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THE  
HEAVEN OF THE MOON

SAMUEL R. CALTHROP

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THE HEAVEN  
OF THE MOON

LIMITED EDITION

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THE HEAVEN  
OF THE MOON

*A Book of Poems*

BY  
SAMUEL R. CALTHROP



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## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

They err, who dare to think that sacrifice,  
Love's essence, lives on earth alone, and dies  
When Heaven is reached; as if the lower world  
Surpassed the higher in its crowning grace.  
God's glory is to give Himself away!  
Great depths of space, where once His spirit moved  
Alone, now sparkle with bright stars — His love  
Transformed to flame — are thick with worlds —

His love

Shaping itself to air, and sea, and land,  
A Kingdom of His sons,— His love made flesh,  
Life of His life. Since God is love,  
His children love-begotten, each and all,  
Must type God's highest glory in themselves,  
And give themselves away; for this I learned  
Summoned in dreams to Heaven of the Moon.

As some astronomer in far-off orb,  
Seeing the earth's light waning, might have said,  
"Poor little star, its death comes on apace."  
Though, just then, life began, the very goal,  
God's reason for the earth; so men have said,  
"The moon is a dead world, its seas have shrunk

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

Within its bosom as the mother's milk  
Shrivels in breast of age. Its fair green fields,  
Its trees, its flowers, and whatso'er of life  
In beast, or man, or tribe, or nation, once  
Seemed grand, or beauteous as the life of earth —  
All, all is gone! — The very air entombed  
Deep in the soundless rocks, and all is still,  
Lifeless and barren!" Yet, just then, began  
The higher, heavenly life for all that dwelt  
On our companion star. All this I learned  
Summoned in dreams to Heaven of the Moon.

The Moon, the child from earth's first birth-pangs  
born,  
Outran her mother in the starry race,  
First knew the glory of awakening life  
Thrilling in all her veins; first felt the touch  
Of moss and lichen clinging to her breast;  
First waved the forests, and first felt the tread  
Of million, million footsteps, marching on  
Toward life, and more and more abundant life;  
First heard the praises of the Eternal ring;  
First felt the touch of God's surrounding love;  
First built a human heaven. All this I learned  
Summoned in dreams to Heaven of the Moon!

And yet, no temple saw I, no great band  
Of loving worshipers; no city vast  
Radiant in splendor. Only two I saw

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

Sitting alone, with evening all around.  
The sun was slowly sinking, and the earth  
Vast as a giant's buckler, gleamed afar,  
Her seas and continents aglow with light.  
With fixed eyes gazing on the earth they sat  
Silent, while all their being spake to me.  
Husband and wife they were. Never before  
Had I once dreamed of union like this.  
Silent, and deep in grand, yet painful thought  
They sat; yet all the while, within her heart  
A thousand little waves of loving thought  
Rose toward him, and a thousand answering waves  
Rose in his heart toward her. A billowy crest  
Of thought sublime in him, arose in her  
Instantly, tinged with love-light that she gave.  
While over, through, and under all, I saw  
One silent, vast, immeasurable wave,  
On which their being floated; and I knew  
That was the love divine, whose shoreless sea  
Embosoms all worlds and souls that are.  
At last, in her, I saw a storm arise  
Of joy, and love, and grief unspeakable,  
And then a fearful hush, as if the heart  
Of that great tempest reached her. Then he  
spoke: —  
“Two souls, God-destined to become one,  
Must start, and climb together, round by round  
That sacred ladder, whose top reaches Heaven.”  
No tiniest germ forgotten as they climb.

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

The sacrament of life, the bread of Heaven  
Is shared together with each poorest creature.  
Else is that bread not eaten, and the cup  
Of blessing is scarce tasted. Souls that love  
Ascend together through all forms of life;  
Now tiny insects, homing in the grass;  
Now butterflies that quiver in the sun;  
Now live in bird-life, loving in the air.  
Till, gaining power by use, their spirits pass  
Upward to higher forms, through beast to man;  
First ignorant and low, with here and there,  
A glimpse, a touch, a dream of higher things;  
But yet ascending still, from death to death,  
Till glorious manhood burst upon their view,  
And they know Heaven.

How our bosoms swelled  
That glorious day, when first to our twin souls  
Came the amazing memory of the past.  
How strange and sweet it was to trace the road,  
By which we mounted into life; to see  
That each life-stage had glory of its own,  
A glory not another's. That the nest  
We built together, and the new-laid eggs,  
The patient brooding, and the search for food,  
The sweet maternal and paternal care  
Of our new fledglings,—that all this was ours,  
Part of the mighty memories of the past.  
Then, then we knew we summed up in ourselves

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

Life of all creatures, and so learned to love  
Life, as God loves it, not one life left out.

But, oh! what struggles ere the goal was reached —  
The goal of our desire. How martyrs died,  
Our brothers, with us, that our truth might live!  
What pangs we suffered — pangs that now shine  
fair,  
God's stars, with our memories holiest heaven!  
What aspirations high! What fellowship  
With hearts that loved the tidings that we told!  
For now we knew the final goal must be  
One glorious union of the All of life  
Our beauteous world had borne, the life divine  
One, in all bosoms, and God all in all!

Now it has come to pass. Not one thing failed  
Of all that God had promised. Love and truth  
Reign here supreme. One song mounts up from all  
And endless heaven of joy and light and life  
Is ever round us. We see eye to eye,  
And each new day brings grace and beauty new;  
Some noble thought to share, some splendid task  
A thousand minds may join in; while in all  
Rises to God the heart-song that He loves.  
For ages we have lived thus, and have felt  
That mind could not contain of God and Heaven  
More than our minds were full of, could not dream  
Of aught beyond; for all of God was ours.

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

But now an Inspiration, as we know,  
Out of God's inmost being to our own,  
Has come, a flash of lightning, that reveals  
Vast depths concealed before, until we gaze  
Into the deep abysses of His love,  
Trembling to think that we must plunge therein.

We have been silent. Little need of speech,  
When Thy soul sees the thought of mine, before  
It mounts up from the inmost depths. But now  
It is Thy will, and therefore mine and Thine,  
That I should tell in words the mighty thought,  
God-given, grand and terrible, that shakes  
The grey rock on which our being stands.

Day after day, we watch the mighty earth,  
The star which Heaven itself bound up with ours;  
We see the struggles of its countless lives.  
We feel the pangs they suffer, and we see  
How close God is to all those weary hearts,  
His healing touching their disease, His love  
Wreathing itself around their loneliness;  
And yet they see not, feel not, for the lack  
Just of a voice to tell them, of a life  
Bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, a life  
That sees as we see, and yet treads their soil,  
And bears their burdens with them. Then the  
thought  
Fell on us both like lightning, making clear

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

All that was dark, and pointing to a path  
Concealed from thought itself before; a path  
Of pain and sacrifice unspeakable,  
Which yet we mean to tread. God has not been  
Our very life to us so long in vain.  
Now, when His voice hath called us in the dark,  
Forward we go and trust in Him again.  
Yea! though He slay us! For that voice hath said,  
“My children! ye have pitied my poor earth,  
E’en with my pity, and that pity calls  
That ye yourselves, leaving this glorious light,  
This peace, this Heaven, that I in you have built,  
This glorious commonwealth of heavenly lives,  
Where heart meets heart, soul answers unto soul;  
Descend into that murk, that blindness there,  
And keeping only your unconscious selves,  
Take flesh, be born, and slowly grow to power  
To tell your message high,— in earthy tones,  
Mingled with earthly ignorance, but yet  
Told,— that My Life may entrance gain at last  
To poor worn hearts that pine away for Me.  
For this, ye will agree to part, to plunge  
Into the black gulf of forgetfulness,  
Trusting alone to my unpromised love,  
That after struggling ages passed alone,  
The glory of your mutual love forgot,  
Only dim memories of how fair love is  
Abiding with you, I may bid you both  
In some far Heaven to know yourselves again.”

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

The voice ceased. Prostrate in prayer we lay,  
Striving to learn the unfathomable will.  
The God who knew the torture of our hearts,  
The vastness of the sacrifice He asked,  
Who loved us with an everlasting love,  
The God of all our life, of all our joy,  
Had called *to us* for help; to give *ourselves*,  
To help Him save His loved unhappy world!  
We prayed unceasingly for strength, until  
Pity and love had won the fight at last.  
God's will and ours had melted into one;  
And so, beloved, we go; obey the voice  
Obeyed in ages past, 'mid grief and tears,  
Obeyed 'mid life and light and joy, obeyed  
Lovingly ever, as we now obey.  
Farewell, my heart! Soul of my soul, farewell,  
Once more, my very being drinks in Thee!  
Once more, thine eyes look upward into mine  
Sweet invitation, and once more, once more  
The glory of love is wrapped in mine.  
It is the end, Thy will, O God, be done.

So, in my dream, I saw them, hand in hand,  
Descend to our poor earth. The bliss behind  
Called after them in vain. With steady step,  
At last they reached the boundaries of that air,  
Through which no star can shine with light un-  
dimmed,  
Ray undistorted. With one long embrace,

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

That told of endless memories of past love,  
Of separation's agony, of faith  
That God, in some vast far-off Time of His,  
Would make them one again. They sank to earth;  
Hovering awhile above a city's murk,  
Close to its ghastliest misery. Then a cry  
Burst from her lips at last,— a long, low cry,  
As if her spirit went forth with the cry:  
“ This, this is death. Already I forget! ”

SONNET I

FEAR AND TRUST

TO WILLIAM JAMES

When last beneath the midnight stars I trod,  
An awe fell on me from those depths afar,  
Great seas of silence round each separate star,  
Fathomless distances, filled full of God!  
Heaven beyond Heaven without bound or bar.  
And thus my lips: "Thy Love I dare not claim,  
Infinite Heart, whose pulses, like a sea,  
Strike shore of sun and star, yet onward flame,  
Unspent, unbroken, everlastingly!"  
So spake I, by Infinitude oppressed.  
Yet ever, wrapt in peace for thought too deep,  
Like some small sea-bird on the waves asleep,  
My steadfast heart all unawares did rest,  
O Father! on the ocean of Thy Breast.

Published in the *Outlook*.

SONNET II

THE MYSTIC'S PRAYER

TO WILLIAM JAMES

Upon God's throne there is a seat for me!

My coming forth from Him has left a space,  
Which none but I can fill! One sacred place  
Is vacant till I come! Father! from Thee

When I descended, here to run my race,  
A void was left in Thy paternal heart,  
Not to be filled while we are kept apart!

Yea! though a million worlds demand Thy care,  
Though Heaven's vast hosts Thy changeless bless-  
ings own,

Thy quick love runs to meet my feeble prayer,  
As if amid Thy worlds I lived alone,

In endless space but Thou and I were there!  
And Thou embraced me with a love as wild  
As the young mother bears toward her first-born  
child!

### SONNET III

But of Thine own we give Thee. All is Thine,  
Father of all; but like a grateful boy  
Who gives his father back some cherished toy  
For very thankfulness, our hearts incline  
To give Thee back Thy gifts, then most divine  
And childlike; yet not less 'tis well to feel  
That each good deed Thy goodness only shows,  
All woman's mercies but Thy love reveal,  
All manhood's wisdom from Thy wisdom flows.  
It is no merit in the blushing rose,  
Sparkling with beads of dew, and bowing low,  
That she such gladness in our souls doth wake;  
We only thank Thee that Thou mad'st her so,  
And love her beauty for our Father's sake.

#### SONNET IV

Sweet is thanksgiving; man in happier hour  
Conscious of manhood to his Maker turns,  
And thanks Him for his strength; the child's  
heart burns

To bless the Author of the tree and flower,  
Toward whom some instinct strange within him  
yearns.

Wide is thanksgiving, from the joyous bird  
Thanking her Maker for the new-born day,

Unto the widow pale, whose voice is heard,  
Blessing that gave, and took away,  
But the sublimest prayer these ears have caught,  
Comes from this harlot here without a name.  
Thanking her God for grief, and scorn and shame,  
And all the sorrows which her guilt hath brought,  
Such glory in her soul hath God's forgiveness  
wrought.

SONNET V

TO MY SISTER ON HER WEDDING DAY

This rose, that blossomed on the water's edge  
Knew not her beauty, but at morn's first gleam  
When earth was waking from a summer dream,  
And scarce a ripple stirred the wavy sedge,  
Laden with dew, she bent her to the stream.  
She saw, and blushed to find herself so fair.  
But no proud thought her beauty did alloy;  
It was her Father's gift, His love was there;  
She thanked Him for it, as she bowed in prayer.  
So, sister, on this day of pride and joy,  
Thy glass has called thee fair, but like this flower,  
Lowly in heart, meekly and gratefully,  
With head low-bending, bear thy beauty's dower,  
It is thy Father's marriage gift to thee.

## SUNSET ON SKANEATELES LAKE

The level sun, with parting ray  
Shines on the hills, the lake, the shore;  
Under his beams the dying day  
More glorious seems than all that went before.

The glory floods e'en yonder mast  
And sail that idly flaps and fills;  
And e'en yon steamboat's tuneless blast  
Dies sweetly in the echoes of the hills.

Its smoke, redeemed from sordid dust,  
Rises, like some white saint, to heaven;  
To shard and shingle, scum and rust,  
A moment of pure, glorious life is given.

So shall it be, when Heaven's own ray  
Shines on us, when life's work is done;  
The care, the soil, the dust of day  
Shall glorious shine beneath that vaster sun.

SUMMER EVENING AND NIGHT  
ON THE LAKE

Now toil quits his hammer,  
The day that is over  
Leaves the mountains to silence,  
The woods to the plover,  
The sky to the sunset,  
The lake to her lover.

Now falls on her waters  
The stillness of even,  
And mirrored in splendor  
The glory of Heaven.

No pomp of the sunset  
Is lost in the wave,  
It gives back to Heaven  
The glow Heaven gave.

No tiniest cloudlets  
Of purple and gold,  
But revealed in that mirror  
Their beauties unfold.

## SUMMER EVENING AND NIGHT

---

Now a hush that is sacred  
Falls down with the night,  
Unveiling new glories  
That day hid with light.

Oh! wonder of wonders!  
The Heavens afar  
In the dark lake repeated  
Shine there, star for star!

Arturus and Vega,  
The Bear and the Crown,  
The Eagle and Dragon  
To the water come down.

A star in the Heavens,  
A vast orb of flame,  
A point in the water,  
The light is the same!

O Father! Thy glory  
Shines down on Thy child,  
May my soul be a mirror,  
Like this, undefiled.

And may man rise in pureness,  
Birth gaining on birth,  
Till no gleam of Thy glory  
Is lost on the earth!

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

Then no star in Thy Heaven  
Shall shine all unknown;  
And the heart of Thy children  
Shall come to its own!

## THE LADY'S SLIPPER

Right in the wood's heart, just when May meets  
June,

In a green dell the brambles strove to hide,  
Shining like stars amid the blaze of moon,  
A band of lady's slippers I spied.

With heads low bent they trembling sought my  
grace —

Prayed me to keep the secret of their home,  
That no mean foot might near their trysting place,  
And only bard and lover hither come.

## LOVE SONG

### I

We stood together on the beach;  
Her bosom gave itself to mine  
In sweet surrender, each in turn  
Smiled as we felt our arms entwine.  
What was there more that love could teach?

Soft moonlight all the headlands crowned,  
Soft mist the far-off mountains wreathed;  
The quiet sea gave forth no sound  
Save when some tiny wavelet breathed  
Love-murmurs to the air around.

And then I spoke: "Love hath its way;  
Its tender search at last is done.  
Through all the years, through night and day,  
Henceforth thy life and mine are one."  
What was there more that love could say?

Her lips sought mine, that pledge to seal;  
Then at that touch our souls awoke,  
Felt Heaven's own bliss around us steal,  
Whose joy-waves round our spirits broke.  
What was there more that love could feel?

## LOVE SONG

### II

Thou hast my heart, and I have thine.  
I feel it beating in my breast —  
Dost thou feel mine?

I hear it sing a song divine,  
Like some sweet love-bird in its nest —  
Dost thou hear mine?

Safe hidden in this heart of mine,  
I'll guard it well in sorest test —  
Wilt thou guard mine?

## FINITE AND INFINITE

One bliss by God Himself can ne'er be proved;  
The bliss of sweet dependence on His care —  
One bliss our finite souls can never share;  
The bliss of giving all to the beloved.  
We with our Father share all other powers;  
We are His endless joy, as He is ours.

## HYMN

Guest of my soul, abide with me;  
I stray not, while I walk with Thee.  
Thy hand in mine, I journey on  
Till the dark road of life is done.

I fear to tell Thee all I feel,  
What daring thoughts my dreams reveal;  
But I must tell Thee, "Thou art mine"  
And Thou must answer, "I am Thine."

Who first begins our commune sweet,  
Dost Thou descend, my soul to greet,  
Or do I rise Thy thought to share  
Mounting to Heaven to meet Thee there?

The sky to kiss the earth must bend.  
The dew must on the flowers descend.  
So Thou on me — yet with what skill  
Thou hid'st the moving of Thy will!

O fair illusion! Thou dost give  
To souls, that on Thy bounty live,  
Such native thirst to reach Thy throne,  
The upward yearning seems their own.

## GLORIA

Glory to God the most high, the supreme and eternal.

Glory forever and ever, Amen.

Glory to God the ruler of spirits and master of angels.

Glory forever and ever, Amen.

Glory to God who in love never wearies of loving.

Glory forever and ever, Amen.

Glory to God for the joys of the past, the present and the future.

Glory forever and ever, Amen.

Glory to God for the power of will, and the working of wisdom.

Glory forever and ever, Amen.

Glory to God for the briefness of life, the gladness of death and the promised immortal hereafter.

Glory forever and ever, Amen.

## A DREAM

IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY

The Master was weary of waiting,  
For the old, old cry of wrong,  
Kept piercing its way thro' the Heavens,  
“How long, O Lord! how long.”

So he left the Father's glory,  
To take up his cross again;  
If haply any might know him,  
Who named his name among men.

So he went thro' earth's streets and markets,  
In the garb of his poorest poor,  
And scorned, and humbled and hunted,  
Sought refuge from door to door.

But the great and the wise passed by him,  
With scorn and high disdain;  
And the wild mob hooted and threatened  
And the law came on with its chain.

Then the Saviour's heart seemed broken —  
“It was in vain I died;

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

---

In vain the cross of anguish,  
And the spear thrust in my side.

“ In vain did I bear the scourging,  
And hang on the accursed tree,  
For Christian hands in Christian lands,  
In my little ones crucify me! ”

But the mad crowd paused, for before him  
There stood one like sweet Saint John,  
With that loving smile, that all children  
Most loved to look upon.

But with firm set mouth, for oppression  
Was cruel and proud and strong,  
And with patient eyes, for God's patience  
Alone wins the fight with wrong.

“ Brothers,” he cried, “ ye know not  
The one whom your madness scorns.  
See ye the cross on his shoulder,  
On his forehead the Crown of Thorns?

“ Did not his own lips tell us,  
' In my little ones see me ' ?  
By the mortal pain on that dusky face,  
Saviour, my heart knows Thee.”

Then like a king, he came and pressed  
That dark hand in his own ;

## A DREAM

---

'Twas mute amaze, no mouth dared curse,  
No hand dared lift a stone.

As the white man led thro' the maddened  
crowd,  
The black man to his door,  
Heaven's silence fell, where the hate of Hell  
Had raged an hour before.

Just then, I woke from my dreaming,  
The night had turned to day;  
But I knew I had heard God's own well done,  
That greeted our Father May.

## TO ERNST HELD

ON HIS 77TH BIRTHDAY, JUNE 28, 1900

Nigh fourscore years ago a boy was born,  
Music and art and thought his sponsors were,  
And each cast lots for him, but music won.  
“ Mine,” cried she, as she kissed his forehead high,  
“ And he shall love all things that music’s are ;  
The chorus of the winds, the zephyrs light,  
And the deep basses of the thunderstorm,  
The echoes of deep woods and granite hills,  
The hush of twilight and the airs of morn,  
The rustle of the leaves, the rippling waves  
And all the solemn voices of the sea ;  
But more than all, the wondrous voice of man,  
The merry dance of children’s feet, the songs  
That sweet love teaches to the lips of man,  
The wail of sorrow and the burst of joy,  
And all the tones and harmonies, that sing  
The march of man across this wondrous world.”  
Then art said: “ I will give him joy in form,  
And he shall love the grace of maidenhood,  
The rounded lines of youth, the thoughtful brow,  
The horse’s patient face, the shade of trees,

## TO ERNST HELD

---

The grandeur of the mountains and the sea.”  
And thought said: “I will give him thoughts  
that love

To ponder on the secrets of the world,  
The mystery that wraps the all of things,  
The wonder of the One in All and All in One.  
Earnest his name and nature both shall be;  
Together we will build a rounded life  
And naught shall be withheld,  
For all is HELD.”

## SHELTERED

TO ONE WHO ASKED MY PRAYERS IN ILLNESS

Beneath the shelter that your prayers have reared,  
    Quiet and blest,  
The storm that struck me down no longer feared,  
    Secure I rest.  
How strange a shelter, like a tent of glass  
    Around my bed.  
Through it I see the broken storm-clouds pass  
    Above my head.  
Strong-roofed it is, and yet the starlight fair  
    Loses no ray.  
Storm-proof it is and yet the gentlest air  
    Through it can stray.  
Curious, I rise to touch it with my hands;  
    But they pass through;  
No finest, airiest film between me stands  
    And God's own blue.  
Whom shall I bless? I bless the Lord of All,  
    Whose all things are.  
His robe it is whose folds around me fall,  
    All ill in bar.

## SHELTERED

---

Yet must I bless, in Him, each faithful friend  
Whose fingers wove  
Out of that robe this tent, no storms can rend,  
So strong their love.

## THREE FATES

### I

I saw a shallow, babbling brook;  
Two came down on its play to look;  
Together they quaffed of its waters bright,  
That laughed and sparkled with liquid light,  
They smiled; they kissed; like sister and brother,  
But one went one way, and one the other.

### II

I saw a river that poured its tide  
From the silent hills to the city's pride.  
Two came down of their love to dream;  
Two barks were moored by the mighty stream.  
They kissed, they wept, but on board they sprung,  
One upward strove, and one downward swung.

### III

I saw the sea 'neath an angry sky;  
Two sank down in its depth to die;  
But lip to lip, and breast to breast,  
They sank in each other's arms to rest;  
And I heard a cry, 'mid the wild waves' moan,  
“ 'Tis life that severs, 'tis death makes one! ”

## THE PLEASURE-SEEKERS' PARADISE

August 15, 1870.

There is a music, poisonous-sweet, which tells  
That in far realms of ether is a place  
Not Heaven nor Hell; a place whose ruling law  
Is weak and feverish longing for a bliss  
Which love and sacrifice alone can win.  
There, stately pageants, moving soft and slow  
Through echoing halls and long arched corridors;  
There, giddy dances set to music wild;  
And banquets, under huge aerial domes  
Lit with a thousand splendors, strive to drown  
The sure remorse that stings the recreant soul.

Oft, in my dreams, such pageant passes by,  
Moving to low, sweet breathings of the flute,  
And the weird, spirit-sob of violin;  
But always,— by the vision's very law —  
When eyes look wildest longing, and the strains,  
Rising to madness, pierce the dizzy brain  
With most delirious sweetness, and the dance  
Spins fast and faster, and the whirling throng  
Seem melting in soft frenzy of desire: —  
Just then,— some mighty organ peals its hymn  
Of penitence and prayer; — smit by that spell,



## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

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The weak voluptuous treble wails away;  
The pageant vanishes; the splendor dies  
From dome and palace; and the revellers,  
With one despairing glance, fade into air;  
While, all alone, one kneeling form remains  
Wrapt in the anguish of repentance wrung  
With that unutterable pain, which marks  
The struggling ascent from flesh to spirit.

## WHERE BABY-JOY COMES FROM

As I sat by my study table,  
    With my sermon strewing the floor,  
My little eighteen-months' darling  
    Came full sail through my study door.

He first bore away to the window  
    And then with the carpet he played,  
And washed his hands in the sunshine  
    And laughed at the shadows they made.

It mattered not what he was doing,  
    Each thing was a new surprise,  
And the light of his childish gladness  
    Kept shining on out of his eyes.

As I wondered where all the joy came from,  
    The thought was borne in upon me  
That when God and a babe are together  
    A little fountain of glee

Must needs bubble up in the child's heart,  
    For the flow of its life is given  
By the force of the upper joy-tides  
    Of the cheerful heart in Heaven.

## THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON

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I had quite forgotten my sermon,  
And my baby upon the floor  
Was tearing the paper to pieces  
That was strewn from window to door;

But I know that the thought he gave me  
Was more than his hands could destroy;  
For the love of the Father in Heaven  
Had come to me through my boy.

## THE HOLY GRAIL

Christ's cup comes back to earth, when two or three  
Clasping the world's great sorrow to their hearts  
Agree to bear it. When desire to help  
Rises to passion: when the weary band  
Of earth's distracted wanderers are seen  
To be one race of equals before God:  
Then down the heavenly stairs the Grail descends,  
Borne by the blessed hands the nails once pierced.  
"Brothers," he saith, "let us redeem the world;  
Lighten its bitter load, its heavy cross,  
By bearing it ourselves. Let us resolve  
No human grief there is that grieves us not,  
No sorrow in all time we do not share.  
Henceforth, no soul in Earth or Hell shall say,  
That no man care for it, for we will care.  
Pledge we ourselves before the High Heaven to-  
night,  
Never the wine of joy our lips shall taste  
Till all earth's sons and daughters drink with us.  
He errs who dares not fire the heart of youth  
With hopes as high as Heaven, man can ask  
Nothing too great for God to grant, aspire  
To no divinest height of truth and life  
That God hath not prepared for them that love.

## THE EXPECTANT MOTHER'S PRAYER

Father! I pray to Thee!  
My time is on me, a weak woman I,  
A mother's love give me,  
Strength for my day, and in Thine arms to lie.

Me Thou dost deign to use  
To bring new life to this fair world of Thine.  
Oh, may I ne'er refuse,  
And miss the blessedness that else were mine!

Strange life is in my breast.  
More than myself is here that needs Thy care.  
Oh, may I stand the test,  
And guard for Thee the precious load I bear.

This, then, my prayer to Thee.  
From all wild fancies, and from fears as wild,  
May I be wholly free,  
And help Thee to create Thy coming child!

My soul, my body waits  
For Thee Thy wondrous working to begin,  
May both throw wide their gates,  
That Thou, the King of Glory, may'st come in!











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