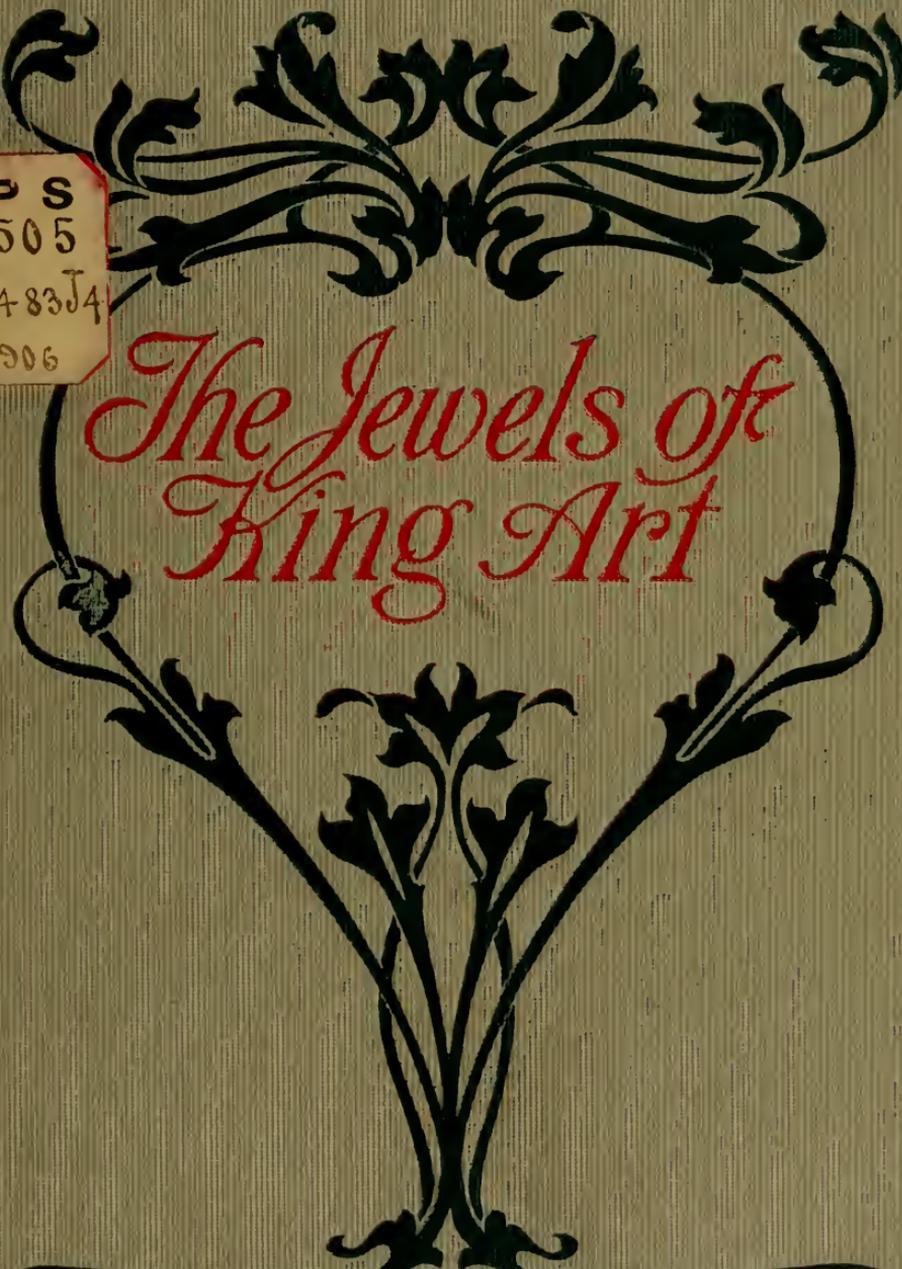


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1906

A large, intricate black decorative border with symmetrical floral and scrollwork patterns. It features a central vertical stem with leaves and flowers, branching out into a wide, scalloped top and a similar base. The border frames the title and author's name.

*The Jewels of  
King Art*

*James Connolly*



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THE  
JEWELS OF KING ART

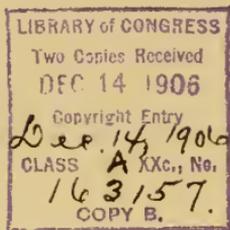
BY  
JAMES CONNOLLY



BOSTON  
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*The Gorham Press*  
1906

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*The Gorham Press, Boston*

*To Pajaro*

*My pet Mocking Bird*

*Laureate of the Great South West*



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*THE JEWELS OF KING ART*



## THE JEWELS OF KING ART

The warm south winds of May for days had blown,  
And sun and shower by fruitful turns had strown  
The fresh green hills and fields with op'ning buds,  
And all the quiet, heartsome neighborhoods,  
Untroubled by the discords of the crowd,  
Thrilled with new life; the trees in reverence  
bowed

Their heads, and flung their leafy banners out  
Amid the song of lark and thrush, and shout  
Of farmer boys disporting on the grass,  
Or watching the home coming milkmaids pass  
And linger at the turn of the boreen,  
A little way beyond, where could be seen  
The better every simple charm and grace  
Of rounded bust and limb and glow of face,  
And tapered ankle, foot and shining tress,  
And all the lure of native loveliness,  
Resistless as the flowers are to the sun,  
That round his convex orbit daily run.

This ominous wind of passion and desire  
Had from the skies blown, like a wind of fire,  
All winter glooms and dismal cloudiness—  
The Prince its prurience had felt no less  
Than did the peasant. And Hanrahan  
The red and Aebhen held both court and clan  
In strange enchantment of their mystic spells,  
At twilight when the dews and vesper bells  
Filled all the lovely land of meath around  
With that divine delight of sight and sound—  
And taste and smell and feeling, all too fine  
For any but the fairie poet's line.

MacBuain, sweet spoken Prince of Emania,  
With all his men at arms in rich array,  
And charioteers, fared forth Aillinn to meet—  
Aillinn the loveliest maid and passing sweet—  
Of all the maids of Leinster, she who knew,  
Or thought his stories, as his love were true—  
To meet him at Rosnaree was journeying  
With retinue like the daughter of a king—  
Leaving her Boyne behind her fast and far—  
And urging forward toward her Pilot star,  
The steadfast light and life of her heart's life—  
Her one supreme desire to be his wife.

Deep in the beauty of a flowery glen  
MacBuain now called a halt and bid his men  
Unyoke their chariots royal for the night—  
And when resigned to the serene delight  
Of such entranced moments, all too few,  
There from the south a horrid spectre flew  
Toward them with vehement step, and fleet  
As wings of fire flame up a city street.  
“Go meet and ask him whence he comes, and  
where  
He goes, my men; and of surprise beware!”  
Ordered MacBuain, “and why such headlong  
haste,  
As a white Deer by hounds, swift-footed chased.”

“ From Leinster Mount I came, and back I go  
To see the river Bann's majestic flow  
Through prospects fairer than your Ulster boasts,  
MacBuain!” the sceptre cried, “nor all your  
hosts—  
Your chiefs and men and troops can save Aillinn—  
I saw her by the youths of Leinster slain—

There is my news!" Then fled the shape away  
Like gust of wind blowing down a stormy sea.

Seeing their stricken Prince pale, totter, fall,  
His troubled chiefs around him gathered all,  
To get him quick restored and comforted;  
But found alas that his great soul had fled  
Its house of clay to meet Aillinn's above  
And bide in the eternal realm of love.

They raised his tomb and rath with loving hands  
Whereon a stone inscribed in Ogam stands—  
The Ultonians played their funeral games anew,  
And from his grave a yew tree tall upgrew.  
The spectre then to Aillinn's presence went;  
Her heart at sight of him with fear was rent—  
"Whence comes he? We know not this strange  
rude man,"  
She trembling said.

"From the bright river Bann  
I come apace, and to Mount Leinster go"—  
"You have strange news," the maiden said, "I  
know."

"No news have I at all worth mentioning,  
Save that I saw his men the grave digging  
Of Ulster's Royal Heir—and bury him  
Who died for love of thee at twilight dim."  
The spectre sped away, the maiden fell  
Dead on the spot, as olden Ollavs tell.  
Her maids and ladies waiting, all in tears,  
Saw her entombed in royal state, as peers  
Of greater realms at last are laid to rest,  
With fresh blown roses dewy on her breast.

Then marveled all the neighborhood to see  
Grow from her grave a towering apple tree,  
Till on its top at seven years' end appeared  
Her lovely head, by fairy hands upreared—  
And men tilled, at the noon of darkest night,  
Their new rose gardens by the yellow light  
And beauty of her long disheveled hair—  
And on the yew, grown over MacBuain's grave,  
there

Stood his head, till bards and prophets saw  
The primal truth of love behind the law,  
And cutting down both trees they straightway  
made

Of each a poet's tablet, broad, with gold inlaid.  
On this the courtships, loves, espousals, feuds,  
Of Ulster one wrote down, and nobler deeds  
Of chiefs in arms. On that of Leinster wrote  
Another likewise, down from time remote.

Long centuries after, at a festival  
Given by Art, High King, in Tara's Hall,  
To all the learned men of art and science,  
Who brought their Ogam tablets to the prince  
As was the custom, to be read and sifted  
By those with critic acumen most gifted.  
The King's all-seeing eye with rapture caught  
Sight of the tablets, so divinely wrought,  
And took them in his hands for closer view,  
When, quick as thought, together then they flew—  
And clung as close as woodbine round an oak—  
"Nay do not sever them," the king up spoke,  
" But thus preserve them with our jewels rare  
In Tara here, that time to come may share,  
And future kings, such symbols of the days  
Of old, when men loved in sublimer ways

And lived the precious things of life to shield  
From 'vandal hordes, as sages have revealed.'"

For centuries the tablets were preserved  
An all good purpose of King Art well served  
Till ages after, came a fire wind blown,  
Kindled by Dunlang and burnt Tara down;  
And all its treasures rare went up in flame,  
And the great heart of Erin felt the shame  
And feels the loss and sorrow now, and must  
Till time's no more and all things fallen to dust.  
Yet on its ashes, in the coming reign  
Of liberty, shall rise a nobler fane  
To truth and justice than the world's yet known—  
Where love shall find a kingdom all her own.

#### NEARING PORT

The towering peak behind the harbor mouth  
Looms up resplendent in the bright sunset;  
The voyage near its end, but we would yet  
Sail on exultant in the dare of youth—  
Love, song and valor, beauty, freedom, truth,  
Long charmed our way and left us no regret—  
No adverse gale or false light we have met  
Could stay our course or lure us North or South.

To port and starboard braver ships are strewn,  
Blind, trusting to their reckoning in the dark,  
They plunge through surges dire of gulf and main,  
No pilot nigh, no light of star or moon.  
Ah, why must ne'er so many a gallant bark  
Her final port of endless joy attain!

## REGRESSIONAL

A vast Kipling!  
Ye mighty tighty little islander,  
How darst ye thus yer warring kin folk slur—  
In couplets fling  
Their follies in their faces? Ye should know  
'Tis gall to Broderick, Saulsbury and Joe  
And Kitchener  
And all ye bid take up the white man's burden  
Of guilty gold and Empire, the poor gurdeon  
Of crime and war.  
Ye are the chosen laureate of your race  
And might have sung its faults with better grace.

Though I judge not  
Lest I be judged, but from our Howels take.  
My dictum terse, for he at least's no fake,  
Here on the spot,  
Ere the dry rot or Botha sweep it from the earth  
And heaven gives the boastful race new birth  
Of feeling, seeing  
The right of other people's to their own  
God given countries, to be theirs alone—  
The right of being  
Free in all justice to each neighboring state  
More bent to love and be beloved than great.

But thou wouldst force  
Thy little island by laws down the throats†  
Of greater nations, and with lawless votes  
Estop the course  
Of native justice, or with maxim guns  
And all yer men at arms and tons and tons  
Of vile falsehood,

†“He sticks to his traditions and so help him God he will force his little island by laws down the throats of greater nations.”—*Emerson's English Traits*.

Like craven minions lie the lives away  
Of those ye darst not meet in open fray,  
As brave men should  
Ye pay to gold a homage absolute,\*  
The while in me such homage vile ye shoot.

And still ye land  
Yer "England wherein all is false and forged†"—  
With spoil and plunder all her vaults are gorged.  
She prays to God  
On bended knees for power his laws to break,  
And offers up on gallows, at the stake,  
Her sacrifice  
Of freeman's lives, her holocaust  
Of all that maids and matrons comfort most  
And strong men prize.  
For these and nameless crimes her doom is sealed.  
She must to God condign atonement yield!

\*"There is no country in which such absolute homage is paid to wealth."—Emerson.

†"In true England all is false and forged."

"I am afraid that English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with every other."

"Hardly the bravest among them have the manliness to resist this."—R. W. Emerson.

## THE SEA SIDE CHOIR

Two mocking birds at mass and vespers sung  
Upon the cross above the chapel door,  
All spring and summer, and still joyous pour  
Such wondrous notes the choral chants among,  
They seem to issue from some angel tongue.  
The ocean dirges, wafted evermore  
On wings of sensuous trade winds, from the  
shore  
Of South Sea Isles, where floral censers swung  
In tropic suns, diffuse an incense sweet  
As burnt Alabanum at the Savior's feet,  
The beauty of their riant measures lend.  
The voices of the mountains and the trees—  
Within, without, these heavenly harmonies  
In adoration up to God ascend.

## OUTWARD BOUND

The long bright summer days have come again  
Restless around us roll the shoreless seas—  
Close on the freshening trade wind how she flees!  
Our little bark with masts and shrouds astrain.  
What rapture love to be thus free! The brain  
Is dizzy with delight. What brilliancies  
Of tropic suns and stars and all that frees  
The mind from languor and the heart from pain.

Nor reck how far ahead our destined port  
While at the helm our mighty pilot stands—  
In him we trust nor dread or reef or gale;  
E'en while of tempests wild the bubble sport  
What joy is ours obeying his commands,  
Whither close reefing or snug furling sail!

## TO THE HUMMING BIRD

Radiant gem of beauty rare  
Flashing through the morning air!  
When spring aglow, with song and shout,  
Flings all her leafy banners out,  
And buds in later suns expand  
A blaze of beauty o'er the land,  
From flower to flower on restless wing  
Spinning to taste each honey spring,  
Deep in the heart of every flower.  
Embosomed in each fragrant bower.

From every rose some rare tint caught  
Was in thy lustrous vesture wrought  
With emerald and carmine hues,  
And iridescent evening dews,  
And glistening rainbow fragments: spun  
From rays of morning star and sun,  
And tropic rain—and mist, and light  
Of the warm languorous southern night,  
And crimson, violet, olive gold  
In infinite loveliness untold.

How far the unfathomed sea below  
Sparkled the rubies' wondrous glow  
Thy slendor throat encompassing?  
Ah never grandest crown of king  
So bright a jewel yet displayed—  
What time the blithe sea fairies played  
Thy little song's accompaniment,  
On their strung harps of gold, that lent  
Strange music to the monotone  
Of the old sea's eternal moan.

## TO THE AUTHOR OF "OLD GLORY"

Old Glory of immortal song that bore  
The palm of poesy to our western shore—  
Pity and sorrow for thy land ingrate—  
As Dante's was, so now thy sad estate.  
E'en Homer's self, neglected, blind, must needs  
To pour his epics from a heart that bleeds,  
And all we know of Paris, Helen, Troy,  
Is what his genius left us to enjoy.

And what of all that nations, men have done  
In arts or arms or science 'neath the sun—  
Or what has wealth with all her golden store  
Or kings and heroes ever compassed more  
To tell to future ages whose the thought—  
The bold design that cunning hands hath wrought  
Into ideal forms of bronze and stone  
But what the bards divine have sung alone.

The banners under which the brave and free  
In every age have marched to victory,  
Pennons that high at reeling mastheads flew,  
When battling navies reddened all the blue,  
And the last words from dying sailor's lip,  
Nor plaint nor moan, but, "Don't give up the  
ship!"

Were "pictures in the air," of freedom's soul.  
What urged our Greely, Nansen to the pole—  
Dewey and Shafter under torrid suns,  
Where dire disease, more fatal than the guns  
Of Spain, cut down their seared ranks so grand?  
The "enchanted web" ennobling their command—  
The flag that stood for all that men revere—  
God, Country, home, wife, children, all that's dear

To manly hearts, that sweetens life, refines  
The spirit sense, as length of years old wines.

And if those arms that bore on glory's field  
That flag aloft, unknowing how to yield,  
Fall powerless now, by want unnerved, and they  
Who craven shrank on freedom's reddest day  
By craft and fraud and gold's despotic reign  
The very name of liberty profane,  
From time's prolific womb a race shall rise  
To light with brighter stars our darkling skies.  
Then freedom, truth and justice, high above  
The god of gain enthroned, and peace and love  
Their blessings shall diffuse with lavish hand  
And happy homes again adorn our land,  
Temples to heaven ascend, whose gifts so rare,  
The poor shall portion with the millionaire.

#### THE LIPTON CUP

Flower of the shamrock,  
Trophy of the brave,  
Now is ours Corinthians—  
Sir Thomas Lipton gave  
The precious symbol to us—  
A challenge bold that we  
Defend must 'gainst all comers  
On ocean, bay and sea.

Fresh blows the wind round Loma,  
Far inland, up the bay—  
The silver gate's wide open  
To all who come this way—

A royal welcome's waiting—  
True sailor's hail and cheer  
Will greet all in the future  
With joy of yester year.

Fill high the cup; our pennants  
Fling higher to the breeze.  
Drink deep to love and friendship  
But drain not to the lees.  
A brimmer to Sir Thomas  
When soon he comes out west  
To win our hearts all from us—  
The fullest and the best.

### SENATOR HOAR

To think and feel two ages long and more,  
And act above one's time, high as the stars  
The earth above are, leaves a man some scars  
That tell how nobly he the brunt had bore  
Of battle for the right his years three score—  
For equal justice to all men where dar's  
His country's flag to float with honor o'er,  
Nor native good nor high ideal mars.

For these and more than any speech or song  
May utter, Hoar, thou in the senate stood  
And taught mankind the truths sublime that  
must  
In God's own time uproot all crime and wrong—  
The law of love and human brotherhood—  
The glory of a nation to be just.

## A SEA CHASE

When you see the land so lavish of its beauty and  
increase  
Of nature's bounty, that to men yield comfort,  
joy and peace,  
And the proud sea's costly freighted ships, from  
every mart and mine  
Come crowding in, O murmur not that none of  
these are thine.

Some are thine by right eternal of God's holy will  
and law,  
As his High Priests and Prophets taught, the more  
they daily saw  
The shrewd and evil-minded ones of olden times  
possess  
Themselves, the things that heaven designed for  
all men's happiness.

But they wrought them single handed, giving men  
a fighting chance—  
In the days ere combinations owned the wide  
world in advance,  
And trusts and corporations, every self respecting  
man  
Crushed, and put to shame the very name of free  
American!

Come away to where the savage of the South Sea  
Islands may  
A precious little longer let his instincts have their  
play;  
We can loiter in the cocoa grove and from the  
dukite run,  
Or in shades of clustered palms hide us from the  
tropic sun.

There the fruits of earth abundant grow, in mellow  
clusters fall  
Into the lazy lap of each, the common right of all.  
Haste we, haste we ere the greedy trusts have  
filed on even these,  
And brought the tattooed islanders submissive to  
their knees.

Then at last the floating islands, rent by typhoons  
from their base,—  
Together round the harried sea in our canoe we'll  
chase;  
And if they perchance shall vanish in the dark-  
ness from our ken,  
Then in mid ocean fearless, free, we must go down  
like men.

#### HER ANSWER

My love to adorn with rare garlands  
Of pearls and of rubies so fine,  
I sailed and I sailed to all far lands  
And ransacked sea, mart, reef and mine.

And then when with gems I had decked her  
That outshone the sun and the stars—  
O fool that I was to expect her  
To honor my years and my scars!

But now more ambitious than ever,  
She said with evasion polite,  
“Somewhere 'neath the Stygian River  
Dear Jack they have found a Kunzite.”

## BEAUTY CHASING

A man and a boy together  
    Stood talking beside the sea,  
When up flew a fugitive feather  
    Of foam. With raptuous glee  
And laughter the boy ran after  
    The vanishing white that flew  
Inland where, taller than pine or fir  
    The majestic palm trees grew.

Till the white sea foam in mist dissolved  
    And the boy back musing went.  
“Hast seen life’s mystery aptly solved,  
    My son. Nor is that beauty spent;  
In yonder river’s arid flood  
    ’Twill back to the ocean flow  
Then with fresh beauty inland scud,  
    For God has decreed it so.”

## PLAYING THE GAME

He had cornered rice and risen the price  
Just double, and then it fell  
In a day so low he must needs “let go,”  
And then he went to—well,  
From that evil hour Imperial power  
His phrensied mind possess’t  
And proud at the helm of his airy realm  
He stands the butt and jest

Of the men who play, and but yesterday  
Followed his lead or tip,  
At his banquet sat and took off their hat  
To his rare good fellowship.

Forever the same is the mystic game  
Of life—who wins shall lose—  
Who loses today, tomorrow he may  
Win, if the jilt he woos.

## JOY AND PAIN

Out of the heart rejoicing  
There comes to the world the pain  
Which its best and loveliest, voicing  
In throes of its larger gain,  
Gives it back in measure unstinted  
Joys sweeter than those it lost—  
Purer gold than yet has been minted—  
Nor minding to count the cost.

## ON CORONADO BEACH

Broke the surf upon the sand  
In long waves of light so luminous,  
While in mine I prest her hand  
And up flew the salt sea spume on us.  
On her breast and hairs gold crown  
Jewels bright of sea mist glistened—  
“ Ah, how dull the noisy town,  
Jack!” she whispered reminiscent.

Played the band and artists sung  
Near us in the gay pavilion;  
But to me no nereid's tongue—  
No, nor seraphim a million  
Could her voice so soft and low  
Match in melody surprising:  
“ O, Jack, dear! the undertow!  
We must move, the tide is rising!”

## LOVE

Love is the essence of all life and power,  
For " God is Love " eternal infinite.  
He said for love of us, " Let there be light,"  
And light there was, His all illuming dower  
To earth, nor ever since that supreme hour  
Was beauty wholly hid in starless night—  
Somewhere the trees were green, the rose in  
    flower  
Beneath a sunlit sky serene and bright.

O, say not then that " love's a malady "—  
Or if self slain in some unlovely way,  
'Twill wake and fill thy empty heart again  
With light and hope and rapture, sinlessly  
As happy little children at their play,  
Whose voices are love's sweetest song's refrain.

## MEMORIAL DAY

*"The beautiful and impressive service of casting flowers upon the sea, in memory of the dear sailors of our wars, will be observed this Memorial Day, the thirtieth of May, at Long Beach."—Los Angeles Times.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters—  
    Strew your flowers upon the sea,  
Fairest of Columbia's daughters,  
    Wreathe their memories lovingly!

Neptune greets you from his royal  
    Chariot shoreward driven fast,  
With his hero subjects loyal,  
    Of great sea fights over past.

Music shall our bravest waken  
From their long, deep voiceless sleep  
To a thrill of joy, partaken  
By their shipmates 'neath the deep.

O'Brien first—he of Machias,  
Hauling down the British flag,  
Hails you, as once hailed Elias  
From the Jordan's stormy crag.

Barry capturing the Edward  
Fires a broadside in salute.  
Who that hears his guns, or heard,  
Dare be, in your presence mite?

Jones, back answering to Pierson  
With the hero's supreme might,  
The Briton vaunting he had won,  
"I have not yet begun to fight!"

Farragut, lashed up in the mizzen  
Rigging of his flag ship, in command,  
As the morning sun uprisen  
Glorified the ravaged land.

Ghostly fleets come sailing shoreward,  
In the sea mist shortening sail;  
Eager for the first sweet foreword,  
Admirals and captains hail.

Thus their fame and honor wreathing  
Fresh through centuries to come,  
To their spirits sweet songs breathing,  
Fear not, they shall not be dumb.

Every wave that on your beaches  
Breaks in voiceful memory  
From some olden squadron reaches  
With its brave tales of the sea.

## THE CRISIS

O men who long have toiled  
In mine, shop, mart or field,  
Our blood within our veins has boiled  
How rich the hoarded yield?  
Let they who reaped the harvests tell,  
For only they may know—  
The men who all things buy and sell—  
Not we who plough and sow.

They grudge us right to live,  
These mighty lords of earth,  
They gall with penury and give  
The men of honest worth,  
Who dare not truckle to the things  
Whereby their minions grow—  
Their weak mercenary underlings—  
Vile source of all our woe.

We can crush this false pride  
Based on ill gotten gold;  
The trusts and mergers open wide,  
That all men may behold,  
The guilt there secreted too long,  
By silken craft and guile,  
In vaults than any rocks more strong,  
A foul polluting pile.

Fraud and graft, graft and fraud  
Everywhere in our land,  
Twin she wolves, unashamed, stalk abroad—  
Contaminating band—  
Court and senate to defile—  
Judges, high financiers;  
The structure tottering the while  
To fall about our ears.  
O men of hearts too great  
For any taint or touch  
Of crime! You must no longer wait—  
The crisis is now such  
That only you may hope to save  
The holy heritage  
Of liberty your fathers gave—  
Up and your contest wage.

### WINTER OUT WEST

These quiet winter days and nights of rest  
Are all so filled with joy of living here  
It seems sometimes 'tis not an earthly sphere  
But some ideal island of the blest,  
Where never comes a weary heart in quest  
Of beauty and those charms that most endear  
But find them in this sunny atmosphere  
Of these majestic landscapes of the west.

Now falls the rain in fructifying showers  
Weaving its vestures of translucent green  
To clothe the earth; the wind among the pines  
Sings to the opening buds some tranced hours.  
Then comes the clearing sky's resplendent  
sheen—  
The sun of God, pervading all, resplendent  
shines.

## ONE PALE PRIMROSE

One pale, lone primrose,  
Faded but not dead  
Droops beside my path.  
No other flower blows,  
No soft showers spread  
Greenness of aftermath.

Ah how bright in May  
All the land was shining!  
Beauty at her best  
Reigned with charming sway,  
Love knew no repinning  
At an empty nest.

But long summers drought  
Still must bring the sear  
Showers fall and lo  
Every vernal growth  
Beautifies the year—  
Then the roses blow.

Beauty never dies—  
Only fades a space  
To take on fresh glow,  
Loves dear sacrifice  
To his ladies' grace—  
God decreed it so.

## THE FINANCIER

He robbed the poor and built  
Himself a monument—  
Men have condoned his guilt,  
God is omnipotent.

## ONCE MORE IN PEACE

Once more in peace with pen and book  
I loiter in this quiet nook.  
The solace of my tree and vine  
The stimulus, the bliss divine  
Which in the noisy town forsook  
Me, now in holier peace are mine.

## A MORNING WITH DELAREY

Meek and humble of heart they knelt  
In prayer on the wet autumn veldt,  
Delarey and his valient band  
Imploring that the mighty hand  
Of God again would aid the right  
And, win or lose the coming fight,  
That mercy, mercy would be shown  
The vanquished when the field was won.

Then, in the dark the dawn before,  
They charge and raking volleys pour  
Into the reeling foeman's ranks,  
Cut through his center, turn both flanks—  
His cavalry in panic rout;  
But raise no boastful, conqueror's shout  
Their dying captives' groans above  
Nor insult brother men they love.

Now on the field a flood of light  
Comes pouring down, dispels the night,  
Revealing to the eye of day  
The sickening scenes of that short fray;  
Horses and men, or dead and dying,  
In sanguine heaps promiscuous lying,

Battalions that the field have lost,  
Disheartened captives, count the cost.

Once more the victors, on their knees  
In blood, the wrath of God appease.  
“ Dear Lord, ’twas not our will,” they pray,  
“ These erring Britons thus to slay.  
And loyal to our land and Thee.  
They seek all from us to take  
And we defend it for Thy sake.”

Delarey rising to his feet,  
The heart light of the paraclete  
Shines in his face. “ Now men,” he said,  
“ Let wounded Boer and Briton be  
Treated with equal tenderness.  
Who to a fallen foe does less  
Betrays his God and brands with shame  
The hero’s and the patriot’s name.”

Methuen, wounded, wondering, hears—  
The simple words dispel his fears  
Of long captivity’s disgrace—  
Delarey meets him face to face—  
“ My lord art wounded? I regret  
That such sorry case we’ve met.  
In better days I could have nursed  
You as befits a man at worst.”

Swifter than keenest pointed dart  
His words transfix Methuen’s heart.  
“ O God,” he groans within, “ the pain  
Of all those sinless souls I’ve slain.  
Yet worse than this, their homes I’ve burned  
And this man’s wife and children turned

Out on the ravaged veldt to starve—  
For what? A greedy king to serve.”

“ Nor this the worst for me in store—  
His feeble mother past four score  
Adrift on the four winds of heaven  
I cast. He now defeats me one to seven,  
And—with a kindness worse than whips  
Of steel on his forgiving lips—”

“ My lord, you and your men are free  
To go your ways,” broke in Delarey.

“ My aides will see you safe to where  
Awaits you soothing solace, care;  
My surgeon shall attend you day  
And night, assiduous on the way—  
God ope your blinded Empire’s eyes—  
Too great the human sacrifice  
To bloated kingdoms paid and paid—  
My lord, adieu, our truce is made.”

## EXTREMES

*“Turning to scorn with lips divine,  
The falsehood of extremes.”—Tenneyson.*

Beside the idle shaft he lies,  
His hammer in his hand,  
His arms are bare, his eyes’ death stare  
Still fixed on mountains grand  
Of coal, like giant sentinels,  
That round him darkling stand.

Spent to its socket on his brow,  
The candle has gone out;

His wife and children, gaunt and pale,  
In tears now kneel about  
The one sole stay of their lives and play,  
While the vocal forests shout

With their infinite tongues of liberty  
And in the city near  
The mighty owners of the mines  
Look grateful as they hear;  
And the fools on strike, Ricard and Mike,  
Must learn their power to fear.

And he, the lordliest of them all,  
Unpitying had decreed  
That closed right down the mines must be  
Nor cared what hand might feed  
The miners' children's hungry mouths—  
He was no man of greed.

In his private car he rides away  
To where at anchor rides  
His yacht so fine, on the windy brine—  
On board in splendor bides  
His kith and kin, away for a spin  
O'er summer seas she glides.

On, on, his floating palace flies  
While mirth and revelry  
In his cabins ring, where is felt no sting  
Of his late dire decree,  
But the starving cries of children rise  
To heaven eternally.

## MY HOME PORT

Far out to sea indefinitely drifting,  
    Becalmed, or buffeted by storms' great stress;  
My reckoning lost and unshored ballast shifting,  
    Deeper I drink the dulling bitterness  
Of wild unfathomable wastes Antarctic,  
    Where tall ice islands lift their glistening spires  
Like grand cathedral steeples, which afar take  
    On new splendors in the auroral fires.

All night upon the troubled waters pouring  
    Oil from the marrow of my bones out wrung,  
'Mid howling winds and waves tumultuous roar-  
    ing—  
    Nursing a garboard leak, a mast head sprung;  
Eastward I sail and sail like Vanderdecken,  
    Away beyond the Cape of Storms afar;  
Sea fairies from the cloud rack to me beckon  
    " On, on to Banjamassan or Samar!"

Till come at last to my out port's meridian  
    I northward steer and catch the trade winds  
    free,  
Then up the brave blue Indian Ocean fan,  
    The fervor of the south pulsing through me.  
Then close ahead loom up a thousand islands—  
    Fair gardens of the Malay's elder gods  
Richer in flower and fruit than dreamt I my lands  
    Were, where the lotus in the ether nods.  
Sumatra, Java, Banka, Borneo,  
    The coral sands that fringe thy lovely shore  
With sun and surf dyed gems are all aglow,  
    Thy tall palm groves and jungles sparkle more

With radiance of thy black-eyed daughter's looks—  
Thy mountain brooks with frond and flower  
o'erhung  
More beautiful than all portrayed in books  
Or ever artist limned or poet sung.

My reckoning, lost mid storms and dangers polar,  
When sea and sky were met in fatal fray?  
I find it here amid these beauties solar—  
My Pilot Star shall guide and cheer my way  
Onward, serene to my home port supernal,  
Where never gale or wave or pain assail;  
Where ships at anchor ride in peace eternal—  
Answering the harbor master's kindly hail.

#### A MORNING CALL,

The blossoms are falling, falling—  
White blossoms of almond and peach,  
And the blithe birds calling, calling  
Their mates in such exquisite speech  
That my poor heart grieves and my tongue but  
cleaves  
To my palate when I essay  
To invite thee love far afield to rove  
For one blissful holiday.

Bright is our way and fragrant  
With the beauty and smell of flowers,  
And never a dull or vagrant  
Sad thought shall darken the hours.  
Together we'll sup from the golden cup  
Of the poppy life's rarest wine,  
With a wholesome laugh, while the bliss we quaff,  
In the glow of the blest sunshine.

On the hills hear the sweet mist maidens,  
So lovely in purple and white,  
In voices of softest cadence  
Our steps to their bowers invite.  
In the primrose dells hear the mission bells  
Ever chiming the old refrain;  
Be happy today as a child at play  
Till, in death, thou art born again.

See the old earth deftly wreathing  
Her head with young maidens hair;  
Feel her warm blood thrilling and seething  
With new life and love everywhere—  
To heaven lifting her white hands—sifting  
From desert sands her finest gold—  
Come away to roam through the meadow foam:  
Where the young heart never grows old.

#### THE DREAMER'S OUTING

A dreamer, he of such strange beauty dreamed  
As never mortal eye had gazed upon.  
A thinker, she whose beauty erst had won  
The love of men more gifted than he seemed—  
And had not woman's will, since Adam, run  
To win? And this her highest aim she deemed.

Had he not oft in coldness past her by,  
Her look and smile unheeding, gone his way?  
Yet soon on him should dawn the fateful day  
When one brief glance from her love darting eye  
Should bring him to her feet to plead and pray  
For grace and mercy of his deity.

So when the greenness, dew and flowers sent  
On breath of June, into the city's throng,  
Their fragrance, and the woods were sweet with  
    song  
Of birds, afield this sturdy dreamer went  
    To bide and recreate all summer long—  
But she his selfish aim would circumvent.

Well had he scanned the ills of city life  
    While through his woodland ways alone he  
    moped—  
    No summer girl might thither drift he hoped—  
Here he was free from trouble, care and strife.  
    How fresh the woods and green hills westward  
    sloped  
The fields and streams with beauty all were rife.

“Ah, but not here is what I've sought to find—  
    The beauty of all beauty is not here.”  
    “Thou hast not eyes to see, 'tis everywhere—  
Though chance of destiny hath made men blind  
    To what they seek, that ever dwells anear,  
Seek with the light of all seeing eyes and mind!”

A dryad of the woods, for such she seemed,  
    Before him radiant in a bower stood  
    Of wild rose twined athwart the underwood—  
“Twas she had spoken—no, he had not dreamed—  
    What new felicity thrilled all his blood—  
His eyes with very rapture danced and gleamed.

“Queen of all Queens, what homage can I pay  
    Thee, sweet sovereign of all majesty?”  
    “Bow down before me low on pliant knee  
And pardon for thy past omissions pray,”  
    A wood thrush piped atop the nearest tree,  
As down he bent exulting to obey.

## THE YELLOW GOD

“This is the white man’s God, O, Chiefs, behold!  
The Casique said to his assembled braves,  
Holding aloft the glittering lump of gold—  
“They come to pillage, slay or make us slaves—  
Let’s dance to, and adore their deity,  
That it may bid them do us no such ill—”  
They danced and revered it with votive glee;  
The God propitious, yielding to their will.

But men from gods not always counsel take—  
When gold and conquest are the prizes sought;  
Alive they burnt the Casique at the stake,  
The God’s good bidding coming all to naught.  
From north to south, from east to west they swept  
And scourged the land with war and rapine dire;  
Mothers with babes into the rivers leapt  
To escape the infernal pangs of sword and fire.

## THE BOW-WOW BANQUET

The royal feast of the bow-wows  
Was set in the palatial house  
Of Lady Worthy at Newport.  
Around the well-bred cannies sate  
And of the banquet drank and ate  
Complaisantly as peers at court.

Blazoned such gems on head and neck,  
As well might queen or princess deck,  
Of every setter, poodle, collie.  
Their ladies lounged admiring near  
Exulting in the festive cheer—  
‘Twas “this is fine,—Nay more, ’tis jolly.”

In vain may art and riches vie  
With nature. When the cups filled high  
Full often mantling had gone round  
Instinct, desire, mirth rebelled—  
No dog could in his seat be held—  
Such test their culture proved unsound.

The ladies, shocked and shamed, withdrew,  
Around the liveried valets flew,  
Their blithesome masters to restrain;  
And when the dogs were curbed at last,  
Unrobed they were and forthwith cast  
All into baths of best champagne.

Champagne with heather blossoms white  
Perfumed, as sweet as highland night  
Bathed in warm dews of summer sheen—  
Freemen, "What think ye of these things?"  
'Tis simple truth, "the poet sings,"  
Nor half of what he's heard and seen.

Dim, dark and bare the tenements  
In Rockfelt's alley, high the rents,  
Half naked children grim and gaunt  
Thicker than bees around a hive,  
With hunger scarcely half alive  
These sunless, noxious abodes haunt.

You hear the barking and the cries  
Of dogs and children and your eyes  
And heart with shame and sorrow rent  
Bewail as men the evil days  
When, drifting from their old sweet ways,  
False gods your daughters circumvent.

## THE SAILOR'S WIFE'S CHRISTMAS

A furious gale was howling, Cape Horn ten leagues  
away,  
The brave ship, hard-prest, groaning, under goose-  
winged topsails lay,  
The mountain waves wild-roaring, swept her fore  
and aft as high  
As the reeling mast-heads, bending under a black,  
storm-riven sky.

Beyond the doleful darkness no eye had seen to  
shine,  
On that wild Christmas morning, one ray of hope  
divine.  
All hands tug fainting at the pumps, breast-high  
immersed they stood  
In water cold as snowdrift on the bleak polar land.

Then, thundering down from Sou'west the fearful  
hail-squall came,  
In its black forehead burning an eye of frantic  
flame;  
"Aloft, brave lads," the captain cries, "and furl  
the foretop sail!"  
And then the song of valor rose above the wave  
and gale.

But human power the bravest is futile to with-  
stand  
The vengeful blows and mighty of the storm-  
King's iron hand.  
The sails were blown to tatters, the yards were  
rent in twain—  
To death were dashed five sailors on deck and in  
the main.

Three dead men in the cabin, a woman sad and  
mild,  
Beside them humbly praying, before a crib and  
child—  
Blest symbol of the Christ-child in the manger  
lowly laid  
While gleams of glancing sunlight on all their  
faces played.

Came down her husband weary, from the long  
night's fatal fray,  
A man of deeds and daring, not used to praise of  
pray;  
By love's sweet power she rules him, he kneels his  
wife beside,  
While falls the peace of Galilee upon the storm  
swept tide.

Long since o'er life's vast ocean the ship has sailed  
her last,  
And reached the radiant haven, colors flying at  
half mast  
For all brave ships and sailors wrecked on reefs or  
lost at sea—  
For ships that sail in direful gale through all eter-  
nity.

## TO CRONJE IN EXILE

How fair ye, heart of valor and of truth! the while  
The riant trade-winds waft thee to thy sea-girt isle  
The essence of that spirit bred upon thy veldt,  
That only souls supreme as thine have felt?  
Intrepid warders of that boon, of God's the best—  
Banished from Europe far to exile in the west,  
And thence transplanted in thy southern land,  
ere time  
Had branded on her radiant brow or shame or  
crime!

O liberty! unconquerable ever where  
Thy life is lived, a simple unambitious prayer—  
Where luxury, with all her gorgeous train of woes,  
Has come not in to make thy erstwhile friends thy  
foes.

Oh, may thy guardian angels hover him above,  
To soothe his griefs with whisperings of hope and  
love—  
And benisons of loving hearts, of his the life,  
The sweet caress, the magic touch of child and  
wife!

Ah! never yet so deep have rankled English gyves  
In braver souls or blighted more ideal lives  
Than thine and thy brave few, who fearless stood  
at bay,  
Scarce one to twenty, firm before the vast array  
Of Roberts' vaunting troops, till wasting famine  
sore  
Thy fall foredoomed. But final triumph waits  
before  
All valiant souls, and God is just, and yet will he  
Strike Briton's tyrant fetters from thy land and  
thee.

## TWO STAGES

I stood in manhood's morning prime  
The peer of any of my time—  
The peer, as men are gauged to-day,  
By gifts divine they fling away.  
With lust of gold my heart was fired,  
The more of riches I acquired  
The more the burning thirst consumed—  
My life, my very soul seemed doomed,  
While on my ears unceasing came  
The honeyed sounds of men's acclaim,  
And Woman, with resistless wiles,  
Lavished on me her dazzling smiles.

Then came the change, as soon or late  
It comes to all. Ah, welcome fate!  
Failure and loss my heart have bowed  
And nowhere mid the jostling crowd  
Is left one friend to call mine own—  
I am forsaken and alone  
With thee of all I loved and knew,  
Through good and ill unswerving, true  
And faithful as when in our halls  
Glittered the showy festivals,  
And fashion's brightest arts decoyed  
Only to leave an aching void.

Sing me to-night a simple song  
To soothe to peace and make me strong—  
A melody of love and youth—  
A harmony of joy and truth,  
Such as the wind in Maytime brings,  
Rose perfumed, on its dewy wings—  
That in it hath the entrancing call

To prayer and holy penance, all  
The rapture of the vesper hymn—  
The glory of the seraphim—  
And, chastened wing my poor soul's flight  
Up, up beyond this realm of night!

### THE ROBIN AND MOCKING BIRD

A robin red breast, migrating sou'west,  
His weary wing rested one day,  
Where the green, white and gold of a wide orange  
wold  
Set his fancy and voice in full play.

A mocking-bird near on a larch, lent an ear  
To the soft notes so strange to his land—  
“Ho, red breast!” he sung in the robin's own  
tongue,  
“You are welcome, lad, give us your hand!”

“Whence came you? you seem to be in a day  
dream,”  
“From the northland,” the robin replies,  
“Where the frosty wind blows 'mid the realm of  
the snows,  
I am charmed with your warm winter skies,

“May I linger till spring 'mid this bright blossom-  
ing?”  
“To be sure, lad,” the mocking-bird sung,  
“Why bless you, my boy, 'tis our infinite joy  
To have you this Christmas among

“Our bowers Acadian with golden fruits laden,  
And flowers that bloom evermore,

'Mid our valleys so green, on our hills in the sheen,  
From mountain to vocal seashore.

“Come away to the feast, be our first honored  
guest,  
At our festival, fit for a king!”  
“So unworthy am I,” quoth the robin, quite shy,  
And after his kind host took wing.

### A MORNING RIDE TO SALVADOR

Across the mesa's lucent green  
The golden poppy's gorgeous sheen  
Such affluence of beauty flung,  
The leagues of wild flowers far among,  
That over all the glorious show  
Uprose a ruddy golden glow,  
And o'er the cloudless dome of blue  
A gossamer of saffron drew.

On every blade of grass and thorn  
Glistened the dewy gems of morn,  
And fragrances more rich and rare  
Than Ceylon's spiceries were there;  
A lark's wild song the heavens filled—  
On palm and pine the brown thrush trilled;  
An eagle from his mountain eyre  
Far north, sailed down the blithe March sky—  
And now, a song sublime—O, hark!  
Surpassing voice of thrush or lark—  
It is the inspired mocking bird—  
The song that Saints in Heaven heard  
When bright Cecilia's soul took flight  
Upward on that dark, fatal night  
When martyr to God's truth, she died  
And was in Heaven beatified.

“Those ruins, girl, the hill below?  
The old Franciscan pueblo,  
Perhaps the only heritage  
Of a more glad, romantic age,  
When men lived less for pelf and power,  
And beauty and truth were woman’s dower—  
Here on this fallen Sala floor  
In mirthful maze full many a score  
Of señoritas, fairer far  
Than Dian or the Morning Star,  
Danced, their fine figure’s grace of motion,  
Like waves of some bright star-lit ocean  
Or wind-stirred lake, their dark eye’s glance  
Shot through you like a Cupid’s lance,  
Their cavalier’s admiring eyes  
Hung on their beauties’ witcheries.

“This is the ruined altar where  
They knelt at Mass or Vespers, ere  
A hostile Saxon foot had trod  
Upon their shores, with rapine shod—  
You see his footprints everywhere,  
Sign of destruction, death, despair.

Standing the shriveled palms beneath,  
The freer to respire the breath  
Of the wild rose and jessamine,  
There came out of the fallen fane  
A woman, bent, grey and decrepit;  
She paused before the door and wept,  
As if her poor old heart would break.  
‘Let’s ask the stricken soul to take  
A ride,’ Cecilia said, ‘away  
From scenes that on her poor heart lay  
Heavier than the weight of sin’.  
‘Pray, madam, may I help you in

To our poor coche? There is peace,  
And of your sorrow sweet surcease  
Down in our sea-side cities throng,  
Gracias senor, here I belong,  
Mi marido, ninos, todo lie  
Here long in dust and soon shall I.' "

Gentle and meek as any child,  
Through her hot tears she bowing smiled;  
Then, with the grace, polite and bland,  
Of her complaisant native land,  
She reached my wife her hand and said:  
"Adios, senora. Do not shed  
A tear for me; I no more care  
For things the world in common share—  
My dead await me there above,  
Where all is joy and peace and love."

#### SUNSET IN DREAMLAND

Alone, upon the headland's rocky brow.  
Westward of all the summer lands and seas,  
We roamed together— Now I drink the lees  
Of life's red wine; and feel the moonsons blow  
Fresh in the brilliant sunset's afterglow,  
Odors of Bendemere and Celebes,  
Inward, to soothe the burning memories  
Of vanished joys I nevermore may know.  
But, ere the lingering radiance fades away,  
Come drifting in upon the surges hoar,  
The white-robed forms of friends who ne'er  
beguiled:  
Spirits, that lure me back to life's noon-day;  
Our ancient, ship we man, equip, unmoor,  
And put to sea, to breast the tempests wild!

REV. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.

*"The light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men."*

Our olive groves are vocal with the song  
Of many a bird you loved so well to hear;  
Our Southern winter skies are warm and clear  
As when you loved to loiter all day long  
These stately palms and fragrant bowers among;  
Those too brief days of rest that you could spare  
From watching on the hill-top, in the care  
Of souls you saved by grace of pen and tongue.

No, such transition is not death, but life  
Eternal, happy, and we feel the glow,  
O, gentle spirit, of thy presence near.  
It strengthens and sustains us in the strife;  
Inspires, and saves us from the undertow,  
Uplifts us to a holier atmosphere.

### THE TRANSVAAL

Freedom, in one short age has mighty grown,  
Pillared on justice 'neath her Southern skies!  
Her old despoiler, England, saw her rise,  
With open, virgin breast where diamonds shone  
In myriad clusters round her golden zone.  
Then, at her throat, the royal robber flies.  
Ah, must she stand or fighting fall alone?  
The troubled nations gape with senile eyes.

Now round her rally sons well tried and true,  
Intrepid, yielding to no queen but her;  
United, ardent, simple, passionate,  
Sincere in love, steel strung of nerve and thew—  
Men of such soul and brawn as her own Kruger,  
Stand firm sweet maid, thy cause is just and  
great!

## FREEDOM'S APPEAL

Cronje in exile; Joubert dead—Ah, where  
Shall freedom find another two such men,  
To lead her valiant few o'er mount and glen,  
Against the robber hordes of England? Spare,  
O spare, Almighty God, the men that dare  
Be free to-day, and loyal to Thee, when  
The armed millions, from their spoilers' den  
March forth to slay, nor reck the orphan's share.

Columbia what of thee? and thou, brave France?  
Wilt sit and see your little sister slain,  
Nor raise one arm to ward the fatal stroke?  
Backward a century to Yorktown glance  
And there some oldtime valor thou mayst gain,  
To save such freemen from the tyrant's yoke.

## FLORENCE

Florence, more beautiful than thought can reach,  
Thy artist monks their lowly cloisters made  
With rare creations, in whose light and shade  
Seraphic forms move radiantly, and teach  
Such truths divine of loveliness that speech  
Can never paint, nor the hard hand of trade  
Efface. On thy maternal breast they laid  
Their heads, their fame upon thy altars, each.

Around thee close the sunlit Appenine  
His sheltering arms in pristine fondness flung,  
As the young mother clasps her first-born child,  
When all was pure from the great hand divine,  
At the first dawn and hoary time was young,  
And God on the new birth of beauty smiled.

## ON THE ARNO

How lightly Fancy dips her golden oar  
    Into the Arno, and far up ascends  
    To where the vocal river sparkling wends  
Through matchless beauty crowning either shore—  
To Florence, mother Queen of Arts, that bore  
    Those masters of all time, whose canvas lends  
    A glory such as only God extends  
To his creative few forevermore.

Giotto here first gave eternal life  
    To art divine—his touch gave Dante's face  
The unfading glow that centuries of strife,  
    Nor ages dark nor vandals could efface—  
    Nor the foul thrust of coward envy's knife—  
Giotto, Dante, first of all their race!

## LIFE

The hours we may live in the land of the ideal,  
    Above the lower passions of the earth and all  
    its pain

Are the joys supreme of life—the felicities which  
    We all may, as our souls grow upward, still in  
    ampler measure gain.

## THE RAIN

The rain, God's blessed rain,  
On the parched land amain  
    Falls, and the gaping earth,  
    Barren so long, gives birth  
To beauty and joy again,  
    Dispelling doubt and dearth.

Out from the drouth of fears—  
The unbelief of years  
    That dried my soul to dust  
    Tears of repentance burst,  
Fruitful, redeeming tears  
    Of faith, love, hope and trust.

## MORNING

Up from behind the mountain's purple crest  
A golden glory, rolls the convex sun;  
A-field their flocks, the jocund shepherds run,  
To sing their matins on the green hill's breast;  
Flash the white sails from seaward in the west;  
And now the woodland songsters are begun  
To fill the hollow heaven with music spun  
From angel's dreams, in heavenly peace at rest.  
Ah! there are scenes and voices manifold  
Of hamlet, farm, lake, orchard blossoming,  
Beyond the falling temple's white facade!  
Majestic towering in the blue and gold,  
Ascends the city, man's poor offering  
To God, for all the beauties yet untold.

## LOSS AND GAIN

In losing half our friend by dear Joe's marriage,  
The bands divine 'twere sinful to disparage.  
Our loss is happily his gain, and we,  
Though tears may start, will all rejoice to see  
The better half of him far happier, fairer,  
And she, sometimes may deign to be the sharer  
With us of mirth and brilliant converse blent—  
And O the soul of song that heaven sent  
To be our own. The flash of wit; the gleam  
Of genius, lost in things that only seem—  
But why regrets, or future joys foretell?  
"He's good fellow and 'twill all be well."

## MY LOST SAILOR LAD

O winds of the sea blowing shoreward—  
Salt winds of the ultimate sea,  
Hast never a heart-cheering foreword  
From my sailor lad home-sent to me?

That day when on board he was hieing  
He swore, as he kissed me good-bye,  
That no maid, to the day of his dying,  
But me could his true colors fly.

Alone on the foreland, far seaward  
I watch as I watched, and I pray,  
When I saw in the blue haze to leeward  
His ship from my sight fade away.

Ah, the long dismal years I have waited—  
Bleak, joyless, disconsolate years,  
Beholding ships sail in deep-freighted,  
'Mid welcoming hailings and cheers!

Till my eyes and my sad heart no longer  
This watching and waiting can bear—  
Ah, God, spare my sight—make me stronger!  
Thy mercies abound everywhere.

Now from the shore comes rejoicing,  
Now vocal the ocean with joy!  
But no homeward bound mariner's voicing  
A word of my lost sailor boy.

### “IN TUNE”

*To a lady, on reading a book which she had sent to the author with a request that he give her his opinion of the work.*

If thou, dear friend,  
Wouldst ever be in tune,  
Singing as joyous as the birds in June,  
With the great fact of heaven's infinity,  
Be as ever thou art,  
Whatever chance or change  
May bring within thy life's terrestrial range.  
Christ said, "Let children come to Me,"  
And so as little children come must we,  
If come at all, to our inheritance.  
Beauty is everywhere  
And harmonies divine,  
If with true spirit sense we hear, and see  
Through eyes of faith, simple and happy, free  
From vanities of those that shine,  
In their own fleshly sight, and share  
The attributes of "men gods" and decree  
In sophisms trite the poor soul's destiny.  
Of such, my friend, beware—

The rose and violet blooms  
Brighter in virgin soil, and shed perfumes  
Broadcast along the valleys and the mears;  
No garden flower was ever sweet or rare  
As the wild rose beside the alpine flumes,  
The finished opera the city hears  
Is to the lark's wild song but meager cheer.

TO—

*"Sing as the birds and streams do, just for the love of it."*

Dear—you bid us sing as when  
The gladsome "better days" were ours,  
And with us wrought those vanished men  
Through years of fruitful suns and showers

That filled our spring and summer days  
With essences of song supernal  
And garnished all our wintry ways  
With boskages and flowers vernal.

Our spring's now gone, ere well begun  
Your later northern singing season,  
Dry are our streams, or only run  
Sluggish their saturnalian lees on.

Ah me, how grey our hills, and bare!  
Where late the poppy's vesture golden  
And saffron primrose blossoms rare  
To beauty bound us more beholden.

'Mid stubble field and withered grass  
Still "Baby blue eyes," smiling at us,—  
Looks sweetly up, Alas! Alas!  
The dream is but an ignis fatuus.

Yet in our hearts we'll sing elate,  
As all around on tree and cresting  
The mocking bird sings to his mate  
While she in blissful peace is nesting.

### IN ALI'S LAND

All that warm soft spring and summer the un-  
clouded arch of blue  
Heaven, serene and bright above us, daily bright  
and brighter grew.  
Ideal days and nights of stars  
An argent moon beside,  
Shot down their gold and silver bars  
Upon the earth, whereon uprose on high  
From valley, hamlet, hill, from moor and forest  
wide,  
From park and lawn and glen, such matchless  
melody—  
Such infinite choral song of birds, it seemed to me  
That never lute or harp had come to heavenly  
choir so nigh.

How beautiful the far land bloomed and blossom  
ed plant and tree;  
From rosy bower and river side and o'er the  
sounding sea  
Came sailor's song and maiden's hymn—  
In the palm grove's gorgeous show  
We touched great Ali's garment hem  
And in the radiant sunsets daily saw  
The dusky white-robed caliph bending low  
To kiss his holy ground by Obur's limpid brink,  
And with his prostrate votaries to lave and drink  
The chalice of their Soona God, and so fulfill the  
law.

Then full soon in the late autumn the parched  
earth's gaping mouth  
Cried aloud for rain, all beauty had vanished with  
the drouth.  
All song was hushed, the rivers dry,  
No dews at eve or morn—  
The burdened camel's startling cry,  
The caliph's chalice dry as desert sand—  
From all around came dying groans and wail  
forlorn—  
The scorching sun still burning pitiless,  
It seemed that God had ceased the fallen race to  
bless,  
And all His quickening gifts and treasures held  
fast in His hand.

“Ah, what fools were we to wander to this fatal  
land in quest  
Of wonders, dear!” groaned Ethna, her fallen  
head upon my breast,  
“Our poor she camel's now gone dry,  
No sap in root or leaf  
Is left. Ah, Nial, 'tis hard to die!”  
“We shall not, love—take heart—have faith in  
God!”  
I kis't her pallid lips to soothe her fainting grief.  
Anon, athwart the flaming sky a cloud  
O'erspread, with flashing thunder pealing long  
and loud  
And poured the copious rain down on the laughing  
pregnant sod.

## KRUGER AND ENGLAND

Said Chamberlain to Kruger, "I must make an aid of you

That will raise me to the summit of my fame—  
That will seat me on the wool sack as a Boer ought  
to do."

And he sent him Redvers Buller to his shame.  
He was not a duke, nor earl, nor yet a sergeant—

But a big brass-mounted general that came!  
And he swore by all that's great: "Now 'tis for-  
ward! No retreat."

But Joubert knew 'twas bluff, the British game.

Said England unto Buller,—though at present  
fighting shy,—

"I will send two hundred thousand men or  
more,

Then you'll close in upon them on their kopjes by  
and by

With hundreds to the burghers' half a score."

It was no kid-glove parading sort of battle,

But batteries belching green hot lyddite flame  
At the frowning ramparts raised by their God,  
devoutly praised—

And the Boers never missing once their aim.

Said England unto Kruger. "You've had mira-  
cles before—

Majuba hill stands topmost of them all,  
But if you watch Sir Buller, he may show you  
something more—

Colenso and Spion Kop were not so small."  
That's England's cock-sure way with weaker  
nations—

She serves all valiant foemen just the same,  
For she thinks her mission still is to rob and slay  
at will,  
So 'tis done in God's and cheap progression's  
name.

Said Kruger unto England: "You may slay our  
soldiers all,  
But they'll die like men with rifles in their hands  
And then you'll find our women in the trenches,  
last to fall,  
With babes uopn their breasts, at your com-  
mands!"  
It was barbarous campaigning that would make  
a Zulu blush,  
And the Christian world was staggered at the  
sight;  
But the Anglo-Saxon does it in the cause of pro-  
gress—hush—  
Doncha know the Anglo-Saxon's always right!

Said England to Lord Kitchener: "You let my  
soldiers go!  
This costly war has lasted long enough;  
Turn loose your thugs and cut-throats of Park  
Lane and Rotten Row—  
Austral bushmen—all your toughest of the  
tough;  
They've no regard of wife, maid, child or mother,  
They know no pity, fear of God, or shame,  
Nor care what may betide, so their passion's grati-  
fied—  
They're the men that build my empire and my  
fame."

They made a lord of Buller for his many brave  
retreats—

For bidding White surrender Ladysmith;  
An earl they've made of Roberts for his burning  
homestead feats,

And a dukedom falls to Kitchener forthwith—  
For he starves the babes along of all the women,  
And keeps alight the havoc-spreading flame,  
So the wider to lay waste all the land in greater  
haste,

Ere De Wet can block his ignominious game—  
Knight, Lord, General, Duke, Commander—  
But the everlasting cruelty's the same!









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