—to hear to see; and when they dare resent the opposition, do sneer and vilify the brave exponents of a truth so grand—so mighty their cramped and narrow intellects cannot grasp it.

Wait! God's chosen ones—wait! The Word shall be spoken!

All the Babylonian temples built upon the sand shall totter and sink into their own nothingness!

The gaping and blood-stained victims of the gods they created, will cry out and gnash their teeth in wild and demoniac despair!

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Thou Knowest

Wait—wait—wait!
Thou, great and noble Soul, forgetting all the infamy heaped upon thy head, wilt stretch forth thy hand to lift, comfort and cleanse the putrid mass of accumulated ignorance into a realization of the holy temples they have degraded.

Tear off the winding sheet of Death—

Tear off the grimy mask that has concealed the Real so long, and into that deep and sodden grave—dug with their own hands—heap the mouldy earth, with its foulness and crawling worms!

III

THOU knowest! Thou knowest!
All Thy creatures are dear to Thee!
No soul can be lost!
Believest Thou This

The blinding Night shed such darkness the light could not penetrate; the Serpent with his shiny scales charmed and fascinated; the weight of gold clung so closely to thy flesh thou couldst not rise to higher realms!

I will flash such stars of light and brilliancy that they will startle the old Serpent into a stupor, and bejewel the heavens with one blazing glory!

The pure metal of thine inner self shall shame the earth-gold thou didst so prize.

I come without the cross that weighted down the weak, frail form which men were pleased to praise;

I enter unannounced, like a flood of sunshine stealing through thy curtain'd window;

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Thou Knowest

I perfume thy chamber with the fragrance of the gods;
I creep into thy warm bosom to rouse that slumbering heart to action!

All is Love!
All is Life!
All is God!

IV

Out in a lonely spot there lies a grave that holds a form I once did call mine own.
Deep out of sight, in a casket—Forgotten by all—
My faults—my sins—my weaknesses, lie buried in that mould of clay.
My mind—my soul—my Self, leapt from its prison house, and sought
Believest Thou This

the Paradise I long had dreamed of.
And from afar I see the moonlight's silver rays upon the stone which marks my earth-form's resting place.
And there engraved I read the old familiar words—
"Thou knowest!"
When Will Ye Heed Me

I

YE Voices that have been housed with the gods of Superstition for ages be silent, that my people may hearken unto me!

I fling from me my foamy drapery, and dive deep into the sea to bring back the echo of some sweet melody to charm your dying souls into life!

I tear the clouds from out the sky to assume a form, and light my head with one of heaven's brightest stars, that ye might see me!

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Believest Thou This

I linger with the grand old trees, to catch the weird music which rushes through the ghostly forest on wings of Love!

I creep into the tiny petals of each flower;

I suck their honeyed sweetness, and rob the busy bee of all its precious wealth, to lavish on my people.

Still ye will not heed me.

II

GLIDE into the Mystic’s hoary brain, and wrench therefrom the treasures he guards with such precaution;

I dig into the bowels of the earth, and crush the viscid crawling things which feed upon its foulness;
When Will Ye Heed Me

I float on zephyrs—so light that none can see me—into the laboratories of Science;

I circle round my shapless form the precious gems they have unearthed, and waft them with all their mighty powers into the musty caverns of your brain!

I plead with the ancient sages to reveal the grand secrets enshrouded with such mystery—that I might benefit my people.

I face the gods in all defiance, and demand the wisdom Hermetically sealed in their minds throughout eternity, except to those who do aspire.

I plead to the god of Love to spread his golden wings, that I may nestle 'neath so closely, and be borne on the cloud of Thought
Believeth Thou This

to awaken your slumbering souls!
Still ye will not heed me!

III

I TELL you no grave can be dug
deep enough to entomb your
life for slimy, creeping things
to feast upon!

I tell you your thought—your
mind—your soul, is one with God,
throughout eternal progress!

I tell you creatures of a slavish
passion—that eats and gnaws out
your young heart’s blood, and
deadens your eyes and ears to the
inner senses—Beware!

Your earthly loves will sap your
strength, and force your weakened
bodies into the deep chasm of the
grave your darkened minds call
Death!
When Will Ye Heed Me

I tell you, all the gold your greedy hands are clutching, miser-like, will melt into a hell so fiery hot that your blistered, bleeding forms will writhe in agony!

I tell you, all the jewels rare and splendor of attire are but the food denied the starving poor!

Their parched and shrunkened throats rattle with curses that force the red blood to ooze out and stain their purple lips!

I tell you, each moment is laden down with precious thoughts that fight with all the strength of the warriors of old to conquer the demons of Indifference, Doubt, and Fear, and place you in a castle of such majestic truth that shall startle you into consciousness!

Still ye will not heed me!
Believest Thou This

IV

O

MY people—I love you so!
I long to have you see the light of Life Immortal!
I long to crush the iron wall that darkens your view!
I long to circle round your form the everlasting breath of fire—to purge the odor of a false belief!
I long to lift you to the immortal heights of mine own Being—
There to dwell in sweet communion with the gods!
I crave—beseech—implore!
Oh, when will ye heed me!
When—when will ye heed me!
When Will Ye Heed Me

BUT I cling to you, O my people!
I cannot let you go!
I know you cannot anchor long on the sinking sand upon which you built your hopes.
The ebbing tide did moisten each grain so well your weight will bear you down!
You will sink so slowly into the depths that when your choking throats are tightly braced you cannot call for help!
You will stretch out so wildly your clammy fingers,—and I will grasp you with a prayerful sob of joy!—
Then—then ye will heed me!
Ye Mystics

Listen to the low, sweet music of promise, rushing wildly through floods of God-inspiration of love, up to Eternity.—Menken: The Release.

I

Stand out, apart from all the world and proclaim your mightiness!

Ye hungry, starving souls, that bend and strain your piercing eyes into the sphinx-like volumes of centuries past, to find the spirit of expression too closely veiled!

The old philosophizing students tore themselves apart from vul-

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gar gold, and plunging into Nature’s vault they sought the wealth ye yearn to grasp. Lift up your heads, and let the supplication of your being’s needs open the floodgates of the starry heavens, and pour their priceless gems into your longing hearts!

If ye would earn, claim, possess the Philosopher’s Stone—the Elixir of Life—follow not the oily, jealous, deceptive, winding crevices of the Alchemist’s teachings,

O ye students, be wise;
The combination of material metals, so prepared they mystify and rack your subtle brain, are but misleading landmarks for the greedy, grasping, miserly natures not yet attuned to harmony.
Believest Thou This

Find ye Nature's Spirit!
All the elements she has belched
and vomited forth, shall be your
own to direct into usefulness!

II

PARACELSUS quenched his
thirst at the ever-bubbling,
rushing rivers of Intuition,
Aspiration, and Conception;—
And so emerged the Living Christ!
The Spiritual Essence that cemented and glorified his calling,
circled through space like a storm-beaten bird, rushing
midst the torrents of wind and rain, seeking a branch to light
upon and spread its wings.
So, ye Wisdom Seekers, fill ye your lamps with celestial oil!
Let the spark that lights you on to heights sublime, scorch the
Ye Mystics

foul, clinging demon of the flesh, with its hot and putrid breath!
I bow before the shrine at which ye worship, in all reverence!
I herald your approaching goal in a chariot of blazing fire and with bugle calls!
I am laden down with incense and sweet oils to bathe and bind your many agonizing wounds received in climbing the steep heights to reach the Great Beyond!
White Souls with God's seal stamped!
Immerse your whole being into this limitless activity of supernal effort!
Search through the archives of the masters, and emulate their methods!
Overcome—not mortify—the flesh!

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Ye Mystics
Believeth Thou This

The magnetized atoms, so congealed to give you form, must to earth be rendered in all symmetry and perfection.
The Himalayans and the savants of the ancient day—in haste to reach the goal, starved and mutilated the temple of the soul they craved to purify.
Their blistered tongues they wrenched out by the roots!
Their upraised eyes they pierced with red-hot steel!
They tortured—desecrated—God's own gift to man.
And when complete the human wreck, the spirit was withdrawn to animate a temple that would express more worthily Almighty Mind's desire!
Ye Mystics

III

WHEN Luna sheds her silvery rays, and deadens all the lustre of the stars that sprinkle earth's fair canopy,

Look ye with eyes of telescopic power into the enthralling secrets gyved in the distant firmament!

Mount Jupiter's benefic throne!

Steal ye beneath his royal robes, close enfold yourself and sue for blessing!

Gird on an iron armor, confront bold Mars, and possess yourself of his fiery weapons!

Embrace fair Venus, and beg for one sweet kiss of love!

Then roam with Mercury through
Believest Thou This

the starry planes, until ye dip in Neptune's briny sea!
Old Herschel bids you all beware!—
and Saturn crushes with his frown!
But when grand Vulcan doth appear, he'll take you kindly by the hand and lead you to the dazzling Sun, whose warmth of greeting will draw you on to crave the truth of all the magnates of the heavens!
Oh, ye mystical dreamers of Soul's realities!
With one leap ye can bridge the heights that marshal on to greatness!
Crush into nothingness the little flying moths that circle round your light to cast a splendor of desire ye fain would kill!
Be firm!

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Be loyal to your Higher Self!
And with all the warmth of joy in your new-found treasures, ye will spread glad tidings to enlighten the world!
Soul's Aspiration

"It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,  
To shape the outward to its own estate."

I

The splash of the tide upon  
the beach doth carry out  
to sea the choicest pebbles  
buried there.  
All the flotsam of the deep is  
washed on shore to rot and dry.  
So in life's pilgrimage on earth, the  
finer qualities of the soul cannot  
bear rude contact with coarser  
elements that so disturb the  
sweet tranquility of thine inner  
senses.

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God's own bright wave of light
Doth bury out of sight
—the powers that grace thine immortal self!
When perfection doth crown thine efforts, all the débris of thy former life will be eliminated from thy heart to give greater scope to thine inspiration.
These rude battles with materialism which jar and nettle thy sensitive nature, shall all be swept aside as with one blinding flash of lightning that shall illuminate thy genius!
Cling thou to the firm rock which holds thy life so high above the restless waters that fain would encompass thee!
Stretch out thine arms, so strong to do the right, and with thy
Believeth Thou This

majestic form make thou the cross to awe and keep aloof the blood-thirsty wolves that would devour thee for thy sweet chastity and truth!

O'erleap environments which so enmesh thee with bright promises of glittering gold that never could appease thy hungry heart!

II

O Time! thou healer and preceptor of all earth's seeming griefs and woes,—hasten in thy flight to bridge the Future with the Present!

The little spark now consuming thee with desire for expansion, will glow into a scorching flame thy restless, longing soul can ne'er withstand!
With one supernal thrust of disdain, contempt, aversion, thou shalt renounce the world and cleave to higher realms that claim thine aid!
The lowly creatures not yet quickened into life shall greet thy presence as a savior.
The balm thou bringest from the holy land shall heal all wounds of flesh and spirit.
Thy flashing eyes shall shed magnetic flames of light to pierce the monarch's skeptic's mind to kneel before thy gracious self in all humility!
Martyrs of the ages gone, who suffered infamy and death for Truth's sweet sake, blend their strength in unity to urge thee on to this one great purpose of Eternal Law's fulfillment!
Believest Thou This

Pause not in quivering doubt!
Let the phantom music of the heavenly choir stir thy soul into ecstasy divine!
Couldst thou but see the little elves that circle about thee, using all their charms and pretty ways to coax, allure thee on to this great Cause, thy rapturous self, impatient would become to mount the throne of Power!

III

To what greater glory can soul aspire than this consummation which so absorbs thy life!
The musical, rhythmic measure that ever haunts thine ear, must find expression to vent the smothered joy that oppresses thee!

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Soul's Aspiration

Thy mystic nature has reached the tower of Mind’s poise, and monarch-like claims submission of thine objective self.

Thy spirit, long compressed in dark and narrow confines, ached and moaned to seek release, and so sundered chains and leapt with one great bound to pyramidal heights, there to beckon thee on to rest thy weary heart in sublimest peace and exaltation!

The echo of thy sighs for celestial love rushed wailing through the corridors of Time, and pierced the listful ears of angels with minor-keyed plaintiveness.

In perfect truth thou needs must claim thine own!

Responsive chords of sympathy and aid are ushered in with such
Bountiful munificence, to lend
more lustre to the sparkle of thy
genius!
Hail thou the coming morn, when
all the world will breathe thy
name in praise!
Ministering forces do evoke the
sanction of enlightened minds
to proclaim thy mission true
and mighty.
With one accord thy purpose shall
be greeted with such warm ap­
proval as will hasten thine acces­sion
to a field of labor thou shalt
revel in and reign!

Come thou with thy mystical
heart's fond desire,
And drink at the fountain where
Love's waters play;
Come thou with thy torch of the
heavenly fire,
And search with thy light for
the souls gone astray!

Believest Thou This
"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds!"

GENIUS was ushered into life, Minerva-like, in steel so bright, to wage great wars with nations that oppose their own unfoldment:—

Imbued with all the fiery energy of the planet Mars—electric in vibrations—disruptive—sharp, and cutting down the old dogmas of centuries past—annihilating all the
Believeth Thou This

vast impediments which have retarded progressive Mind's achievements!

Genius, in all its power and brilliance, shall flash great swords of truth, and purge your mildewed brains of the stagnant pool of Error ye have been stultified in!

When devastation of your darling gods ye do lament, and buried low in grovelling grief ye sink to earth—

Fair genius extends the healing balm, and bathes your open wounds with magnetic thrills of realization ye ne'er possessed before!

"Genius is a celestial symphony, adapted only to Heaven's own instruments!"

Genius doth feed upon imagination which gave it birth.
The lofty, dreamy Searcher's mind doth soar above the silvery light which gleams through every cloud!

The opaque moon becomes transparent and naught is barred from uplifted souls that fain would drink her rays of inspiration, and frame them into melodies of praise!

Genius, to grasp the unattainable, doth throttle and mangle the white throats of living obstacles.

No king upon his royal throne has equal power!

The scintillating gems that grace the beauty of minds inspired, do shame into scorn the jewelled baubles bestowed upon the vain.

The mighty strength of souls attuned with God can overcome the destiny of man!
Believest Thou This

O Infinite Power, whose scroll of Truth unfurl'd
Doth glorify the triumph we adore!
O Genius! breathe thine incense to the world—
Enlighten earth's fair creatures, I implore!
EACH human expression of Deity is a poem.

The degree and quality of achievement determines its merit.

Deeds, not words, are the essential attributes for most potent results.

Desire accelerates possession, in measureless depths of Soul’s requirements.

Fallacious arguments huge barriers build, diverting wild Ambition’s flow into the murmuring stream of Doubt.

Let the silence of thine own heart be thine only Preceptor;—
Believest Thou This

the Power in thine Inner Self which forces thee to breathe—to think—to live—thine only God!

"Thou self-sprung Being that doth all enfold,
And in Thine arms Heaven's whirling fabric hold!"

Evolve great mysteries to the world from out the massive structure buried deep in Nature's vault, where Mind doth penetrate and enter into Wisdom's loyal realm!

Unfold thy Being's gorgeous raiment to dim the lustre of the twinkling stars which seem to soar so far above thee!

No soul is greater than thine own—

No soul more lowly born!

The consciousness of possibilities

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Self Divinity

unlimited, empowers all to reach to heights supreme.
"Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings!"

II

AFFIRM thy power silently, without one reservation to weaken thine assertion.
One Mind!
One Life!
One God!
Thou doth embrace them all in body, mind and soul, when thou doth truly know thyself!
Be true—be firm—be just!
Claim thou thy heritage!
Down in the mines of darkened Memory, slumbering like an infant on its mother's breast, most precious Love is conscious of the sobs and yearnings of advancing souls!
Believest Thou This

Plunge thou into the smothered chasm with all the force of thine intellect!

Unearth thy priceless gems, and mount them into the golden crown thou shalt fashion from out the sun’s bright orb!

Be thou the oracle for Nation’s hopes to build upon!

Grapple and strangle in thy martial effort all thought or passion that would impede thy glorious aim!

The tempest which surrounds thee must vanquished be, and held in firm abeyance until thou art proclaimed Conqueror—

"Along that grand triumphal arch,
Through which the good to glory march!"

* 82 *
The calm, gray mist which marks the early dawn of Hope's fulfillment, shall gather all the moisture from out the fleeting clouds, and freshen earth's fair blossoms to greet thine august presence!

All hail to thy great endeavor!
All hail to thine achievement!
All glory to thy constancy!
When thy frail mortal form quails before the wintry blast, and bows submissive to thy restless spirit's flight, so well equipped thou'lt be to traverse space and find thine abode in life immortal.

"Farewell!" thou'lt whisper to those who loved thee for thine own pure worth.

"Farewell to all God's creatures here below!

Self Divinity

III

* * *

83
Believest Thou This

"I have gone only a little time before, and from my grand celestial height I’ll lead and guard thee on thy journey home!"

Peace be unto all!
God guide thee!

"His spirit doth in thy spirit shine
As shines the sunlight in a drop of dew!"

Thy conscious self will breathe a low "Adieu! adieu!"

\* \*
I Love Thee

I

WHAT joy to love!
To love as I love thee!
Whoe'er should chance to read this sweet confession, know that mine eyes are gazing into thine with all the ardor of a lover's soul!

To grasp, to hold—enfold thee as mine own,

I fain would pierce thy heart with Cupid's dart,—

Enthrall thy being's lake with deep ecstatic bliss,—so deep, so great, so all-absorbing is this love I bear thee!

\[ \star 85 \star \]
Believest Thou This

If I could find expression
To this heavenly intercession,—
cementing heart to heart and life
to life, thou couldst not grasp my meaning;
For poor words cannot convey
the depth of my passion for this
mouldering house of clay.

II

THINKEST thou I love the
mansion my love doth dwell
within?
For shame!
A senseless, cold, inanimate
thing, that naught else can con­
tain but thy sweet self!
Thine eyes to me are nothing
but the windows of thy soul!
Thy form is lost to view by the
halo of thy smile!
Thyself—thyself divine!—is
I Love Thee

what I worship with my heart and mind!

Thou art part of myself—inseparable throughout all space and Time!

Combined,
Entwined

Forevermore! with Infinite Love Divine!

III

NAY, hold thou not aloof in fear!

I could not harm thee if I would.

I’ll shadow thee in every place thou goest.

I’ll be thy constant guide, to shelter and protect thee from earth’s woes!

I’ll coax from out thy heart the twittering bird of aspiration,
Believest Thou This

and place the cherished thing upon a mountain high.

I’ll fondle and caress the little smothered throat, and when sweet notes of melody fill thine ears, I’ll waft him back to shelter in thy warm bosom, and fill thy life with joy!

Come! let me whisper all the angels breathe to thee in praise.

I know thou canst not long withhold thy fond embrace.
I clasp thee in such measureless emotion!
I love thee with intense devotion!
I’ll behold thee crowned on a royal throne—
Happy in thy celestial home!
I Love Thee

IV

I LOVE thee! I love thee! I love thee!

How can I let thee go for even one brief moment!

I know thou’lt come, thou wayward one; when weary of the world’s sad care, thy heart will long for peace.

I fain would spare thee thy lonely vigil of unrest.

Release thy fettered soul, and live anew!

Come! let me entice thee from the old allurements which hold thee back.

Couldst thou but realize thy happier state when freed from earth’s entanglements, I need not bend so low to plead and sue for thy dear love!

© 89 ©
Believest Thou This

But I’ll possess thee, e’en though thou dost abhor me now!
'Tis but a little while to wait.
I claim thee as Love’s own self!
I need thee, else my life is incomplete!
I’ll circle thee with such bright orbs of light!
I’ll hold thee in mine arms so close and tight!
I’ll shut out all the darkness of the night!
I want thee—I crave thee—I’ll have thee!
I love thee—I love thee—I love thee!
Sweet Motherhood

Let me plead with thee, O ye mothers, to nourish the little plants God intrusted to your keeping, that they develop into mighty giants to rule the Universe their bodies do compose.

Oh, what glorious sermons their thoughts can expound for future generations to build upon!

Ye are powerful instruments, ye mothers, to graft the little seed of knowledge into the ripening tree of spiritual design.

Open the casement of your darling's silent chamber, admit "The kingly Guest who comes to
claim his rightful dominion.”
Ye would not let a vine neglected run to twine amongst the weeds that grow so low upon the earth:
Then train your thoughts to climb in spiral shape the Infinite Cord that reaches to the sky.
Your little offspring, mirror-like, reflects the shadow of your mental sphere.
Uproot the weeds of Fear and Superstition from out your garden bed of Hope, and plant the seed of Good—Eternal Good—to blossom into beauteous growth of intellect and power!
The little one ye love so well will all responsive be to catch the spirit of your thought in all its purity.
Dwell ye on all that doth uphold

* 92 *
Sweet Motherhood

the righteousness of life embodied in the realm of Thought—embraced within yourself.
Be ye perfect in example, for God’s image to emulate.
Polish and beautify the precious Pearl ye hold in trust, that the Light from within may shed a lustre to illuminate all space.
O ye mothers! clasp so tightly this little germ of love, lest the rapid whirlpool of old Error engulf and blind it in darkest Night!
The wild beast of the wilderness, with brutal instincts guards with more tenacity her young than ye with all your mental fortifications.
Scatter ye not this wealth of thought:
Concentrate at the fountain’s source!
Believest Thou This

One little drop to an ocean may swell,
Floating afar with bright angels to dwell!
Divine teaching sanctifies sweet Motherhood!

That little life is thine;
And yet, forsooth, ’tis mine—
So closely thus entwine
Our souls with Love Divine!
Snowflakes

Fall, silent snow, in thy ghostly robe of white, to mantle earth in thy spotless foamy flakes:

Nestle on the rich and poor alike:
God—makes no distinction!

I watch you falling from the clouds and wonder if you bring a message from Shadowland.

Oh, pretty, shiny flakes, dancing and playing in childish sport!

Going hither and thither as if in doubt just where to fall.

Knowest thou the depths to which thou’lt sink when earth claims thee?
Believest Thou This

It seems to me thou art the echo of holy prayer and thought sent out on high from aching, bursting hearts, so freighted down with grief and care they missed the glorious gate they sought.

But when the sun doth warm and melt thy pretty glisten, thy spirit will ascend again to find its paradise in Heaven.

I fain would check the footsteps that trample on thy form,
And shield thy pearly whiteness from blasts of coming storm.

I view thee on the hilltops, I worship thee apart,
I know thou hast a message for some poor saddened heart.

So cold and dead thou seemest the sun doth fail to heat;
How calm and still thou art in thy glistening winding sheet!

As frosty flakelets falling from Borean heights afar,
I view thy separate motions e'en as I view a star!

Then lost becomes each crystal, like rays of setting sun—
No longer art thou single, for all become as one!

I ponder on this teaching which Nature doth unfold,
For thou and I and all do a sacred secret hold;

There's not the tiniest atom in water, air, or sod,
But wanders back in spirit form and lives in God!
Fear Not

"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

THOU poor frail, loving, human bark of Love's most fruitful tree:

Lift up thy tear-stained face and smile thy sweetest smile, to greet the dawn of hope I bring to thee!

Thou poor lost lamb!

God decked me out in plainest shepherd's guise, and placed within my hand a staff of mighty strength, to help thee out of marshy, stagnant pools of mire thy wayward feet have grovell'd in.
Fear Not

So, all besmirched and grimy as thou seem'st, and shunning all the light of Day's bright sun to sneak about in Night's veiled gloom, I welcome thee with all the wealth of joy that soul doth know!

I'll bathe thee in the clearest brook,
O'erhung with weeping willow tree,
Where mossy ivy forms a nook,
And snarly, crooked roots we see.

I'll hide thee in a shady dell
All covered o'er with cypress vines—
Alone with Love and me to dwell
Where harmony with peace entwines!

We'll think no thought but one of praise;
Believest Thou This

Our hearts, with deep emotion filled,
Will enter into Nature's phase
Of bringing forth what God instilled!

Far, far from the world, with all its cares and heartaches lain aside, thou'lt bloom into a beauteous flower, God—kissed into life!

When thou this lofty growth hast reached, guard well thy fragrant petals, lest the harsh wind of Error should touch and wither to decay!

Thy heart would break to see the velvet leaves droop one by one, leaving nothing but the stem to stand alone and hang its head in shame!

I know thou'lt strive to reach the mountain heights, where poets
Fear Not

soar in search of grand ideals to clothe in rhythmic verse.

Fear not the dark and dreary road; Love’s eye doth light the way.

If I could tear the bandage from thy darkened view, and show thee all the promised joys thou wilt attain, thou wouldst stand aghast in fear and fright, and deem it but hallucination that could ne’er be real.

Thou must approach exalted Truth according to thy grade of Thought.

Each step confronts thee with a new ideal, which seems so far away, enwrapped in misty doubt.

I’d give thee all the light from out my heart, and wander forth alone to plead for more; but God hath so ordained each Soul shall
Believest Thou This

be supplied according to its worth and will.

Then banish all the fear from out thy heart; stand thou erect, and firmly say I will!

There is no battlement so strongly built:—no might can pierce or overcome that throne!

Fear not, thou Wanderer from the fold,
Thy kingdom is within thy grasp;
Nor heaven nor earth can e'er thee hold
When God doth claim His own at last!
I

BREATHE out my soul to thee in song.
Come out from thy charnel house of Earth’s allurement, and I will cheer thy heart with Love’s pure essence of delight—
Uplifting in design,
Persuasive and benign!
There’s not a secret spot in space can hide thee from my view.
I let thee wander from thy perch and, birdlike, spread thy restless wings in ecstasy of Freedom’s joy—
Bewildering in flight,
Entrancing and so bright—
Until thy weary form would wander home!

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Believest Thou This

The briers and the brambles spring forth in the night
And Fear uprises to rejoice in thy plight!—
But Spirit effulgent intercedes with its light,
To guide thee in safety from Wrong to the Right!

Thou canst not fly too high, my pretty birdling with thy clipped wings.
Thine old forest home did grieve and mourn thine absence, and fain would have thee back to revel in thy mirthful songs of glee.
Thine erstwhile boundless liberty
Has not reveal'd Infinity—
And thy wayward feet must shackled be until thou strivest to reach beyond, and findest the
Freedom's Joy

balm to solace thee throughout Eternity!

Vain Glory satisfies not the soul that longs for the Voice upon the hill.

"I am the Spirit who speaketh!"

If thou wouldst freedom know, disenthral thyself from Haste's desire, and chain thy growth to Nature's speed; contented be, e'en in thy humble state, as the beauteous flowers that bloom so close to earth, and draw from but one source their strength and sustenance.

The diver who plunges into waters deep, does not so rapidly ascend.

The little seed implanted in the sod in darkness dwells until the

\[ \text{\small 105} \]
Believeth Thou This

sun-god penetrates his warmth, and quickens up to light.

If thou wouldst grow as doth the grand old oak, which shelters in its branches all the weird enchantment of the forest, nestle thou beneath its shade, and let thy soul climb up its rugged form to drink the nectar the leaves sucked from out its twisted roots to thrive upon!

Thou'lt hear strange whisperings amongst the trees.

Thou'lt feel the presence of unearthly forms!

Thy pulse more rapidly will beat, and then thy heart will know intensest yearning to fathom all the mysteries that surround thee!

Thy soul will burst its cramped and narrow confines, and greet the freedom thou long hast craved!
Freedom's Joy

Oh, pent-up wealth of Freedom's joy!
Thine own to realize—employ—
As means of reaching high estate,
With God and angels to debate!
O Love! thou must this freedom know,
To hold—to give—to all bestow!
O joyous Liberty Divine—
'Tis mine, 'tis God's—and yet 'tis thine!
Admonition

Y
e, with your money-bags so weighted down—
In warmth and comfort do ye always dwell,
Forgetful of the cold and starving poor
Who crave a pittance of your worldly store!
Could ye but see the little pleading hands
And faces pinched with Hunger's mute appeal,
Methinks ye could not rest so well content
In downy beds and lavishness of wealth!
Admonition

Ye could not see the little weeping eyes,
And shrunken forms so pitiful and weak,
And turn aside, regardless of the pain
The little ones in humble station feel!
Ye mothers, with your children warmly clad,
With luxuries profuse to feast upon,
Be not unmindful of the wretched poor
Who beg a crust from your palatial door.
Conquerors

I

Take thou thy flight to the mountain's top,
Where old Despair
No more can dare to climb and crush thy proud heart with its cruel frown.

Dare to be what God has made thee!

Strike with all thy might the discordant element with its crude and noisome foulness!

Let the sweet melody of thy heart's desire fill thy life with one harmonious strain!

Thou shalt achieve thine aspiration.
Conquerors

Success steals so slowly through the winding maze of earth's conditions, that thy poor heart faints with utter desolation.

Be brave!
Be loyal!

When God approves a cause, He lights the way!

The quenchless fire that so consumes and urges thee to higher realms, shall blazon forth into rays of brilliancy which shall startle weaker souls into a sense of shame.

We greet thee! we welcome thee to thine own sphere of action!

No power can hold thee down to what thou dost abhor.

Thou hast outgrown the cramped and narrow confines of thy former life!

The Gordian knot that unites thy mental atmosphere with Na-
Believest Thou This
ture's forces, can now ne'er sun­dered be!

The lofty attitude of Mind's self­conscious power gives thee gigan­tic strength to wield a sceptre!

Bring forth into usefulness the wealth stored in thy subconscious mind!

Be liberal with the gifts bestowed upon thee by Divine Intelligence, and benefit thy fellow creatures by the wisdom of thy words!

May the perfume of every bud and leaf be wafted into thy soul and so fill thy life with melody!

II

In Life's sequence thou shalt find exemplified the high es­tate of every cherished thought.

True philosophy is built upon the firm foundation of Nature's
Conquerors

laws, and from atomic state reaches perfection.

Fluidic waves of ether waft Mind's architectural design into realization.

Assumption of a cause brings effect when Reason and Intelligence combine to actuate the thought.

In thyself thou'lt find the essential element of progression struggling for recognition.

A mighty power, o'erwhelming in its strength, forms a battlement to guard thy lofty attitude from contact with a less degree of aspiration.

The ebbing of Life's restless tide will float thee to an ocean of boundless depths, whence thou shalt uprise in all the splendor of the ancient lore.

★ 113 ★
Believest Thou This

Wisdom’s lap alone holds content when the Soul craves for light, the healing balm of Nature’s own decree.

Accelerate thy noble qualities into action!

Withhold not the power God crowned thee with to bless the world.

Thro’ majesty of a moonlit night
The darkness changes to a beauteous light;
Thro’ radiance of a rising sun
Are battles fought and battles won!

The bravest heroes our God shall claim
Are conquerors who o’er self can reign—
The conquerors of a mighty cause
In endless search of Nature’s laws!
Royalty

THERE'S a royal banner of royal worth
That a royal hand shall uphold,
There's a royal trust
And a royal truth,
That a royal God shall unfold!

There's a royal lane to a royal cave
Where a royal treasure's concealed,
There's a royal robe,
And a royal crown,
Where a royal Throne is revealed!

There's a royal thought from a royal mind
Where a royal power shall reign,
Believest Thou This

Where a royal form,
And a royal soul,
Shall a royal wisdom proclaim!

There's a royal love and a royal
faith
Where a royal peace shall abound,
    There's a royal heaven
    Of royal bliss
Where the royal Spirit is found!

When the royal Guest with a royal
might
In a royal halo is near,
    There's a royal hope
    And a royal light,
And the royal Self shall appear!

Then the royal words and the
royal deeds
Will a royal mission perform;
    Thro' the royal Right
    And the royal Good
Royalty

Is a royal world to be born!
Up the royal road to the royal Home
Of the royal State of the Blest,
Then a royal welcome—
A royal feast—
And the royal heart is at rest!