

Complete

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

115173

To Columbia

On
The
Fourth Day
OF THE
Seventh Month
In
The
YEAR OF Transition.

BY ISABEL DARLING.



The Standard

ART
MAGAZINE
SECTION.

July 1, 1900

What clamor doth besiege the inner and the outer gates?
Who shouteth "Peace!" and stirreth all the earth
to war?
Hath Saturn joined the Archer for the spoils of
petty states,
Doth Venus mate with Mars and aim the bolts of Thor?
What wraugling powers of soul and sense have wantonly
combined
To bid the Lord repent that he hath made mankind?

Such din of belching cannon and such startling blare of drums,
Such mean, dwarfed echoes as profane this day of days.
Are childish, are unworthy of thy destiny that comes
Laden with gifts, and, at the parting of the ways,
Awaits thy full deserving. Long hast thou been set on high
A signal to the nations. Lift thy light against the sky!

Far to the east, across the ocean, lie the crowded lands
Whose genius and whose poverty compelled thy birth,
And while thou wert an infant bound in swaddling bands
They thought to drain thy veins to feed their worn-out earth;
But fearing, wondering, drew back. "A miracle!" they cried:
The infant, standing tall and strong, flung them as drift aside.

Far west, beyond another ocean, lay more crowded lands
Of worn-out empires, throngs with leprosy of soul, (hands
Whose brain scarce sent the sluggish impulse to their slender
Who multiplied from habit to a huge and sodden whole
That held at bay still others, smaller, greater, yet akin,
With gleaming hints of what they may be or they once have been.

These are and were before; yet what have they to do with thee
That thou shouldst clasp them in caressing or destroying arms?
No! keep thy light ashine till they shall call across the sea!
Thou hast no sons the better for the blaque of war's alarms,
Or that more deadly, slow, malarial moral taint that creeps
Unchecked along the lower levels where its victim sleeps.

They love thee not, for nature set their ways and thine apart:
But when the world is thrilling with the prayers of souls in
Brothers in spirit and in purpose, stricken to the heart, (need,
Shut in by circling hosts, dost thou not hear them plead?
Art thou the Lord's Anointed but in name? Doth justice wait,
Unblinded and alert, upon financial love and hate?

O Spirit of the martyred past, draw near to us this day!
O Angel of the future, heed our cry to thee!
O Soul of all that is, help us that are so prone to slay,
So loth to prove that "all men are created free!"
Help us, but not to battle with this war-god on his throne;
Help us to leave him there, forgotten, nerveless and alone!



POSED BY MISS FRANCES GRAHAM OF THE TIVOLI...

PHOTO BY THORS

