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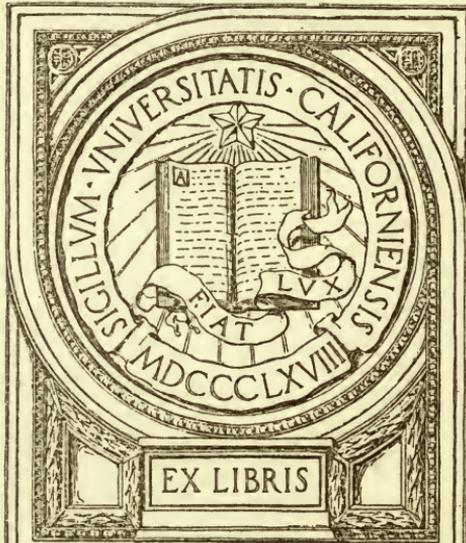
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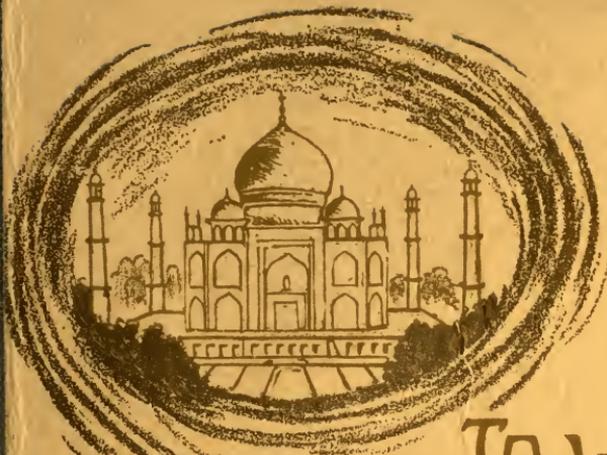
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IN MEMORIAM
Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst



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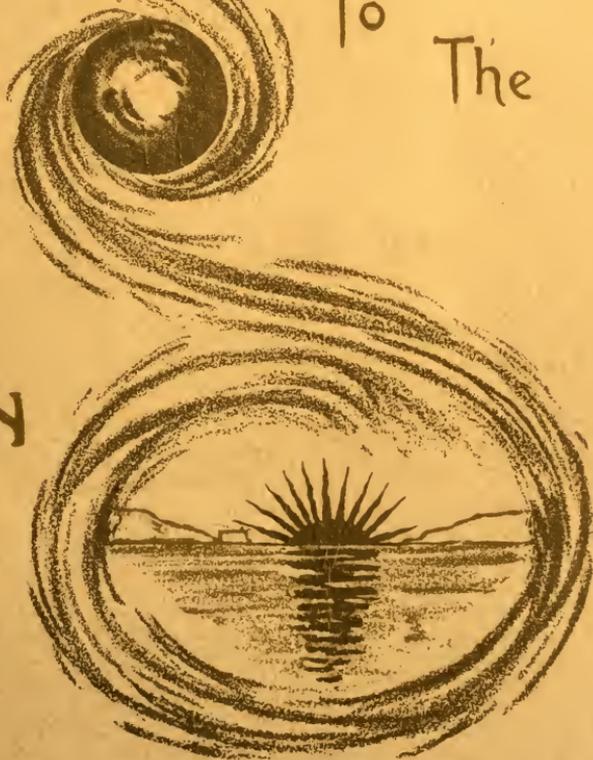


From

TAJ-MAHAL

To
The

GOLDEN
GATE







Eugénie H. Schroeder

From

Taj-Mahal

to the

Golden Gate

BY

EUGENIE H. SCHROEDER

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Can you the thread of meaning in golden cover trace.
If so, the deep revealing will illumine heart and face.

MELVIN & MURGOTTEN, PUBLISHERS
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
1913

DEDICATED
TO MY HUSBAND

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst

NO. 1111
ANNON. 140

Perchance a thought, may aid a life desiring,
Perchance a wish, in streams of love is bent,
May lift a soul to heights of its aspiring,
Out to the world, this little book is sent.

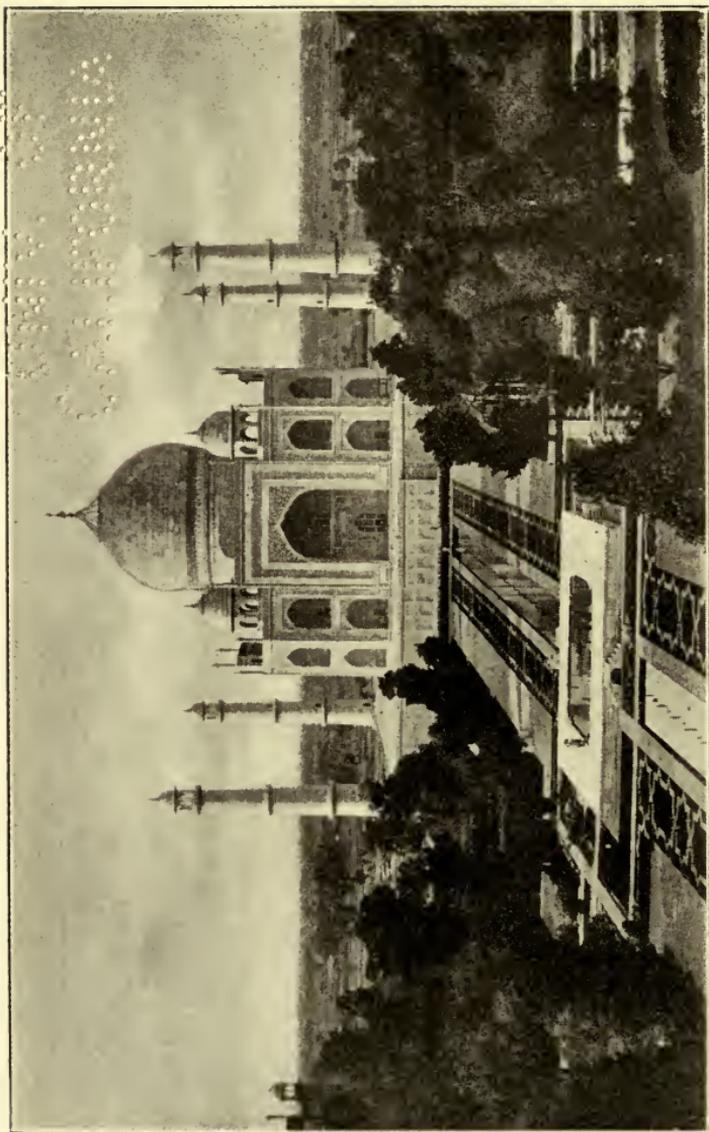
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INDEX

	Pages
The Taj Mahal—The Legend of the Jasmine Tower	5-6-7-8
“Shagni-Robe”—A Tibetan Legend	9-10
The Pearl—A Fable of India	10
Mars	11
Eternal Saki	12-13
From Night to Light	14-15
Aries	15
Inspiration	16-17
Our Susan	17
Harmony	18
The Message	19-20-21
The Rivulet	21
The Music of the Night	22
The Secret of the Flowers	23-24-25
A Waking Dream	26-27
A Dream	27
The Great White Dome	28-29-30
California	30
In Memoriam	31-32
Eugenie’s Birthday	32
El Dorado	33
A Tribute to Clio	34-35
The Song of the Brook	36-37
The Sun-Child	38-39
Wedding Bells—Eugenie and David	39
Progress—Written for a Suffrage Meeting	40-41
To My Sweetheart	41
In the Gloaming	42-43-44

Lines to a Friend on Her Seventieth Birthday . . .	45-46
Constance	46
My Lady in Blue	47-48
A Sequel to My Lady in Blue	48-49-50
A Birthday Bonnet	50
Spring	51
Alaska	52-53
California's Call—Poppy-Land	54
The Minuet—A Pantomime from the "Legend"	55-56-57
A Bachelor's Reverie—A Pantomime	58-59-60
A Nosegay to Mary	60
To an Authoress	61
California Women	62
Our Rosalie	63
The Birth of Love—50th Anniversary	64
Wit—Humor	65-66
Swastika	66
Auf Wiedersehen	67
Our Captain—To Mrs. Lovel White	68
Wedding Bells—Sweethearts, Our Florence	69-70
A California Jewel—To Elena	70-71
Our Motto	73
Club Toast in Song	72
Noel	73
Easter Morn	74
Christmas	75-76
The Star Treader	77
Memories	78
Auld Lang Syne	79-80-81
The Golden Gate	82

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THE TAJ-MAHAL



THE JASMINE TOWER.

A Legend of India.

In Ancient days as legends tell
Of far India's tropic clime,
An Emperor ruled, so wise and good,
His noble deeds with lustre shine.

Beloved by his people all
From cities far and near they came.
To offer tribute at his throne
And sing in praise his honored name.

His palaces of marble white
A bridal veil of lace they seem
Adorned with flowers of precious gems
Like the shimmering fabric of a dream.

From the far shores of Italy
He brought o'er seas the workmen skilled
To rear this palace on the sands
And with his precious treasure filled.

Turrets and spires sprang toward the sky,
Trees and flowers grew wondrous fair,
Streams leapt and sang in playful sport
To drive away dull thoughts of care.

A harem with most beauteous maids
Sent by the neighboring potentates,
With song and dance and laughter free,
To fill his hours with gladsome fetes.

But there was one more fair than all.
Who lived within the sculptured walls,
She, idolized as maid and wife,
The chosen of the palace halls.

His heart to her in rapture given,
His love so great for her alone;
So she was made queen of his realm,
All bowed the knee before her throne.

And in those days of strife and war,
One saw the crescent on the field,
And kingdoms were the prize to win,
And might, not right, was on the shield.

Mumtaz Mahal, Shah Jehan's bride,
A secret held within her breast,
The cause of all this love sublime,
And only he, her lord, had guessed.

She had become a Christian maid,
In early childhood she had learned
Of the dear Christ, the King of all,
And for His care and love she yearned.

To be so faithful in her love,
To guard the peace of her lord's throne,
To rule the people in the right,
In love so had her mission grown.

And sunlight followed in her path,
And birds did carrol out their lay,
And happiness to all she brought,
Like sunshine on a cloudy day.

Shah Jehan held her to his breast,
And called her his pearl most prized,
And shed a love around her there
That brought the gladness to her eyes.

And he did build a fairy bower,
Of lace-worked marble pure and white,
And it is called "The Jasmine Tower"
And it was sacred in his sight.

This tower he raised so high aloft
Amidst the clouds it looked a dream,
And in the walls were jewels set
To form the star-eyed Jasmine.

And here among the jewels so bright
He set his pearl of priceless worth,
And then he told her of his love
And they did rest 'twixt heaven and earth.

And contemplate the great beyond,
Their voices raised in prayer to Him
Who sheds His beams to all the earth,
Which bring the peace and love within.

So side by side they spent their days
In planning good to all around,
And thus they grew to be as one,
A perfect jewel in the crown.

But one day this bride so loved,
Was stricken with the fever dread,
That devastates this tropic clime,
And so was o'er the border led.

Shah Jehan felt his life had gone
And all the sunshine left his sight;
Yet one spark burned with tiny ray,
This was his knowledge of the light.

His love still hers, through all the years,
His Christian faith in after life,
He knew his pearl was waiting there,
To welcome him from earthly strife.

So opposite the Jasmine Tower.
He reared a tomb so wondrous fair,
Its golden dome and minarets
A fairy palace in the air.

And even the doors were like fine lace,
And set with gems of rarest hue.
Within a golden casket there,
He lay his pearl so pure and true.

And when the silver moon came out,
Then would he go within the tower,
And cry his grief out to the stars,
Through many a heavy, dragging hour.

And there at last his soul went forth
While gazing on this hallowed sight,
Which stands today in beauty rare
A phantom palace in the night.

And strangers tread the sacred stones,
And speak of days of fame and power,
In silent whispers soft and low,
The legend of the Jasmine Tower.

The Taj Mahal stands in its might,
Today the Glory of the East,
Guarding within its treasured vaults
The King and Queen whose life has ceased.

But memories linger near the spot,
Where true love into life did spring.
And sunbeams chase the clouds away,
And flowers grow and birds do sing.

This peerless tomb, the gem of earth,
We see in dreams like fair mirage,
Bathed in the moonbeams' silver light,
With lips so dumb—O wondrous Taj.

"SHAGNI-ROBE."

A Tibetan Legend.

In far Oriental lands,
Deep within the mountain wilds,
Live the Sages of the East,
Bands of holy Buddhist Priests.

When an Arhan is born,
He a Patriarch to be,
One of Tibet's thirty-three,
Oriental hierarchy.

Sage of super-human sight.
Boundless vision, knowing all,
"Shagni-robe" their wisdom named,
Lore of Boodh through India famed.

Shagni-robe so spotless white,
Made of grass-cloth soft and fine.
Robe so pure of Neophite
For initiation rite.

On Himalaya's snow capped height,
Trodden by no sinful foot,
On a frozen bed so white,
Lay a dewdrop pure and bright.

Arhan born at midnight hour,
Wakes this drop of rainbow hue;
Dewdrop, to a plant doth change
By some mystic influence strange.

Nine and seven stalks shoot forth,
From this plant in snowy sleep,
Buds of Holy flower conceal
Nature's wisdom to reveal.

“Shagni-robe” this plant is called,
 Found on heights of purity;
 Woven midst prayers and incense light,
 By hermits, of Himalaya’s site.

Spotless as the Arhan soul,
 Out into the world ’tis worn,
 Shedding rays o’er land and sea,
 Buddhists’ life of chastity.

THE PEARL.

A Fable of India. Svati-Venus

When the star Svati is in the ascendant,
 Sending its rays over ocean and lea,
 Up from the depths of old Neptune’s palace,
 Rises the oyster on the blue sea.

There on the crest of the wave it is floating,
 Sailing along in its little gray ship,
 Waiting to catch the raindrop descending
 Holding it prisoner, while tides rise and dip.

With this precious raindrop, lit by the star’s ray
 Clasped to its bosom, it dives through the deep,
 Where in the coral caves, billows are whispering
 Waking the mermaids from their dream sleep.

Within its cradle rocking so gently,
 Buried in silence, it grows day by day,
 Then is the drop, illumed by the rainbow,
 Changed to a pearl in some mystic way.

Then let our soul, like this pure jewel
 Hear, understand, then in silence rest,
 ’Till by development, we grow in beauty,
 Truth comes to light within our breast.

MARS.

Migmar—Mars

Nyimar—Sun

Lhagpa—Mercury.

Days Again—Cycles

Sleep slumbering earth,
Thy work of day is done;
Rest all ye life,
Till the rising of the sun!

Migmar in crimson veils,
Sweeps eye on earth so still;
And in protecting love,
Lhagpa his missions fill.

Both servants of Nyimar,
Left watches of the night
In his absence set on high,
Reflecting his great light.

Yet both, in Kalpas past,
Were Nyimars in the sky,
And may, in future "Days again,"
Become two suns on high.

So nature's Karmic Law
Ceaselessly rises and falls,—
Thus we can comfort shed
When toiling pilgrim calls.

Let stronger souls keep watch
Like starry eyes of night,
That children on the way
May reach the Path aright.

ETERNAL SAKI.

Life is but an empty bubble,
Hence,
Full of care and full of trouble,
Thence,
Here today and gone tomorrow,
Whence?
Why look forward to the morrow,
Laden both with joy and sorrow?
Do not from the future borrow
Any care.

Bubbles one and bubbles many,
Bright and fair.
Pour'd from Saki's golden basin
In the air.
Floated here and there at random
Everywhere.
Every changing wind of morning
Wafting north and south, and scorning
To be held in leash, or guided
Anywhere.

Bubbles blue and bubbles golden—
Rainbow hues,
Pure and clear as heart of child
When they appear;
Confident and proud and buoyant
Without fear,
And when zephyrs gently lift them
In their folded wings and sift them
Into stronger currents, lower in
The air.

Then, in their transparent beauty,
Earthward bound,
Changing pictures chase each other
All around;

Church and spire, with earth's mire
May be found.
And the clear and crystal bubble
Knowing not of earth and trouble,
Slow descending, settles
On the ground.

And the pictures now are changing
Very fast.
Love and joy and pleasures follow—
Nothing lasts.
Blacker tints of pain and sorrow
Overcast;
And the bubble, troubled by the sight,
Tries to lift its sphere again to light,
But the mud on surface holds
It tight.

And in chains of bondage feebly
Struggles on.
Gathering more of earth's illusions,
In the sun,
'Till the darkness of the night throws
Shadows on.
Finally in fear, the bubble
Broken hearted with the struggle,
Bursts its bonds and settles
In the dust.

But look yonder, in the moon's rays,
Forms appear,
See an Angel's shape is hovering
Without fear;
Watching all the changing bubbles
Far and near.
And as each regains its freedom,
And awakes from its delusion,
Then in gladness joins its comrades
In the air.

FROM NIGHT TO LIGHT.

We stand on the threshold longing
For knowledge of mysteries untold,
Emerging from night into sunlight,
When Truth shall all secrets unfold.

In the darkness we stumble and falter,
Forever seeking the light,
'Till some friendly hand lifts the curtain,
Which has been obscuring our sight.

Then in rays of resplendent glory
From the Great Universal they spring,
And envelope us in the great forces
That knowledge of nature will bring.

Revealing to us all the splendor
Of Earth and the heavenly spheres,
And the soul, on the wings of the morning,
Carries peace and love through the years.

Oh, Pilgrim on the threshold!
Grasp the great truth which before you lies,
And your life will discourse sweet music
Of the angels beyond the skies!

“The Secret of life is Love,—”
Is engraven on Karnac’s walls.
“Love is the secret of life.—”
The sphynxes of Egypt calls.

“Love with Wisdom, is the secret of Life,”
At the doorway of Petraea inscribed
The torch of love for humanity burns
'Tis the secret of the soul.

Love for the Great Master
Let us fill our hearts to the brim,
Then knowledge and wisdom and power
Will come to us from within!

Peace, Peace to the soul is our watchword!
Let us breathe to the world a prayer!
In silence send out the glad message
To struggling humanity there!

That all may withdraw the curtain,
And see the wondrous light
From darkness of ages of ignorance,
Pass out of the shadows of night.

Set sail on the murmuring river,
Gently rippling out to the sea;
Flowing onward and onward and onward,
To the glorious Eternity!

ARIES.

Like a pure stately lily
That sleeps in the earth,
Let your nature shine forth,
Ruled by Aries at birth.

INSPIRATION.

I am standing on the threshold
In the opalescent light,
Listening to the angel voices
Calling me from out the night.

Will they lead me o'er the border,
Fold me in their snowy wings;
Lead my soul to higher knowledge
Of unutterable things?

Will I reach my heart's desire,
Now to tread the starry way
To the footstool of our Maker,
In the blaze of heavenly day?

Then to earth plane once more roaming
With the forces from the spheres,
Just to help the weak and weary
On the road of toiling years.

Just a moment by the wayside,
Just a touch upon the cheek,
Just a little of God's brightness,
Helping those amongst the weak.

Will the forces of the God-head
Make a messenger of me,
To enlighten all desirous
Of the great Eternity?

Then when my task here is finished,
Loosened all the ties that bind,
That my soul may seek its Maker,
In the realms of the Divine.

Such a life I freely offer.
To the forces from on high.
Might I be an humble bearer
Of the message from the sky.

Then when earth-plane's work is ended,
May my spirit find the rest,
In the bosom of the God-head,
Peace and Love forever blest.

TO OUR SUSAN

Who is she, with eyes so blue,
And with hair of sunny hue,
With a smile of welcome, too?
It is Susan.

She is young and she is fair,
With a mien so debonnaire;
She is one beyond compare,
Is this Susan.

When we are so far from home,
Coming o'er the world to roam,
Who then greets us with a smile?
It is Susan.

She our hand in friendship holds,
And our heart to her unfolds
All the love that in them is,
For our Susan.

Fairies weave her joys and powers,
Brighten all her golden hours;
May her path be strewn with flowers—
Our loved Susan.

HARMONY.

As it is above, so below,
Let harmony prevail;
Know the starry orbs as they circling go.
And thy luck will never fail.

But if the Law you try to balk,
And discord does obtain,
Then all the force of random talk
Will ne'er bring peace again.

Breathed into life by the world's great breath
Thee and the Universe
Pulsing with flow of life and death,
Alike planets and souls of earth.

For Unity must prevail through all,
And harmony must reign;
Then we can master struggle and strife
And our rightful heritage gain.

We can help the younger souls along
In this world so beautifully fair,
And all our hearts be filled with song
With never a sorrow or care.

Love our motto, a star on our shield
We can reach the uppermost heights
And journey along shedding peace with our
 song
Till the soul takes its rapturous flight.

THE MESSAGE.

'Tis the silent hour of evening
When all cares are laid aside
And we linger in the moonlight,
Near the beach at ebb of tide.

And the waves like murmuring voices
Dashing gaily on their way,
And the moonbeams fall and sparkle
On the scintillating spray.

See the stars come out in numbers,
Just to watch the waves at play,
And to listen to the music,
As they sing old ocean's lay.

Then we raise our eyes to heaven
And the myriad throng is seen
All are twinkling in their gladness
Welcoming the evening queen.

And the ocean madly rushes,
As in answer to her call,
All arrayed in sparkling jewels,
As the shades of night do fall.

Do we understand the message,
On the crest of waves 'tis sent,
And 'tis written in jeweled pictures
In the starry firmament.

Does it cause a chord to vibrate
In the recess of our breast,
Bringing forth in sacred music
All our soul's great tenderness?

Let us gently lift the curtain
Of the soul and silent pray,
Ask for knowledge and for wisdom
That will shed light on our way.

In the depth of nature's storehouse
There are mines of wealth untold,
Waiting only for the asking
All their treasures to unfold.

Let us rend the veil asunder
That makes blind our mortal eyes;
Give the soul a chance for freedom
Then 'twill soar beyond the skies!

Then with love and understanding,
Gentleness for all around,
And the Christus in each nature
Full of harmonies be found.

Then an ecstasy will hover
And this life be filled with peace,
Till the call from the great Master,
Causes all earth-life to cease.

As we wander by the waters,
In the moonbeams' silver light,
Let me send to you the message,
Brought to me from out the night.

Open up your soul to knowledge;
Turn the key, unlock the door;
For within the inner portals
Love waits, like a bird to soar.

Send this love to all humanity,
Enemies as well as friends,
Unknown souls who seem forsaken,
All God's children—He defends.

Then as breaks the evening shadows,
And the dawn of day appears,
All the love sent forth in silence,
Will return with force of years.

Only then our hearts rejoicing,
As each golden day comes round,
And the Peace which passeth knowledge,
Hovering in our breasts, be found.

THE RIVULET.

Prancing, dancing, rushing waters
Carrying echoes from the hills
Laughing in the lights and shadows
Over pebbles, rippling rills,
All melodious sighing, singing
Under branches golden tipped
And the nodding flowers listen
To the spray so silver lipped.
All the burdens of life vanish
As we hear the waters' song
Telling of the Law eternal,
As they merrily dance along.

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

When the day is slowly dying,
And the sun dips in the west,
And the murmuring winds are sighing,
Stirring with a great unrest.

Then the birds and tree-tops chorus,
With the purling of the stream,
Whispering the old, old story,
Shadows of a by-gone dream.

Is this song, as twilight darkens,
Deep into the shades of night,
Music sent from Angels' harping,
Love songs to the stars so bright.

Then beneath the vaulted heaven,
Lit by tiny lamps of fire,
Vespers of the evening chanted,
Nature's great cathedral choir.

Paeans of memory all harmonious
Dream songs all in jubilee,
When the summer winds are floating,
Over field and orchard tree.

And the grand orchestral music,
Symphonies of love unfold,
As the song in tender accents,
Mingles with our dreams untold.

And the zephyrs gently murmuring,
Wafts a song in upward flight,
Of our souls in harmony thrilling
To the music of the night.

THE SECRET OF THE FLOWERS.

Where lies the charm of the flowery kingdom
Is it the color,
Or beauty of form?

It is the fragrance on soft winds wafted,
As its dewy cup
It opes to the morn.

Stately the sunflower stands in its glory
Its face to the east,
In robes of pure gold.

Lowly we find the violet so fragrant
Hidden from sight
Under the leaves.

Pansies, too, with faces so trusting,
Thoughtful and winsome
In their modest way.

Red, pink and purple, the poppies are nodding
Putting to sleep
The mortals of earth.

Seek in the woodland for sweet baby blue eyes,
Like azure skies
In the new morn.

Queerer than all is the foxglove so varied,
Where in its folds
Insects are lulled.

And the great lily which blooms in the night time,
Fearing the sun-rays
On its white robe.

Tell me what is the secret they're holding!
Have they no voice?
Is there no sound?

How do they reach us, and grow so dear to us?
Surely a message
Lurks in their breast.

What is the subtle charm of the rose,
Look in its heart
And the mystery is told!

Heart speaks to heart when we gaze on its beauty.
Where is the mystery;
What is the spell?

Ah! 'tis the perfume wafted around us,
Carrying the message
Of Nature's great Law.

It is the soul coming forth from the flower
Reaching afar,
Like the rays of a star.

Sending forth to the world in its voice, silent
Hidden truths of the life
Evolved every day.

Slowly, but surely when reaching its goal,
Out of the plant life,
Is wafted the soul.

Telling of mysteries in its breast hidden deep;
Of earthy struggles,
And deathless sleep.

On breath of the morning 'tis carried afar,
Onward its journey.
To reach higher spheres.

Then when the soul from the flower, takes its flight,
Leaves fall to earth,
And petals decay.

Feeding Mother Earth who has given it birth,
And to renew
The strength it has taken.

So soul to soul we speak to the flowers,
Breathing their fragrance
All the day through.

And with each perfume sent to our breast,
Each brings a memory,
Or a caress.

One of a bright dashing spirit of earth,
One of a sorrow,
One is of mirth.

One of a mother, to all most dear,
One of a lover
Enshrined in our heart.

But the red rose to our soul speaks most clear,
For 'tis of love,
The message she bears.

Love for the forces ruling our planet,
Love for the Power
Strengthening our lives.

Love and love only, our souls lifting upward
This is the secret
Told by the flowers.

So, we will tend them with gentle care,
Always defend them,
When vandals are near.

Gaze on their beauty, inhale their perfume,
Soul speaks to soul
From the heart of the flower.

A WAKING DREAM.

He whispers to us, in the breeze and sunshine,
Even the seas bespeak His mighty power
All nature stirs with spirit, pulsing onward,
Sun, moon and stars and every lowly flower.

The thunder rolls; storms o'er head are breaking;
Buildd on rock the lighthouse stands alone;
Eternal light of love, us ne'er forsaking,
Though lightning strikes and mighty winds do moan.

Doubt may assail the Pilgrim weary hearted,
Darkness of night, may settle o'er his soul.
Voices within may lure him to the challenge
The fray is on to make or lose the goal.

Listening I catch the words of His revealing,
And in the stillness, scarcely understand,
Yet, try to sense the wonder and commotion
Stirring my soul and beckoning of His hand.

And as I wait, athirst for his inspiring.
Having once had a glimpse of things Divine
Never again forget the great desiring
Of His sweet presence, in this heart of mine.

Once having talked with Spirit, Spirit answering,
Once having felt the peace beyond compare,
Storms, troubles, doubts, may try to break the stillness,
But nevermore; for God Himself is there.

I choose to stand on side of path enlightened,
Will those on other side, pass Him on the way,
One chance we have to grasp His hand as Brother
Ere broken-hearted, gently glides away.

For His great magnet is a love alluring
Urging us ever with a force Divine.
And with this love there comes a great assuring
That His great kingdom is forever thine.

In the clear lake His Image is reflected
And His pure spirit, rests eternal there.
Love and more love is evermore provided
Lifting the soul forever from despair.

A DREAM.

The flame is the soul of the Poet,
The crystal, the wisdom divine,
Upraised on the wings of the spirit
In purity and love sublime.

Released from its icy prison,
Rising to life it goes;
A heavenly rainbow of promise,
From the mystic shrine it flows.

Success to a great ambition,
Then peace and contentment and rest,
At the footstool of the Almighty,
In the land of the ever blest!

THE GREAT WHITE DOME.

In silence, the Great White Dome
Rests on the mountain height
A link between heaven and earth,
Giving records of starry light.

From the bustle and rush of the valley,
Where in the mad race of life,
Humanity struggles unheeded
In the never-ending strife.

Through orchards of golden fruit,
By vineyards of grapes so blue,
And fields of waving grain,
We pass the mountains through.

And the sparkling streams go by,
Under the rocks and the trees
They merrily scamper and play
In the hush of the summer breeze.

Then, as evening shades descend,
And the earth in sleep is stilled,
We raise our eyes on high,
And with wonder our souls are filled.

The silver moon comes out
As guardian of the night,
And planets and stars appear
So wondrous in our sight.

We cry out for the stars
As they twinkle and burn in the sky,
And wish for the silver boat,
Which sails in the heavens so high.

Higher than winds can blow,
Swifter than clouds do fly,
Each star in glory sublime,
Lit to shine and set in the sky.

And we seek to know their stories,
As they hasten on their way,
All a part of one great system
Under Universal sway.

As we ponder on these mysteries
Of the Consciousness Divine,
Shall our souls take wing and follow
In the wake of worlds sublime.

In the scale of evolution,
Till we reach a perfect life
Onward, upward, like the star worlds
Far beyond mere human strife.

Tell the wonders, oh, stars and planets,
To the world where'er you roam;
That humanity may grow wiser
For Mount Hamilton's Great Dome.

CALIFORNIA.

California, land of azure skies,
Where gentle summer walks in stormless light,
Where the old mountains lift their furrowed brows,
Crowned with the starry diadem of night.
Thy beauteous vales in Day's arms so bright
Like fairy worlds,—what grandeur stamps the scene
Of rock-urned falls, or prairies clad in green,
And far beyond the hills as sentinels, stand guard
The stately redwoods, with arms protectingly out-
stretched
In ever-verdant green.

IN MEMORIAM

Written for the dedication and unveiling of a monument erected to the name of Redwood City's generous pioneer, Horace Hawes.

A Pioneer with thoughts beyond his age,
A soul advanced in wisdom and in worth,
A builder of the race, on virgin page,
Of unity and peace, to spring to birth.

No power, that wrought for good, can ever die.
A law of nature, manifests and lives
Unwithered, though changing years may fly,
The stream of wisdom flows and ever gives.

Therefore, thou art not wholly gone;
Thy better part is living with us still;
The laws thou formst, through politics were torn,
Yet all thy hopes and wishes have been filled.

In struggling city by the Golden Gate,
Thou layest the Charter and the corner stone,
To benefit the many, and kind Fate
Has there a city beautiful enthroned.

The Consolidation Act still stands today
In golden letters writ upon the walls,
And system out of chaos came to stay,
And harmony now fills the Justice Halls.

Thou art not idle, in thy higher life;
Thy Spirit blends itself to other tasks;
To help the nation in its busy strife;
And Peace, the crown, is all thou askst.

And may some ray shine forth from thy great Soul
And shed on struggling hearts a clearer light,
And Freedom, Right and Unity the goal
Clothing, in lustre more divine, our sight.

Who says he is forgot, his memory dim?
 Not so, for every thought lives on, a deed,
 And may one thought be sent to him,
 The soul who in the great beyond is freed.

Today we raise the veil of years gone by,
 And plant a font of water in the sod,
 Symbol of overflowing love, that ne'er will die,
 That springs from love Divine, a spark of God.

And weary ones may quaff at this pure stream,
 Refreshing all who passes by the way,
 And realize that life here is a dream
 But life eternal is all shining day.

This laurel crown I lay upon the font
 In memory of a soul of priceless worth,
 Who worked for Freedom, Unity and Peace
 To bring a brotherhood to men on earth.

EUGENIE'S BIRTHDAY.

The years are flying,
 Childhood is dying,
 The bud has opened into the rose.

With petals concealing
 The heart's revealing
 The soul springs to life in the full bloom.

A sweet blue-eyed baby,
 A modest young lady,
 A true and pure woman comes forth today.

With graces unfolded
 And character moulded,
 To meet life's destiny on the highway.

May years bring full measure
 Of joys and of pleasure,
 And the rainbow of promise surround you alway.

EL DORADO

Old Neptune sings his songs of love,
To the city by the sea,
And golden brown rise the hills above,
To list to the minor key.

As the clouds roll down to the silver sands,
Carrying harmonies from the skies,
The waters sigh, and beckon and call,
As the mists from the breakers fly.

The Golden Gate of this city fair,
Welcomes the stranger to rest,
As the sun drops low in the restless sea,
And kisses the ocean's breast.

A jewel rare, like old Cathay,
Rises out of the ebb and flow,
With the opal tints of the peerless bay
At the foot of our El Dorado.

With flowers and fruits and carol of birds,
And songs from the waves released,
We will lure you back to our city of dreams.
From the ice and snows of the East.

A welcome you'll find to our sunny clime,
And hearts beating love for thee,
As the soft tones of our Mission bells
Sound a welcome from hills and sea.

A TRIBUTE TO CLIO.

Clio, one of the muses nine,
Who lived in the days of gods divine,
Whose father, Zeus, in his great might,
Ruled the Mount of Olympus bright.

Mnemosyne, the mother, her daughters taught
How to bestow the arts of Greece
On the favored mortals who came to her shrine,
To worship the muses of olden time.

Ages before, they were stars on high,
And shone with resplendent light;
Ruling the seasons of sunshine and dews,
To the mortals great delight.

Finally, the Greeks called them down to earth,
And took these powers away,
Bestowing others of greater worth
Recording the history of the nation's birth.

And with verse and charming symphony,
They bring their sacred songs,
And waken to rapture the souls of men,
And urge them to Victory's renown.

So they come from a land of sunlight deep,
Where the golden gardens glow,
Where the winds of the north, becalmed in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow.

Midst temples of pines on the moonlight mount,
They silently list to the stars,
In the glades where dwells the brooding dove,
Where echoes the voice of love.

They wove bright fables, in the days of old,
When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings,
When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And sung of high and mystic things.

And the poet who wanders on mountain top,
And dreams in the lowly dale,
Is inspired by them, with strains divine,
Voicing his thoughts in lines sublime.

And Clio, most favored of daughters
The famed muse of history,
Stands wreathed with the laurel of honor,
And glory, and victory.

And in her hand the papyrus,
With records of peace and war,
And the trumpet to herald the greatness
Of the gods on Aegean shore.

Let us follow this great inspiration
Of the muse of the ages gone by,
Our motto "Petimus Optima"
Write in flaming letters on high.

Success to the women of the New World,
Let us vie with Atlanteans of old,
And reach the goal of perfection
When our nation's history is told.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK

The brook runs on so merrily,
Carrying its songs to the sea;
And the air nymphs hover above it
To hear what the song might be.

.

Listen, listen! said the brook,
I to thee a tale would tell
Of a love that ne'er grows old.

Over twenty years ago
Two young hearts in rapture met
Met to love, and love for aye.

So they intertwined their lives,
And with hand in hand they trod
Over life's hard, rocky way.

One would stumble, one would fall,
But the other, all in love,
Helped the weaker on the road.

In the home two fairies dwelt,
One a girl and one a boy,
Taking all the love from both to their hearts.

Such a love as children bring,
Softening sorrow into spring,
Like a rainbow doth appear in the sky.

With these fairies by their side,
Onward through the world so wide,
These two lovers took their way by the brook.

And, as years crept on apace,
Many a struggle in the race
Overcame they, by the grace of their love.

And that love did stronger grow
Till an angel's hand has joined
All the life strands into one perfect rhythm.

Now the cord has turned to gold,
And their natures do unfold
To prepare for future use in the world.

May the chain with jewels be decked;
Pearls of kindness, wisdom, love,
In a necklace bright as stars from above.

Hand in hand they still go on,
Like the babbling of the brook,
In a ceaseless tale of joy, ever told.

And when old age lingers near
Each shall be to each more dear,
Never a sigh or never a fear—all is love."

Listen, listen! said the brook,
What is this the air nymphs say?
That there is no separation of true souls?

True love moulds two souls in one,
Blends them in one perfect life,
And in bliss they travel on
To the shores of Paradise."

And the brook in joy runs on,
Carrying love songs on her breast
To the Ocean far and wide,
To eternity and rest.

THE SUN-CHILD

What are you seeking
Child of the sun,
Chasing a butterfly from morn till night,
First in the shadow and then in the light?

Restless and weary,
Child of the light,
A phantom pursuing all through this life,
Ever eluding, in the world's busy strife.

Life is a bubble
Of variable hue,
Pictured with all the tints of the sun,
A mirage, e'er receding, 'till life is done.

The planet which guards you
As onward you rove,
Has showered the gladness and joy of his love
O'er thy bosom—there sheltered like a white dove.

And wherever you go,
At home or abroad,
Like a rainbow of promise, your presence will send
A joy and a peace to the heart of a friend.

Alone thou art standing,
In radiance golden!
Like the sun, ever ready to warm and to cheer
All thy friends, be they far, be they near.

What is the name
Of this phantom you're seeking,
This ray of the sunlight under the leaves,
In flower and fruit of the orchard trees?

This sprite of the sunshine,
Imprisoned in nature,
Waits but the touch of a kindred hand
To spring into life and cover the land.

So chase in the sunlight
The butterflies rare;
Sip of the honey the bright blossoms bear;
Guard it and store it for others to share!

His name—it is Love
This child of the sun
Ever attracting and ever eluding,
While all the wide world is ever pursuing.

WEDDING BELLS

Eugenie and David

Eugenie! What sweet portent haply lies
Under her name, to spell this wee bride's worth;
Granted to me by gracious, smiling skies,
Eugenie truly seems "of lofty birth."
Noble in birth, I've taught my "Babe" to prize
In life and deeds the virtue of that name.
Eu, the Greek for "good" while "Genii" are all-wise,
E'er to be good and wise has been her aim.
'Tis meet that he to whom Eugenie's wed
David, should be "One blest by love's own eyes."
And she upon his soul great love will shed;
Valiant, he'll guard her as they onward go
Into new life, and count its every guise
Divine, bring what it may of weal or woe.
And this fond prayer I offer up for thee:
Thy names an omen of thy life may be.

Mother.

PROGRESS

Written for a Suffrage Meeting.

The onward march of evolution,
The ever-changing life,
Is nearing its great solution,
In the present civic strife.

Ideals old change into new;
Higher and higher they grow;
Old ways, and thoughts, are left to the few,
While new ones, the present, will sow.

Not a fight, nor a strife, this call for advance,
As old methods slip from the scene,
But the modern civilized game of chance,
Making all nations active and keen.

Common interests and common ideals,
Joining man and woman at last—
Tenderness, sympathy, comradeship seals
The bond—discrimination is past.

The need is good-fellowship, consolidation,
Join hand and heart and soul,
For the home, for the state, and our glorious nation,
The welfare of the race as a whole.

It was physical strength that won the race
In primitive days gone by.
Intuition and reason must now march apace
On great minds the nations rely.

Man and woman at last have reached the goal,
And their banner will float on high,
For the uplift of each passing soul,
As the world goes hurrying by.

Unfurl the flag of co-ordination!
We will follow this standard through life,
As the daughters and sons, in closer relation,
March side by side in the strife.

When once the waves of progress release
The masses rushing along,
Then all political life will cease
And make new conditions more strong.

So seek at the root of the suffrage decree;
The solution will be found.
It is love, fellowship and comradeship
In a wreath of victory bound.

TO MY SWEETHEART.

For twenty years and two years more
We've sailed our boat o'er seas together;
Though earth did quake and thunder break,
We've reached the shore in sunny weather.
And now we glide o'er summer tide,
Two souls whose love grows on forever,
As hand in hand we tread the sand,
And naught on earth or heaven can sever.
God bless the day which gave thee birth;
Bless, too, the Fates who joined our hands,
And may the many years bring forth
A peace eternal on life's sands.

IN THE GLOAMING

Do you hear the songs at twilight,
When the day is done,
And the shadows of the evening
Chase the setting sun?

Then the crickets are a-chirping,
Croaking are the frogs,
Keeping up a merry chorus,
Jumping o'er the logs.

Through the rustle of the tree tops,
As the leaves are stirred,
And a minor note of music
In the choir is heard.

Hark! the owl in plaintive measure,
Calling to her mate,
And the answer in the distance,
As the hour grows late.

Then the moon, in stately splendor,
Rises o'er the hill,
And the stars come out in numbers,
Till the heavens fill.

Over nature night is creeping,
As the hours go by,
And the grass and flowers are sleeping
With a lingering sigh.

One by one, within the cottage,
Lights do disappear,
And the farmers of the valley
Sleep without a fear.

Then we hear in dreams a murmur
As a myriad throng,
Nymphs and fairies are a-stirring
In the dance and song.

Underneath the stars' bright glimmer,
Gathered on the lawn,
Singing merrily in the moonlight,
Where they dance till dawn.

Into windows they fly noiseless,
Where the children sleep,
Whispering the wondrous stories
Of the caverns deep.

Of the ocean, filled with mermaids
Decked in coral rare,
Luring ships on to destruction,
Filled with mortals fair.

Then they tell the tales of castles
On the mountains high,
Where the giants, strong and cruel,
Make boys into pie.

And the magic wand of fairies,
Turning all to gold;
And the coffers without number,
Filled with wealth untold.

Fireflies and Jack-o'-lanterns
Linger in these dales,
And the phosphorescent glow-worm
Lights the mystic vales.

And there is an elfin palace,
All of sugar made,
Where good children come and visit,
Who are not afraid.

There's a great book always open,
Where you write the name
Of the good boys and the good girls
Who to the palace came.

Then the moon sails on her voyage
Far beyond the seas,
And the little stars grow dimmer;
Hushed the evening breeze.

For the dawn begins to brighten
And the world awakes;
Fairies scamper to their dwellings
As the morning breaks.

All the earth wakes from its slumbers
As Old Sol appears,
Dwarfs and fairies not forgotten
Through the course of years.

Do say you believe in fairies,
For their tales are true,
For they make us all the happier;
Do say, Yes, you do.

So we linger in the gloaming,
Telling tales of days gone by;
Listening to the evening's music,
Seeing pictures in the sky.

Then sweet symphonies come stealing,
Nature's secrets to unfold;
Lulled to rest in twilight murmurs,
Wordless calm comes o'er the soul.

LINES TO A FRIEND

On Her Seventieth Birthday

Three score and ten years ago,
A child in a cradle lay sweetly sleeping.
In far away Russia's ice and snow,
The little stars their vigil keeping.

The child into a maid did grow.
In foreign lands, where the world was waking,
And Destiny greatest gifts bestowed,
In the West, where ocean waves were breaking.

Then love came to this maiden fair,
With sunshine, and cloud, and changeable weather.
And angels gave children into her care
To fill her life with love and pleasure.

The stream that flows by hill and lea,
That seeks its way from distant fountain,
Sooner or later must reach the sea,
Though wide the plain and steep the mountain.

If flowers bloomed always we'd cast them by;
Did youth last ever 'twould lose its sweetness.
The gayest laughter succeeds the sigh;
'Tis change that makes the world's completeness.

The blossoming spring, with its softer wings,
Gives place to gales that shake the forest;
The changeful future its solace brings
To the wounded heart that has ached the sorest

Let us gather the harvest of riper years,
As life goes on with its lights and shadows;
And make a garland of smiles and tears,
Like a daisy chain from the dewy meadows.

And twine it around the Mother so dear,
Whose heart is as young as a lark in the heather,
Crowned with the love of her children here,
Who guard her from all the storms of the weather.

Like the Pleiades bright, seven children of night,
A necklace of gems in the firmament shining,—
Sons and daughters fair, seven jewels of light,
A brilliant coronet the dear head crowning.

Though years may come and years may go
True hearts, Time, can never sever.
And we will all our gifts bestow,
For mother's heart beats love forever.

CONSTANCE

Constance, do we need proclaim
The charm and music of her name?
So bright, so chic, so debonnaire,
With grace of form and face so fair.

Violet, in tender mood we call
This loved one. May naught befall
But joy and peace and blessings great,
To greet the turning of each five years' fete.

MY LADY IN BLUE

A casket of jewels I found by the sea,
Where the billowy waves run high;
Where the waters dash and the breakers crash
On the rocks as they hurry by.

On the sands so white, in the golden light
Of the sun, I found the prize;
In a garden fair it nestled there,
Hidden from prying eyes.

And the children's voices rise and fall
In play so joyous and free;
And the summer winds take up the call
And carry their songs to the sea.

The ocean's restless ebb and flow
On the sparkling silver sands,
Is lulling to rest the Buddha
Surrounded by azure bands.

And within the sacred silence,
Where a golden shadow lies,
The Master stands with upraised hands,
With love beaming forth from His eyes.

His blessing and benediction,
Over the rising tide,
Is borne on the breast of the ocean
To humanity, far and wide.

And within this casket of jewels
I found one of radiant hue,
Fairer than pearls from the sea-
The soul of my lady in blue.

As sunlight pierces the darkness,
And moonrays silver the sands,
Her thoughts go forth on their mission
Of joy and peace o'er the lands.

Like pearls in the depths of the ocean,
And sapphires hidden from view,
So wisdom and knowledge and power
Must be gained by the toil of the few.

Till the world awakes from its dreaming,
And Truth, like a beacon of light,
Leads the souls, shipwrecked and weary,
Out of the shadows of night.

In the golden glow of the morning,
As it settles on mountain and sea,
The souls reborn in the dawning
Will awake unfettered and free.

A SEQUEL TO MY LADY IN BLUE

We wandered in gardens of wondrous hue
By the pearly light of the moon,
Or in sunshine by the purling brook
With rapturous souls in tune.

We were lovers true, in the Eons past,
And peace was within our breast,
But to reach the goal of a mighty soul
We were put through a spiritual test.

We were free as the birds in the forest glade,
And life was a rosy dream,
With love so pure, that an angel smiled
From her eyes, when on me they beamed.

We forgot, in our earthly paradise,
That our mission was love for all,
And in selfish happiness quaffed of the cup
That caused the angels to fall.

We rested 'neath the silvery stars,
But wafted on evening's wings
Was the breath of the deadly pomegranate buds,
Which sleep to our senses brings.

Then fire and fever ran in our veins,
We steeped our souls to the brim,
And lost all thought of a life Divine
In the sense of original sin.

In darkness we've wandered many a day,
Two souls ever seeking a mate;
And under the seeming of pleasure and pain,
We have had to abide our fate.

Till the still, small voice at last was heard
And love universal reigns,
Work for the Master is found the goal,
And the souls have been purged from stains.

At last we met, and the joy was great,
Our wanderings over for aye,
And a peon of bells rings in our hearts
To replace a tear or a sigh.

Soul flies to soul in the silence of night,
Returning, awakes in the dawn;
And the great unrest which filled each breast,
With the Light Eternal, has gone.

In patience still, they must work and wait
Till the dawn of another day,
When all half souls will meet their mate
In the gold of the Master's ray.

Peace and harmony will reign supreme;
Angelic hosts will rejoice,
As both on the path hear the Master's call
Through the calm of the Inner Voice.

A BIRTHDAY BONNET

There came to a mother
One summer day,
A little wee fairy,
Lovely as May.

Her eyes were like violets,
Her hair of spun gold,
Her sweet rosebud mouth
Like a blossom unfold.

Such a sweet lassie
She has grown in these years,
When in her white bonnet
My fairy appears.

SPRING

Oh, sunny days of gentle spring,
When nature her beauty discloses;
The soul of man awakes in tune
With the breath of the meadows and roses.

The languorous nights with starry eyes,
And moonlight in silent splendor;
The days grow long with the breath of song,
Murmuring of love so tender.

All nature, enraptured by the spell,
Looks love through the sunny hours,
And fairies, lurking in grove and dell,
Breathe love to the nodding flowers.

The long hushed heart with harmonies fill,
And love in the soul is awaking,
As the sweet spring days and nights return,
And memories into life are breaking.

Blessings are filling the scented air;
From birds in the sighing trees
Rapturous caresses float everywhere,
On the wings of the trembling breeze.

The favored child of the bright springtime
Brings harmonies from above,
Like melodies from a lute in tune,
Comes laden with sunshine and love.

ALASKA

An Eden of old enchants the pilgrim's view,
As o'er the waters our bark Spokane glides through.
On either side, like sullen phantoms rise
Thy granite domes, cloud-capped, to sapphire skies.

Alaska, thou gem! Thy mountains gray
Were cleft by Earthquake, Sculptor of the North;
And down thy sides, through gorges deep,
Rush foaming torrents, to eternal sleep!

Thy high cascades sing ceaseless melodies,
And silver moon-rays fall on dashing spray,
Knitting a veil of shimmering vapor bright
To deck the Arctic bride in robes of light.

Thy groves of fir, like mummied pilgrims rise,
With arms outstretched, entreating, to the skies,
And at their feet the waters rush along,
Carrying the legends in their murmuring song.

In waters clear, the Seraph lurking near,
Will pencil rocks and trees, and cloudy skies;
Deguerrotyped, he leaves a picture there
Of Nature's radiant face, the landscape fair.

From canyons gloomy depths, with icy breath,
Of rock-bound glaciers, holding all in death;
Thunders re-echo from the mountain side,
As sliding icebergs fall in ebbing tide.

Through quiet waters, where the fishes leap,
And forest monarchs silent vigil keep,
Through Rudyerd Fiord, where evening shadows fall,
As twilight glances off the rocky wall,

And snow-clad mountains lift their furrowed brows,
Guarding the vales where roam the bear and deer,
And over all a mist of golden light
The midnight sun illumes the darkest night.

Here, once, the war-whoop rang, through forest wild,
And warrior brave fought brave in savage strife,
And dusky maidens ranged the mossy glades,
Weaving their baskets in the forest shade.

And in a dream we linger in the past,
And read in totem-pole their legends old;
And silence reigns in gardens all forlorn,
And homes deserted—all are dead and gone.

The Great Spirit of the mountains sleeps,
And waters lull the savage souls to rest;
Yet all in unity some day will meet
In the Great Beyond, realm of eternal rest.

CALIFORNIA'S CALL

Poppy-Land

Poppies are nodding far out in the West,
Under the sapphire sky;
I'm sending a few to one I love best,
Where the winter snows do lie.

Look in the cup of this sun-kissed flower
You'll find a drop of dew,
Rainbow tinted with pearly lights,
Carrying my love to you.

Why do you tarry in wintry clime,
With the frost and sleet and snow?
Come back, come back to the poppy-land,
Where the fields are all aglow.

The hills are green, and the silver sheen
Of the moon illumines the sky;
And the brook's glad song as it hurries along,
Joins the carol of birds on high.

You can tarry a while by the sands of the sea,
Old ocean will lull you to rest;
The towering trees with their sheltering leaves
Will make you a welcome guest.

Our hearts are warm in the poppy-land
The sun shines bright every day;
And music and love go hand in hand,
So why, dear one, delay?

'Tis Christmas time, and we send you cheer,
And a golden thought takes wing,
As the fairy flowers with messages dear,
Their golden bells do ring.

Ring out the chime of this golden clime,
Sending peace and good wishes to all!
Our hearts will beat in rhythmic time
At the sound of the poppy's call.

THE MINUET

There's a legend of the Yuletide, coming down from days
of yore,
That is told around the fireside, when the shadows fleck
the floor;
When the silence of the twilight steals upon us unaware
And the mistletoe above us swings so softly in the air.

Then, 'tis said, departed spirits can return to earth again,
When the house is decked with holly, and the joys of
Christmas reign;
And the nearness of their presence can be felt by one
and all,
When the Yule-log burns the brightest, casting shadows
on the wall.

In the corner of the parlor, hidden almost out of sight,
Is a spinnet, long forgotten, scarcely seen in the dim light;
On its sides are pictures painted, of lords and ladies fair,
Underneath the spreading branches, walking, talking,
pair by pair.

And I touched it very gently, with almost a ghostly sense,
And the yellow keys responded in a melody intense.
Suddenly I heard a murmur, trembling gently in the air,
And the tones were soft and mellow, breathing forth a
harmony rare.

Then, emerging from the shadows, stood a lady wondrous fair,
Dressed in shimmering 'broidered satin, with the powder
on her hair;
Then she curtsied gaily to me, standing by a high-
backed chair,
Waiting in the ghostly twilight, with a mien so debon-
naire.

And she seemed to wait and listen, till a courtier glided by,
And he took her hand and kissed it, where the mistletoe
 hung high;

Then I heard the satins rustle and high heels tap the floor,
In the firelight jewels glittered as in courtly days of yore.

To the music, all-entrancing, back and forth with dainty
 step,

Laughing, dancing to the measure of the stately minuet;
I could almost hear their voices, and from eyes a love-
 light beamed,

As the flickering fire faded, and the shadows dimmer
 seemed.

And, as I sit and ponder, watching pictures shifting fast,
Of the stately court of Louis, waking memories of the
 past,

Of Versailles, the palace royal, where great lords and
 ladies fair

Made the joyous hour fly in high revelry held there,

And the flowers, fruits and trees nodded in the evening
 light,

Hundreds of sparkling fountains played, whispering love
 by day and night,

Down the marble walks came courtiers, gracious and with
 love-lit faces,

And in the dancing moonlight, ladies, dainty in satins and
 laces.

Within the palace golden, high revelry holds sway,
And, mirrored in polished floor, the crystal lights do play.
'Midst music, wit and song, and faces all aglow,
The stately couples dance, to strains so measured and
 slow.

The courtier takes the hand of his lady so debonnaire,
The lights grow dim in the dawn, as he guides her to a
golden chair.

His lady of powder and patches waits for a lingering
glance,

As the music grows softer and slower in the rhythm of
the dance.

The courtier bows low to his lady, and in the flickering
light

They seem to fade like a phantom, and I hear them say,
"Good night."

Will I see again this vision when I play on the spinnet
old?

Will they come again in the gloaming, when the minuet's
legend is told?

When again we deck with holly the rafters and lights in
the hall,

On Christmas Eve, will they dance again, with the
shadows on floor and wall?

Will memories be forgotten when the dear ones do return,
When the mistletoe hangs above us, and the Yule logs
brightly burn?

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE

As I sit beside the fire,
With the study lamp turned low,
Half in dream and half in reverie
As the evening hours go,

I have just received a message
From a maid, loved years before,
Asking to return her letters—
Records of our dream of yore.

As I hold the precious package,
History of fairy tales,
Lovingly I touch the covers,
And my resolution fails.

Will she miss the faded flowers,
Pressed between the pages there?
Or the little lock, so golden,
Stolen from her sunny hair?

See, she stands, a dainty mortal,
Robed in gown of azure hue,
Underneath the spreading branches
Of a mighty forest yew.

And the birds sing at her coming,
And the flowers at her feet
Nod their daisy heads and whisper
To the grasses, as they meet.

And again, in royal splendor,
In a ball room, brightly lit,
And a crowd of her adorers,
All impatient, round her flit.

Gracious to each, as she passes,
As the strains of waltz are heard,
Eyes are sparkling, laughter ripples,
As all linger for a word.

Through the early dawn of Sabbath,
To the chapel in the vale,
Where the bells, in chorus chiming,
Vibrant over hill and dale.

In the choir I hear her singing,
Catch a glimpse of softer light,
As her voice is raised in rapture,
Chanting anthems in the night.

Listen, listen to the Ave,
As the harmonies unfold,
Prayers take flight to higher regions,
Blessings will descend, untold.

And I sigh, as visions vanish
Of a great love, won and lost;
Must these precious written missives
In the fire be careless tossed?

No, I'll crave once more her pardon
For a fault not wholly mine,
Giving her a life's devotion,
Love, an offering at her shrine.

Yes, I'll send a shaft from Cupid
Out into the starry night
And, into her heart, the arrow
Surely sinking out of sight.

Quick—a telegram, one word only—
Forgive—and one in answer—Come.
Thank God, the trouble's ended,
And our lives are joined in one.

Still another vision passes,
As the night creeps on apace;
Raptures beyond expression
Time or place can ne'er efface.

Like a pale and stately lily,
 Veiled and crowned with blossoms white,
 See, she stands before the altar,
 Like a phantom in the light.

And the strains of martial music
 Fill their souls with pure delight,
 As he softly whispers to her—
 "Happiness, my dearest wife."

Nevermore to drift asunder,
 As the wedding bells do peal,
 Cupid, you're a curious fellow,
 With your arrows, made of steel.

A NOSEGAY TO MARY

A red rose for love, to one most dear,
 Forget-me-not, though far from here,
 A lily of peace for the coming year.

A rose's soft leaf, to touch your cheek,
 And into the pansie's heart you must seek
 For a thought I send with the violet meek.

Though often silent, through many a year,
 Both have had griefs and sometimes a tear;
 Yet a nosegay I gather for Mary most dear.

Now at the Noel, a picture is cast
 Of two little children who lived in the past,
 Living and loving as long as life last.

A garland of thoughts I send to you, dear,
 With many good wishes for your Christmas cheer
 Twined with sunshine and love for the coming New
 Year

TO AN AUTHORESS

A stirring of the soul
In silence of the night;
To realms of fantasie
Will consciousness take flight.

In visions clear I see
This child of fancy free,
And how I try to lure
And bring her back with me.

On wings of thought she brings
A picture to the mind,
That must be put in words
To benefit mankind.

In fiction or in fact
I clothe this thought revealed;
Out into the world it goes,
With many a truth concealed.

And in the story weave
A tale of love or law,
Of politics of the day,
Religion or strife of war.

For books may tell the truth
Without the fear of death,
And purify the world of thought
With satire's fiery breath.

The ever wise dame Fame
Stands ready to enwreathe
The soul so noble in her work,
And her name to the world bequeath.

CALIFORNIA WOMEN

(A Toast.)

I have traveled afar from our sunny clime,
And crossed the ocean many a time,
To India's gardens and Africa's sands,
And around the world through tropical lands.

Amongst the daughters of every race
I have rarely seen wit, beauty and grace
To compare with our California maid,
Whose various charms seem never to fade.

The starry lights of our sapphire sky
Impart a twinkle to every eye;
As the sun dips low, with never a care,
A ray remains in her golden hair.

The rose leaves its blush on every cheek,
And the dewdrop on lips its shelter seeks;
The glorious freedom of women abounds
As the New Year's bells ring their joyful sounds.

California women, be it ever known,
And in 1915 'twill be plainly shown,
Stand first in rank of beauty and worth,
And their praises will ring all over the earth.

OUR ROSALIE

Our dear one is going far over the sea,
To the isle in the ocean blue,
O'er the billows deep, where the mermaids sleep,
And the stars their evening vigils keep,
To her friends so many and true.

Our Rosalie.

Her charming grace of figure and face,
Her loving brown laughing eyes;
Her sweet, soft voice, and a smile so rare,
And her winning ways, can only compare
To the sunlight in morning skies.

Our Rosalie.

We will miss you, dear, on each coming year,
And will waft you good wishes afar,
From our hearts' deep love to the heavens above,
They will fly on the wings of love
And reach you wherever you are.

Our Rosalie.

So never farewell, but au revoir,
Till you return to your native state;
Then old friends you'll find, and a welcome kind,
And a garland of flowers for you they'll bind,
As you sail through the Golden Gate.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

A thousand bells ring out,
Midst the darkness of the night ;
And voices join in anthems sweet
To tell the story aright.

How Love was born on Christmas morn
Within the heart of a child,
Bringing peace and good will to all the earth,
So pure and undefiled.

They sin, who tell us love can die,
For it burns with a flame divine ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returns,
The wonderful mystic sign.

Sent from time to time, by the Father of love,
To live in a human form,
And descend at last, like a peaceful dove,
To every soul that is born.

Life with avarice and vanities fraught,
Earthly with passions of earth ;
Ambition in heaven cannot dwell ;
All perish where they have birth.

But love is indestructible,
Too oft a troubled guest ;
Its holy flame forever burns,
Though oft deceived and oppressed.

Here it is tried and purified,
Then in heaven it seeks its rest ;
Sowing here with infinite toil and care,
But its harvest is waiting there.

Fifty years ago true love was born
In two hearts that still beat as one ;
And the flame that was lit by love divine
Like Bethlehem's star will ever shine.

WIT-HUMOR

Wit and humor is the spice of life.
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
If the world were all trouble and strife
We would all very soon be tired of life.

But now and again to be merry and gay,
With a laugh and a jest to help pass the day,
Keeps old Time a-moving along the highway.

So suppose in a strong box we put care aside
And let the Imp, Wit, in Care's place abide,
Then put down the lid, locking Trouble inside,
And laugh with the world as it passes us by.

This Imp is a coy one,
Treat him well, and he'll stay;
But trying to chain him,
He'll soon fly away.

So here's to our Salon,
May it sharpen our wits;
So laugh and be merry
Without having fits.

For there's talent amongst us,
And surely we'll find
A Browning, de Stael, or still better kind;
And surely there's monkey enough in us all
To respond to wit and humor when called.

So rise with your glass, filled full to the brim,
And drink a big bumper till twilight begins.
A health to the Salon,
A health to its guests,

A health to our lady, the best of the best.
And again to this Imp,
May his sceptre hold sway,
And through the New Year we may coax him to stay.

Our hostess, our hostess,
Let us rise to respond,
And may wit and humor
In her ever be found.

May the New Year bring gifts
To us all every day,
Now surely I've had quite a time for my say.
To the Salon, the Salon,
May it flourish always.

SWASTIKA.

Since time began, Swastika cross
Held sacred by ancients of every clime,
From the snows of the Norsemen to India's sands,
And the primitive races all over the lands.
The four winds of heaven will carry along
To the wearer of Swastika, their burden of song,
Long life and prosperity, good luck untold
This ancient symbol of mysteries unfold.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

We join in love, 'round festal board,
To wish our friend the New Year's cheer,
And bring a garland of bright flowers
To wreath her whom we hold most dear.

In regal home she welcomes ail,
With love-light shining in her eyes;
And golden memories will recall
Her gentle mien and soft replies.

Where flaming tokay clusters hung
'Midst scintillating opal hues,
And charming melodies are sung
And poesy our souls enthuse.

In dreams, the lighted room we see,
Where higher minds find sure retreat,
And earthly cares and shadows flee,
As one and all in friendship meet.

Soul calls to soul in quick response;
Wit, wisdom, hand in hand with love,
Like fairy sprites, let loose for once
In joyous play, from realms above.

So let us weave a garland fair,
To crown our queen till life shall end;
Each flower a happy wish will bear,
Of life's great gifts, to our dear friend.

May every day bring sunshine bright,
To flood thy path with golden ray;
And every night, may starry eyes
Watch o'er thy sleep till break of day.

Auf wiedersehen—auf wiedersehen,
Till soul takes flight to higher realms.
We meet and part and meet again—
Auf wiedersehen—auf wiedersehen.

OUR CAPTAIN

A summer day we'll spend by the sea,
On a cliff overhanging the sand,
And drink a joyful toast to thee;
Welcome back to our poppy land.

The sun is high and his golden beams
Like a mantle of amber enfolds
One we most prize, and with love in our eyes
We meet where old ocean rolls.

Oh, summer day, so wondrous bright,
By the side of the Golden Gate,
The rocks are lulled by the billows' song,
And we laugh till the hour grows late.

Like a lighthouse sentinel on the shore,
Forever shalt thou be,
To stand at the helm of the California Club,
A miniature ship at sea.

We'll wrestle with the tides of Fate
As the hour-glass sands run low,
And hear the murmurings of the soul
In the waters' ebb and flow.

And youth perpetual will hold sway
As our bark glides merrily on,
Upborne by the waves of endeavor,
For our lives have just begun.

As the incoming tide gathers fold on fold,
As a garment of shimmering white,
Our hands we'll join and friendly cheer
Will illumine our spirit with light.

In a toast let us join to our friends most dear,
And our Captain, our honored guest,
To our sailors all, who respond to her call,
To the youth which lies in each breast.

WEDDING BELLS

Our Florence

My true love has come across the sea
With tender light in his eyes,
The bells will ring, and the stars will sing,
And whispers of love the breezes will bring,
As the crescent moon sails in the skies.

The tides may come and the tides may go,
By the tropical isle in the sea,
And the north, and the south, and the east wind blow,
As they carry his message, wherever they go,
Of the love that has come to me.

The moonlight shines on the silver shells,
On this isle where love was born;
The mermaids tinkle their coral bells,
And list to the tale that the lover tells
From eve till dewy morn.

Leagues, leagues away, 'gainst a rock-bound coast,
Where the sapphire sea lies bare,
Where the billows crash and the breakers dash,
And the lighthouse keeps their signals flash,
Lives a maiden wondrous fair.

The love of this maid is as pure as a stream
That ripples in sheltered dale,
And her smile as sweet as an April Shower
That opens the buds of the poppy flower
That grow in the sunny vale.

She trembles and sighs, but with rapturous eyes
Looks over the orb'd sea,
As the sun dips low in the golden west
And carries a message to him she loves best:
Ah! come, my true love, to me.

From San Carlos hills, with its rippling rills,
The birds sing in tender strain
Of the mated pair, youth and maiden fair,
May their lives be joyful, without a care,
And the zephyrs take up the refrain.

And as they journey on ocean crest
To Oahu's silver sands,
The cocoanut palms, with their feathery tips,
Wave Aloha to the great white ships,
As it reaches the sunlit lands.

Aloha, Aloha, all love to the bride,
And Aloha again to her mate;
May Destiny weave a garland of flowers,
And sunshine brighten their golden hours,
'Tis decreed by the dame called Fate.

A CALIFORNIA JEWEL

(Elena)

In California mines are jewels rare,
Gems of priceless worth,
Countless rubies and sapphires blue
In the bosom of Mother Earth.

In ocean's depths the mermaids sleep,
Rocked in their coral boat,
Pearls are hidden in waters deep,
Where the silvery moon-rays float.

Nestled on hillside, a garden fair,
Where blushing roses grew,
Beguiled the curious Cupid
And his bow-string he quickly drew.

For in the heart of the loveliest flower
He spied a drop of dew,
Scintillating with pearly lights;
So aiming his dart, it flew,

Awakening the rosebud, that quivering stood,
Its petals all kissed by the sun.
And Cupid laughs at his old time pranks,
For the dew-drop's life has begun.

Did it drop from the dome of the starry sky,
When the evening shadows fell,
Or was it a ray from a sunbeam
That came to the earth to dwell?

Or, was it a thought from God,
Rocked in the rose's breast,
Sparkling with love unborn,
Waiting a loved one's caress?

The bridegroom found this treasure rare
And claimed it for his own,
And California's brightest gem
Will crown and grace his home.

So into his most loving care
We give our darling bride,
And wreath with flowers the nuptial bands
That bind him to her side.

All blessings arch the crystal space
Along life's rainbow way,
And peace and love surround you both,
On this, your wedding day.

CLUB TOAST IN SONG.

Here's to the Club, of women so fair,
Here's to the workers so fearless;
Here's to our friends assembled today
Let's laugh and be merry till sunset.

Chorus.

Fill up your glass, let the toast pass,
Here's to the club members, first and last.
Toast them together, or toast them apart,
Meeting or parting, love lives in each heart.

Here's to the Presidents, present and past.
Each has the glory, as long as it lasts,
Here's to the future, when new ones appear,
For they will have charge of the morrow.

Chorus.

Weaving a garland of friendship for all,
Ready to come at their President's call.
Harmony reigning, and calm like the sea,
Working for progress and unity.

Chorus.

Here's to the Founder, to all she's most dear,
May her club-child live and grow year by year.
Her untiring efforts brought it to life
And guarded it safe from every strife.

Chorus.

Here's to our club-house, with prospects so fair.
Here's to our President, gracious.
Here's to the toastmaster's laughing blue eyes
And officers many we prize.

Chorus.

NOEL.

In every heart throughout the land,
The Christ-child is given birth.
Ring out glad tidings o'er the earth,
Noel, Noel.

At last from darkness we awake,
The sun doth shine in every clime,
The bells peal out with every chime,
Noel, Noel.

We feel the stirring of the soul,
The still, small voice at last is heard,
And flutters like a tiny bird.
Noel, Noel.

We've found the Christ-child in our breast,
Ring out glad bells, the morning breaks,
And all the world at last awakes.
Noel, Noel.

OUR MOTTO.

Let a wish go forth over land and sea,
From the frozen north to our Missions grey
One word only, our motto be,
Let it echo from mountain to emerald bay,
To our Golden state, our land so free
Prosperity! Prosperity!

EASTER MORN.

Oh, stately lily of snowy white,
Rearing thy head up towards the light,
Emblem of purity.

Out of the darkness of the earth,
Where Mother Nature gave thee birth,
Bursting thy prison house.

Seeking the touch of love sublime,
Waiting the kiss of warm sunshine,
Opening thy petals rare.

Fragrance wafted on wings of the morn,
Telling a story of life new born,
Soul of the flower released.

Carrying the message of Easter-tide,
Christ's love and protection with us abide
Through all eternity.

Open thy soul to the rays so bright,
Out of the darkness into the light,
Blessings of Easter morn.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son.
Lift our voices in praise till earth's day is done
Since God, Love and Truth are One.

CHRISTMAS.

A Babe was born on Christmas morn,
Where Bethlehem's star shone bright,
And the wise men came from East and West
To follow the star at night.

In a manger they found this wondrous child,
With the Virgin Mother so calm.
Shepherds and kings, rich gifts did bring,
To honor and praise in psalm.

They knew the soul of this little Child
Was a Master returned to the earth,
Bringing peace and joy to the people all,
To redeem them from mortal birth.

For the Father has sent His Son to men
To show them the truth and the light.
On Christmas morn this Babe was born,
Under the star of the night.

And to-day the joyous bells peal out
Glad tidings of ancient days,
The great and small throughout the land
Turn their thoughts to love and praise.

For though the centuries still creep by
This Christ-child lives in our hearts.
And His power is felt o'er land and sea
In palace and lowly marts.

For the message He brings is peace and good will
And truth and love for aye,
Like a tiny flame hidden deep in our hearts,
It burns with eternal ray.

For 'tis fed from within, where the spirit dwells
To light us on our way.
And though some are blind to the mystic sign,
The Spirit waits day by day.

Then this still, small voice, like an Angel's breath
Is heard by the Soul Divine.
The sun bursts forth in each human heart
In joy and love sublime.

The soul of each, in answer soft
Vibrates to the touch so clear,
And on winged feet we journey along
And the earth seems a heavenly sphere.

Peace, peace and good will through all the land.
Let us join with the heavenly choir,
And lift our souls to the Master's call
Ever higher and higher and higher.

And then each wish of peace and good will
That we send o'er the land afar
Will return to our hearts in love double-fold
Like the ravs of Bethlehem's Star.

TO THE STAR-TREADER.

Why tread amongst the stars, on fancy's languorous wings?
Why only hear the birds and rocks and tree tops sing?
If it were meant for soul to soar to realms so high
Why did we come to earth, to suffer, live and die?

Awake from thy dream-trance, in worlds as yet unknown.
The soul will not advance, if thither it is blown.
The butterfly we chase will ever lure us on
To singe our painted wings, as we draw near the sun.

The Master sent us here on planet Earth to live, '
And living, in the might of our great gifts, to give
The younger souls, who weary linger on the way
With dragging heavy burdens, Karma's debts to pay.

Our spirit must descend, filled with a love divine,
Nor shirk the Master's work, nor for the stars repine.
Earth's children, great and small. heed not the mighty call,
And traveling all alone the narrow path, may fall.

So from thy starry heights, come mingle in the fray,
The war of life is on, so why do you delay?
Earth's life is near the end, the Cycle almost spent,
To help the weak advance, for this we have been sent.

But we of many lives, have nearer reached the goal,
So can with loving touch, awake the sleeping soul!
And often through the mire of ignorance and sin,
A voice in anguish calls, amidst earth's battle's din.

So buckle on your shield and come and lead the way
The road to victory leads, and you can wounds allay.
Then spirit touches spirit, and joins the moving throng,
As each soul helping brother, will join in heartfelt song.

MEMORIES.

I found in a dusty corner
A book all ragged and torn,
It had not even a cover,
Neglected it lay, all forlorn.

The leaves, as I found when turning,
Were yellow and dim with age,
Old memories then awakened,
With the songs on every page.

I played the music softly
And hummed the melodies old,
And the dim past came before me—
Childhood's memories untold.

And picture after picture
Came forth from memory's halls
As the old, forgotten harmonies
Re-echoed from the walls.

Days of childhood passed before me
In a hazy golden light;
A mother and sisters loving
Guarding me day and night.

A home that was filled with laughter,
With music and with song,
As youths and maidens gathered,
Happy as the day was long.

But years have come and are going,
Laden with sunshine and tears,
And now my eyes grow misty
With the thoughts of other years.

So I close the book very gently,
Sacred memories are buried there,
And return to the ever present
With a quiet, heartfelt prayer.

Youth, with its restless longings,
Like a sunbeam, hastens away,
But the pictures in life's gallery
Will forever with us stay.

AULD LANG SYNE.

In the far away days of auld lang syne,
We came through cycles strange;
Old earth awoke, and thought it a joke
Our life and love to arrange.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
In the pre-historic time,
Our hearts were rife with the joys of life
As we swam through the mud and the slime.

Without a mind we lived and loved,
Until at last we died,
And 'neath the rocks of a river-bed
We slumbered, side by side.

Years rolled on and a new dawn came,
And old earth heaved amain.
Again we awoke, all scalded and tailed,
And crawled into light again.

'Neath the drooping trees, in the summer breeze,
We coiled ourselves in the sun,
With never a rift in our darkened thoughts,
Or a hint at a life to come.

We lived and loved, as in days gone by,
And happily died once more,
And our scales and tails have gone to dust
On the sands of a tropical shore.

And time did come, and time did go,
Till, awakened from sleep at last,
We saw the light of a brighter day
Emerge from the night of the past.

Then through the trees of the jungle dense
We swung in the air so free,
And seemed to develop a latent sense
As we climbed the cocoanut tree.

Life was cheery, and love was sweet,
As we chattered in primitive speech;
And we jumped and played the livelong day
With our wonderful hands and feet.

These beautiful years, we lived indeed,
In a dreamy sense of love.
We clung to each other through tempest and storm
With a dawning light from above.

So, life by life, and love by love,
Till cycles had come and gone,
And a savage yell ,o'er mountain and dell
Gave echo in warlike song.

We lived and loved, by right of might
E're human laws were drawn;
The age of sin did not begin
'Till the savage soul had gone.

Lives came and went, but love remained
As over the changing sod;
Reason and intellect were born.
With a sweet dim dream of God.

He sowed the seed, in the Eons past,
And tended it day by day;
The deathless soul sprang into light
And, coming, is here to stay.

And it has taken millions of years
To perfect this life and love;
And if years seem few, your life is new,
And its source is the Spirit above.

So, a toast to auld lang syne, my dears,
May we meet again and again;
And a toast to the Pioneer Auxiliary,
Where love and good fellowship reign.

Then as we linger at luncheon today
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tad-pole and I a fish.

(“To Auld Lang Syne,” toast at the breakfast of the
Woman’s Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers,
April 5, 1913.)

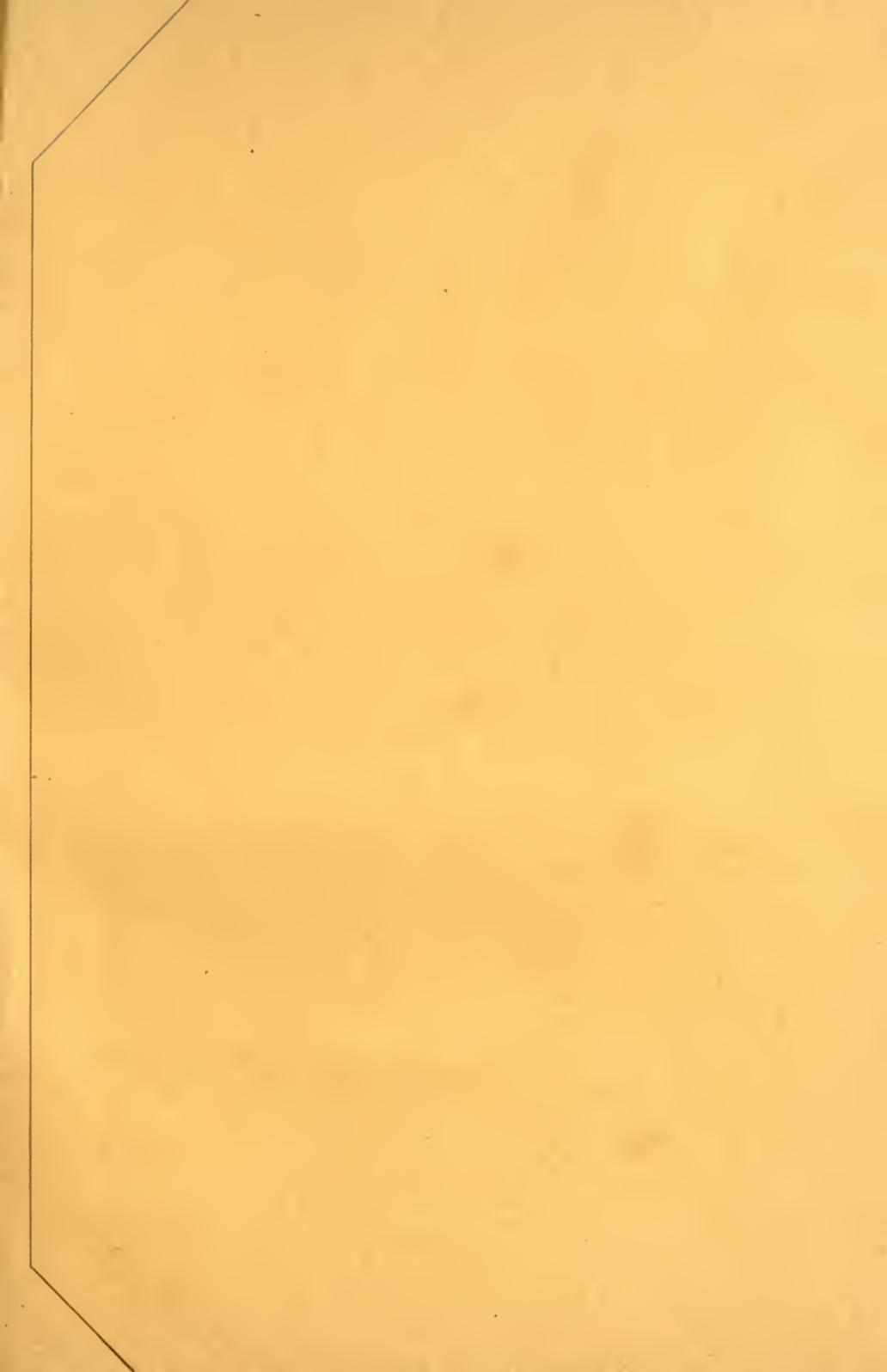
THE GOLDEN GATE.

The Golden Gate is open wide
To the great white ships coming in with the tide.
The rock-bound coast, by night and day
Casts shadows on the waters gray.
The sun in golden splendor breaks,
Kissing the hills, as the morn awakes
Scattering the mists, on the dancing spray,
And in golden glory clothes the day.
The breakers echo old ocean's lay,
As over the rocks the waters play,
Waking soft music on silver sands
To welcome the stranger from foreign lands.
Then the sun dips low as the hour grows late,
And twilight falls on the Golden Gate;
The ships, like phantoms of the night,
Seek safety within the harbor's sight.
The star-dust falls in a golden shower
On billowy waves, a kingly dower
Of jewels rare to deck our Queen,
The Pacific, rocking in moonlight's sheen.
The light-house guards the narrow way
As the beacon lights on the waters play,
To illumne the way and allay the fears
Of the mariner, weary with toil of years.
The Golden Gate is open wide,
We list to the call of the ebbing tide
To the land of ceaseless summer time,
To the flower-decked hills and sunny clime.



The Golden Gate

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